Boston Public Library
3 9999 10521 158 3

PER. RM

AP2
.A8

No.

J. 76
1895

THE TRUSTEES OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM LVX CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
1852 1878

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXXVI

Public Library
—of the—
City of Boston.
Per Rm.
5314.1
Vol. 76
1895

Rebound.
12/1/52

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1895

5560
12

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Dec. 12. 1895
Ir. Cont

Copyright, 1895,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

5314.1
Dol. 76

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

After the War, *Lafcadio Hearn* 599
Apparition of Gran'ther Hill, The, *Rowland E. Robinson* 680
Architect's Vacation, An, *Robert Swain Peabody* 23, 174, 477, 634
Art Criticism, The New, *Mary Logan* . . 263
At the Parting of the Ways 691
Autographs, A Talk over, *George Birkbeck Hill* 46, 205, 605
Bagehot, Walter. See *Literary Politician, A.*
"Beautiful and Brave was He," *Olive Thorne Miller* 59
Being a Typewriter, *Lucy C. Bull* . . . 822
Burroughs, John, The Writings of . . . 703
Chickamauga, *Bradford Torrey* 310
Childhood and Youth of a French "Maçon," The, *J. M. Ludlow* 68
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor 397
Criticism, Two German Books of . . . 695
Defeat of the Spanish Armada, The, *W. F. Tilton* 773
Dorothy, *Harriet Lewis Bradley* 788
Elizabethan Sea Kings, The, *John Fiske* . 91
End of the Terror, The, *Robert Wilson* . 762
Europe, Eastern, Some Reminiscences of, *Harriet Waters Preston* 795
Exploration in New France, A Study of . 559
Face of Death, The, *Lily Dougall* . . . 640
French "Maçon," The Childhood and Youth of a, *J. M. Ludlow* 68
French "Maçon," The Political and Professional Life of a, *J. M. Ludlow* . . . 187
Furness's, Dr., Shakespeare 270
Future of Naval Warfare, *Walter Mitchell* 644
Garland, Hamlin 840
Genius of Japanese Civilization, The, *Lafcadio Hearn* 449
German Books of Criticism, Two . . . 695
Guides: A Protest, *Agnes Repplier* . . 364
Half a Dozen Story-Books 554
How Judge Hoar Ceased to be Attorney-General, *Jacob Dolson Cox* 162
Howells, Mr., under Tutors and Governors 701
Idler on Missionary Ridge, An, *Bradford Torrey* 807
In Harvest Time, *A. M. Ewell* 621
Japan. See *After the War; Genius of Japanese Civilization, The; Notes from a Traveling Diary.*
Japanese Civilization, The Genius of, *Lafcadio Hearn* 449
Juryman, The Wrongs of the, *Harvey N. Shepard* 258
Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets, The 130
Literary Politician, A, *Woodrow Wilson* . 668
Lookout Mountain, *Bradford Torrey* . . 545
Mars, *Percival Lowell* 106, 223
Missionary Ridge, An Idler on, *Bradford Torrey* 807
Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain, The, *Charles Egbert Craddock* . . . 331, 525, 651
National Transportation Department, A, *Henry J. Fletcher* 119

PAGE

Naval Warfare, The Future of 644
New Art Criticism, The, *Mary Logan* . . 263
New England Woodpile, A, *Rowland E. Robinson* 736
New Figures in Literature and Art, III. . 840
Notes from a Traveling Diary, *Lafcadio Hearn* 815
Odyssey, The Plot of the, *William Cranston Lawton* 319
Philosopher with an Eye for Beauty, A, *Robert Beverly Hale* 28
Plot of the Odyssey, The, *William Cranston Lawton* 319
Poet's Yorkshire Haunts, A, *Eugenia Skelding* 181
Political and Professional Life of a French "Maçon," The, *J. M. Ludlow* 187
Politician, A Literary, *Woodrow Wilson* . 668
Politics, To a Friend in, *Franklin Eastman* 831
Polk's, President, Administration, *James Schouler* 371
Polk's, President, Diary, *James Schouler* . 235
Potocka, The Countess, *Susan Coolidge* . 458
Seats of the Mighty, The, *Gilbert Parker* 1, 244, 289, 494, 577, 721
Ship of State and the Stroke of Fate, The, *William Everett* 18
Singular Life, A, *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 77, 145, 380, 433
Smith, John, in Virginia, *John Fiske* . . 350
Some Reminiscences of Eastern Europe, *Harriet Waters Preston* 795
Spanish Armada, The Defeat of the, *W. F. Tilton* 773
"Standard Dictionary, A" 414
Starving Time in Old Virginia, The, *John Fiske* 748
Study of Death, A 846
Talk over Autographs, *George Birkbeck Hill* 46, 205, 605
Thrift, *Lily Dougall* 217
To a Friend in Politics, *Franklin Eastman* 831
Transportation Department, A National, *Henry J. Fletcher* 119
Truth and the White Lie: A Conversation, *Edith M. Thomas* 836
Two German Books of Criticism 695
Typewriter, Being a, *Lucy C. Bull* . . . 822
Tyrrell's Latin Poetry 127
Virginia, John Smith in, *John Fiske* . . 350
Virginia, The Starving Time in Old, *John Fiske* 748
Weather and Weather Wisdom, *Ellen Olney Kirk* 481
Witchcraft, *Lily Dougall* 740
Witch-Face Mountain, The Mystery of, *Charles Egbert Craddock* . . 331, 525, 651
Woman's Luncheon, A 194
Wordsworth Country on Two Shillings a Day, The, *Alvan F. Sanborn* 514
Wrongs of the Juryman, The, *Harvey N. Shepard* 258
Yorkshire Haunts, A Poet's, *Eugenia Skelding* 181

Poetry.

Arctic, The, *John B. Tabb* 476
Death of Adam, The, *John Vance Cheney* 651
Godfrey's Cove, *John Hall Ingham* . . . 187
Hamadryad, The, *Edward A. Uffington Valentine* 793
Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood, *Darwin E. Ware* 162
In November, *James Herbert Morse* . . 605
"Like a Star," *James Herbert Morse* . . 243
Mountain Ride, The, *Clinton Scollard* . . 91
Sailor's Wedding, A, *Bliss Carman* . . 329
Second Thoughts, *Michael Field* 545
Song of a Shepherd-Boy at Bethlehem, The, *Josephine Preston Peabody* . . . 735
Song of the Veery, The, *Henry van Dyke* 59
Tiger-Lilies, *Michael Field* 370
Vain Freedom, *Louise Chandler Moulton* . 46

Contributors' Club.

Aldrich's, T. B., Queen of Sheba One Hundred Years Ago 573
At the Venetian Exposition 569
Byways of the Bee 424
Climbing Ben Voirlich, ... 143
Concerning Mr. Euphues 716
"English as She is Spoke" 717
English Newspapers and Political Education 571
Grace of Obscurity, The 859
Hopeful Side of Youth, The 854
Hunter of the Grass-Tops, A 139
Jeunes Revues, Les 141
Last Look, A 287
Leaf of Bay, A 430
Lesseps, Monsieur de 285
Napoleon Learning English 713
Northern Berry, A 427
"Novel" Suggestion, A 715
Out of Bohemia 574
Plea for a Word, A 431
Powhatan's Chimney 857
Prehistoric Luck of Edenhall, A . . . 719
Second Marriage, A 140
Tale of Rival Giants, A 426
Two Heroes 284
War-Time Letters from John Bright . . 852
Yes! 285

Books Reviewed.

Alden, Henry Mills: A Study of Death . 844
Brandes, Georg: Menschen und Werke . 699
Brown, Alice: Meadow-Grass 558
Burroughs, John: The Writings of . . 703
Coleridge, Ernest Hartley: Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge 397
Fuller, Henry B.: With the Procession . 555
Furness, Horace Howard: A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare 270
Harrison, Mrs. Burton: An Errant Wooing 556
Howells, W. D.: My Literary Passions . 701
Marholm, Laura: Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter 696
Perry, Bliss: The Plated City 558
Scudder, Vida D.: The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets 130
Standard Dictionary of the English Language, A 414
Stockton, Frank R.: The Adventures of Captain Horn 554
Tyrrell, R. Y.: Latin Poetry 127
Ward, Mrs. Humphry: The Story of Bessie Costrell 556
Winsor, Justin: Cartier to Frontenac; The Mississippi Basin 562

Comment on New Books 134, 276, 418, 563, 706, 848

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVI. — JULY, 1895. — No. CCCCLIII.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XII.

Left alone, I grew numb and faint, and sat down on my couch with a feeling that rest was the thing I most desired on earth. The reaction from the tense hour I had spent, and the change from the iron climate above to the moist, malarious air of the dungeon also had their influence; so that, as I sat there, my eyes closed, and Gabord's last remark, which kept sounding painfully in my ear, floated away in fading echoes, and died. I was roused by the opening of the door. Doltaire entered. He advanced towards me with the manner of an admired comrade, and, with no trace of what would mark him as my foe, said, as he sniffed the air: —

"Monsieur, I have been selfish. I asked myself to breakfast with you, yet, while I love the new experience, I will deny myself in this. You shall breakfast with me, as you pass to your new lodgings. You must not say no," he added, as though we were in some salon. "I have a sleigh here at the door, and a fellow has already gone to fan my kitchen fires and forage for the table. Come," he went on, "let me help you with your cloak."

He threw my cloak around me, and turned towards the door. I had not spoken a word, for what with weakness, the announcement that I was to have new lodgings, and the sudden change in my affairs, I was like a child walking in its sleep. I could do no more than bow to him and force a smile, which must have told more than aught else of my state, for he stepped to my side and offered me his arm. I drew back from that with thanks, for there passed through me a quick hatred of myself that I should take favors of the man who had moved for my destruction, and to steal from me my promised wife, her life and character weighing little with him while working for his ends. Yet what folly to refuse advantages thus placed in my way! It was my duty to live if I could, to escape if that were possible, to use every means to foil my enemies. It was all a game; why should I not accept advances at my enemy's hands, and match dissimulation with dissimulation?

When I refused his arm, he smiled comically, and raised his shoulders deprecatingly.

"You forget your dignity, monsieur," I said presently as we walked on, Gabord meeting us and lighting us through the passages; "you voted me a villain, a spy, at my trial!"

"Technically and publicly, you are a spy, a vulgar criminal," he replied; "privately, you are a foolish, blundering gentleman."

"A soldier, also, you will admit, who keeps his compact with his enemy."

"Otherwise we should not breakfast together this morning," he answered. "What difference would it make to this government if our private matter had been dragged in? Technically, you still would have been the spy. But I will say this, monsieur, to me you are a man better worth torture than death."

I grasped his meaning fully. On the one hand, he wanted the papers for the Grande Marquise; on the other, he guessed a little of my love for Alixe, and the jealousy of race and nature roused all the cruelty in him, which would, no doubt, have sent me to my death long ago had he not had a sense of humor — to see a longer sport.

"Do you ever stop to think of how this may end for you?" I asked quietly.

He seemed pleased with the question. "I have thought it might be interesting," he answered; "else, as I said, you should long ago have left this naughty world. Is it in your mind that we shall cross swords one day?"

"I feel it in my bones," said I, "that I shall kill you."

At that moment we stood at the entrance to the citadel, where a good pair of horses and a sleigh awaited us. We got in, the robes were piled around us, and the horses started off at a long trot. I was muffled to the ears, but I could see how white and beautiful was the world, how the frost glistened in the trees, how the cedars were weighted down with snow, and how snug the châteaux looked with the smoke curling up from their hunched chimneys.

Presently Doltaire replied to my last remark. "Conviction is the executioner of the stupid," said he. "When a man is not great enough to let change and chance guide him, he gets convictions, and dies a fool."

"Conviction has made men and nations strong," I rejoined.

"Has made men and nations asses," he retorted. "The Mahometan has conviction, so has the Christian: they die fighting each other, and the philosopher sits by and laughs. Expediency, monsieur, expediency is the real wisdom, the true master of this world. Expediency saved your life to-day; conviction would have sent you to a starry home."

As he spoke a thought came in on me. Here we were in the open world, traveling together, without a guard of any kind. Was it not possible to make a dash for freedom? The idea was put away from me, and yet it was a fresh accent of Doltaire's character that he tempted me in this way. As if he divined what I thought, he said to me — for I made no attempt to answer his question: —

"Men of sense never confuse issues, or choose the wrong time for their purposes. Foes may have unwritten truces."

There was the matter in a nutshell. He had done nothing carelessly; he was touching off our conflict with flashes of genius. He was the man who had roused in me last night the fiercest passions of my life, and yet this morning he had saved me from death, and, though he was still my sworn enemy, I was going to breakfast with him.

Already the streets of the town were filling; for it was the day before Christmas, and it would be the great market-day of the year. Few noticed us as we sped along down St. Louis Street and Mountain Hill, past the Bishop's palace, and on round the base of the hill. I could not conceive whither we were going, until, passing the Hôtel Dieu, I saw in front the Intendance. I remembered the last time I was there, and what had happened then, and a thought flashed through me that perhaps this was another trap. But I put it from me, and soon afterwards Doltaire said, —

"I have now a slice of the Intendance for my own, and we shall breakfast like squirrels in a loft."

As we drove into the open space before the palace, a company of soldiers

standing before the great door began to march down to the road by which we came. With them was a prisoner. I saw at once that he was a British officer, but I did not recognize his face. I asked his name of Doltaire, and found it was one Lieutenant Stevenson, of Roger's Rangers, those brave New Englanders; after an interview with Bigot, he was being taken to the common jail. To my request that I might speak with him Doltaire assented, and at a sign from my companion the soldiers stopped, and Stevenson and I fixed our eyes on each other, in his a puzzled, disturbed expression. He was well built, of intrepid bearing, with a fine openness of manner joined to handsome features. But there was a recklessness in his eye which seemed to me to come nearer the swashbuckling character of a young French seigneur than the wariness of a British soldier.

I spoke his name and introduced myself. His surprise and pleasure were pronounced, for he had thought (as he said) that by this time I would be dead. I could see too that he was perplexed by my being with Doltaire. There was an instant's flash of his eye, as if a suspicion of my loyalty had crossed his mind; but it was gone on the instant, and immediately Doltaire, who also had interpreted the look, smiled, and said he had carried me off to breakfast while the furniture of my former prison was being shifted to my new one. After a word or two more, with Stevenson's assurance that the British had recovered from Braddock's defeat and would soon be knocking at the portals of the Château St. Louis, we parted, and soon Doltaire and I got out at the high stone steps.

As I looked round, it came to me how in this new country had been planted the roots of monopoly; how here there would soon be but two classes, the peasant and the petty noble. In this space surrounding the Intendance was gathered the history of New France. This palace, large enough for the king of an European country with a population of a million, was the official residence of the commercial ruler of a province. It was the house of the miller, and across the way was the King's storehouse, La Friponne, where the people were ground between the stones. The great square was already filling with people who had come to trade. Here were barrels of malt being unloaded; there, great sacks of grain, bags of dried fruits, bales of home-made cloth, and loads of fine-sawn boards and timber. Moving about among the peasants were the regular soldiers in their white uniforms faced with blue, red, yellow, or violet, with black three-cornered hats, and black gaiters from foot to knee, and the militia in coats of white with black facings. Behind a great collar of dog-skin a pair of jet-black eyes flashed out from under a pretty forehead; and presently one saw these same eyes grown sorrowful or dull under heavy knotted brows, which told of a life too vexed by care and labor to keep alive a spark of youth's romance. Now the bell in the tower above us rang a short peal, the signal for the opening of La Friponne, and the bustling crowd moved towards its doors. As I stood there on the great steps, I chanced to look along the plain, bare front of the palace to an annex at the end, and standing in a doorway opening on a pair of steps was Voban. I was amazed that he should be there — the man whose life had been spoiled by Bigot. At the same moment Doltaire motioned to him to return inside, which he did.

Doltaire laughed at my surprise, and as he showed me inside the palace said, "There is no barber in the world like Voban. Interesting! Interesting! I love to watch his eye when he draws the razor down my throat. It would be so easy to fetch it across; but Voban, as you see, is not a man of absolute conviction. It will be sport, some day, to put Bigot's valet to bed with a broken leg or

a fit of spleen, and send Voban to shave him."

"Where is Mathilde?" I asked, as if I knew nothing of her whereabouts.

"Mathilde is where none may touch her, monsieur; under the protection of the daintiest lady of New France. It is the lady's whim; and when a lady is charming, an Intendant, even, must not trouble her caprice."

He did not need to speak more plainly. It was he who had prevented Bigot from taking Mathilde away from Alixe, and locking her up, or worse. I said nothing, however, and soon we were in a large room, sumptuously furnished, looking out on the great square. The morning sun stared in, some snowbirds twittered on the window-sill, and inside, a canary, in an alcove hung with plants and flowers, sang as if it were the heart of summer. All was warm and comfortable, and it was like a dream that I had just come from the dismal chance of a miserable death. My cloak and cap and leggings had been taken from me when I entered, as courteously as though I had been King Louis himself, and a great chair was drawn solicitously to the fire. All this was done by the servant, after one quick look from Doltaire. The servant seemed to understand his master perfectly, to read one look as though it were a volume, —

"The constant service of the antique world."

Such was Doltaire's influence. The closer you came to him, the more compelling was his fascination — an almost devilish attraction, notably selfish, yet capable of benevolence. I remember that once, two years before, I saw him lift a load from the back of a peasant woman and carry it home for her, putting into her hand a gold piece when he left her. At another time, an old man had fallen ill and died of a foul disease in a miserable upper room of a warehouse. Doltaire was passing at the moment when the body should be brought forth. The stricken widow of the dead man stood below, waiting, but no one would fetch the body down. Doltaire stopped and questioned her kindly, and in another minute he was driving the carter and another upstairs at the point of his sword. Together they brought the body down, and Doltaire followed it to the burying-ground; keeping the gravedigger at his task when he would have run away, and saying the responses to the priest in the short service read above the grave.

I said to him then, for it was not long after I came to Quebec, "You rail at the world and scoff at men and many decencies, and yet you do these things!"

To this he replied, — he was in my own lodgings, — "The brain may call all men liars and fools, but the senses feel the shock of misery which we do not ourselves inflict. Inflicting, we are prone to cruelty, as you have seen a schoolmaster begin punishment with tears, grow angry at the shrinking back under his cane, and give way to a sudden lust of torture. I have little pity for those who can help themselves — let them fight or eat the leek. But the child and the helpless and the sick it is a pleasure to aid. I love the poor as much as I love anything. I could live their life, if I were put to it. As a gentleman, I hate squalor and the puddles of wretchedness: but I could have worked at the plough or the anvil; I could have dug in the earth till my knuckles grew big and my shoulders hardened to a roundness, have eaten my beans and pork and pea-soup, and have been a healthy ox, munching the bread of industry and trailing the puissant pike, a diligent serf. I have no ethics, and yet I am on the side of the just when they do not put thorns in my bed to keep me awake at night."

Upon the walls hung suits of armor, swords of beautiful make, spears, belts of wonderful workmanship, a tattered banner, sashes knit by ladies' fingers, pouches, bandoleers, and many strong sketches of

scenes that I knew well. Now and then a woman's head in oils or pencil peeped out from the abundant ornaments. I recalled then another thing he said at that time of which I write: —

"I have never juggled with my conscience — 'made believe' with it. My will was always stronger than my wish for anything, always stronger than temptation. I have chosen this way or that deliberately. I am ever ready to face consequences, and never to cry out. It is the ass who does not deserve either reward or punishment, who says that something carried him away, and, being weak, he fell. It is a poor man who is no stronger than his passions. I can understand the devil fighting God, and taking the long punishment without repentance, like a powerful prince as he was. I could understand a peasant, killing King Louis in the palace, being willing, if he had a hundred lives, to give them all, having done the deed he set out to do. If a man must have convictions of that sort, he can escape everlasting laughter — the final hell — only by facing the rebound of his wild deeds."

These were strange sentiments in the mouth of a man who was ever the mannered courtier, and as I sat there alone, while he was gone elsewhere for some minutes, many such things he had said came back to me, suggested, no doubt, by this new, inexplicable attitude towards myself. I could trace some of his sentiments, perhaps vaguely, to the fact that — as I had come to know through the Seigneur Duvarney — his mother was of peasant blood, the beautiful daughter of a farmer of Poictiers, who had died soon after giving birth to Doltaire. His peculiar nature had shown itself in his refusal to accept a title. It was his whim to be the plain "Monsieur;" behind which was, perhaps, some native arrogancy which made him prefer that to being a noble whose position, well known, must ever interfere with his ambitions. Then, too, maybe, the peasant in him — never in his face or form, which were patrician altogether — spoke for more truth and manliness than he was capable of, and so he chose to be the cynical, irresponsible courtier, while many of his instincts had urged him to the peasant's integrity. He had undisturbed, however, one instinct of the peasant — a directness, which was evident chiefly in the clearness of his thoughts.

As these things hurried through my mind, my body sunk in a kind of restfulness before the great fire, Doltaire came back.

"I will not keep you from breakfast," he said. "Voban must wait, if you will pass by untidiness."

A thought flashed through my mind. Maybe Voban had some word for me from Alixe! So I said instantly, "I am not hungry. Perhaps you will let me wait yonder while Voban tends you. As you said, it should be interesting."

"You will not mind the disorder of my dressing-room? Well, then, this way, and we can talk while Voban toys with fate."

So saying, he courteously led the way into another chamber, where Voban stood waiting. I spoke to him, and he bowed, but did not speak; and then Doltaire said: —

"You see, Voban, your labor on Monsieur was wasted so far as concerns the world to come. You trimmed him for the glorious company of the apostles, and see, he breakfasts with Monsieur Doltaire; in the Intendance, too, my Voban, which, as you know, is wicked — a very nest of wasps!"

I think I never saw more hate than shot out of Voban's eyes at that moment; but the lids drooped over them at once, and he made ready for his work, as Doltaire, putting aside his coat, seated himself, laughing. There was no little daring, as there was cruelty, in thus torturing a man whose life had been broken by Doltaire's associate. I wondered now and then if Doltaire were not really put-

ting acid on the barber's bare nerves for some other purpose than mere general cruelty. It flashed into my mind that even as he would have understood the peasant's murder of King Louis, so he would have seen a logical end to a terrible game in Bigot's death at the hand of Voban. Possibly he wondered that Voban did not strike, and he himself took a delight in showing him his own wrongs occasionally. Then, again, it ran through my mind that Doltaire might wish for Bigot's death, to succeed him in his place. But this was put by as improbable, for the Intendant's place was not his ambition, or, favorite of La Pompadour as he had been, he would, desiring, have long ago achieved that end. And moreover, every evidence went to show that he would be glad to return to France, for in his heart he foresaw the final ruin of the colony and the triumph of the British. He had once said in my hearing: —

"Those swaggering Englishmen will keep coming on. They are too stupid to turn back. The eternal sameness of it all will so distress us we shall awake one morning, find them at our bedsides, give a kick, and die from sheer ennui. They 'll use our flags to boil their fat puddings in, they 'll roast oxen in the highways, and after our girls have married them they 'll look like kitchen wenches!"

But, indeed, beneath his dangerous irony there was a strain of impishness, and he would, if need be, laugh at his own troubles, and torture himself as he had tortured others. This morning he was full of an acid humor. As the razor came to his neck he said: —

"Voban, a barber must have patience. It is a sad thing to mistake friend for enemy. What is a friend? Is it one who says sweet words?"

There was a pause, in which the shaving went on, and then he continued: —

"Is it he who says, I have eaten Voban's bread, and Voban shall therefore go to prison, or be hurried to Walhalla? Or is it he who stays the iron hand, who puts nettles in Voban's cold, cold bed, that he may rise early and go forth among the heroes?"

I do not think Voban understood that, through some freak of purpose, Doltaire was telling him thus obliquely he had saved him from Bigot's cruelty, from prison or death. Once or twice he glanced at me, but not meaningly, for Doltaire was seated opposite a mirror, and could see each motion made by either of us. Presently Doltaire said to me idly: —

"I dine to-day at the Seigneur Duvarney's. You will be glad to hear that Mademoiselle bids fair to rival the charming Madame Cournal. Her followers are as many, so they say, and all in one short year she has suddenly thrown out a thousand new faculties and charms. Doubtless you remember she was gifted, but who would have thought she could have blossomed so! She was all light and softness and air; she is now all fire and skill as well. Matchless! matchless! Every day sees her with some new capacity, some fresh and delicate aplomb. She has set the town admiring, and jealous mothers prophesy trist ending for her. Her swift mastery of the social arts is weird, they say. La! la! The social arts! A good brain, a gift of penetration, a manner, — which is a grand necessity, and it must be with birth, — and no heart to speak of, and the rest is easy. No heart — there is the thing; with a good brain and senses all warm with life — to feel, but never to have the arrow strike home. You must never think to love and be loved, and be wise too. The emotions blind the judgment. Be heartless, be perfect with heavenly artifice, and, if you are a woman, have no vitriol on your tongue — you can rule at Versailles or Quebec. But with this difference: in Quebec you may be virtuous; at Versailles you must not. It is a pity that you may not meet Mademoiselle Duvarney. She would astound you. She was a simple ballad a year ago; to-morrow she may be an epic."

He nodded at me reflectively, and went on: —

"'Mademoiselle,' said the Chevalier la Darante to her at dinner, some weeks ago, 'if I were young, I should adore you.' 'Monsieur,' she answered, 'you use that "if" to shirk the responsibility.' That put him on his mettle. 'Then, by the gods, I adore you now,' he answered. 'If I were old, I should blush to hear you say so,' was her reply. 'I empty out my heart, and away trips the disdainful nymph with a laugh,' he rejoined gayly, the rusty old courtier; 'there 's nothing left but to fall upon my sword!' 'Disdainful nymphs are the better scabbards for distinguished swords,' she said, with charming courtesy. Then, laughing softly, 'There is an Egyptian proverb which runs thus: "If thou, Dol, son of Hoshti, hast emptied out thy heart, and it bring no fruit in exchange, curse not thy gods and die, but build a pyramid in the vineyard where thy love was spent, and write upon it, *Pride hath no conqueror.*"' It is a mind for a palace, is it not?"

I could see in the mirror facing him the provoking devilry of his eyes. I knew that he was trying how much he could stir me. He guessed my love for her, but I could see he was sure that she no longer — if she ever had — thought of me. Besides, with a lover's understanding, I saw also that he liked to talk of her; it was a pleasant subject to him. A hundred thoughts were rushing through my mind. But one, and the chiefest, was that I wished the hour was at hand when he and I could settle our affairs once and for all. His eyes, in the mirror, did not meet mine, but were fixed, as on some distant and pleasing prospect, though there was, as always, a slight disdain at his mouth. But the eyes were clear, resolute, and strong, never wavering, — and I never saw them waver, — yet in them something distant and inscrutable. It was a candid eye, and he was candid in his evil; he made no pretense; and though the means to his ends were wicked, they were never low. Presently, glancing round the room, I saw an easel on which was a canvas. He caught my glance.

"Silly work for a soldier and a gentleman," he said, "but silliness is a great privilege. It needs as much skill to carry folly as to be an ambassador. Now, you are often much too serious, Captain Stobo."

At that he rose, and, after putting on his coat, came over to the easel and threw up the cloth. What was my astonishment to find there a portrait of Alixe! It had been painted in by a few bold strokes, full of force and life, yet giving her face more of that look which comes to women bitterly wise in the ways of this world than I cared to see. The treatment was daring, and it cut me like a knife that the whole painting had a red glow: the dress was red, the light falling on the hair was red, the shine of the eyes was red also. It was fascinating, but weird, and, to me, distressful. There flashed through my mind the remembrance of Mathilde in her scarlet robe as she stood on the Heights that momentous night. I had no right to accuse him of producing this painful effect out of a shameful thought. I could do nothing and say nothing. I only stood and looked at the picture in silence. He kept gazing at it with a curious, half-quizzical smile, as if he were unconscious of my presence. At last he said, with a slight knitting of his brows: —

"It is strange — strange. I sketched that in two nights ago, by the light of the fire, after I had come from the Château St. Louis — from memory, as you see. It never struck me where the effect was taken from, that singular glow over all the face and figure. But now I see it; it returns: it is the impression of color in the senses, left from the night that ladybug Mathilde flashed out on the Heights! A fine effect, a fine effect! H'm! for another such one might give another such Mathilde!"

At that moment we were both startled by a sound behind us, and, wheeling, we saw Voban, a mad look in his face, in the act of throwing at Doltaire a short spear which he had caught up from a corner. The spear flew from his hand even as Doltaire sprang aside, drawing his sword with great swiftness. I thought he must have been killed, but the rapidity of his action saved him, for the spear passed his shoulder so close that it tore away a shred of his coat, and stuck in the wall behind him. In another instant Doltaire had his sword-point at Voban's throat. The man did not cringe, did not speak a word, but his hands clinched, and the muscles of his face worked painfully. There was at first a fury in Doltaire's face and a metallic hardness in his eyes, and I was sure he meant to pass his sword through the other's body; but after standing for a moment, death hanging on his sword-point, he quietly lowered his weapon, and, sitting on a chair-arm, looked curiously at Voban, as one might sit and watch a mad animal within a cage. Voban did not stir, but stood rooted to the spot, his eyes, however, never moving from Doltaire. It was clear that he had looked for death, and now expected punishment and prison. Doltaire took out his handkerchief and wiped his cheek with it, for a sweat had gathered there. He turned to me soon, and said, in a singularly impersonal way, as though he were speaking of some animal: —

"He had great provocation. The Duchess de Valois had a young panther once which she had brought up from the milk. She was inquisitive, and used to try its temper. It was good sport, but one day she took away its food, gave it to the cat, and pointed her finger at monsieur the panther. The Duchess de Valois never bared her breast thereafter to an admiring world — a panther's claws leave scars." He paused, and presently continued: "You remember it, Voban; you were the Duke's valet then — you see I recall you. Well, the panther lost his head, both figuratively and in fact. The panther did not mean to kill, maybe, but to kill the lady's beauty was death to her. . . . Voban, yonder spear was poisoned!"

He wiped his face, and said to me, "I think you saw that at the dangerous moment I had no fear; yet now when the game is in my own hands, my cheek runs with cold sweat. How easy to be charged with cowardice! Like evaporation, the hot breath of peril passing suddenly into the cold air of safety leaves this" — he wiped his cheek again.

He rose, moved slowly to Voban, and, pricking him with his sword, said, "You are a bungler, barber. Now listen. I never wronged you; I have only been your blister. I prick your sores at home. Tut! tut! they prick them openly in the market-place. I gave you life a minute ago; I give you freedom now. Some day I may ask that life for a day's use, and then, Voban, then will you give it?"

There was a moment's pause, and the barber answered, "Monsieur, I owe you nothing. I would have killed you then; you may kill me, if you will."

Doltaire nodded musingly. Something was passing through his mind. I judged he was thinking that here was a man who as a servant would be invaluable.

"Well, well, we can discuss the thing at leisure, Voban," he said at last. "Meanwhile you may wait here till Captain Stobo has breakfasted, and then you shall be at his service; and I would have a word with you, also."

Then turning with a polite gesture to me, he led the way into the breakfast-room, and at once, half famished, I was seated at the table, drinking a glass of good wine, and busy with a broiled white-fish of delicate quality. We were silent for a time, and the bird in the alcove kept singing as though it were in Eden, while chiming in between the rhythms there came the silvery sound of sleigh-bells from the world without. I was in a sort of dream, and I felt there must be

a rude awakening soon. After a while, Doltaire, who seemed thinking keenly, ordered the servant to take in a glass of wine to Voban.

He looked up at me after a little, as if he had come back from a long distance, and said, "It is my fate to have as foes the men I would have as friends, and as friends the men I would have as foes. The cause of my friends is often bad; the cause of my enemies is sometimes good. It is droll. I love directness, yet I have ever been the slave of complication. I delight in following my reason, yet I have been of the motes that stumble in the sunlight. I have enough cruelty in me, enough selfishness and will, to be a ruler, and yet I have never held an office in my life. I love true diplomacy, yet I have been comrade to the official liar, and am the captain of intrigue — la! la!"

"You have never had an enthusiasm, a purpose?" said I.

He laughed, a dry, ironical laugh. "I have both an enthusiasm and a purpose," he answered, "or you would by now be snug in bed forever."

I knew what he meant, though he could not guess I understood. He was referring to Alixe and the challenge she had given him. I did not feel that I had anything to get by playing a part of friendliness, and besides, he was a man to whom the boldest speaking was always palatable, even when most against himself.

"I am sure neither would bear daylight," said I.

"Why, I almost blush to say that they are both honest — would at this moment endure a moral microscope. The experience, I confess, is new, and has the glamour of originality."

"It will not stay honest," I retorted. "Honesty is a new toy with you. You will break it on the first rock that shows."

"I wonder," he answered, "I wonder . . . and yet I suppose you are right. Some devilish incident will twist things out of gear, and then the old Adam must improvise for safety and success. Yes, I suppose my one beautiful virtue will get a twist."

What he had said showed me his mind as in a mirror. He had no idea that I had the key to his enigmas. I felt as had Voban in the other room. I could see that he had set his mind on Alixe, and that she had roused in him what was perhaps the first honest passion of his life; that he was bent to win her. I knew — for he had talked of it many times — what his views on marriage were, and that he should think of Alixe at all in that connection showed the hold she had on him. But I saw also that, as he said, if the honest way was not easy, then he would come to other means. As he had told her, he was her hunter, and he would never give up.

What further talk we might have had I cannot tell, but while we were smoking and drinking coffee the door opened suddenly, and the servant said, "His Excellency the Marquis de Vaudreuil."

Doltaire got to his feet, a look of annoyance crossing his face; but he courteously met the Governor, and placed a chair for him. The Governor, however, said frostily, "Monsieur Doltaire, it must seem difficult for Captain Stobo to know who is Governor in Canada, since he has so many masters. I am not sure who needs assurance most upon the point, you or he. This is the second time he has been feasted at the Intendance when he should have been in prison. I came too late that other time; now it seems I am opportune."

Doltaire's reply was smooth: "Your Excellency will pardon the liberty. The Intendance was a sort of halfway house between the citadel and the jail."

"There is news from France," the Governor said, "brought from Gaspé. We meet in council at the Château in an hour. A guard is without to take Captain Stobo to the common jail."

In a moment more, after a courteous

good-by from Doltaire, and a remark from the Governor to the effect that I had spoiled his night's sleep to no purpose, I was soon on my way to the common jail, where arriving, what was my pleased surprise to see Gabord! He had been told off to be my especial guard, his services at the citadel having been deemed so efficient. He was outwardly surly. As rough as he was ever before the world, and without speaking a word to me, he had a soldier lock me in a cell.

XIII.

My new abode was more cheerful than the one I had quitted in the citadel. It was not large, but it had a window, well barred, through which came the good strong light of the northern sky. A wooden bench for my bed stood in one corner, and, what cheered me much, there was a small iron stove. Apart from warmth, its fire would be companionable, and to tend it a means of passing the time. Almost the first thing I did was to examine it. It was round, and shaped like a small bulging keg on end. It had a lid on top, and in the side a small door with bars for draught, suggesting to me in little the delight of a fireplace. A small pipe from the side carried away the smoke into a chimney in the wall. It seemed to me luxurious, after the year I had spent in my miserable dungeon, and my spirits came back apace.

There was no fire yet, and it was bitter cold, so that I took to walking up and down to keep warmth in me. I was ill nourished, and I felt the cold intensely. But I trotted up and down, plans of escape already running through my head. I was as far off as you can imagine from that event of the early morning, when I stood waiting, half frozen, to be shot by Lancy's men. It is well for me that my spirits were ever capable of the quick rebound, else I might not now be writing these memoirs. I fell to thinking what joy this reprieve of mine would give to Alixe, and I was most curious to know what had occurred after she left me the night before. The night before — indeed, it seemed months since then, since I had held her in my arms, since her lips clung to mine in a warm sweetness, like a rose-leaf all dew and sun at once. Had she seen Doltaire? She must have seen him, or she would, as she said, have told all to the Governor; and that she had not done so was clear. I was sure that she had met Doltaire, and had come to know without doubt that he could and would stay the execution. Well, I should know one day by letter or from her own lips. I heard sooner than I looked for, as you shall see.

After I had been walking swiftly up and down for an hour or more, slapping my hands against my sides to keep them warm, — for it was so cold I ached and felt a nausea, — I was glad to see Gabord enter with a soldier carrying wood and shavings to light a fire in the stove. I do not think I could much longer have borne the chilling air, — a dampness, too, had risen from the floor, which had been washed that morning, — for my clothes were very light in texture and much worn. I had had but the one suit since I entered the dungeon, for my other suit, which was by no means smart, had been taken from me when I was first imprisoned in the citadel, the year before. As if many good things had been destined to come at once, soon afterwards another soldier entered with a knapsack, which he laid down on the bench. My delight was great when I saw it held my other poor suit of clothes, together with a rough set of woolens, a few handkerchiefs, two pairs of stockings, and a wool cap for night wear.

Gabord did not speak to me at all, but roughly hurried the soldier at his task of fire-lighting, and ordered the other to fetch a pair of stools and a jar of water.

Meanwhile I stood near, watching, and stretched out my skinny hands to the grateful heat as soon as the fire was lighted. I had a boy's delight in noting how the draught pumped the fire into violence, shaking the stove till it puffed and roared. I was so filled, that moment, with the domestic spirit that I thought a steaming kettle on the little stove would give me a tabby-like comfort.

"Why not a kettle on the hob?" I said gayly to Gabord suddenly.

"Why not a cat before the fire, a bit of bacon on the coals, a pot of mulled wine at the elbow, and a wench's chin to chuck, baby-bumbo!" said Gabord in a mocking voice, which made the soldiers laugh at my expense. "And a spinet, too, for ducky dear, Scarrat; a piece of cake and cherry wine, and a soul to go to heaven! Tonnerre!" he added, with an oath, "these English prisoners want the world for a sou, and they 'd owe that till judgment day."

I felt at once the meaning of his words, for he turned his back on me and went to the window and tried the stanchions, seeming much concerned about them, and muttering to himself. Instantly I drew out from my pocket two gold pieces, and gave them to the soldier Scarrat; and the other soldier coming in just then, I did the same with him; and I could see that their respect for me mightily increased. Gabord, still muttering, turned to us again, and began to berate the soldiers for their laziness. As the two men turned to go, Scarrat, evidently feeling that something was due for the gold I had given him, said to Gabord, "Shall Monsieur have the kettle for his fire?"

Gabord took a step forward as if to strike the soldier, but stopped short, blew out his cheeks, and laughed in a loud, mocking way.

"Ay, ay, fetch Monsieur the kettle, and fetch him flax to spin, and a pinch of snuff, and hot flannels for his stomach, and every night at sundown you shall feed him with pretty biscuits soaked in milk. Ah, go to the devil and fetch the kettle, fool!" he added roughly again, and quickly the place was empty save for him and myself.

"Those two fellows are to sit outside your cage door, dickey-bird, and two are to march beneath your window yonder, so you shall not lack care if you seek to go abroad. Those are the new orders."

"And you, Gabord," said I, "are you not to be my jailer?" I said it sorrowfully, for I had a genuine feeling for him, and I could not keep that from my voice. I had no way of showing gratitude to him, for I did not dare give him gold. It was kindness in him to make it easy for me to fee his subordinates. He did not encourage bribery that I might find escape easier, but that they should not offer the unnecessary insult which he, of course, could not prevent; for if I complained to him he must remain silent, else they might suspect his attitude towards me, and my state would in the end be worse, and his own person in peril.

When I had spoken so feelingly, he stood for a moment, flushing and puffing, as if confused by the compliment in the tone, and then he answered, "I 'm to keep you safe till word comes from the King what 's to be done with you."

Then he suddenly became surly again, standing with legs apart and keys dangling; for Scarrat entered with the kettle, and put it on the stove. "You will bring blankets for Monsieur," he added, "and there 's an order on my table for tobacco, which you will send your comrade for."

In a moment we were left alone.

"You 'll live like a stuffed pig here, dormouse," he said, "though 't will be cold o' nights." Then, "There 's no wise man's wit like to a speck of a girl's in this world. Last night a lady gets an order to visit all the prisoners in this jail to-day, it being the time of the Great Birth. And down she comes here with her mother an hour agone, bringing all sorts of gifts, and she comes again this

afternoon; and who 's to say her nay that carries an order from the Governor, if she says, 'Open dickey-bird's cage' — aho?"

I asked if I might see her alone.

He shrugged his shoulders; then said, "There are no orders. I must abide by old rules, but it may not be alone, I think."

"I do not fear to have you present," said I.

This pleased him. "The view is good from window," he answered quickly. "I cannot hear when I whistle 'Prenez-garde, Cavalier joli.'"

After another pass or two of words he left me, and I hastened to make a better toilet than I had done for a year. My old rusty suit which I exchanged for the one I had worn seemed almost sumptuous, and the woolen wear comforted my weakened body. Within an hour my cell looked snug, and I sat cosily by the fire, feeding it now and then with knots, and listening for steps without. The door at last opened suddenly, and I started up; but it was only Scarrat with blankets and some tobacco. He put them down without a word, and the other stood at the door, armed and on guard. I said nothing to Scarrat, but nodded my thanks, and he left, looking less malicious than on my first coming. It would have been easy to point a moral on the union of gold and complaisance, but I was too well content with the morning's events to reflect upon the mercenary spirit in humanity. I had a more pleasant prospect. I did not smoke yet; I reserved that until after Alixe should be gone. I did not know who had provided me with tobacco, but I suspected it was her gift, as it proved to be.

It must have been about four o'clock when there was a turning of keys and a shooting of bolts, the door opened, and Alixe stepped within, followed by Gabord, who, with a gruff "Monsieur!" closed the door after them. Alixe stood just inside the door, her eyes most bright, her face shining — so handsome, so full of nobility in carriage, such a deep look coming from her. Afterwards, when doubts and fears would cross my mind in bitter trials, when that she should stand firm for me and for her own truth and virtue seemed a task for angels, I would conjure her up as she stood there that moment, seeing me as one risen from the dead, and that perfect welcome in her eyes, that aspect of sincerity. Had she not proved her love? Did she not prove it then and after? I saw her lips frame my name thrice, though no word came forth, and my heart was bursting to cry out and clasp her to my breast. But still with that sweet, serious look on me, she put out her hand and stayed me.

Gabord, looking not at us at all, went straight to the window, and, standing on a stool, began again to examine the stanchions and to whistle. Then I stepped forward, and Alixe met me. She would not let me clasp her to my breast — she shrank from that in the presence of a stranger. But I took her hands and held them, and spoke her name softly, and she smiled up at me with so perfect a grace that I thought there never was aught like it in the world.

She was the first to break the sweet spell. I placed a seat for her, and sat down by her. She held out her fingers to the fire, and then, after a moment, she told me the story of last night's affair; not without some sighing and a little shrinking, too, for I could see how many things tried her in the hard part she had to play. As on the night before, her story was broken by a few questionings on my part, and by pauses on hers, together with whispered fears that Gabord could hear what we said. Though Gabord turned his head once or twice towards us, that was a matter of form, and I am sure he heard nothing. First she made me tell her briefly of the events of the morning, of which she knew, but not fully. This done, she began. I will

set down her story as a whole, and you must understand as you read that it was told as women tell a story, with all little graces and diversions, and those small details with which even momentous things are enveloped in their eyes. I loved her all the more because of these, and I saw, as Doltaire had said, how admirably poised was her intellect, how acute her wit, how delicate and astute a diplomatist she was becoming; and yet, through all, preserving a simplicity of character almost impossible of belief. She had that faculty of seeing from thing to thing, of shaping thought to thought, of divining connections where all was obscurity to others, which is a kind of genius. I felt, as I looked at her, how that power, whose force I am sure she was far too modest to estimate, in one of lesser character might make havoc instead of blessing. Such qualities, in her directed to good ends, in wicked women have made them more tyrannical than kings or queens; and once Alixe said to me, breaking off as her story went on, "Oh, Robert, when I see what power I have to dissimulate — for it is that, call it by what name you will — when I see how I enjoy accomplishing against all difficulty, how I can blind even so skilled a diplomatist as Monsieur Doltaire, I almost tremble. I see how, if God had not given me something here" — she placed her hand upon her heart — "that saves me, I might be like Madame Cournal, and far worse, far worse than she. For I love power — I do love it; I can see that!"

She did not know that it was her strict honesty with herself that was her good safeguard.

But here is the story she told me: —

"When I left you, Robert, last night, I went at once to my home, and was glad to get in without being seen. At nine o'clock we were to be at the Château, and while my sister Georgette was helping me with my toilette — oh, how I wished she would go and leave me quite alone! — my head was in a whirl, and now and then I could feel my heart draw and shake like a half-choked pump, and there was a strange pain behind my eyes. Georgette is of such a warm disposition, so kind always to me, whom she would yield to in everything, so simple in her affections, that I seemed standing there by her like an intrigante, as one who had got wisdom at the price of something I had lost. But do not think, Robert, that for one instant I was sorry I played a part, and have done so for a long year and more. I would do it and more again, if it were for you. No, no, do not take my hand yet, dear, or I shall never tell my story. I shall only wish to sit and let my heart steep itself in gratitude.

"Georgette could not understand why it was I stopped all at once and caught her head to my breast, as she sat by me where I stood arranging my gown. I do not know quite why I did it, but perhaps it was from my yearning that never should she have a lover in such sorrow and danger as mine, and that never should she have to learn to mask her heart as I have done. Ah, sometimes I fear, Robert, that when all is over, and you are free, and you see what the world and all this playing at hide-and-seek have made me, you will feel that such as Georgette, who have never looked inside the hearts of wicked people, and read the tales therein for knowledge to defeat wickedness — that such as she were better fitted for your life and love. No, no, please do not touch me — not till you have heard all I am going to tell."

After a moment she continued quietly; yet her eye flashed out now and then, and now and then, also, something in her thoughts as to how she, a weak, powerless girl, had got her ends against astute evil men, sent a little laugh to her lips; for she had by nature as merry a heart as serious: —

"At nine o'clock we came to the Château from Ste. Anne Street, where our

winter home is — yet how much do I prefer the Manor House! There were not many guests to supper, and Monsieur Doltaire was not among them. I affected a genial surprise, and asked the Governor if one of the two vacant chairs at the table was for Monsieur; and looking a little as though he would reprove me — for he does not like to think of me as interested in Monsieur — he said it was, but that Monsieur was somewhere out of town, and there was no surety that he would come. The other chair was for the Chevalier la Darante, one of the oldest and best of our nobility, who pretends great roughness and barbarism, but is a kind and honorable gentleman, though odd in his ways. He was one of your judges, Robert; and though he condemned you, he said that you had some reason on your side. And I will show you how he stood for you last night.

"I need not tell you how the supper passed, while I was planning — planning to reach the Governor if Monsieur Doltaire did not come; and if he did come, how to play my part so he should suspect nothing but a vain girl's caprice, and maybe heartlessness. Moment after moment went by, and he came not. I almost despaired. Presently the Chevalier la Darante entered, and, after apology, for he had been detained by an accident to his servant, he took the vacant chair beside me. I was glad of this. I had gone in upon the arm of a rusty gentleman of the Court, who is over here to get his health again, and does it by gaming and drinking at the Château Bigot. The Chevalier la Darante soon began to talk to me, and he spoke of you, saying that he had heard of your duel with my brother, and that formerly you had been much a guest at our house. I answered him with what carefulness I could, and brought round the question of your death, by hint and allusion getting him to speak of the mode of execution.

"Upon this point he spoke his mind strongly, saying that it was a case where the penalty should be the musket, not the rope. It was no subject for the supper-table, and the Governor felt this, and I feared he would show displeasure; but other gentlemen took up the matter, and he could not easily change the talk at the moment. The feeling was strong against you. My father stayed silent, but I could see he watched the effect upon the Governor. I knew that he himself had tried to get the mode of execution changed, but the Governor had been immovable. The Chevalier la Darante spoke most strongly, for he is afraid of no one, and he gave the other gentlemen raps upon the knuckles.

"'I swear,' he said at last, 'I am sorry now I gave in to his death at all, for it seems to me that there is much cruelty and hatred behind the case against him. He seemed to me a gentleman of force and fearlessness, and what he said had weight. Why was the gentleman not exchanged long ago? He was here three years before he was tried on this charge. Ay, there 's the point. Other prisoners were exchanged — why not he? If the gentleman is not given a decent death, after these years of captivity, I swear I will not leave Kamaraska again to set foot in Quebec.'

"At that the Governor gravely said, 'These are matters for our Council, dear Chevalier.' To this the Chevalier replied, 'I meant not reflection on your Excellency, but you are good enough to let the opinions of gentlemen not so wise as you weigh with you in your efforts to be just; and I have ever held that one wise autocrat was worth a score of juries.' There was an instant's pause, and then my father said quietly, 'If his Excellency had always councilors and colleagues like the Chevalier la Darante, his path would be easier, and Canada happier and richer.' This settled the matter, for the Governor, looking at them both for a moment, suddenly said, 'Gentlemen, you shall have your way, and I thank you

for your confidence. If the ladies will pardon a sort of council of state here!' he added. You can guess that to ladies who see so little how men manage great affairs such a scene had interest, and what it was to myself you know well. The Governor called a servant, and ordered pen, ink, and paper; and there before us all he wrote an order to Gabord, your jailer, to be delivered before midnight.

"He had begun to read it aloud to us, when the curtains of the entrance-door parted, and Monsieur Doltaire stepped inside. The Governor did not hear him, and Monsieur stood for a moment listening. When the reading was finished, he gave a dry little laugh, and came down to the Governor, apologizing for his lateness, and bowing to the rest of us. He did not look at me at all, but once he glanced keenly at my father, and I felt sure that he had heard my father's words to the Governor.

"'Have the ladies been made councilors?' he asked lightly, and took his seat, which was opposite to mine. 'Have they all conspired to give a criminal one less episode in his life for which to blush? . . . May I not join the conspiracy?' he added, glancing round, and lifting a glass of wine. Not even yet had he looked at me. Then he waved his glass the circuit of the table, and said, 'I drink to the councilors, and applaud the conspirators,' and as he raised his glass to his lips his eyes came abruptly to mine and stayed, and he bowed profoundly. He drank, still looking, and then turned again to the Governor. I felt my heart stand still. Did he suspect my love for you, Robert? Had he discovered something? Was Gabord a traitor to us? Had I been watched, detected? I could have shrieked at the suspense. I was like one suddenly faced with a dreadful accusation, with which was a great fear. But I held myself still — oh, so still, so still — and as in a dream I heard the Governor say pleasantly, 'I would I had such conspirators always by me. I am sure you would wish them to take more responsibility than you will now assume in Canada.' Doltaire bowed and smiled, and the Governor went on: 'I am sure you will approve of Captain Stobo being shot instead of hanged. But indeed it has been my good friend the Chevalier la Darante who has given me the best council I have held in many a day.'

"To this Monsieur Doltaire replied, 'A council unknown to statute, but approved of those who stand for etiquette with one's foes at any cost. For myself, it is so unpleasant to think of the rope'" (here Alixe hid her face in her hands for a moment) "'that I should eat no breakfast to-morrow, if the gentleman from Virginia were to hang.' It was impossible to tell from his tone what was in his mind, and I dared not think of his failure to interfere as he had promised me. As yet he had done nothing, I could see, and in eight or nine hours more you were to die. He did not look at me again for some time, but talked to my mother and my father and the Chevalier la Darante, commenting on affairs in France and the war between our countries, but saying nothing of where he had been during the past week. He seemed paler and thinner than when I last saw him, and I felt that something had happened to him. You shall hear soon what it was.

"At last he turned from the Chevalier to me, and said, 'When did you hear from your brother, mademoiselle?' I told him; and he added, 'I have had a letter since, and after supper, if you will permit me, I will tell you of it.' Turning to my father and my mother, he assured them of Juste's well-being, and afterwards engaged in talk with the Governor, to whom he seemed to defer. When we all rose to go to the salon, he offered my mother his arm, and I went in upon the arm of the good Chevalier. In a few moments Monsieur Doltaire

came to me, and remarked cheerfully, 'In this farther corner where the spinet sounds most we can talk best;' and we went near to the spinet, where Madame Lotbinière was playing. 'It is true,' he began, 'that I have had a letter from your brother. He begs me to use influence for his advancement. You see he writes to me instead of to the Governor. You can guess how I stand in France. Well, we shall see what I may do. . . . Have you not wondered concerning me this week?' he asked; and I said to him, 'I scarce expected you till after to-morrow, when you would plead some accident as cause for not fulfilling your pretty little boast.' He looked at me sharply for a minute, and then said, 'A pretty *little* boast, is it? H'm! you touch great things with light fingers.' I nodded. 'Yes,' said I, 'when I have no great faith.' 'You have marvelous coldness for a girl that promised warmth in her youth. Even I, who am old in these matters, cannot think of this Stobo's death without a twinge, for it is not like an affair of battle; but you seem to think of it in its relation to my "boast," as you call it. Is it not so?'

"I scarcely knew what to reply, but the natural thing came to me, and I said with apparent indignation, 'No, no, you must not make me out so cruel. I am not. No woman likes to hear of a fellow-creature being hanged or shot, and I am not so hard-hearted as you think. My brother is well — I have no feeling against Captain Stobo on his account; and as for spying — well, it is only a painful epithet for what is done here and everywhere all the time.' 'Dear me, dear me,' he said lightly, 'what a mind you have for argument! — a born casuist; and yet, like all women, you would let your sympathy rule you in matters of state. But come,' he added, 'where do you think I have been?' It was hard to answer him gayly, and yet it must be done, and so I said, 'You have probably put yourself in prison, that you should not keep your boast.' 'I have been in prison,' he answered, 'and I was on the wrong side, with no key.' I did not understand him, and I questioned him. 'I was locked in a chest-room of the Intendance,' he explained, 'but as yet I do not know by whom, nor am I sure why. After two days without food or drink, I managed to get out through the barred window. I spent three days in my room, ill, and here I am. You must not speak of this — you will not?' he asked me. 'To no one,' I answered gayly, 'but my other self.' 'Where is your other self?' he asked. 'In here,' I said, touching my bosom. I did not mean to turn my head away when I said it, but indeed I felt I could not look him in the eyes at the moment, for I was thinking of you.

"He mistook me; he thought I was coquetting with him, and he leaned forward to speak in my ear, so that I could feel his breath on my cheek. I turned faint, for I saw how terrible was this game I was playing; but oh, Robert, Robert," — her hands fluttered towards me, then drew back, — "it was for your sake, for your sake, that I let his hand rest on mine an instant, as he said, 'I am going hunting *there* to find your other self. Shall I know the face if I see it?' I drew my hand away, for it was torture to me, and I hated him, but I only said a little scornfully, 'You do not stand by your words. You said' — here I laughed a little disdainfully — 'that you would meet the first test to prove your right to follow the second boast.'

"He got to his feet, and said in a low, firm voice, 'Your memory is excellent, your aplomb perfect. You are young to know it all so well. But you bring your own punishment,' he added, with a wicked smile, 'and you shall pay hereafter. I am going to the Governor. Bigot has arrived, and is with Madame Cournal yonder. You shall have proof in half an hour.'

"At that he left me. An idea oc-

curred to me. If he succeeded in staying your execution, you would in all likelihood be placed in the common jail. I would try to get an order from the Governor to visit the jail to distribute gifts to the prisoners, as my mother and I had done before on the day before Christmas. I asked my mother if I might beg the order of his Excellency, and she consented. So, while Doltaire was passing with Bigot and the Chevalier la Darante into another room, I asked the Governor; and that very moment, at my wish, he had his secretary write the order, which he countersigned and handed me, with a gift of gold for the prisoners. As he left my mother and myself, Monsieur Doltaire came back with Bigot, and, approaching the Governor, they led him away, engaging at once in serious talk. One thing I noticed: as Doltaire and Bigot came up, I could see Doltaire eying the Intendant askance, as though he would read treachery. For I feel sure that it was Bigot who contrived to have Doltaire shut up in the chest-room. I cannot guess the reason, quite, unless it be true, what gossips say, that Bigot is jealous of the notice Madame Cournal has given Doltaire, who visits much at her house.

"Well, they asked me to sing, and so I did; and can you guess what it was? Even the *voyageurs'* song,

'Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills,
(Little gold sun, come out of the dawn!)'

I know not how I sang it, for my heart, my thoughts, were far away in a whirl of clouds and mist, as you may see a flock of wild ducks in the haze upon a river, flying they know not whither, save that they follow the sound of the stream. I was just ending the song when Monsieur Doltaire leaned over me, and said in my ear, 'To-morrow I shall invite Monsieur Stobo from the scaffold to my breakfast-table — or, better still, invite myself to his own.' His hand caught mine, as I gave a little cry; for when I felt sure of your reprieve, I could not, Robert, I could not keep it back. He thought I was startled at his hand-pressure, and did not guess the real cause.

"'I have met one challenge, and I shall meet the other,' he said quickly. 'It is not so much a matter of power, either; it is that engine opportunity. You and I should go far in this wicked world,' he added. 'We think together, we see through ladders. I admire you, mademoiselle. Some men will say they love you; and they should, or they have no taste; and the more they love you, the better pleased am I — if you are best pleased with me. But it is possible for men to love and not to admire. It is a foolish thing to say that reverence must go with love. I know men who have lost their heads and their souls for women whom they knew infamous. But when one admires where one loves, then in the ebb and flow of passion the heart is safe, for admiration holds when the sense is cold.'

"You know well, Robert, how clever he is; how, listening to him, you must admit his talent and his power. But oh, believe that, though I am full of wonder at his cleverness, I cannot bear him very near me."

She paused. I looked most gravely at her, as well one might who saw so sweet a maid employing her heart thus, and the danger that faced her. She misread my look a little, maybe, for she said at once: —

"I must be honest with you, and so I tell you all — all, else the part I play were not possible to me. To you I can speak plainly, pour out my soul. Do not fear for me. I see a battle coming between that man and me, but I shall fight it stoutly, worthily, so that in this, at least, I shall never have to blush for you that you loved me. Be patient, Robert, and never doubt me; for that would make me close the doors of my heart, though I should never cease to aid you, never weary in labor for your well-being. If these things, and fight-

ing all these wicked men, to make Doltaire help me to save you, have schooled to action some worse parts of me, there is yet in me that which shall never be brought low, never be dragged to the level of Versailles or the Château Bigot — never!"

She looked at me with such dignity and pride that my eyes filled with tears, and, not to be stayed, I reached out and took her hands, and would have clasped her to my breast, but she held back from me.

"You believe in me, Robert?" she said most earnestly. "You will never doubt me? You know that I am true and loyal."

"I believe in God, and you," I answered firmly and reverently, and then I took her in my arms and kissed her. I did not care at all whether or no Gabord saw; but indeed he did not, as Alixe told me afterwards, for, woman-like, even in this sweet crisis she had an eye for such details.

"What more said he?" I asked, my heart beating hard in the joy of that embrace.

"No more, or little more, for my mother came that instant and brought me to talk with the Chevalier la Darante, who wished to ask me for next summer to Kamaraska or Isle aux Coudres, where he has manor houses. Before I left Monsieur Doltaire, he said, 'I never made a promise but I wished to break it. This one shall balance all I 've broken, for I 'll never unwish it.'

"My mother heard this, and so I summoned all my will, and said gayly, 'Poor broken crockery! You stand a tower among the ruins.' This pleased him, and he answered, 'On the tower base is written, This crockery outlives all others.' My mother looked sharply at me, but said nothing, for she has come to think that I am heartless and cold to men and to the world, selfish in many things."

At this moment Gabord turned round, saying, "'T is time to be done. Madame comes."

"It is my mother," said Alixe, standing up, and hastily placing her hands in mine. "I must be gone. Good-by, good-by."

There was no chance for further adieu, and I saw her pass out with Gabord; but she turned at the last, and said in English, for she knew it a little now, "Believe, and remember."

Then the door closed, and she was gone. But from my window, not long after, I saw her and her mother pass across the yard and through a gateway, which closed after them. She did not look back; perhaps for fear of her mother's suspicion.

Gilbert Parker.

THE SHIP OF STATE AND THE STROKE OF FATE.

THERE has been in the last year a great revival of interest in Horace, — if one can speak of reviving what has never died or even slept. When Augustus Cæsar, in the year 17 B. C., called the whole people to behold the more than Centennial show, which none had ever seen before, nor ever should see again, the solemn record which he entrusted to marble, and which has only been unearthed in the last few years, set forth that "Quintus Horatius Flaccus composed the song;" the hymn, that is, to Apollo and Diana, which we call Carmen Sæculare. Horace had then risen, in spite of all detraction, to the first place among the Roman poets; Virgil, whose claims he would have been the last to dis-

pute, had been cut off two years before. From that time to this, Horace has been awarded the darling object of his ambition, a rank among the lyric bards.

In the last year he has had the honor of being translated by the first orator and statesman of our time; nor has this version deterred a younger Oxonian brother, Mr. Deasley, from entering on the same field, while Mr. Graves has transferred the themes of sixteen odes into as many delicious satires on modern English politics, offering themselves as spoken by the same great statesman, but of which, we may fear, Mr. Gladstone on earth does not enjoy the humor as much as Horace in Elysium. The Roman has indeed, as he prophesied, visited the Britons; but they have not proved fierce to their guest. But his boldest visions never pictured that in a land beyond the utmost limit of his blessed fields and rich islands, and certainly endowed with no such heavenly climate, in a university whose name and the name of its site he could not have pronounced to save his life, a descendant of the blue-eyed German youth should edit him with love and learning.[1]

There can hardly be said to live the civilized man for whom Horace has not some message; nay, it may be said that he has been read and enjoyed by more men, in more countries, than any other writer, certainly than any other poet. He had sixteen hundred years' start of Cervantes and Shakespeare; Homer never began to compete with him in circulation; Horace is read by men who have forgotten the Virgil of their boyhood; he is indeed immortal and universal.

This wide acceptance he owes to many things combined: the charm of his verse, the sparkle and terseness of his language, the pungency and truth of his sentiments, and a rich stream of feeling which runs deepest when most still. Professor Sellar and Professor Tyrrell have pointed out that Horace is the perfect type of that *urbanitas* which the Romans claimed as one of their distinguishing qualities; and as a great and beautiful city surely draws to her the observant and thoughtful souls from every district, and if she does not keep them, sends them home refined and transmuted, so Horace exercises upon thousands of men the mystic influence of the Eternal City, in a way that more passionate, loftier, and deeper poets, Catullus, Virgil, and Lucretius, fail to do.

And just as Rome, though she has been for twenty centuries the home of all the world, has a character her own and inimitable; as ancient Rome and mediæval Rome are as different in their separate fascinations as each is from modern Rome, and all from any other city; so Horace, plainly and intimately as he speaks to every man, has a character belonging to his age, — incommunicable, although so attractive. It has been remarked again and again that he is untranslatable. This is absolutely true, and is not in the least disproved by exhibiting one or another ode where some clever man has made a respectable version. Let any one who admires and loves Horace read consecutively his ten favorite odes in the ten least unsuccessful versions, and the sad truth will be patent.

This is largely due to the fact that Horace was completely a man of his time and place, and those a time and a place where all sorts of influences united to set a brand — one hardly dares use a weaker word — on the minds of men. We call it the Augustan age; but we hardly realize what that means. It means that after a civil war lasting over a hundred years, when all the force and all the wealth and all the wit of the world had been combined to make Roman citizens cut each other's throats, a young man of thirty-three gave the imperial city peace, — a peace which the oldest man had not seen before for twenty continuous years, and which Marius and Sylla and Pompey

[1] The Odes of Horace, edited by Professor C. L. Smith of Harvard, Boston, 1894.

and Cicero and Julius Cæsar, and scores of other public men who would have been accounted giants in any other age, had been powerless to effect. When Horace declared that two more victories would prove Augustus a present god, just as thunder proved Jupiter to be the king of heaven, that was not the gross adulation one now supposes; he was simply saying what every one at the time felt, — that the grand-nephew of Julius had wrought a miracle.

Horace, though born on the other side of Italy, was a Roman patriot; and it is an interesting fact, and a cheering one for Americans, that the very provinces which, twenty-five years before his birth, had revolted from Rome in the interest of a free Italy proved her most loyal subjects when admitted to full rights; such of them, that is, as survived the Social War. He claims for his own Apulians the highest right in the ancient symbols of Roman glory, — "the fire that burns for aye, and the shield that fell from heaven." As a patriot, the last and worst of the civil strifes, the thirty years' war from the consulship of Metellus to the rout of Actium, had shaken his soul back and forward. We call Cicero vacillating, but he vacillated more than others only because he was wiser and better. As Macaulay says about the vicissitudes of the French Revolution, a Roman who held the same views in Pompey's consulship, after the battle of Pharsalus, and after those of Philippi and of Actium, must have been either a divinely inspired prophet or a fool. From Horace's twenty-fourth year to his thirty-fourth, it is hard to imagine his drawing a free breath for three months together.

Accordingly, many of Horace's earlier lyrics show a strain of uncertainty and perplexity which never appears in the mass of those written after the nation had thoroughly settled down under its first real master. And in none is this strain more apparent than in the fourteenth ode of the first book, — *O navis*, which, Quintilian tells us with authority, is, being interpreted, "the ship of state." The very name suggests the closing lines of our own Longfellow's Building of the Ship; and with that passion for attempting the impossible which is not to be controlled, I have transferred — not translated — Horace's ode into Longfellow's metre: —

O ship, the billows rise again
To sweep thee back into the main!
Oh, what art doing? Keep thee fast
Within the harbor! Dost not view
Thy battered side stripped of its crew?
How the swift gale has strained thy mast
And groaning yards, while scarcely braves
Thy keel the overmastering waves
With ropes unwrapped? Thy sails are torn,
Thy gods have left thy prayers forlorn.
What though a Pontic pine, and growth
Of noble woods, thy boast is vain
Of name renowned, and ancient strain;
Such painted barks bind not the troth
Of timid sailors; heed the shock
Of winds that mark thee for their mock.
Wearied of late thy woes to bear,
Now held by love and longing care,
I charge thee shun the treacherous seas
That wash the shining Cyclades.

Where this or any version is likely to misrepresent the original is in failing to catch the very bold construction of the verse, the lines running one into another, so that four fifths of the poem form one continuous strain, which tosses about from side to side, like the ship herself. The succession of vowels and consonants is also very remarkable in the Latin. Every kind of change is rung on both, but there is a constant recurrence to *i*, the thinnest of vowels, and *n*, the most sonorous of consonants, giving the whole a keen, resonant pitch. There is an effect of quiver about the whole strain, answering exactly to unsteadiness, doubt, and fear in the writer's mind.

No one can avoid trying to read between the lines, and see what special allusions the ode contains to public men and events. It is easy to be too curious in this matter, attempting to detect, as some commentators have done, a specific indication of some person or transaction

in every part of the ship's armor; but it is pretty plain that the poet cautions his countrymen against any attempt to recall the old aristocratic commonwealth, which had been struck down with Pompey, revived for an instant under Brutus, and only galvanized by Pompey's son. The total want in the old Roman constitution of any restraining or tightening force when party spirit chose to break loose is almost certainly indicated in the seventh and eighth lines, where the practice is alluded to, rarely seen in modern navigation, but common in ancient, of "undergirding the ship," as we have it in Acts xxvii. 17, drawing the ribs and keel together by sails and ropes.

The ode must have been written at some time when the old Republicans, with whom Horace had once associated, were trying to throw off the harness which Augustus — not yet so named — was tightening on them, and once more to revive the old unchecked plunges from aristocracy to democracy, and back again, which had been shaking Rome for a century. It is the composition of a patriot, but of a patriot who will give up anything — all the historic adventure and glory, all the chances of victory and wealth, that ocean always offers to the bold — for the inglorious but comfortable peace of harbor. The strange word *fortiter*, as strange as Dante's use of *forte* at the opening of the Divina Commedia, expresses a belief that not only discretion, but fear may be the better part of valor.

In shorter words, the note of cheer or hope is wanting; there is anxiety, caution, prudence, wisdom, and all that content which is akin to disgrace, but hope, in a lively sense, that one's best aspirations may be nearly or quite realized there is none. There could not be. The ancient Epicureanism did not admit it, nor, for the matter of that, the ancient Stoicism either. In a mild way Horace strikes the note of hope in his ode to Licinius, — *Rectius vives*, — where the same metaphor of a ship is used; but it is the sort of hope that is founded on the revolutions of nature, where good and bad weather occur in a fated round. The hope that is founded on the patience which comes from experience, and that from faith, is scarcely known to that training whose liveliest happiness is unruffled content.

In the year 1849 Mr. Longfellow published a new volume of poems, called The Seaside and the Fireside. The first piece was on the subject dear to every New England coast lad, and perhaps dearest of all to a son of Maine, — the entire work of building a ship, which leads up to a launch, the most supremely thrilling and touching exhibition of the mechanic arts in time of peace, or war either. He interwove with the actual history of the ship a delicate and tender underplot, which redeemed the poem from the faintest touch of materialism and "pathetic fallacy," the wedding and the launch uniting at the end. But in the last stanza the poet rises, unexpectedly, yet with perfect ease and propriety, into his renowned apostrophe to the ship of state, which it would be impertinent to quote at length. He evidently had Horace in mind. Every detail of the earlier poem finds its counterpart in the later: the winds and the rocks, the keel and the mast, the ropes and the sails, the history and ancestral glory, the anxious fears and longings, — they are all in the English as in the Latin. Moreover, it is no academic adaptation; like Horace's versions from Sappho and Alcæus, it was called out by a real crisis in American and in human history.

There have been few more anxious periods in the whole course of time than the year 1849, when The Building of the Ship was written. The great continental earthquake of 1848, which had shaken every throne in Central Europe, and driven sovereign after sovereign from his capital, had all subsided, leav-

ing the edifice of despotism rooted more firmly than ever to the soil, and the hopes of humanity blighted. In fact, the reaction was so complete that it is impossible for the present generation to realize the feelings which made men who had lived under the first Napoleon believe that the revolution of 1848 was unparalleled for ages. In the United States, politics were in a most anxious state. General Taylor had been elected President by the Whigs, but under circumstances that permanently alienated many strong spirits from the Whig cause. A third party had been organized, and was strong among Mr. Longfellow's immediate friends. Everything pointed to a fierce strife in the new Congress over the admission of California as a State, and the organization of the rest of the Mexican acquisitions. The slavery question had been pushed to the front as never before; the Union was openly threatened at the South, and not always heartily defended at the North; and at this very time, when our internal state was most anxious, there was pouring in upon us an unprecedented flood of emigrants from what we believed to be the worst populations of Europe. Nor were our own people alone concerned for the safety of the republic. "Humanity, with all its fears, was hanging breathless on our fate." Many of Mr. Longfellow's best friends, both the old Whigs and the new Freesoilers, were disposed to gloomy views of public affairs, or believed that the only chance for the country was in the unquestioned triumph of one party after sharp discussions. Yet, from the beginning to the end of his ode, there is the single call to faith, to hope, to encouragement, to triumph; one promise of loyal, unquestioning support of the Union; and instead of the timid advice to hold the harbor, an appeal to "sail on, nor fear to breast the sea." It would be impossible for any one who did not know the poet's private associations to guess whom he meant by the "false lights on the shore." The lines were quoted with supreme satisfaction by hundreds who did not like the way Mr. Longfellow voted, and by thousands who did not know nor care how he voted. They have confirmed and inspired millions of patriots from that day to this. They stand at this hour our grandest national lyric; and they are so because they are instinct with the feeling that to Horace and Horace's age was impossible, — a Christian's faith and hope as opposed to an Epicurean's apathy and content. The hopes of future years are as essential a part of them as the "prayers and tears."

The same contrast may be seen even better by comparing a still finer ode of Horace with a very modest lyric which is scarcely known outside a limited circle, but which has softened the flow of tears from many aching eyes. Very few of Horace's lyrical passages rank higher than that one in the twenty-ninth ode of the third book — *Tyrrhena regum* — where he sets forth the temper of the self-sufficing man, who cares nothing for the morrow, because he rests calm in the possession of the unalterable past. It has been recast by Dryden in one of his most audacious yet most thrilling paraphrases; and when Dryden is at his height he can produce matchless effects by the simplest English words. Certainly with no idea of emulating him is the following version offered of a short passage, but in order, by keeping more closely to Horace's thought as developed in his verse, to enforce the contrast indicated: —

That man shall stand
Self-ruled and glad, who can each day
Say: I have lived; the father's hand
With sable cloud or shining ray
To-morrow's sky may hold; the past
Which lies behind he has no power
To render vain, nor shall recast
The conquests of the fleeting hour.
Fortune, her savage trade that loves,
And plays her wanton sport with glee,
Her honors back and forth removes,
Now kind to others, now to me.

I praise her constant; if she shake
Her wings, I cast her gifts aside,
And, in my virtue wrapt, will take
My dowerless poverty for bride.

This is manly, but it is the manliness of despair. It is pious, but it is the piety that hardly regards Jupiter as a friend, and certainly not as essentially superior to man, even if mightier. There is content, but such content as rests wholly in the past.

Early in this century, Mr. Andrews Norton, a man of the most accurate scholarship and most positive convictions, but calm and deliberate to a fault, the very reverse of the typical lyrist, and who would have felt insulted, and not complimented, by being compared to Horace, entrusted the feelings of a heart wrung with suffering to the following lines, which may be left without comment to mark the irreconcilable conflict between ancient and modern religious emotion: —

"My God, I thank thee! May no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

"Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

"Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

"Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And, midst the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will."

William Everett.

AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

I.

RURAL ENGLAND.

A SMART trap met us at the little station, and soon we were bowling along over hard roads, by field and farm, by village inn and moss-grown country house, by flowering hedges and daisy-sown greens; for it was the month of May, and our driving-journey through an English countryside was just beginning.

We shall not soon forget the kind hospitalities of the hosts who first received us, yet, if the truth be told, the butler and valet made more impression on our simple minds than did any other members of the household. No useless functionaries, these noiseless men! They seized our luggage on arriving, and when, after a welcome and a cup of tea, we retired to dress for dinner, the valise had vanished, the chest of drawers held its contents, the evening suit and shirt, with stockings neatly drawn, lay on a chair, ready to be donned, and even the family photographs that accompanied us on our wanderings ornamented the dressing-table in a familiar manner. When morning came, the blinds were opened, the bath was prepared, and the timid sleeper, with one eye peeping from beneath the sheet, momentarily expected to be taken out and washed. The hall table held our coats and hats and gloves in order, when we descended; and best of all, when we went away, the whole was packed again without a word. Of course we held the usual desperate consultation as to how these paragons should be tipped; but they only gained in our good opinion by apparently thinking that what we gave them was exactly right. Clearly, the first lesson that England taught us was to get a valet as soon as we could.

Although we were two architects trav-

eling with sketch-book and camera, and in spite of all that art and human life have done in England to interest just such travelers, it was Nature and her handiwork that first and foremost claimed our notice and our intense enthusiasm. Coming from a land which the summer sun dries and scorches, we were always charmed by this humid, changing landscape: the ever-varying skies, now bright with sunshine, now filled with threatening clouds, anon breaking in drenching showers that called forth mackintoshes and rubbers, and then again serene and fair; the roadside turf filled with daisies; the hedgerow, at first sweet with hawthorn, and later with wild rose and honeysuckle; and the fields green with crops, blood-red with poppies, or glowing with clover.

"Not a grand nature . . .
. . . All the fields
Are tied up fast with hedges, nosegay like;
The hills are crumpled plains — the plains pastures,
And if you seek for any wilderness
You find at best a park. A nature
Tamed and grown domestic . . .
A sweet familiar nature, stealing in
As a dog might, or child, to touch your hand,
Or pluck your gown, and humbly mind you so
Of presence and affection."

Everywhere, too, were evidences of an open-air life. Our first days were passed in a hunting-country. Every wind vane was a fox, and one side of all the main roads was finished with a soft surface for horsemen. Here and there were the brick kennels for the hunting-packs, and at Taporley the old inn has served the hunt dinner for the last one hundred years. We found Chester in the midst of a horse-fair. Hundreds of horses paraded the streets, with colored tapes and wisps of straw skillfully woven in their tails and manes, the whole scene recalling Rosa Bonheur's familiar picture. At Alcester, where we stopped for lunch, it was market-day. The inn was full of farmers, most of whom had come in the saddle on their stout cobs, to the sale of sheep and pigs; and while their masters stowed away beef and ale in the inn, the nags crunched their corn in the cobble-paved and brick-walled stables. The boys played cricket on the commons, and twice we came on great bowling-greens, where, in the long twilights, the villagers were playing at bowls and making wonderful twisting shots across a perfectly level circle of turf, perhaps two hundred feet in diameter. Every cottage seemed to have a cared-for garden in which old-fashioned flowers flourished. The hedges were often trimmed and cut into fanciful figures of bird and beast; while at the larger places, the lawn, the garden, and the trees received the same care as the house itself.

But if nature and the Englishman's love of it impressed us beyond anything in our journey, nearly as noticeable were the great contrasts of wealth and poverty, of vast parks and huddled towns, of grand mansions and damp cottages. Rarely in England are people more closely crowded together than in the back and squalid parts of Chester; and then, just across the river, you pass through miles of beautiful park lands, where the pheasants and rabbits of the Duke of Westminster seem far better off than many of his fellow-citizens in the adjoining town. Near Wrexham, we drove by the high walls of Wynstay Park, the home of a well-known Welshman. Here again a beautiful piece of country, shaded by great trees, is inhabited only by deer and wild creatures; while close to this paradise is the crowded and ugly brick-making town of Ruabon. And so throughout the country large tracts of fertile lands, where scattered houses are infrequent, alternate with crowded and huddled towns. A poor man can have no land on which to keep a cow; an old woman tells us how her discouraged neighbors have emigrated; no laborer is permitted to disfigure the landscape with a new home of his own: and such evidences that England is no place for a poor man are abundant.

It is resting and quieting, to us whose lot is cast in a land of progress and change, to find the shopkeeper or the farmer having no apparent wish or ambition to change his lot. Such a condition is natural, no doubt, to a society governed by the few, and in which even the Church has instilled in each man the duty of being contented in that position to which God (or his fellow-man) has called him. But to the nervous American it offers a new view of life, and a calm and peaceful one, in spite of the thought that the gain of the few is the loss to the many.

When we forget the poor man and his surroundings, there is little left in England that is not beautiful. "Long and low" are words that best describe the elements of English building design. The long, low walls of the cathedrals offer striking contrasts to the masses of masonry that tower above such towns as Beauvais and Amiens, while the minute entrances at Wells have little relationship with the gorgeous portals of the great French churches. Castles like Penshurst, Stokesay, and even Warwick have the same English qualities, and you look in vain among them for the snap and dash and fire of the French châteaux, such as Pierrefonds or Falaise or Azay-le-Rideau, with their conical towers and many-vaned spirelets. In the same way, also, the cottages that throughout England blend so softly and so picturesquely with the peaceful landscape have widespread, homelike roofs, and lie close to the ground, so close that you step down into most of them.

Naturally, one great interest with us was these houses, large and small; and we soon noticed with astonishment how natural barriers, like a great hill, had once caused local diversity in building, — a diversity largely continued after railroads had made it unnecessary. Through Cheshire, timber-and-plaster farmhouses alternated with brick buildings. On leaving Shrewsbury, you cross a lofty hill and come down into the rough stone village of Much Wenlock, and so on until the crossing of another ridge brings you, at Chipping Norton and Woodstock, into towns with house fronts of cut stone, like those in France. That such an obstacle as a large hill should make this serious variation in such a small region much astonished us.

All along our route lay castles, once the defenders of the Welsh marches, — from the big castles at Ludlow and Shrewsbury to the little one at Stokesay. The latter lay in a fertile valley, and an ancient timber-and-plaster gate-house gave access to it through a wall inclosing church and castle. The church had the ordinary square tower with mast and vane, and within, an old Jacobean gallery and pulpit, and a squire's pew, where the high wainscoted walls were open only at an arcade surrounding the top. A wooden ceiling covered in the whole pew: in such a structure the squire could sleep soundly through the sermon, and not even the parson would know it. The castle itself had a fine keep, or tower, and a roof of large moss-grown stone slabs. Its great guest-hall was warmed by a central hearth, from which the smoke curled up to the open timber roof. A staircase of solid oak blocks led above, and in some of the rooms were remains of richly carved mantels. Ightham Mote, another mansion nearly as old, and also possessing a grand central hall, is literally surrounded by a moat filled with water, and is entered by a bridge, while the courtyard within is hemmed in by gray-stone walls and plaster gables.

When the need had passed of such moats and towers and halls for retainers, there came into vogue the great mansions that we see in Richardson's and Nash's books, some of brick and some of "post and pan," as the black oak and white plaster work is called. Grim wall surfaces gave way to long ranges of mullioned windows, although the widespread and scattered group of building without striking "motifs" still kept the national long-and-

low look. We saw many such mansions, and admired the cheery sparkle that the white plaster work gave to a green landscape, and the mellowness of an old brick wall set in great trees. Again, the tile roofs, or the yet more beautiful roofs of great stone slabs, assume in the wet atmosphere such varied hues, such blotted-in and run-together tones, as nature never lends to art in this bright, clear land of ours. Our roofs never gain the mossy covering that lends the great charm to an English tile roof, and which is so much valued that we heard of one zealous house-builder who had given his new walls and roofs a coat of flour paste, and the next day had a many-colored growth of mould on his tiles.

In the Elizabethan and Jacobean interiors there is much high oak wainscoting on the walls, often continuing even to the ceiling itself, and the ceilings are covered with elaborate plaster work in strap or rib patterns or in modeled subjects. Even in its early days the oak was probably very dark, and the plaster work as now, either white or washed in some creamy tint. While such a contrast of black and white sounds raw, yet, with surroundings in harmony, — the great stone fireplace, the hangings of tapestry or other coarse fabrics, and the lattice-paned sashes, — these rooms are the most homelike and delightful in the world, rooms that we all admire in Nash's pages, and that possess a quiet charm to which modern decorative art seldom attains.

It is not alone the grand mansions that are suggestive. The small country and village houses are full of interest for the passer-by; but one nearly always steps down into them, and lands on a brick or tile floor laid on the earth. For picturesque attraction, little can surpass the great buttressed chimney that serves the ingle-nook, and the brick boiler in which ale is brewed and the clothes are boiled. Lattice-panes fill the windows, and odd-shaped dressers are decked with bright tins and crockery, while, whether because the climate favors flowers, or because the people are fond of them, every cottage seems to have its neat garden. Let us, however, admire, but not live in these damp and stuffy houses, as for dryness and cleanliness and health they certainly cannot stand comparison with our ugly Yankee cheap wooden cottages.

The towns and villages are full of ale-houses; cosy little places, with swinging signs of the Blue Bell, the Ship, the Mitre, and each with a snug bar and an inner kitchen, where sides of bacon hang on the ceiling beams, and the walls are lined with high-back settles, while boot-jacks and tankards and pewter dishes suggest possible comfort and cheer. As we sat hastily sketching such a village kitchen, one of the two or three old gaffers watching us asked if we were detectives; because, as he said, we seemed to be "taking it all down." But another day brought us better luck, and our well-appointed trap surprised a zealous village shop-girl, who was supplying us with photographs, into saying, with a blush, "Is not this Sir Charles ——?" a noble being, as we learned at the next village, who was then expected at his home near by.

But of all buildings that the English countryside offers for our admiration, nothing can equal the village church. We certainly never realized how generally it is to be found both rich and stately, with history built into it, with ancient monuments on its walls, and old glass and stone tracery in its windows; with the houses of the living closely nestled around it, and the graves of the dead sleeping in its shadow. From the gray walls of these ancient temples sturdy towers rise in the hill country, while lofty spires soar high from those on the fens and the plains. At Wrexham we climbed up into the large richly decorated tower, and found the great chime of bells arranged for striking by means of hand levers, or for ringing peals by long stirrups, a man to each bell. On the walls were elaborate painted and gilded tablets, recording how,

on such a date, such a party of ringers had rung so many changes in such a time, duly attested by the clerk. Most of these churches are reached by a path among the graves in the churchyard, which is often surrounded by a wall, and entered through a picturesque lych gate. Nearly always the ground level is considerably above the church floor, suggestive of the ages through which it has received the village dead; but generally the churchyard is neatly cared for, and children play among the old stones, and call to one another with the voices that in both women and children we so often noticed as musical and sweet.

We shall long remember our Sunday in Ludlow. The closely peopled hill on which the town stands is flanked by a great Edwardian castle, and crowned by the high tower of the church. Early in the morning we were wakened by the chimes that, ringing merrily at that lofty height, made a rippling melody audible far up the river valley. We breakfasted in the old Jacobean coffee-room, and then the town seemed with one accord to go to service. The mayor and council met at the market-house in their robes of office, and, with the mace carried before them by the clerk, walked to church and sat together in the state seats. The pretty maid who had served our breakfast hastened away after them, and so did the landlord. So also did the dissenting anglers with whom we had breakfasted, and so in turn we wanderers from remote shores followed them and the rest of the town. The little surpliced choirboys threw their youthful spirits into the chants, and their voices rang most cheerily in the stone vaults of the tower, while the large congregation took up their part of the service as if they had as much to do with it as the clergyman. It seemed as if such surroundings would arouse the dullest preacher, but ours was probably more inured to the influences of the old church than we were. In spite, however, of his wearying platitudes and dogmas, it was most certainly divine worship that we joined in on that Sunday morning; and for all we saw, it was with all the town folk, and at the only church.

While we had often heard that Chumley as a family name was spelt Cholmondeley, we never expected to be bearers of a letter with that odd address. We hated to part with it at the great gate of a country-seat which may stand as the type of the remembrances that our journey left with us. From the lodge a sweeping avenue drove up to the fore court of a grand symmetrical stone house of the Elizabethan period, with great ranges of mullioned windows, and terraced walls, and balustrades of a semi-Italian character. Towards this entrance side of the house all the halls and corridors opened; while on the other, or lawn side, were ranges of rooms opening by mullioned windows to stone terraces, and to a view over a widespread lawn. The lofty rooms had stone fireplaces, and paneled wainscots, and modeled ceilings, somewhat too much "done up" in modern times, perhaps, but still in good historical character. In the upper stories, beside the family apartments, were long ranges of visitors' bedrooms, with a little holder on each door for the occupant's card. After we had studied the interior of the mansion, and after we had disposed of the grand lady who, as housekeeper, had done us the honors, but who was not above receiving the queen's money, we found our way through the intervening hedge, and were in the adjoining churchyard with the old graves and the crosses and the sun-dial. Like most of the churches we saw, this was of a late Gothic period, and within it were many family monuments: here a statue of a British officer on his knees holding aloft the hilt of his sword as a cross; there a recumbent alabaster statue of a lovely young wife. The church is backed by heavy dark trees; beyond the churchyard gate are the sparkling white gables of an old oak-and-plaster house; while

over the moss-grown cottage roof proudly stalked a peacock with tail widespread.

An ancestral mansion with stately rooms, and lawns and terraces and gardens; a cosy farmhouse embowered in trees, with the peacock sunning himself on the roof; an ancient village church; a peaceful yew-shaded churchyard; the tombs of rich and poor for generations; the sun-dial that has cast its shadow so many quiet centuries; the rich, pleasant voices of the few passing villagers, — such are the peaceful memories of our holiday in England.

Robert Swain Peabody.

A PHILOSOPHER WITH AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.

Arthur Sands stood in the drawing-room and waited for Miss Amy Lunt to come down and receive him. His cheviot shirt and gaiters suggested that he had ridden over to the Lunts' on either a horse or a bicycle; his erect carriage settled the matter in favor of the nobler animal. He was not an Apollo, but he had as much beauty as one expects of a man; and though a closely cut beard covered the lower part of his face, the lines of his chin showed through sufficiently to prove that the covering was designed for an ornament, not for a screen. Taken all in all, he was not the sort of man that most young women would have kept waiting for twenty minutes. But Sands had watched the minute-hand of the clock move over more than a third of its monotonous race-track before he heard on the stairs the quick patter that he was waiting for, and it was perhaps five seconds later when Amy danced into the room with a step as light as Ellen Douglas's, though far less dignified. "The sweetest girl in the world, and the last I should want to marry," had been Sands's description of her the night before.

She saw in one instant that he was irritated, and in the next how to allay his irritation. She stopped in front of him, pouting, and would not shake hands.

"I had on my brown dress, and I knew you did n't like it, so I changed it for this green one that you used to like, and now — and now" —

Arthur's injured pride was turned in a moment to humble pleas for pardon. This was precisely what "the sweetest girl in the world" wanted, and having converted him, by the magic of one little lie, from an injured sovereign to an erring vassal, she gradually allowed him to assume a position of something like equality.

"A philosopher with an eye for beauty" Arthur's most intimate friend had called him. An eye for beauty! It is a peculiarity that is apt to accompany great minds. You may be sure it was not Xanthippe's amiability which led the wisest man in the world to marry her. A philosopher with an eye for beauty sitting on a sofa with the sweetest girl in the world, and the last that the philosopher would want to marry! Good heavens! what can be done before it is too late?

Before Miss Lunt sat down with the philosopher, she stood for a moment looking out of the oriel window at the sunset. She was sensitive to beauty of all kinds, and as she gazed at the white stretch of snow and the pillar-like elms and the clear glow lighting up the winter sky behind, a serious look crossed her girlish face, a look which was all the more fascinating because it was so rare. The next minute she had danced across the room and was beside her visitor on the sofa.

They talked of people, then of other people, then of still other people; and then, strange to say, of books. Miss Lunt

had an object in introducing this unusual topic; she generally had an object in what she said.

"I don't like Meredith," she remarked; "he 's too hard to understand. But why do I talk to you of such things? You look on me as a perfect fool, a mere plaything, that it 's fun to talk to just so as to hear what she 'll say!"

Like Mademoiselle Bernhardt and other great actresses, Miss Amy Lunt had real tears ready at a moment's notice, and she also resembled them in that she felt her pretended emotions almost as much as if they had been real.

"I don't think you 're a fool at all," Sands said, laying his hand on her arm. "I think you 're the sweetest girl in the world!"

"And the last that you 'd want to marry!" Amy said. Oh, how fast epigrams fly! She buried her face in her hands, and sobbed like a little girl.

It was a critical moment, and Amy knew it. Either he would put his arm round her and tell her that he did want to marry her, or else he would not. As a matter of fact, he did.

"Why, the man 's a fool!" I think I hear the reader say, flinging down my poor story in disgust. What 's the matter, reader? Do you want all the people you read about to be sensible? No? Only the heroes? A sensible hero! My dear reader, I really cannot waste time talking to you.

The Sandses were one of the oldest families in the world. They traced their descent from several persons of eminence: from William Penn, from Roger Sherman, from King Egbert, and through the kings of Wales to a celebrated Hebrew whose genealogy joins right on where the Bible leaves off. So if the grand old gardener and his wife wanted to smile at the Sandses' ancestors, they were reduced to the humiliating occupation of smiling at themselves. Arthur's father and mother lived on Locust Street, in an orthodox Philadelphia house, red brick, with white doorsteps, door, shutters, and window-sill; only their house was twice as broad as its neighbors, and had two windows on each side of the front door. Mr. Sands had inherited a fortune from his father, and had invested it all in Pennsylvania Railroad stock. Can anything be conceived of more respectable, more honorable, than the facts I have mentioned? Some envious cavilers, whose grandfathers were probably fishmongers, pointed out that none of the Sandses had ever been known to do anything. But, as Arthur's father observed, what was there for them to do? You might as well find fault with the man who stands on the summit of Everest because he does n't climb.

The Sandses were naturally irritated that the future head of their family should become engaged to a person named Lunt. The Lunts were not descended from any one; at least so Mr. Sands said, though such a statement would be difficult to believe on any less trustworthy authority. After a bitter mental struggle, Mrs. Sands (who had been a MacSparen) put her pride in her pocket, and asked Miss Lunt to spend a week in Philadelphia. Amy went, and had a very gay time. As she was staying with Mrs. Sands, and was engaged to Arthur, she was asked everywhere. She would have been, as Charlie Peters observed, even if her name, instead of being Amy Lunt, had been Lucy Fur. But Mrs. Sands's arctic politeness and the constant effort of always behaving a little better than came natural made Amy glad to get back to Hartford again, where every one did not have quite so many ancestors, and where Mr. Lunt was not in the least looked down upon because his occupation chanced to be that of selling boots.

Arthur, as we have seen, had no especial reason for asking Amy to marry him, unless the fact that a woman is pretty and happens to be crying in your arms can be considered to constitute a sufficient reason for inviting her to be

your wife. Miss Amy, on the other hand, had a great many reasons for wishing to marry Arthur. In the first place, he had a grand way about him, which he probably had inherited from King Egbert, or possibly from Abraham, and which had the effect of making all the other men in the neighborhood look small. Then he was good; and Amy had seen enough of the world to know that, next to distinction, goodness is the best quality to have in a husband. Then he was rich; and I hope no one will think the worse of my heroine because she did not object to that. He was clever, too, though it was Amy's opinion that he possessed just enough weak points for a skillful wife to guide him as she liked. He was big and strong, and what woman does not like to have a husband who can knock people down? Not that the accomplishment is of much practical value, but it is nice to know that he can. Arthur belonged to one of the best families in Philadelphia, too, and although blood was not one of Amy's hobbies, she was far from undervaluing it. But these were all general reasons. What really brought Amy to the point was the fact that she found herself practically engaged to two young men at the same time, and discovered that the simplest way out of her difficulty was to marry a third.

The engagement was not a long one. "*Periculum in mora*," and Amy did not want to lose Arthur. She took advantage of some of his nonsense about how he wished he could be married to-morrow, and named an early day, so that the whole engagement did not last two months. There was a grand wedding in the Centre Church, and Mr. Lunt had his annual shop-worn sale a month earlier than usual, so as to meet the extraordinary expense. He confessed that he spent more than he could afford, to prove to the Quakers that Philadelphia was not the only place in the world. But as Mr. and Mrs. Sands were the only Philadelphians who took the trouble to come, and as both of them were hopelessly convinced of the truth of the theory he wished to disprove, he felt that a large part of his outlay had been wasted. However, his daughter was married, and that was one reason why he had spent the money.

As to the two young men to whom Amy had previously plighted herself, they took different courses. I need hardly mention that they both sent her ruinously magnificent presents; that form of biting revenge is, I believe, always resorted to under the circumstances. If they imagined Amy's false heart to be chilled to remorse by these posthumous offerings of affection, they were egregiously deceived. If she ever thought of Franklin McElroy while using his beautiful silver breakfast service, it was only to reflect that she had got out of a bad scrape extremely well. And John Johns's great Dutch clock could never tick any self-condemnation into the place where Amy's heart ought to have been. McElroy afterwards married his typewriter, and never ate his breakfast without inwardly cursing his folly when he saw his wife pouring out his coffee from a copper coffee-pot. Johns married an elderly widow, whose charms were the more permanent as they were chiefly pecuniary. To return to Amy's wedding, McElroy was present, and even went so far as to kiss the bride, who naïvely observed in a whisper that it was n't the first time. Johns, a wiser man than his colleague in misery, stayed away.

It seems to be a generally accepted theory that a story in which the hero and heroine die immediately after their marriage is a tragedy. I feel that even the reader, for whose mental powers, though I have recently taken occasion to slight them, I really have a high regard, is of this opinion. But did it ever strike the reader what sort of a married life Hernani and Doña Sol would have passed, or how Romeo and Juliet would have fared at breakfast, that criterion of conjugal happiness? Does Romeo's behavior

toward Rosaline (very likely a nicer girl than Juliet) augur well for his constancy towards Mrs. Montague (born Capulet)? Can you imagine greater torments than those which the romantic mountain ranger Hernani would have endured if condemned to a lifelong sentence of fine clothes, blank verse, and a faultless wife? Before you accuse a story of ending badly, just think how it might have ended if it had not ended as it did. Given two such creatures as Romeo and Juliet, I think Shakespeare did remarkably well.

As fortune, good or bad, would have it, Arthur Sands and his wife did not meet with violent deaths shortly after their marriage. When their wedding journey was over, they came back to Hartford, and took up their quarters in the large house in Prospect Street which Arthur had purchased some months before. Like a man who, merely because he felt like jumping, has leaped an abyss so wide that he finds himself unable to recross it, Arthur was now in an excellent position to contemplate the advantages of the ground he had just left.

There are three stages of love, through which some persons pass, and some do not. The first is just love, pure and simple; the second is love returned, or engaged love; and the third is legally permanent, or married love. Fortunately, most people are more in love after they are engaged than they were before their engagement, and still more in love when they are married, — at least for a while; so much so that those of their friends who are sensible avoid them for a time. But as Arthur and Amy had never, strictly speaking, been in love at all, their love could not grow any more than zero can grow, no matter how many times you keep multiplying it. Arthur kept multiplying his love for Amy by all sorts of things, good resolutions, prayers, thoughts about her beauty, kisses, everything you can think of, and it stayed just the same; that is to say, it was non-existent. It was a pity that it did not amount to something at first; even a very small fraction would have been sufficient. It is wonderful how large a little bit of a fraction will grow, if you only multiply it enough.

As to Amy, I cannot exactly tell you what she was thinking about. I can tell just what she did, and that will have to suffice. You see she was a very peculiar person, and her motives and aims were so utterly astounding and so involved that even if I could unravel them, I doubt if the reader could comprehend them. Amy had her wooden bowl at last; but the trouble with wooden bowls is that there are very few uses to which they can be put. They have a disagreeable way, too, of being split here and there; and often you find the workmanship very rough and incomplete, when you get the bowl into your possession and can examine it closely. And when you are pretty well out of conceit with it, you catch sight of another wooden bowl, — such a lovely one; and although it is on an upper shelf, so that you cannot see it very well, yet you are confident that this one is exquisite in design and perfect in execution; then you get chairs and boxes and step-ladders, and you climb and climb, and either you get it or you don't; but in either case, the first wooden bowl is relegated to its uses as a bowl, and, while it sometimes proves serviceable, it never calls forth any more enthusiasm on your part, though sometimes the neighbors admire it.

Arthur Sands was an intellectual man, and was extremely fond of reading. He possessed that aristocratic literary taste which leads some men to prefer honestly the books which the majority of mankind has agreed in preferring. He was continually reading the English classics. He liked Mr. Richard Harding Davis well enough, but he preferred Shakespeare. Before his marriage he spent a large part of his leisure time in reading; and one of the things he was proud of in Amy was her fondness for books. He looked forward to passing many happy evenings with her, in front of a blazing fire, read-

ing Scott or Hawthorne aloud. Amy encouraged him in this vision of mild pleasure, though she had but little expectation of ever seeing it realized.

Amy liked to read, too; but Shakespeare and Milton and Scott had no charm for her. She had even graduated from Thackeray, or thought she had. In common with many other persons, she had somehow acquired the sensation of having read all the standard books without really ever having been through the tedious process of reading them. She had said so many times that she had read Paradise Lost that she felt just about as if she had. But to any one who knew her well — Arthur did not, at the time of his marriage — the idea of Amy Lunt sitting down to read Milton, or Carlyle, or Macaulay, or Matthew Arnold, or Green, or even Washington Irving, was too absurd to be taken seriously. The truth is, she had never read ten pages of any one of those authors. She liked Shelley, and had read a little of Keats; but Swinburne was the poet that she doted upon. The swooning luxuriousness of his verse enchanted her, and his utterly perverted moral standard was a sauce which seasoned long pages of verses which would otherwise have contained little to interest her. Edgar Allan Poe was the only American author that she cared for. She read principally in French, and books which Arthur would not have allowed in his house before his marriage were strewn freely about his tables after it. The truth was, Amy liked an author with a highly stimulated imagination; and if it happened to be diseased, why, so much the better.

"Now what shall we read?" said Arthur cheerfully, as he and his wife sat in front of the fire, the second evening after their return from their wedding journey. "Jane Austen, or George Eliot, or The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?"

"I don't care, Arthur, — anything. I feel rather tired to-night."

"My poor child! But it will rest you to hear a little reading. I 'll tell you: I 'll pick out something and begin to read it, and then you can guess what it is."

He went to a bookcase, took down a book, opened it, and began to read: —

"'With a single drop of ink for a mirror, the Egyptian sorcerer undertakes to reveal to any chance comer far-reaching visions of the past. This is what I undertake to do for you, reader. With this drop of ink at the end of my pen I will show you the roomy workshop of Mr. Jonathan Burge, carpenter and builder in the village of Hayslope' — Now you know," Arthur said, interrupting himself. "Of course the 'Hayslope' would give it away, even if you had n't remembered Jonathan Burge. Did n't you always feel sorry for Mary Burge? Adam was so disagreeable to her."

"Yes, he was horrid," Amy said, wondering what the book could be. Then she boldly observed, "Adam was a pretty mean fellow, anyway, I think."

Arthur looked at her to see if she was joking. "You don't really mean that, do you, Amy?" he inquired.

"No, of course I did n't," Amy rejoined hurriedly. "Go ahead, Arthur."

Arthur read very well, and was, naturally, a little proud of the unusual accomplishment. When he finished the first chapter, he paused for a moment for Amy to say how much she liked the book, and also, perhaps, how well she thought he read.

"That 's the stupidest stuff I ever heard," she said, yawning.

Arthur bit his lip; but he was a person who seldom lost his self-control, — not often enough, perhaps.

"You 're tired, Amy," he said, rising, and stroking her hair. "You ought to go to bed, dear. We can go on with the book to-morrow night."

"Oh no, I 'm not especially tired," Amy replied coolly. "I 'm only bored with that book. I 'll tell you what we 'll do. You sit and read that, and I 'll run

upstairs and get Une Femme. Then we 'll both be happy."

Again Arthur kept his temper. "Very well," he replied, and, returning to his seat, he began to read to himself. Amy brought her novel downstairs, and there for a couple of hours they sat; Arthur reading a book describing the manliest of men, Amy a work whose title should have been A Woman, Little As You Might Think It.

And so ended the reading aloud that poor Arthur had imagined as one of the pleasantest parts of his married life. Hundreds of stories, poems, plays, and histories, all narrowed down in an instant to one short chapter in a novel! "The way of the world," Arthur said bitterly to himself. He was perfectly right. It is the way of the world that if you marry a woman who does not like reading aloud, you must read by yourself. There were plenty of women in Hartford who liked reading aloud. Why did not Arthur marry one of them?

There are some marriages in which the man and the woman seem perfectly suited to each other, the virtues of the one successfully balancing the faults of the other; enough similarity to make life pleasant, enough divergence to make it interesting, enough love and trust to utterly snow under any misunderstanding that may arise. These are the marriages which have suggested to an optimistic world that matches are made in heaven. There are other matches which would seem to have been arranged in a very different locality. There are cases where it would seem to a man's friends that he has deliberately united himself to the most unsuitable helpmate that could possibly be found; that he would have done far better if he had gone to a dance and asked the first girl who came downstairs to marry him. Perhaps he would have done better, but probably not. In the first place, we must remember that a man cannot choose a wife from among all the girls he knows, but only from among such as will have him; that narrows most of us down to an absurd degree. Secondly, there are influences constantly at work in married life to bring out the hidden differences in two natures. Your friend might not get on so well with that first girl who came downstairs, after all. To look at them and hear them talk, you would think they were well suited to each other. They are both tall and handsome, and they are talking enthusiastically about skating. Yet she detests smoking, and will not have it in the house; and he must have his three cigars a day, and certainly will not pull his easy-chair outdoors to smoke them. She is an ardent prophet of woman's rights, and he has brought his fist down on the table and sworn that *his* wife, at least, shall never vote. Imagine him, with a cigar in his mouth, telling her to stay at home when she wants to go to a rally!

Arthur Sands, then, might have done worse. I happen to know the disagreeable things that occurred in his married life; but worse things might have occurred if he had married some one else. Yet Arthur was a fine man in his way, and I cannot help thinking that there are women in the world who could have made him happy. Years before he married Amy, he had asked another woman to marry him. She might have made him a better wife, but she refused him, while Amy, as we have seen, accepted him a little before she was asked. The trouble with the marriage of Amy and Arthur was that the qualities in her which had induced him to propose — so far as his proposal was voluntary — were not those which he cared anything about after they were married. Chief among them was beauty; but beauty may change to ugliness when we know the key to a face, just as ugliness may change to beauty. So soon as we have seen a beautiful face with an evil expression upon it, we do not care so much about looking at it. If we see such an expression often, the face becomes hateful to us. The mouth, how-

ever it may smile, looks cruel, the nose proud, the eyes deceitful. An ugly face lighted up by goodness is good enough for me; and many a man will come home to-night and kiss such a face, and thank God that some haughty beauty refused him; and after supper he will sit in front of the fire, and watch the dear old eyes, and the dear turned-up nose, and the good generous mouth, with a very different feeling from that with which Arthur watched Amy. For beauty is not in itself a virtue, but only an ornament to virtue. Snakes are beautiful, but people don't like to look at them. They are graceful, but people don't like to watch their motions, except when they are going away. Almost any one would prefer to look at a toad, which, though ugly, has no disagreeable characteristics, except the unproved and certainly involuntary fault of giving people warts. Beauty, like illustrious lineage, makes nobility nobler, but it goes about as far towards improving wickedness or incompetency as a bright sun and a blue sky go towards making the day on which you have lost your mother seem agreeable.

Arthur was a religious man; not one of those who obtrude Scriptural texts and spiritual admonitions into his conversation, but one who prayed every night on his knees, and a good deal on his feet in the daytime; one who went to church every Sunday and made good resolutions, and who carried them out pretty conscientiously during the week; one who did not groan when he heard a man swear, and who could pound out an oath or two himself when it was absolutely necessary, but who had the accomplishment of making slanderers feel uncomfortable, and who came down like a falling house on mean or dirty conversation. He never appeared to better advantage than when he lost his temper; and as I have already hinted, it was a pity he lost it so seldom. Religion meant a great deal to him: it had determined his decision in every important crisis of his life except his marriage, which, as we have seen, may be considered, like a thunderstorm or an earthquake, as a phenomenon of nature, something beyond his control.

As to Amy's religious views, they are worth dwelling on, because I conceive them to be very similar to those of a great many young ladies of the present day. Without ever having taken the trouble to investigate the doctrines of any religious belief, she pronounced them all to be absurd. Now there is no fault to be found with a man who has sounded every faith to its depths, and who, dissatisfied with all, becomes a free-thinker. He may be unfortunate, but he does not appear to be in fault. Amy, however, having sounded nothing except a trumpet of defiance to all recognized faiths, became what may be termed a free non-thinker. The curious part of it was that she had a vague feeling of superiority to those who, like Arthur, belonged to some established order of religious belief. It is a very noticeable fact that Colonel Ingersoll, Professor Huxley, and others who attack the inspiration of the Bible are more familiar with the book than many of those who hold it in higher honor than they. Amy knew nothing about the Bible, except that she did not believe in it.

"Are n't you coming to church with me?" Arthur said, one Sunday morning. "You have n't a headache, or cold, or anything. No excuse. Come on, Amy!"

Amy thought the struggle might as well take place now as at any time.

"No, I don't believe I 'll come," she said languidly. "And to tell you the truth, Arthur, I don't intend to do much going to church, ever. It does n't do me a bit of good; it does me harm to hear a man say a lot of stuff with impunity, when I could shut him up easily enough if he 'd only let me answer him. I don't object to other people's going, if they want to; but as for me, it does me lots

more good to sit at home and read some serious book that makes me think."

Arthur looked at the book in her hand. It was a volume of short stories by Guy de Maupassant. He left the room without speaking.

The Sandses had preserved the old Quaker custom of having a silent grace at meals. Arthur, who had been accustomed to it ever since he was a baby, tried to introduce it into his own household; but after a few weeks of endurance Amy's patience gave out.

"Come, Arthur," she said, "you can keep quiet all you want, but I 'm not going to sit like Patience on a something or other, just because you happen to be thanking God! It seems to me the worst of all times to thank him, anyway, before you know whether the dinner 's going to be good or not!"

The silent grace was discontinued.

Arthur was sadly disappointed because his wife proved to be utterly without religion of any kind; but he had no real right to his sense of injury. She was not a sham; she had not secured him by false pretenses. He married her because she was pretty and charming; and she certainly was both. He did not find out, after they were married, that her hair was false or that her face was enameled; she could be just as merry and winning after their marriage as she was before. The trouble was in him. He suddenly changed his standards. Before marriage he cared for nothing but beauty and charm; afterwards he gave no thought to those qualities, but was all for intellect and religion, and because Amy did not possess those peculiarities he was disappointed in her. But she had never pretended to be wise or religious. He was like a man who purchases an English thoroughbred because it is handsome and has magnificent paces; and after bringing it home, becomes accustomed to its beauty and grace, but feels indignant with it because it cannot haul stones or work at the plough, and wishes he had bought a cart-horse. There are all sorts of horses, and all sorts of women; and people ought to get the kind they want.

One of the problems which young married people have to face is the question of how much they shall go into society. Shall they go out to dinner three nights in a week, and go out immediately after dinner the four other nights? Or shall they stay quietly at home six nights, and go to the theatre the seventh? If they are very fond of each other, they generally like staying at home; if they are not, they like to go where they can see some one else.

It soon proved that Arthur, who, though he never, strictly speaking, loved Amy, yet had a very respectable imitation of love for her, preferred to stay at home, while Amy wanted to go out as often as possible. Now, though Arthur had a much stronger character than his wife, it was very noticeable that, in their disputes, she almost invariably got her way. The truth was that Arthur was so heavily handicapped that he had no chance. He had to consider not only what he wanted, but how far he could go on his side of the argument without bringing on some sort of rupture between Amy and himself. Amy, on the other hand, thought of nothing but what she wanted, and depended entirely on him to guard against ruptures. He was the stouter swordsman, but she fought with a rapier, while he was obliged to use a foil with a button on the end. Buttons sometimes come off, though, and then — one, two, three! a long carte thrust, and half a foot of crimsoned steel shows well enough whose wrist is the stronger.

As yet, however, the button was securely fastened to Arthur's foil.

"Why, Arthur, are n't you dressed yet? Did n't you know we 'd accepted for the Trimbles' dance?"

"Oh, Amy, have we got to go out to-night? Why, we were at the Danverses' last night, and the Winthrops' the night

before; and to-morrow night, you know, we 've got tickets for Julia Marlowe. Do let 's stay in one evening in the week!"

"Now, upon my word, Arthur, this is too ridiculous! For Heaven's sake, stay at home, if you want to! I can tell them you 're sick; or perhaps we can invent a lie that will suit your conscience better than that one. We need n't stick close together all the time. I like parties, so I 'll go to them. You like staying at home and reading, so you need n't go. If you 'd rather be with your book than with me, all right. Only don't blame me if — if" —

Here Amy burst into tears: whether they were involuntary or manufactured I shall not pretend to say. At any rate, they answered their purpose. Arthur embraced her, and told her that he would go; and after a suitable amount of April weather the sun came out from behind the clouds, and Arthur received a kiss and Amy's forgiveness.

A series of victorious battles does not always mean a victorious war. Louis XIV. kept whipping William of Orange time after time, and yet, when it was all over, somehow or other William had come out ahead. Amy and Arthur had had a great many encounters, and Amy had been victorious every time; but, as was the case with the Grand Monarch, her supplies were getting exhausted. As a last resource, she had always been able to conquer Arthur's resistance by crying; but crying is like everything else, — people don't think much of it when they 're used to it. A rainstorm in the Desert of Arabia would drive the natives wild with awe and delight; but a rainstorm in Boston only makes the inhabitants feel like swearing.

Arthur was becoming annoyingly callous, so that Amy had to keep her rapier very sharp, and prod him more and more vigorously with it. Still, she was able to hold him pretty well in order as yet. He went to parties more and more unwillingly; but he went. The parties were pleasant enough, and he would have enjoyed going out, say, once a week; but to listen to Mrs. Potts of Hartford, and Miss Dillingham of Farmington, every night, when he might be listening to Shakespeare and Goethe and Victor Hugo, was beginning to bore him beyond endurance. The button on the end of his foil was getting loose.

Then a sudden check came to war and rapiers and foils and hostile feelings. Amy announced to Arthur that a child was to be born to them. From that moment till months after the baby was born, insubordination on Arthur's part was at an end. He could endure anything so long as there was a reason for Amy's querulousness and selfishness. He recognized that, in such a position, husband and wife have each a part to play: she has her sufferings to endure; he, her complaints. It is the custom of a not quite heartless world to draw a generous line through the weaknesses and follies, the fault-finding and irritability, of a woman who is waiting for her child to be born. Let us follow the world's example.

The baby proved to be a girl. She was named Caroline, after Mrs. Sands senior. "Your mother 'll probably do more for her than mine," Amy had said to Arthur.

Arthur was prodigiously fond of the child, and Amy really wanted to be. She would watch her husband with a wistful expression as he made a fool of himself over the baby, and almost wish that she could be silly like that, too. But her efforts to become fond of Caroline, if efforts she made, were unsuccessful; and many and many a time she was out at a dinner-party when Arthur was helping the nurse put the baby to bed. For you can't begin loving all of a sudden, any more than you can become a great general without preparation. If you want to be a distinguished commander, you must go to West Point, and then be a lieutenant for five years, and a captain for

ten, and a major for three, and so on. You can't go through all the ranks in five minutes, like Fritz in La Grande Duchesse. And if a mother is to love a child with the real true mother's love, she must have loved her own mother, and her father, and her brothers and sisters, and lots of friends, and her husband more than all the rest put together. She can't begin without practice. Amy had an instinctive affection for her child, there was no doubt about that; the same affection that a lion, or a dog, or a snake, for aught I know, has for its young. She could not bear to hear it cry, and when it was vaccinated she flew at the doctor when she saw blood on the little arm. But she had not the slightest wish to nurse the child, so that, on the whole, perhaps, her affection was not quite the same as that of the lioness.

Children often renew the bond between husband and wife, so that those who are drifting apart are drawn together again. But little Caroline was not successful as a mediator. Arthur would sit with her on his knee, and talk to her complainingly about Amy. "She 's gone away and left us all alone, baby, just because she wants to dance with that Colonel Harrison, who 's on the governor's staff. I 'll colonel him, won't I, baby? But before that, she 's going to dine at the Trimbles'. The dinner 'll be over just about when you go to bed; and then Mrs. Potts will sing; but never you mind, baby, for papa 'll sing to you, and papa can sing better than she can. Is n't it funny that mamma likes to hear Mrs. Potts sing?"

From this elegant oration it can be seen that Arthur was beginning to deny himself the pleasure of escorting his wife to evening engagements. Amy was not entirely sorry, for she could behave more as she liked when he was not with her. She was growing afraid of Arthur, just because he never did complain when there was so much to complain of. She wished she knew what was going on inside of him. If she had only heard him say to baby that he would "colonel" Colonel Harrison, she might have known better what to do; but baby never told her.

It is remarkable to what an extent people can be talked about and never know it. Colonel Harrison and Mrs. Arthur Sands were both well up in the gossip of Hartford; but there was one flirtation of which neither had ever heard any one speak, and that was their own. Colonel Harrison was a very handsome man, — his enemies said he was pretty, — with a charmingly pink complexion and beautifully kept finger-nails. He was, to Amy's mind, the most entertaining talker in Hartford; at any rate, he was possessed of much more sympathy of a certain kind than Arthur was. For if you told Arthur the story of an adventure in which you had got the better of some one in rather a mean way, the greatest approbation you could expect from him was a grunt; whereas the colonel would be intensely amused, and had a very polite way of alluding to the anecdote at some future occasion. Then the colonel was a man of leisure, and could come and call on Amy while Arthur was stupidly earning his (and her) living. He had the glamour of being considered fast, too, — at least, he was so considered in dear, slow-going old Hartford, — and with some ladies that is a great point. It is a strange fact that many women rather like a man to be fast; when, if they knew the exact things he did, they would be apt to change the adjective to "vulgar." One of the most fascinating fast men I know gained a part of his reputation for speed by sitting on a curb-stone and throwing the mud of the gutter over his head. No woman would have been especially pleased with his conduct if she had happened to be under his escort at the time. Yet this is, comparatively speaking, a most innocent and even refined occupation for a fast man who really deserves his reputation. Of course there is no use taking the reader into a pigsty, but just multiply that mud-throw-

ing incident by fifty, dearest reader, and then, if you happen to be a young woman, examine the result, and make up your mind whether you want to flirt with a person who does such things, or not. The trouble seems to come from our having a fatal tendency to call a spade a diamond. True, the ace of spades is the hardest card in the pack to distinguish, and it is certainly a most elegant-looking one; but it is a spade just the same, and we might as well call it so. We are apt to say of a man, "He 's fast, you know, but he 's a good-hearted fellow." That is all very well if we know what "fast" means. To the average woman, it means getting a little flushed with champagne once in a while, or going to the theatre in rather low company. To me, my friend in the gutter would seem to form rather a good allegorical picture of a fast man, if he had been engaged in throwing some of the mud at other people, and only a portion on his own head.

One day Arthur set out for Philadelphia, and at New Haven received a telegram from his father informing him that the journey was unnecessary. So, like King Shahzenan and other husbands of flirtatious wives, he came home very unexpectedly. He was not in the least surprised to see Colonel Harrison's dog-cart before the door; he had half expected that. But when he entered the house, he saw something better calculated to astonish him. It was a warm day in June, so that he passed into the parlor through the glass door, which stood open. With their backs toward him stood Amy and Colonel Harrison: she reading a letter; he, with his arm around her, apparently trying to kiss her cheek, an operation which she dexterously avoided by quick movements of her head, while she continued to read the letter.

It was really comical when Colonel Harrison, hearing a step behind him, turned round and encountered Arthur. The fascinating lover was so utterly and evidently inferior in every respect to the injured husband that even Arthur himself saw the humor of the situation. The pretty little fast man and the splendid great respectable one stood face to face for a moment; and at last Amy saw the difference. The beautiful little colonel scowled, and tried to look down his antagonist; and the general effect was very much as if the leader of the german should endeavor to look down Prince Bismarck. The contrast was too much for Amy, and, though her feelings were wrought to the highest pitch, she burst into a peal of half-hysterical laughter.

Arthur had smiled grimly at first, but he soon became serious again. He and the colonel looked at each other for a moment, and then Arthur said, "Will you come outside on the piazza, Colonel Harrison? I have something to say to you."

Colonel Harrison tried to speak. His voice failed him. He held himself very straight as he followed Arthur; but, in spite of all he could do, a look of terror crossed his face, which Amy did not fail to detect. She supposed that Arthur was going to chastise him in some way; but she made no attempt to interfere. "The little fool!" she said to herself. "He 's in for it now, and I 'm glad of it!" And then she began to wonder how she should get out of her own scrape.

Outside on the piazza everything went very quietly.

"I want to ask you to take your leave now, Colonel Harrison," Arthur said, "and also to request you not to come here again. Will you oblige me so far?"

"Do you mean to kick me out of the house?" the colonel sputtered.

"Only if you won't go any other way," Arthur replied. "When I came into the room there, my first impulse was to throw you out of the window; but the next moment I realized that the fact that you were small and weak was no reason why I should attack you, when I might have been afraid of a stronger man than I. However, it 's only fair to warn you that my patience is going fast."

Colonel Harrison scowled again, and walked away with the same dignity which a boy exhibits when he scornfully leaves his comrades, — very grand, but expecting a snowball in the back of his head at any minute.

When Arthur came back into the room, Amy was crying. She ran up to him and caught his hands in hers. "I have n't done anything wrong, Arthur!" she protested. "Honestly I have n't. You don't think I have, do you?"

Arthur looked at her coldly. "Why, no," he said deliberately. "I don't believe you ever did more than flirt with the little man. You have n't enough of a heart to forget yourself entirely, Amy. Oh no, I don't believe you went very far with the colonel. He is n't exactly the sort of man to be jealous of."

Amy looked imploringly up into his face. "Then you 'll forgive me, won't you, Arthur? And it will all be the way it used to be when we were first married, and we both loved each other better than all the world?"

"I can't recall the time you speak of," he said. "As to forgiving you, I 've just learnt what sort of a woman you are, Amy, and I can't unlearn it merely because you go down on your knees and beg me to. I shan't bear any malice or keep alluding to Colonel Harrison, — I can promise you that, at any rate. But you need n't bother to cry; it does n't have any effect on me."

Amy looked at him with wide-opened eyes. "You 've never talked to me so before," she said in a frightened tone. "I 'm afraid you don't care for me any more, Arthur."

"No," he answered, "I 'm afraid I don't."

The button had come off the foil.

After a little pause, during which there seemed to be a great deal of electricity in the air, Arthur spoke again: "It 's only fair to tell you, Amy, that I 've told Colonel Harrison not to come here any more. If you meet him anywhere else, perhaps you will be so good as not to know him."

Amy looked up at the stern face before her. Was this her husband? "Very well, Arthur," she replied; "just as you say."

"And now," he went on, "we 're both a little over-excited, so I guess I 'll go in town. No, not now, Amy!" As she endeavored to kiss him, he put her aside, though not unkindly. Then, stopping at the door, "Will you be at home to dinner to-night?"

"I will if you want me to."

"Thank you, I should prefer it." With that he went out.

Amy flung herself into an armchair and tried to think. The events of the last half-hour had so completely changed her position that she could not accommodate herself to her new surroundings. Her husband proved to be a different sort of man from what she had expected. She felt like Baron Munchausen's horse, who thought he was tied to a small post, and the next morning found himself hitched to a steeple.

The truth is — and every woman must learn it sooner or later — a man is a very different sort of person when he 's in love with you and when he is n't. No autocracy can be more complete than that which a woman exercises over the man who loves her, even if his love, like Arthur's, is really only an extremely good imitation of love. A smile or a frown can raise him to the clouds or cast him down into the pit; a nod is sufficient to send him on the most difficult and dangerous enterprise; the least unkindness gives him pain; he throws away his armor, and exposes his naked breast to the arrows of her scorn and the poisoned darts of her satire. His nature bends the knee to hers, and she gives him agony or bliss with a word. It matters not how noble he is, or how frivolous she. That only accentuates matters. The nobler he is, the lowlier he kneels; the more frivolous she, the more she delights to scorn

him. But when he awakes from his dream, mark the contrast. He recovers entirely from his infatuation in an instant; she cannot help caring for him a little; nay, she is overcome by a strange feeling of respect for this slave who has suddenly become her equal, and who bids fair to be her master. Her downfall is the more terrible because of the loftiness of her seat. In vain she snatches up the small weapons which she has used so long that she is unaccustomed to anything more formidable. Her arrows and darts drop harmless from her hands as she hears the first boom of cannon sounding from the hostile camp. She never knew he had any artillery!

Of course, if they are not married, the man merely goes away, after having given her a few good showers of grapeshot, and tells the next woman he falls in love with that he never really cared for her predecessor, — "at least, not the way I care for you!" But if they are married, they have to make up their minds to it; and now that all alluring mist is dissipated, and the two see each other as they are, the late autocrat is apt to go to the wall. There was no more temporizing in Arthur's policy toward his wife. The stronger nature asserted itself at last, and Amy always gave in, and never knew why.

"Well, Amy, are n't you coming to church?"

"I 've got a headache, Arthur!"

A look.

"I 'll go if you want me to."

"I think it would be better."

When there was a rebellion, it was like the French trying to get out of Sedan. — something that was understood beforehand by the enemy and guarded against.

"I won't have Annie sent away!"

"I 've already sent her away."

"I 'll have her back again."

"I told her that she was not to come back. I don't think she will."

"She 's the only maid I ever had that I liked!"

"She 's a bad woman, Amy; and she is n't coming back again. Will you please give me a cup of coffee?"

"Arthur!" — with tears — "you have no right to treat me so! I 'm going to go over to mamma's to-day and live with her till you learn to — to" —

"Your mother agrees with me that it was foolish of you to go over there the other time, and she has promised me she won't take you in again. Come, Amy, do you mean to give me my coffee?"

Silence, while the coffee is poured out.

"By the way, Amy, I think we 've had about enough of these outbreaks of yours. They don't improve your appearance or my temper. Just think it over, will you? I guess we can get on without them. Well, I 'm off now. Good-by."

Amy looked at him as he walked toward the door. "Are n't you going to kiss me good-by, Arthur?"

He came back and kissed her.

Amy felt a little ashamed of asking for that kiss, but somehow she could not get on without one when Arthur went away. It made her feel respectable. She did not exactly love Arthur, but she depended on him, and she kept admiring him more and more.

As to Arthur, his enforced sternness wore upon him. Like the marksman who cuts his arm and dips each bullet in his own blood, in order to insure his aim, he paid for the complete control that he gained over his wife by a constant drain on his own high spirits and energy. Yet the Colonel Harrison affair, which might have ended in Amy's utter ruin, compelled him to see that he must keep her under his thumb if he would save her from herself. Amy throve under the treatment. Sometimes it almost seemed as if she really loved her husband; certainly she came nearer loving him than she had ever been to loving any one else. The new system was a success. But Arthur's was a nature

formed for pleasant, easy, genial intercourse; and though it had a background of uncommon strength, he hated to use the strength all the time, — just as an orchestra leader would hate to give a concert performed exclusively by his bass viols and trombones.

When a man falls sick, his friends look at his illness in different ways. Some regard it as a misfortune, others as a fault. The larger part of the population of the world, being liable to illness themselves, have a deep sympathy for all sorts of suffering, no matter what foolishness brought it about; as a mother rubs her child's knee, and kisses and coddles him, even though he fell down while climbing after the jam pot. But there is a school of reasoners, and I think a growing one, which regards illness as merely the natural result of imprudence.

"I have a toothache."

"How long is it since you went to the dentist?"

"Three years."

"Then I 'm not sorry for you. If you had gone every six months, as I have, you would not be suffering now."

This logic, besides being disagreeable, is not so sound as it at first appears; for, granted that the sufferer is in fault, is that any reason why we should not be sorry for him? Nay, is it not a reason why we should be sorrier for him than ever? I am sorry for the man unjustly condemned to prison, but I am far sorrier for the man who, besides being compelled to carry chains about with him, is also obliged to carry the consciousness that he deserves them.

Arthur belonged distinctly to the sympathetic school. One day when the streets were drowned in melted snow, Amy went out in her low shoes and caught a bad cold. Arthur had warned her several times against tempting Providence in just that way; but on returning home he refrained from uttering the four monosyllables the use of which I have sometimes suspected to be the unpardonable sin. In fact, he was very much frightened, though he did not tell Amy so; for he had noticed, what she herself had never observed, that hers was a constitution which gave no sign of weakness till a total collapse was at hand. She was like a ship with its flag nailed to the mast, so that if you see the flag go down you can be sure the ship is going down too. Arthur had a headache every week or so, and caught cold half a dozen times in a winter; but he had not been really sick since he could remember. Amy never had headaches — except the convenient kind which all women have, save you, dear reader. Only twice since Arthur had known her had she felt any physical discomfort, and each time she had been seriously ill. So when he came home from the office, and she told him she had a cold, he made her go to bed at once, and sent for the doctor; and when the doctor said he was afraid it was pneumonia, Arthur was not surprised.

It was a great relief to him to be able to behave pleasantly to Amy, and not to have to keep bullying her all the time. After all, there are few pleasures like waiting on a sick person! We do not mind being called martyrs and saints when we do it, but secretly we are perfectly conscious that we like it; or, if we are not conscious of it, we become so as soon as any one else proposes to take our place. For some inscrutable reason, we come to love the invalid all the more because he is so foolish and impatient and exasperating, just as I am very sure the angels in heaven are a great deal fonder of us because we are not mixtures of Socrates and Job and Moses. A great deal of Arthur's old feeling for Amy came back, now that she was pale and suffering and had lost her good looks. As for her, she was one of the sick people who are seized with a mania for having one particular person always near. She could hardly eat or go to sleep when Arthur was out of the room.

The trained nurse was with her at night, but Arthur had to be with her almost the entire day. Her sister Isabel came in to help take care of her, but she had to go away again. Amy wanted Arthur. The poor girl had become possessed with the idea that she would not live, and, in spite of the doctor's prohibition of talking, she insisted on telling her husband a great many things, foolish things that she had done. She told him about the other two engagements by which she had bound herself just before she engaged herself to him, and about a great many other things, some of them wicked, and some only silly. And Arthur would answer her conscience-stricken whispers with a pressure of the hand and a kiss now and then, and would absolve her from all her sins and follies as if he had been a father confessor. Once they talked of Colonel Harrison. Arthur told her how he had met the colonel one dark night on Asylum Avenue, and how the little man had crossed to the opposite side, not supposing that Arthur had seen him. It was pathetic to hear Amy's weak little laugh at the valiant colonel's discomfiture. Then Arthur told how he had helped Harrison to get a diplomatic appointment; and how the colonel had thanked him, and apologized for what he termed his blackguardly conduct; and how Arthur had asked him to come and call on Mrs. Sands when she was on her feet again; and how the tears had come into the colonel's eyes, and he had assured Arthur that he had never met such a perfect gentleman. Then Amy laughed once more, and said she should like to see the little fool again, if Arthur would be there too; but as to being on her feet any more, she never expected that. Sometimes Amy had the baby brought in, and spent a long time looking first at Caroline and then at Arthur, and then at a looking-glass in her hand, trying to see how much the child looked like Arthur, and how much like her. And each time she was delighted, for the baby looked exactly like Arthur, and acted like him, too, and apparently had nothing of Amy in her composition.

There is nothing in books that strikes us as so sudden, and usually so inartistic, as the occurrence of a death. "Orlando died." Our feeling commonly is, "I don't believe it." The truth is that no amount of preparation can properly furnish the mind for the reception of such a revolutionary statement. That Orlando, whose progress I have perhaps traced for years, whom I have learned to admire, with whom I have almost identified myself, should come to a full stop, should disappear never to return, is too much for my imagination. "Orlando's death is too sudden," I write in my criticism of the book. Yet the suddenness, the shock, the bad taste, if I may say so, of the thing, may all be observed far more strongly in real life. "Your cousin Margaret is dead," some one says. "I don't believe it," is again the first response that comes into my mind, though I may not utter it. It is hard to assimilate the fact that she is dead: it is indigestible, and the acids of the mind must work on it a long time before they master it. After hearing that cousin Margaret is dead, I might perhaps be surprised if I were to meet her on the street; but I am almost equally surprised not to meet her.

Amy did not live three weeks from the day on which she fell ill. The doctor had been anxious from the first, for she would not fight against her sickness; she seemed perfectly content to die. All that she felt uneasy about was the pain and trouble and anxiety she had given Arthur ever since they were married; and he forgave her all these things so often that after a time she appeared to think of them less. They had one little talk about religion. She asked him what he believed; and with manly awkwardness he told her his simple faith. She said she would try to believe that, too; for whether it was true or not, if it was good enough for him, it was good enough

for her. She kept her consciousness to the end, and just before she died she stretched out her arms to Arthur. He kissed her, and no doubt the poor girl felt that that kiss was the seal of his forgiveness for all the trials she had brought upon him; for her face was happy after that, and she smiled at him as he sat by the bedside and held her cold fingers in his great, warm, manly hand. Then the life gradually faded out of her face, and the cold fingers grew colder, and with one final labored throb the foolish, false, repentant little heart stopped beating.

So Arthur was left alone: an older man than the Arthur Sands who asked Amy Lunt to marry him; a wiser man, perhaps,— perhaps not. For experience does not teach; it merely accentuates.

Amy's sister Isabel had been, as a child, one of the most affectionate and unconscious little persons that ever lived. Amy had spoiled her. But, spoiled as she was, the old affection looked out of her great brown eyes, though it might not be in her heart; and whether she was unconscious or not, she looked as if she were. Just as Bernadotte or Davout learned from Napoleon how to move armies, so she had learned from Amy how to move men up and down on her board, with all the heartlessness and much of the skill of a professional chess-player. And if the board fell off her lap, and the pieces tumbled into the fire, why, at the worst she could get a new set and start a new game.

Isabel had tried her hand at a little mild flirtation with Arthur while he was still married; but Arthur was too good a husband for that sort of thing; and Amy, who could see about as far into a stone post as most people, suggested to Isabel that if she wanted hunting, she had better hunt something else, and leave her sister's tame buffalo alone. After Amy's death, however, things were different. Arthur did not deceive himself about Amy: he knew that he had been very unhappy with her. But he was just as wretched now that his home was broken up as if it had been a happy one. He was much at the Lunts', and Isabel's sympathy and sisterly tenderness were a great comfort to him.

It is one of the curious things in life how sure we are of the future, and how seldom the future bears us out. "I shall love you forever," the boy says to the girl. What does he know about "forever"? It is easier to say than "for five minutes," and certainly sounds more romantic; but, as a matter of fact, there are a great many five minutes in the world, and very few forevers. The strange part of the boy's statement is that he gives a promise which depends for its fulfillment on forces over which he has absolutely no control. If he had said, "I shall kiss you once a day forever," or even, "I shall think of you forever," he might have made a good try at it; but "I shall love you forever"! He might as well say, "I shall have it sunny weather forever." This statement might possibly be true, if the boy lived in the Desert of Sahara; but, true or false, he puts it in a very foolish way, for he has nothing to do with the sun or the rain any more than he has with the motions of his own heart. If a rainstorm came up, he could not send it away; and if he suddenly stopped loving his sweetheart, no amount of trying could make him begin again.

So when a man loses his wife. If any individual could be found at the same time impudent and courageous enough to ask him, the day after the funeral, if he intended to marry again, the widower would probably awake from his stupor of sorrow long enough to kick the meddler downstairs. But if he could be prevailed upon to give a definite answer, he would say, "No! Never! I have enough to do to sorrow over what I have lost!" Yet the chances are even that he will be married again in two years. The truth is, we

don't know anything about how we shall feel in the future. I know of a lady who woke up one morning and found that she had forgotten everything that had ever happened to her. The same thing happens to us all every morning, to a lesser degree. A man may say, "I shall mourn for my wife just as deeply twenty years hence as I do to-day;" but no amount of saying so will make him do it, and nothing else will make him do it, either. We can regulate the mourning on our hats, but not that in our hearts.

Amy's illness had brought on an Indian summer to Arthur's affection, and he never loved her so dearly as the day she died. He grieved for her deeply and truly, and added to his grief by vain regrets because he had not been to her a better husband. It would not be true to say that he determined never to marry again: he never thought about it, any more than he thought about committing murder. It was one of the impossibilities. For some months he went nowhere except to the Lunts'. He felt drawn to them because they shared his grief. They were very kind to him, especially Isabel, who always knew by instinct just what he wanted. When he came in to have her sing and play to him, he did not need to ask her; she knew what he had come for, and she knew just the sort of things he would like to hear. For though she had outgrown her old, simple-hearted, affectionate nature, she could reassume it when she chose; just as the world-worn actress plays Camille or Fedora, and yet has not forgotten her first part of Little Bo-Peep, though she has not acted it since she was an innocent child.

There are degrees of grief just as there are degrees of joy; and Arthur was never less miserable than when he sat listening to Isabel's singing. No one ever sang with deeper feeling than Isabel; and I, for one, do not blame Arthur for thinking that she had a warm, tender heart. It gave him pleasure to look at her, too: she was beautiful at the piano. Her wonderful wavy light-brown hair and her innocent face formed a quaint but fascinating contrast to the unrelieved black of her dress. A beautiful woman is never so beautiful as when in mourning; the holiness of sorrow gives her an added charm. When the playing was over, Isabel would talk to Arthur, or more often would listen to him while he told her stories of Amy, and how things would have gone so much better if only he had acted rightly. Then she would comfort him as only an affectionate woman can, and he would shake his head, but smile at the same time, and feel glad he came.

So Arthur became dependent upon Isabel. It was not that he had forgotten Amy: it was because he liked to talk and think about her that he wanted to be with Isabel, — at least it was so at first. Afterwards Isabel's own charm began to take possession of him. When he was conscious of it, he tried to fight against it; very much as a fly first begins operations for avoiding a spider's web after he is already securely caught in it. One day Arthur realized that he was walking up the Lunts' avenue so that he might see Isabel, and not so that he might see Amy's sister. He stopped on the piazza, irresolute. Perhaps he had better not go in. "Arthur!" came a silver voice from the parlor window. And the jump that his heart gave had very little to do with the woman who had been Mrs. Arthur Sands one short year ago.

Arthur was not entirely deceived about Isabel's character. Skillful as she was at dissimulation, she could not entirely hide her real self from a man who saw her almost every day, and who, though preoccupied, was far from stupid. But Arthur was a person whose thoughts did not naturally run towards the faults of the girl he was in love with. Though a good orthodox Congregationalist in his religious faith, he was a Unitarian in love matters: he was a firm believer in heaven, and did his best not to think

about any other place. He was obliged to see that Isabel was sometimes cross and overbearing to her mother, but he thought the less of it because she was always sunny and considerate to him. Several times he could not help noticing that her sense of honor (a virtue the possession of which is difficult to simulate) was not up to his own high standard. This was hard on Isabel, for, as regarded her sense of honor, by judicious inflation she had managed to make something perilously like nothing assume really respectable proportions; and for Arthur to notice that it was wavering, and did not seem to be very solid, merely showed that he was hard to satisfy. He perceived more than once that she was talking to produce a certain effect, and not because she really believed the things she said. She saw that he noticed this, but she could not always guard against it. It is hard to pretend to be truthful when you are not, because the essence of truth is that you are not pretending.

Isabel knew a great deal better than I do how Arthur ought to be managed, but if I might presume to criticise one little point, I should suggest that she need not have given herself so much trouble to seem better than she was. The gist of the matter was right here: Arthur came to see her because she was sympathetic, affectionate, fascinating, and pretty; and if he came to see her enough, he would marry her. He did not come to see her because she had a high sense of honor or a great regard for truth. Unfortunately, those qualities do not draw well. In a wife they are of inestimably more importance than fascination or beauty; but no one ever went to call on a girl because she did not tell lies.

When it came to the point, everything went quietly enough. Arthur and Isabel were in the parlor together; Isabel standing in the oriel window looking at the sunset, while Arthur looked at her. Suddenly it came over him that he would give anything in the world for the right to hold that girl in his arms and kiss that cheek which would have tempted a saint. He rose to his feet. "Isabel!" he said.

When she turned and their eyes met, she knew that the battle was won.

What 's the matter, reader? There you are again, banging my poor story against the table! What do you mean by calling Arthur a fool and an egregious ass? I 'd let you know that my hero was neither! He was a man who, having done a foolish thing, was suddenly brought back to the point he started from, and, having another opportunity, did it again. Most of us would. We don't get much wiser as we get older. Arthur Sands was a good man and a sensible one. He had one weak point: he was peculiarly sensitive to the charm of an attractive and beautiful woman. Carried away by his feelings, he married a foolish, heartless girl, and spent three unhappy years with her. When it was all over, and he had another chance given him, he was carried away by his feelings again, and this time married a girl a little less foolish and a little more heartless than the other. But she was fascinating, — there was no doubt about that. It was all perfectly natural. Unwise he was, perhaps, but who is not unwise in that way? Do you think you would have escaped, reader, or would have wanted to escape, if Isabel had really undertaken to marry you?

Robert Beverly Hale.

VAIN FREEDOM.

So I am free whom Love held thrall so long!
Now will I flaunt my colors on the air,
And with triumphal music scale heaven's stair,
Till all those shining choirs shall hush their song,
And hark in silent wonder to the strong,
Compelling harmonies that boldly dare
Their holy ears, and make the blest aware
That, free like them, I stand their ranks among.

Nay! but my triumph mocks me, — chills the day:
Bound would I be, and suffer, and be sad,
Rather than free, and with no heart to ache.
Strong God of Love, still hold me in thy sway!
Give back my human pain; let me go mad
With the old dreams, old tortures, for Love's sake.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

THIRD PAPER.

For many years I was a regular contributor to the Saturday Review, — the "Superfine Review" of Thackeray, the "Great Saturday Reviler" of John Bright. With the political part of that journal I had nothing whatever to do. Its politics, the editor told me, were Liberal with a small *l*. The *l* was so small that I never discovered it. In religious matters the Saturday Review was a pillar of the old-fashioned Church and State party. If the first editor was orthodox, he must nevertheless have been a somewhat strange prop for a church, for he swore like a trooper. There was, I was told, only one man in the office who could stand up against his volley of oaths, and that was the manager, — a quiet-looking old gentleman, whose name of David Jones, pleasant as it looked at the bottom of his quarterly checks, was in itself somewhat suggestive of marine profanity. He was so religious a man that he would not have submitted to be damned even by a prince without rebuke. The proprietor of the paper, Mr. Beresford Hope, one of the two members of Parliament for the University of Cambridge, used every year to give the contributors a grand dinner at Greenwich. How oppressive was the bill of fare! What courses had to be struggled through, — courses each with its own appropriate wine! One year I chanced to sit by one of the first physicians of London. When he saw me pass over course after course, and reject wine after wine, he broke out into indignant remonstrances. My delicate state of health, I said, forced me to be abstemious. "My dear sir," he replied, "you should have done as I always do on such occasions. For the last three days I have carefully prepared myself for this dinner, and you can easily

see how thorough and successful my preparation has been." I told him that he reminded me of the great Abernethy, who, early in the century, had stood at the head of the medical profession in England. In one of his works he had laid it down as an invariable rule that no more than eight ounces of animal food should be taken in a single day. From time to time he would give a dinner to the most promising of his hospital students. "Now, my lads," he used to say, as they sat down to a well-spread table, "hang the eight-ounce rule;" and they did suspend it for that night, at least. I went on to say that I always wished, at these Greenwich dinners, that every guest were provided with the placard which in certain towns I had seen hung outside the omnibuses when there was room for no more passengers, — "Full inside." Furnished with it, a man, when he had had enough, could enjoy a quiet talk with those sitting near him without being worried at every moment by the waiter thrusting dishes and bottles of wine over his shoulder.

At one of these Saturday Review dinners, the cook had forgotten to bring up the rear of the long line of dainties with those boiled beans and bacon in which the man of oaths took special delight. This happened before I had begun to write for the paper, so that I did not witness the strange scene which followed. The landlord was sent for, and on him was opened a battery of the strongest and most original profanity, worthy of the rage of a man who, having dined on turtle-soup, fish of a dozen varieties, fowl, flesh, and venison, felt that, without beans and bacon, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. The memory of such a man should surely be honored in Boston.

Scarcely less strange a pillar of the Anglican Church was my kind friend the second editor. In his early manhood he had filled the pulpit in the Unitarian chapel in London in which Mr. Moncure Conway so long officiated in later years. A Unitarian, I believe, he remained till the end of his life. Like Lord Chancellor Eldon, he was a buttress rather than a pillar of the Church, for he was never seen inside. His were the palmy days of the Saturday Review. He was supported by a large and strong staff of reviewers. Matthew Arnold once said to me that it was easy to see that every subject was entrusted to a writer who was master of it. Among the contributors were E. A. Freeman and J. R. Green, the historians, Sir Henry Maine and Lord Justice Bowen, Sir James Stephen and his brother Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Professor Owen. It was in the Saturday Review that Mr. Freeman and some of the younger writers of his school so often exposed the blunders into which Mr. Froude was always falling. In this exposure, Mr. Green, I have little doubt, often bore his part. I was told that when he was still a young writer, — unhappily he did not live to be an old one, — at an evening party, the lady of the house brought him up to introduce him to Mr. Froude. The great man looked coldly at him for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Saturday Reviewer! Don't want to know him." It is a pity that Mr. Froude could not have laid to heart the lessons that were taught him by his reviewers, however bitter was the language in which they were imparted. Of strict accuracy he seemed incapable by nature; just as Johnson's friend, Bennet Langton, "had no turn to economy," so Mr. Froude had no turn to truthfulness. Where nature had fallen short, inclination and study did little to remedy the deficiency. He was not, perhaps, aware of his failings. I once sent him a few notes about some errors in his Life of Carlyle. He replied, "The utmost care will not prevent mistakes. Printers blunder when no blunders could be anticipated, and the eye passes over them unconsciously." In this defense of himself against the suspicion of carelessness he was so careless as to send his letter unsigned.

My friend the editor, from whom I have been led away by this digression, however severe was the formidable Review which he so ably conducted, was himself the most kindly and gentle of men. He was rarely to be seen anywhere but in his office and his home. He never went to a club, and he never dined out except on a Saturday when the week's work was done. His daughter, under the name of Ross Niel, had published a few volumes of poetical plays, written with great taste and spirit. His one relief from work was music. Every evening he played on the violoncello, while she accompanied him on the piano. However late his task was finished, — and every Thursday night it went on to the small hours of the morning, — he soothed his tired nerves by this little concert. How the nerves of the authors were soothed, who were often so mercilessly criticised, is matter for conjecture.

He once sent me for review the longest modern novel I have ever seen. It could scarcely have fallen short of Richardson's Clarissa. It was so long that some of the volumes I made no pretense of reading. I did not even cut their leaves. To my surprise, my article was not inserted, though I received for it the usual payment. The author — an old soldier — had just had a play brought out at one of the London theatres, and had received some compliments in the Saturday Review. He wrote so grateful a letter of acknowledgment that my friend owned to me that he had not the heart to ridicule his foolish novel, and so had committed my article to the waste-paper basket.

One day he told me of a vexatious blunder into which he had fallen. I had sent him an article on school histories, in which I maintained that Goldsmith's History of Greece with all its errors, written as it was by a man of genius, was a far better book for young people than Dr. Smith's History with all its accuracy and all its dullness. Dr. Smith was a big man in the literary world of London, not by his schoolbooks, though they brought him in many thousands of pounds every year, but as the editor of the Quarterly Review, that famous Review which, years earlier, was thought to have "snuffed out" poor Keats's soul. He had long wished to know my friend, and had asked a common acquaintance to let them meet at his dinner-table. The dinner was fixed for a certain Saturday. On the morning of that very day appeared my article. It had been in type for some weeks. That it contained an attack on Dr. Smith's History had altogether escaped my friend's memory. The awkward blunder which he had made he discovered an hour or two before the dinner-party. It was with a heavy heart that he went to meet this brother editor. It was impossible to allude to the article, and explain his entire innocence of any wish to give offense. He felt sure it would be believed that it was a premeditated slight. The meeting was a cool one. Dr. Smith, he told me with a smile, never expressed the slightest wish to see him again.

My friend had also an amusing story to tell of the editor of the Westminster Review, one Mr. H——, a successor, though not the immediate successor, of John Stuart Mill in that post. Mr. H—— published a book on theology, in which he supported his views by citations from the Greek fathers. Of Greek, however, he knew next to nothing, and so he sought the aid of a learned friend in his translations of these passages. Unfortunately, it too frequently happened that learning and his theological theories were at variance. In those cases it was learning that had to yield. The fathers were made to say, not what they had said, but what they ought to have said, and what undoubtedly they would have said had each of them been a Mr. H——. He begged my friend, who was at this time assistant editor of the Sat-

urday Review, and whom he had long known, to get his book noticed in that journal. All he asked for was a review, — whether favorable or unfavorable he cared not a jot. The work was accordingly sent to a learned critic, who, without any pity, mercilessly exposed the writer's monstrous blunders. So severe was the criticism that the assistant editor did all he could to keep it from appearing. Just as, in the Reign of Terror, a friendly clerk in the office of the Committee of Public Safety often saved a man's life by keeping the paper containing his case at the bottom of the pile, so the assistant editor for many weeks kept this review at the bottom of the pile of articles that were awaiting insertion. The only result was a succession of bitter reproaches from the author for his indifference to an old friend, who asked for nothing but a review, and cared not whether it was friendly or hostile. At last the review was printed. Mr. H—— at once quarreled with his old friend, and never spoke to him again.

It was not till about the year 1869 that I became a contributor to the Saturday Review; but when I had once begun to write there were few numbers for some years in which I had not an article. The editor discovered in me a certain vein of humor, and for the most part sent me books to review which deserved little more than ridicule. What havoc I made among the novelists and the minor poets! I amused my readers because I was first amused myself by the absurdities which I everywhere found in these writers, and by the odd fancies which rose in my mind as I read their works. At last, however, my humor began to fail. It was over the minor poets that I first became dejected. Even in their tragedies I no longer found anything amusing. I entreated my friendly editor to hand them over to a fresher hand. With the novelists I struggled on for some while; but finally even they could no longer raise a natural laugh. My mirth was becoming forced, and I let them follow the poets. Now and then, it is true, I lighted upon a pretty story. I recall with pleasure Mrs. Parr's Dorothy Fox and Mrs. Walford's Mr. Smith. Whenever I met modest worth, I hope I always did it justice.

One result of all this novel-reading was a total incapacity, lasting for many years, of reading any novels except those which were the favorites of my younger days. To read a novel became so inseparably connected, in my mind, with three pounds ten shillings (about seventeen dollars), the usual payment for a Saturday Review article, that without the one I could not undertake the other. All in vain have friends urged me to read the works of Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Howells, Henry James, Stevenson, and Kipling. Not a single story of any one of these writers have I ever read, or am I likely ever to read. Perhaps, however, I should be less confident on this matter, for I have just been induced to listen to Miss Jewett's A Marsh Island. It pleased me so much that I see it is possible that stories may solace the hours of my old age, as it draws on, as they charmed those of my youth.

Among my autographs there are not a few letters from those who had suffered from my reviews. They were forwarded to me by the editor; for my name was not known, as the contributions were anonymous. An enraged poetess warned me that the day would come when women would have their rights. Then the dastardly man who insolently compared the flights of a swan to the waddlings of the domestic duck would have to meet her whom he had thus wronged, face to face, pistol in hand. She was far fiercer than a brother poet who had insisted on being reviewed. "When I read my own poems," he wrote to the editor, "and remember that they are written by a man not yet twenty-one, I am astounded at my own genius. Other men would say ability; but genius I say, and genius I

mean." All I recall of his verse is a single line, in which he describes how the sea

"Burst in one terrific boil."

A year or so later we received from him the following letter: —

Sir, — You reduced me to a jelly *re* my Throbs of Genius. Can you find it in you to discover balm in Gilead for After-Throbs?

Your broken-boned

Augustus Jinks.[1]

He wrote too late. My review of After-Throbs appeared the very day on which I received his letter, and it was not balm that it contained. Unhappy poet! may his genius have long ceased to astound him, but may it be the object of the ardent if somewhat perplexed admiration of a dutiful and loving wife!

Now and then my reviews brought me letters of a different character. One was from a grand-niece of Sir Walter Scott, who was grateful for the resentment I had shown when a popular female novelist, with a great parade of conferring a benefit on the world, began to serve up a miserable hash of his stories, each in a penny number some twenty or thirty pages long. In her abridgment of Rob Roy she had been so shameless as to make one of the purest of writers guilty of a coarse jest. There was something in this abridgment which led me to suspect that it had not been made from the original, but in the very wantonness of indolence from the dramatized version. I turned to the play, and my suspicions were confirmed, for there I found this same coarse jest. "It is," wrote Scott's niece, "a real pleasure to me to thank you, those who would have done so far better than I being all dead. . . . There is something touching in the fact that Sir Walter's fame lives in children; we must be men and women to thoroughly appreciate him, but it is as children that we learn to love him and his creations."

The following letter came to me from the west coast of Ireland: —

Dear Mr. Literary Critic, — I 'd rather like to make your acquaintance in the flesh, as I have done long since in the spirit — for you seem to have a good deal of fun in you, and *some* feeling; I say *some* feeling with caution, for in many ways you are utterly without heart, witness the cruel way you cut up those poor lady-novelists. You hash their grammar — their best and most finely-turned phrases, their plots, their spelling, everything is made mince-meat of, without mercy, and without remorse. In the review I have just laid down after some minutes of quiet enjoyment of Mrs. ——'s novel, how you ravened like a wolf among her pet descriptions (there 's a bit of metaphor for you now to carp at), and then you were coarse, not to say brutal, when you said that you could have seen her heroine hanged with much complacency. I often think you are a sour discontented old bachelor with a natural antipathy to the sex — when suddenly you turn round and by a little sentence betray more feeling than I could give you credit for, which makes me suppose you are lord of a happy household of girls and boys with quite a fund of general benevolence in your composition.

Now it was not to tell you all this I have taken the trouble on this blessed Valentine's Day to sit down and write to you. It is to tell you (and here, if you have got so far, you smile sardonically) I too am among the foolish women. I have written a book — of verses — and published them. I have put dashes purposely between each word to give you time to breathe — and I want to know will you review it? or has it come to you? or would you if I sent you a copy? You said in one of your late Saturdays that though nearly every one who can rhyme

[1] I have changed the names of the poet and his works, so that he may not be recognized.

tries his or her hand at a sonnet — very few succeed. I send you four sonnets. Do you think them any good? Some reviewer in this sweet little Ireland, peaceful, prosperous, happy Ireland — said I had been following in Mrs. Browning's footsteps, of course I love and honour her — and admire her with all my heart, but I never had the presumption to fancy I could follow her even afar off. One day after I had read these remarks, the thought stuck to me, till I wrote these things I send you. When first her sonnets from the Portuguese were given me — I lived on them.

I don't know if this letter will ever reach its destination. I have a very vague idea about a reviewer in the Saturday. He is a sort of myth — and yet a very palpable reality. . . . I 'd almost rather be cut up than passed over in contemptuous silence, and I don't think any one with a soul worth calling a soul would let it be "snuffed out by an article." I 'm perfectly sure Keats never deserved that line of Byron's — poor fellow — there was "death in his hand" long before the review in the Quarterly was put into it.

Farewell. May you live to write many more critiques — but not on me — clever, satirical, abusive, amusing, admirable, as yours sometimes are. I say *sometimes* — as I before said *some* — for you are not infallible.

Truly yours, —— ——.

I cannot call to mind whether we received this lady's poems. Her letter shows that she might have done something better than write sonnets. Anybody can write sonnets, though few can read them.

The following letter was written to one of my uncles, a young barrister, by Major John Cartwright, a radical of the old school. So early as 1774 he had published a Letter in Defence of American Independence. He was at that time an officer in the navy. Fond as he was of his profession, he threw it up rather than take part in the war against our colonies. He entered the militia, and rose to the rank of major. Three years before the date of his letter, he had been present at a meeting held in Birmingham for the purpose of electing a "legislatorial attorney," who was to knock at the door of the House of Commons, and claim the right to look after the interests of that great town in Parliament. With all its population, its industry, and its wealth, it was unrepresented. In its case, and in the case of many another English town in those evil days, taxation went without representation. The major and four gentlemen who stood by his side at the meeting were put on their trial at the Warwick assizes for misdemeanor. Another of my uncles had been on the platform, but he was young and insignificant enough to escape prosecution. His brother, the barrister, was one of Cartwright's counsel. On the morning of the trial, the old fellow said to him, "I hope they will send me to prison. It will be the best thing for the cause, for I am sure to die there. I hope they will send me to prison." The judge was too wise to make such a martyr. Cartwright's four friends were punished with imprisonment, but he himself was let off with a fine of a hundred pounds. From one of the pockets of his waistcoat, which, after the fashion of the previous century, he wore of a great size, he drew out a large canvas bag, from which he slowly counted one hundred pounds in gold. "He believed, he said, they were all *good sovereigns*." Even the judge himself was amused by his composed manner and his dry tone. Cartwright outlived his trial three years, dying at the age of eighty-four. His statue stands before his house in Burton Crescent, London. His niece, Mrs. Penrose, under the assumed name of Mrs. Markham, used to be well known to the children of my younger days by her histories.

Dear Hill, — Col. de Vergier and two other French officers, escaped from Bourbon Dungeons, dine with me on *Thursday at* 5.

Make one with us if you can.

Yours truly,

J. Cartwright.

Remember the Titles of the several Acts respecting Juries.

Burton Crescent,
Tuesday, 12 *Nov.* 1822.

M. D. Hill, Esq.
Boswell Court, Carey Street,
Lincoln's Inn.

The major, it is said, usually signed his letters, "Yours radically." These French officers had escaped from that tyranny which the armies of the allies had imposed on France, and on so much of Europe, after the defeat of Napoleon. The common tyrant had been caged in St. Helena, but over each unhappy nation the tyrant of the ancient stock was only the more firmly fixed. What the rulers of the earth were doing in the year in which this letter was written is thus shown by Miss Martineau: "The king of Prussia amused himself and his advisers with devising a plan of a new order of nobility which should suddenly become as imposing and influential as if it had been a thousand years old. Ferdinand of Spain was inventing tinsel ornaments for the Virgin. The restored Bourbons of France were studying how best to impose dumbness on their noisy nation. The king of Sardinia was swimming paper ducks in a wash basin to while away his time." My father met one of the French officers who had escaped from the Bourbon dungeons, who said to him, in English with a foreign accent which added not a little to his humor, "I was once hanged in France, but, very fortunately, I was not present on the occasion." He and his fellow-prisoners who had been happy enough to escape the gallows, to which some of their associates were sent, had been hanged in effigy. The same officer told my father that many of his countrymen maintained that the French had gained the battle of Trafalgar. "Yes, I reply," the officer continued. "It is true we gained the battle; but, unfortunately, our French sailors were so ignorant of navigation that they steered their own ships, and their English prizes also, straight into English harbors."

From a Bourbon king by an easy transition we arrive at Charles I.; for both stubbornly moved along the same narrow groove of dull bigotry and tyranny. In this case I have no autograph, but something perhaps as interesting as an autograph, — a handbill announcing the public sale of the property of the Crown. It runs as follows: —

"The Contractors for sale of the Lands and Possessions of the late King, Queen, and Prince have resolved to begin their sittings for Sales upon Monday the Fourth of March 1649, as to all such of the said Lands (onely) before that time Surveyed and Certified to the Register, whereof there shall be immediate Tenancies; from which day the respective preemptions of the immediate Tenants are to begin: And for all such of the Lands, wherof there are such immediate Tenancies, and wherof the Surveys shall be returned after that day, the said respective preemptions to commence according to a late Additional Act of the 18th of February 1649.

William Tayleure, Clerk
attending the Contractors."

How great is the transition when we pass from the old radical major and the contractors for the sale of the king's lands to the poet laureate Southey, a man who, with all his noble qualities, had broken, like the Lost Leader, from the van and the freemen, and sunk to the rear and the slave! A few months after the date of the following letter, young George Ticknor met him at an evening party. "There was little company present," writes Ticknor, "and soon after I went in I found myself in a corner with Southey, from which neither of us moved until nearly

midnight. He immediately began to talk about America. Of Roger Williams and John Eliot I was ashamed to find that he knew more than I did. Roger Williams, he thought, deserved the reputation which Penn has obtained, and Eliot he pronounced one of the most extraordinary men of any country. As he was once traveling in a post-chaise to London, he bought at a stall in Nottingham Mather's Magnalia, which he read all the way to town, and found it one of the most amusing books he had ever seen. He had read most of our American poetry, and estimated it more highly than we are accustomed to." Two years later, Ticknor, who visited Southey at Keswick, recorded: "He considers himself an author by profession, and therefore, as he told me, never writes anything which will not sell, in the hours he regularly devotes to labor. For this reason his poetry has been strictly his amusement. His light reading after supper is now in the fifty-three folios of the Acta Sanctorum." Macaulay wrote of him: "A good father, husband, brother, friend, but prone to hate people whom he did not know, solely on account of differences of opinion, and in his hatred singularly bitter and rancorous. Then he was arrogant beyond any man in literary history. To do him justice, he had a fine, manly spirit where money was concerned." Like Johnson, whom he resembled in his generosity, Southey had known the meaning of the word *impransus*. "When Joan of Arc was in the press," he wrote, "I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking; my head was full of what I was composing." It may well be doubted whether he was more bitter in his hatred towards any one than Macaulay was towards Brougham and Croker: Brougham, of whom he wrote, "His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle;" and Croker, whom "he detested more than cold boiled veal," and whose "varlet's jacket" he promised "to dust in the next number of the Blue and Yellow [the Edinburgh Review]." Southey's arrogance had been fostered by Landor, who, in the beautiful lines beginning,

"It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)"

comparing him with Virgil, had described the English poet laureate as

"Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven, and whatso lies between."

Landor's monstrous laudation had perhaps been won by Southey's admiration of his brother bard. Writing of him, he said, "He is the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me."

The lady to whom Southey's letter was addressed was a correspondent of Pascal Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and of Mrs. Hemans; I have letters addressed to her by both of them. J. Rickman, who franked it, was the secretary of the Speaker of the House of Commons. "His outside," wrote Southey, "has so little polish about it that once, having gone from Christ Church to Pool in his own boat, he was taken by the press gang; his robust figure, hard-working hands, and strong voice all tending to deceive them."

KESWICK, 23 *Dec.*, 1816.

DEAR MADAM, — I am very much obliged to you for the manuscript music. The ears which nature has given me are of no use when music is the case, — but my eldest daughter has some allotment of a sense in which I am deficient, — and the tune seems to give pleasure to all who hear it.

Mrs Bonamy informed me that Mr M. Coates was, at that time, hopelessly ill. I have not seen him since I had the pleasure of meeting you at his table, — and probably he is no longer an inhabitant

of this world! Of my other Bristol friends so few are now remaining, that I do not think I shall ever have heart to set foot within my native city again. — Should you ever visit this part of England (the most beautiful part of it) it will give both M^rs^ Southey and myself great pleasure to show you the environs of Keswick.

Believe me my dear Madam
Your obliged
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LONDON, *Twenty Sixth Dec.*, 1816
MISS MAYNARD,
6 Portland Place, Clifton,
Bristol.
Free. J. RICKMAN.

His indifference to music Southey shared with many men of genius. "Sir Isaac Newton, hearing Handel play on the harpsichord, could find nothing worthy to remark but the elasticity of his fingers." That great man, by the way, cared as little for poetry as for music: "once being asked his opinion of it, he quoted a sentiment of Barrow that it was ingenious nonsense." Pope, who had so exquisite an ear for the melody of verse, had no more music in his soul than Newton. One day, at a concert, he asked Dr. Arbuthnot whether the rapture of the company over Handel and his band did not proceed solely from affectation. Johnson, in the Hebrides, used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone of the bagpipe; nevertheless, much as he must have endeared himself to his Highland host by this devotion, he owned that it was not till he was past seventy that he was ever affected by musical sounds. What first moved him were the French horns at a Freemason's funeral procession. Wordsworth's ear, if I am not mistaken, was almost as deficient as his brother poet's.

Southey, twenty years after the date of his letter, had the heart once more to set foot in his native city. If he was saddened by the loss of the friends of his youth, he had a father's quiet pleasure in showing his son the home of his early years. "We visited together all his old haunts," the young man wrote, — "the house where he was born, the schools he had been sent to. He had forgotten nothing, — no short cut, no by-way; and he would surprise me often by darting down some alley, or threading some narrow lane, — the same which in his schoolboy days he had traversed."

From Southey I pass to De Quincey. What a curious account has Carlyle given us of the poet laureate's outburst of anger against the opium-eater! "I asked mildly, with no appearance of special interest, but with more than I really felt, 'Do you know De Quincey?' 'Yes, sir,' said Southey, with extraordinary animosity, 'and if you have opportunity, I'll thank you to tell him he is one of the greatest scoundrels living!' I laughed lightly, said I had myself little acquaintance with the man, and could not wish to recommend myself by that message. Southey's face, as I looked at it, was become of slate color, the eyes glancing, the attitude rigid, the figure altogether a picture of Rhadamanthine rage, — that is, rage conscious to itself of being just. He doubtless felt I would expect some explanation from him. 'I have told Hartley Coleridge,' said he, 'that he ought to take a strong cudgel, proceed straight to Edinburgh, and give De Quincey, publicly in the streets there, a sound beating, as a calumniator, cowardly spy, traitor, base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth for one thing!'" The thrashing would have been well deserved, though one of the Wordsworths should have had a hand in it; for both the poet and his sister, quite as much as Coleridge, had found him "a base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth." The hospitality and kindness which he had for years received from them he repaid by laying bare, in magazine articles, the privacy of their quiet home, and by strokes of envy all the more malignant

because they were covert. It was, it seems probable, the recollection of De Quincey's treachery which led Mr. Lowell to describe him as "a kind of inspired *cad*." "Though my intercourse with Southey," De Quincey writes, "was at no time very strict, I was yet on such terms that I might in a qualified sense call myself his friend." If Southey's advice had been followed, and if the cudgel had been brought down on the opium-eater's back, De Quincey might have cried out to this "friend in a qualified sense" in the words of the old epigram:

"When late I attempted your pity to move
Why seemed you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

There would have been no need for Hartley Coleridge to take a strong cudgel; it was not a case for "an oak-plant of a tremendous size," such as old Johnson kept by him when he received "the menaces of the ruffian" Macpherson. For De Quincey a cane would have sufficed. "He was," writes Carlyle, "one of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all." "What would one give to have him in a box, and take him out to talk!" said Mrs. Carlyle. Hartley Coleridge was scarcely the man to send to cudgel any one, even a dwarf. With his constant drinking, it was as much as he could have done to keep himself upright; that he should be expected to knock a man down was surely unreasonable. In those summer holidays of my boyhood which I spent at Ambleside I often heard stories of his intemperance. He was living at that time in a cottage on the road to Rydal, supporting himself mainly by giving lessons. No prudent person, I was told, in offering him refreshments, ever had more than a single glass of wine brought in. If the whole bottle was set before him, he was sure to finish it. One summer, on my returning to Ambleside, I learnt that he was dead. He had been overcome with drink at some friend's house or at an inn. Staggering homewards, he had crept into a low shed, where he had passed the night on the bare earth. The chill which he caught carried him off in a few days. Every one spoke of him with kindly pity. His only enemy was himself.

The following letter was written to the wife of my uncle the barrister; in what year I do not know: —

Monday Night *Oct.* 12.

My dear Madam, — I have been obliged to go to bed from mere overpowering want of sleep, and *thus* — viz. by sleeping too long (having only this minute awakened) — I have unavoidably broken up our plan, which was to have come up in a coach, and have left it to your choice either to return with us (viz. our party of last night), or else to retain us as your companions during M^r^ Hill's absence: — This on the assumption that you had no other engagement. At present, though too late for this choice, yet *on the same assumption of your being not otherwise engaged*, I write to propose that M^rs^ De Quincey, myself and my daughter, should come up: — we shall take tea before coming. But we are not quite sure whether we were right in understanding that you did not yourself mean to accompany the gentlemen to the dinner-party. One word of answer will suffice — viz. Yes, meaning that you *are* at home and disengaged, or *not* better occupied in reading, writing, etc. No, meaning generally that you *are* unavoidably engaged.

Believe me, my dear Madam,
Ever your faithful Servant
Thomas De Quincey.

On September 23, 1828, my uncle had written to his wife: "I found De Quincey, who has for the tenth time renounced opium, which he said he had not tasted for one hundred and eighty days. He received me with great warmth." In some Reminiscences which my uncle

left he says: "De Quincey possessed but few books, and those few were generally where he was not. His habits of life to other evils added that of procrastination, and this practice caused him often to revolve the matter of his works for years before he reduced his thoughts to writing." A curious instance of this revolving habit is thus described by Mrs. Carlyle: "A boy of the English opium-eater's told me once he would begin Greek presently; but his father wished him to learn it through the medium of Latin, and he was not entered in Latin yet because his father wished to teach him from a grammar of his own, which he had not yet begun to write." In the fewness of the books which De Quincey possessed he was like Wordsworth and Landor. Wordsworth had never had many books, while Landor gave away his almost as fast as he got them. It was the want of them which led him into those errors as to facts and those inaccuracies in quotation with which his writings are thickly strewn. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, one of my comrades, the late Professor John Nichol, of Glasgow, son of the author of The Architecture of the Heavens, told me that his father first met De Quincey at a dinner-party in Edinburgh. The little man came very late, dressed in a rusty suit of black. In the drawing-room, after dinner, he and Dr. Nichol stood together in a corner, engaged in talk, when, in a slow, measured tone, De Quincey said to his new acquaintance, "Dr. Nichol, can you lend me twopence?" He borrowed money, my friend added, to lay out on opium, and always asked for very small sums, knowing that they would not be refused. Dr. Nichol was so much charmed with his talk that he asked him to visit him, and had him for his guest for some weeks.

In 1880, General Gordon's brother, Sir Henry W. Gordon, entrusted me with the interesting duty of editing the letters which that great man had written to his sister during the six years of his government of the Soudan. Sir Henry had at first hoped that the work would be undertaken by my brother-in-law, Sir John Scott, at that time vice-president of the international court at Alexandria, now judicial adviser to the Egyptian government. He, fortunately for me, felt that his official position would not allow him to write with the necessary freedom. On his recommendation I was entrusted with the task.[1] During these six years of command, vast as was the region over which Gordon exercised almost absolute power, he held no higher rank than colonel. On him was conferred no promotion and no reward. Decorations and honors, year after year, on New Year's Day and the Queen's birthday, fell in showers; none fell on him.

Though he had given his consent to the publication of his letters, he refused to take any direct part in the work. Whatever information I needed I had to get from him through his brother. At first his answers to my questions were copied by Sir Henry. Before long, one came to me in Gordon's own hand, with the addition of a few words advising his brother henceforth to spare himself the trouble of making copies. I noticed how anxious he was to avoid giving pain. Thus, in a paper which I have had the pleasure of depositing in the library of Williams College, he says, "In this memo. allusions are made to Baker which must be wrapped up." Baker was Sir Samuel Baker, the African explorer. Gordon had asked that a few words should be added to the final chapter, in acknowledgment of the kindness shown him on a certain occasion by the Duke of Cambridge and General Sir Lintorn Simmons. All my proofs were read by his brother, but the proof of the last sheet he saw himself, as I discovered when it was returned to me. Against the passage where I said that the duke and Sir Lin-

[1] I published my book under the title, Colonel Gordon in Central Africa.

torn doubtless felt that in honoring him they were honoring themselves he had written in the margin, in pencil, "Oh! oh!"

The following trifling incident shows the kindness of this great man's heart. I had never met him, for he did not wish to see me till the book was published. After its publication, it so happened that we were never in London at the same time. He chanced to pay a visit to Bournemouth, where, as he had learnt from some common friend, my youngest son was at school. He went to see the little fellow, talked kindly to him, and gave him a half-crown.

I do not know whether this anecdote is in print. I had it from my publisher, who in his turn had it from Sir Henry Gordon. The Prince of Wales invited the general to dinner, soon after his return to England from the East. The hero replied that he regretted he could not accept the invitation, as by the hour named for the meal he was always in bed. The prince at once begged him to come to lunch.

The following letter was written to my brother-in-law: —

U[NITED] S[ERVICE] CLUB, PALL MALL.
16. 2. 80.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT, — I am sending out the Deed Box, full of the papers, addressed to Morrice, Pacha to whom I have written; you will not mind paying him any expences; I will pay the Box as far as I can. One paper on Abyssinia will come to you by post in a short time, also some other papers I have, and which have not yet come from Egypt. I send you two books, one as much in praise as the other is in blame of me. I do so because I wish to *point* my remark, that the praise or blame of man does not affect a man's welfare; many would have been troubled at having a book written about them, such as Lindley wrote. Thank God, it has never done me any harm, though its publication cost £1000.

R—— W—— did a noble act, he called on me, so I at once apologized for my rude telegram and am going to call on him.

I send you the key of Box and pity you reading *those* letters.

Believe me, with kind regards to Mrs Scott and your children,

Yours sincerely and obliged,
C. G. GORDON.

I have in my collection the originals of the two following telegrams sent to Gordon when he was acting as the representative of England on the European Commission of the Danube.[1] I reproduce them exactly as they were written, with all their faults in spelling.

THERAPIA, 1 *September*, 1873.

COLONEL GORDON, GALATZ:

I have received the following telegram from nubar pasha sir Samuel Baka etant de retour le Kedive disereroit s'assures les services du Colonel Gordon pour organiser pays haut nil, et poursuivre suppression de la traite ne sachant pas si Colonel Gordon est encore au Danube le Kedive m'a chargé de recourrir a votre excellence pour s'enquerir s'il accepterait cette mission et ces fonctions.

H. ELLIOT.

On this telegraph form is written with a red pencil, "exped à M. le Colonel. Tuescha." (Signature undecipherable.) There is an indorsement in Sir Henry Gordon's hand: "Sir Henry Elliott ambassador writing to Gordon, offering to Gordon to go to take Baker's place."

CAIRO.

Colonel Gordon comissaire gouvernement anglais pour Comission Danube.

[1] To this Commission each of the Great Powers sent a member. Its chief duty was the improvement of the mouth of the Danube. By 1881 the depth of water on the bar had been increased from six feet to twenty-one feet.

Son altesse a été heureuse de votre lettre et acceptation le gouvernement anglais vous accordera lautorisation que son altesse a fait demander dés que vous le demandez vousmém formelement et directement au ministre de la guerre

j'ai repondu a votre lettre mais attendu feriez bien de faire votre demande pour autorisation. NUBAR

[Indorsed by Sir Henry Gordon] "Nubar Pacha's telegraph to Gordon deciding his leaving Danube for Equator."

I have Gordon's own copy of Beke's British Captives in Abyssinia. The frontispiece of this work is a picture of a British captive at Magdala, chained hand and foot, and watched by a native armed with a spear and shield. Underneath Gordon has written in pencil, "I got well out of Johannis power." Johannis was the king of Abyssinia. In 1879 Gordon was sent to him on a mission by the Khedive. The following brief account by Gordon of his lieutenant-general, Romulus Gessi, I inserted in part in my book. Some lines I suppressed, lest they might give that brave soldier offense. He died, however, of the hardships he had undergone before the publication took place.

"NOTE. Romulus Gessi aged 49 short compact figure, cool most determined man, born genius for practical ingenuity in mechanics. ought to have been born in 1600 not 1832. Piratical disposition same as Francis Drake; has been engaged in many petty political affairs, was Interpreter to H. M. Forces in Crimea in 1854–55, born at Multcha [?] Italian subject one day with £1000 another with ½d.

"He is Liva [?] Pacha (General Brigade Pacha), he is 2nd Class of Osmanli order."

How great a curse European discovery and European trade have brought on Africa is shown in the following brief note in Gordon's autograph: —

"I mentioned that the slave districts were entered first by an Englishman; the trade never was so great before, as it became after the voyages of Petherick related in this book.[1] *He* opened the country, and these Ivory stations he created rapidly became slave centres, such as Baker describes in his Albert Nyanza. C. G. G."

In another note, speaking of the end of his first term of command, he says, "I returned with the sad conviction that no good could ever be done in these parts, and that it would have been better had Sir S. Baker's expedition never been sent." The discoverer and the missionary have generally gone before the trader, while the trader has too often been followed by the slave-dealer, who spreads desolation far and wide. Less than forty years ago, along the banks of the Upper Nile, for hundreds of miles, were thriving villages where Gordon found only a waste. Even in those parts of Africa where the kidnapper has not penetrated, the white man, following in the steps of the discoverer and the missionary, has introduced his poisonous spirits, adding one more horror to the savage life of the tropics. "I do not much wish well to discoveries," wrote Johnson, "for I am always afraid that they will end in conquest and robbery." Horace Walpole tells of a black servant, a remarkably sensible man, who had lived in England many years. His mistress was having read aloud to her the account of the Pelew Islands. "Somebody happened to say we were sending a ship thither; the black, who was in the room, exclaimed, 'Then there is an end of their happiness.'"

George Birkbeck Hill.

[1] Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, by John Petherick.

THE SONG OF THE VEERY.

THE moonbeams over Arno's vale a silver flood were pouring,
When first I heard the nightingale his long-lost love deploring.
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;
I longed to hear a simpler strain, — the wood-notes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;
I only know one song more sweet, — the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:
The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,
And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing.
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

Henry van Dyke.

"BEAUTIFUL AND BRAVE WAS HE."

JUNE was drawing to a close: hermit thrushes and veeries had turned their energies to seeking food for hungry young mouths; rose-breasted grosbeaks and golden orioles, as well as their more humbly clad fellow-creatures, were passing their days near the ground, in the same absorbing work; treetops were deserted, and singing was nearly over.

It was well, then, that I should leave my beloved woods, and betake myself to a barren country road where, in a lonely thorn-tree, a bird of another sort than these had set up late housekeeping.

The reputation of this bird of solitary tastes is not attractive. He is quarrelsome and unfriendly with his kind, and aggressive and malicious toward others, says the Oracle. His pleasure is to torture and destroy; no sweet or tender sentiment may cling about his life; in fact, he is altogether unlovely. So declare the books, and so, with additions and exaggerations, says nearly every one who takes birds for his theme. He is branded everywhere as the "butcher-bird," and it seems to be the aim of each writer to discover in his conduct something a little more sanguinary, a shade more depraved, than any predecessor has done.

Now, if the truth is what we are seeking, is it not desirable to see for ourselves, or, as Emerson puts it, "leave others' eyes, and bring your own"? If one can give to the task patient observation, with a loving spirit, a desire to interpret faithfully and to see the best instead of the worst, may he not perchance find that the bird is not the monster he is

pictured? And though the story be not so sensational, is it not better to clear up than to blacken the reputation of a fellow-creature, even a very small one in feathers?

This thing it had long been in my heart to do, — to see with my own eyes what enormities the beautiful butcher-bird is guilty of. I left hermits and veeries, I said adieu to sandpipers and grosbeaks, and went to the village to abide with the shrike family. No more delightful mornings in the blessed woods; no more long, dreamy twilights filled with the music of thrushes and the singing brook; no more charming views of the near Green Mountains, gray in the morning light, glorious rosy purple under the setting sun; no more solitary communion with helpful and healing nature. My household gods must now be set up among people, with their cares and troubles, where the immense tragedy of human life is constantly forced into notice; and in no place in the wide world is there more tragedy in every-day life than in peaceful and pious New England.

Change of residence was not so simple an affair with me as it is with the birds; would that it were! I had to spend half a day packing, and another half undoing the work. I had to secure another temporary home, where certain conveniences to which we human beings are slaves should not be lacking, and with a family one could endure under the same roof. All this must needs be settled before I could call on my new neighbors. Time and patience accomplished everything, although the mercury was soaring aloft among the nineties all the time; and at last came the morning when I seated myself before the household I proposed to interview for the benefit of the readers of our day, who demand (say the newspaper authorities) facts and details of daily lives that were of old considered private matters.

On these lines, therefore, I proceeded to study my shrikes. What I discovered by watching early and late, by peeping at them before breakfast and spying upon them after supper, — what they eat and drink, how they behave to one another and their neighbors, what they have to say or to sing, in fact their whole story so far as it was revealed to me, — I shall set down, nothing extenuating. Other observers may have seen very different things, but that only proves what I am constantly asserting: that birds are individuals; that because one shrike does a certain thing is no sign that another will do the same; it is not safe to judge the species *en masse*. This, therefore, is the true chronicle of what I saw of one pair of loggerhead shrikes (*Lanius ludovicianus*), in the northern extremity of Vermont, about the first of July, 1894.

The discovery of the nest in the thorn-tree was not my own. A friend and fellow bird-lover, driving one evening up this road, startled a bird from the nest, and, checking her horse, looked on in amazement while, one after another, six full-grown shrikes emerged from the tree and flew away. Pondering this strange circumstance she drove on, and when returning looked sharply out for the thorn-tree. This time one bird flew from the nest, which seemed to settle the question of ownership. The next day and the next this experience was repeated, and then the news was brought to me in the woods.

It was a lonely road, leading to nothing except a pasture and a distant farm or two, and the presence of a member of the human race was almost as rare as in the forest itself. On one side stretched a pasture with high rail fence; on the other, a meadow guarded by barbed wire. A traveler over this uninviting way soon left the last house in the village behind, and then the only human dwellings in sight were some deserted farm buildings on a hill a mile or more away. Not a tree offered grateful shade, and not a

bush relieved the bare monotony of this No Thoroughfare.

But it had its full share of feathered residents. Just beyond the last house, a wren, bubbling over with joy, always poured out his enchanting little song as I passed. Under the deep grass of the meadow dwelt bobolinks and meadow larks; from the pasture rose the silver threadlike song of the savanna sparrow and the martial note of the kingbird. Occasionally I had a call from a family of flickers, or goldenwings, from the woods beyond the pasture: the four young ones naïve and imperative in their manners, bowing vehemently, with emphatic "peauk" that seemed to demand the reason of my presence in their world; while the more experienced elders uttered their low "ka-ka-ka," whether of warning to the young or of pride in their spirit one could only guess. A hard-working oriole papa, with a peremptory youngster in tow, now and then appeared in the pasture, and swallows, both barn and eaves, came in merry, chattering flocks from their homes at the edge of the village.

About the middle of the long stretch of road was a solitary maple-tree, and about thirty feet from it, and just within the pasture fence, the thorn, and the nest of my hopes. Approaching quietly on that first morning, I unfolded my camp-chair and sat down in the shade of the maple. The thorn-tree before me was perhaps fifteen feet high. It divided near the ground into two branches, which drew apart, bent over, and became nearly horizontal at their extremities. On one of these main stems, near the end, where it was not more than an inch and a half in diameter, with neither cross-branch nor twig to make it secure, was placed the nest. It was a large structure, at least twice the size of a robin's nest, made apparently of coarse twigs and roots, with what looked like bits of turf or moss showing through the sides, and why it did not fall off in the first strong wind was a mystery. Parallel with the limb on which it rested, and only a few inches above it, was another branch, that must, one would think, be seriously in the way of the coming and going, the feeding and care-taking, inseparable from life in the nest.

From my post of observation, the thorn-tree was silhouetted against the sky, for it stood on the edge of a slight descent. Every twig and leaf was distinctly visible, while the openings in the foliage were so numerous that not a wing could flit by without my seeing it. The nest itself was partially veiled by a bunch of leaves. What the view might be from the other side I did not investigate that morning; I preferred to leave the birds the slight screen afforded by the foliage, for since there could be no pretense of hiding myself from them, my desire was to let them fancy themselves hidden from me, and so feel free from constraint and be natural in their actions. I hoped, by approaching quietly and unobtrusively, by being careful never to frighten or disturb them in any way, to convince them that I was harmless, and to induce them to forget, or at least ignore, my silent presence. And it seemed possible that I might be gratified, for I had been seated but a few minutes when a shrike flew up from the ground and entered the nest, and, I was pleased to see, with no apparent concern about me.

For the next three hours I took my eyes off the nest only to follow the movements of the owners thereof; and I learned that sitting had begun, and that the brooding bird was fed by her mate. He came, always from a distance, directly to the nest, alighted on the edge, leaned over and gave one poke downward, while low yearning or pleading cries reached my ears. Without lingering an instant he flew to a perch a foot above, stood there half a minute, and then went to the ground. Not more than thirty seconds elapsed before he returned to his mate, the cries greeted him, the mouthful was administered, and he took

his leave in exactly the same way as before. He was a personage of methodical habits. This little performance of seeking food on the ground and carrying it to his partner on the nest was repeated five or six times in close succession, and then he rose higher than his tree and took flight for a distant hill, looking, as he flew, like a fluttering bit of black-and-white patchwork. On further acquaintance, I found this to be the regular habit of the bird: to come to his nest and feed his mate thoroughly, and then to take himself away for about half an hour, though later he fell to lingering and watching me.

Left thus alone and well fed, madam was quiet for some time, perhaps ten minutes, and then she went out for exercise or for lunch; flying directly to the ground near the tree, and returning in a few minutes to her place.

On one occasion I saw what sort of food the shrike collected. He had alighted on the wire fence, apparently to inquire into my business, when his eyes fell upon something desirable — from his point of view. Instantly he dropped to the road, picked up a black object, worm or beetle, an inch long, and took it at once to his mate. Sometimes he carried his prey to a post, and beat it awhile before presenting it to her; and one evening, somewhat later than usual, he was found industriously gleaning food from the hosts of the air, flying up in the manner of a flycatcher, and to all appearance with perfect success.

The loggerhead shrike is one of our most beautiful birds, clear blue-gray above, and snowy white below. His black wings are elegantly marked with white, and his black tail, when spread like a fan, as he wheels to alight, showing broad tips and outer feathers of white, is one of his most striking marks. He is a little smaller than a robin, and his mate is of the same size, and as finely dressed as he. The resemblance he is said to bear to the mocking-bird I have never been able to see. His form, his size, his coloring, and his movements are, to my sight, in every way different from those of the Southern bird.

The manners of the shrike are as fine as one would expect from so distinguished-looking a personage, dignified, reposeful, and unusually silent. I have seen him, once or twice, flirt his half-opened tail and jerk his wings, but he rarely showed even so much impatience or restlessness. He sat on the fence and regarded me, or he drove away an intrusive neighbor, with the same calm and serious air with which he did everything. I have heard of pranks and fantastic performances, of strange, uncouth, and absurd cries, and of course it is impossible to say what vagaries he might have indulged in if he had thought himself unobserved, but in many hours and days of close study of this bird I saw nothing of the kind. The only utterance I heard from him, excepting his song, of which I shall speak presently, was a rattling cry with which he pursued an intruder, and a soft, coaxing "yeap" when he came to the nest and found his mate absent.

One of the most prominent traits of this bird, as we find him depicted in the books and the popular writings, is his quarrelsome and cruel disposition; and "brigand," "assassin," "murderer," and "butcher" are names commonly applied to him.

I watched the shrike several hours daily for weeks, and from the first I was every moment on the alert for the slightest manifestation of these characteristics; and what did I find out? First as to his quarrelsome disposition, his unfriendliness with his own species. I have already spoken of the amicable association, in the very nesting-tree, of half a dozen of the birds, as reported by a trustworthy and experienced observer. On one occasion, somewhat later, I saw an exhibition of a similar friendliness among four adult shrikes. They were

frolicking about another thorn-tree in the same pasture, in the most peaceful manner; and while I looked, one of them picked up a tidbit from the ground and flew to the nest I was watching, thus proving that the nesting-bird was one of the group. At least twice afterward, when silently approaching the nest, I found two other shrikes hopping about with the one I was studying, on the ground, almost under the tree. On my appearance the strangers flew, and the nest-owner went up to his mate with an offering. We do not think of calling the robin or bluebird particularly quarrelsome, yet fancy one of these birds allowing another of his species to come to his home-tree! Every close observer of bird-ways knows that it is apparently the first article in the avian creed to keep every other bird away from the nest.

And how did the terrible "brigand" treat his neighbors? The robin, indeed, he drove away, but meadow larks sang and "sputtered" at their pleasure, not only beside him on the fence, but on his own small tree; goldfinches flew over, singing and calling, and no notice was taken of them; sparrows hopped about among the branches of the thorn at their discretion; a chickadee one day made searching examination of nearly every twig and leaf, going close to and over the nest, where the sitting bird must have seen him, yet not a peep arose. Sometimes, when madam left her nest for refreshment, she would sweep by a bird who happened to be on the tree, thus making him fly, but she never followed or showed any special interest in him. Whatever other shrikes may be or do, at least this pair, and the three or four others who visited them, were amiable with their neighbors, small as well as great.

If bravery is a virtue, — and why is it not, in feathers as well as in broadcloth? — the shrike should stand high in our estimation, for he does not hesitate to attack and make his prey animals which few birds of his size dare touch; not only mice, but creatures as well armed as gophers and others.

I was particularly desirous to hear the song of the shrike. He is not classed with singing birds, and is not, I think, usually credited with being musical. But Thoreau speaks of his song, and others mention it. John Burroughs tells of a shrike singing in his vicinity in winter, "a crude broken warble," — "saluting the sun as a robin might have done." Winter, indeed, seems to be his chosen time for singing, and an ornithologist in St. Albans says that in that season he sings by the hour in the streets of the town.

Therefore did I sit unobtrusively on the near side of the thorn-tree, leaving the birds their screen, to encourage them to sing; and at last I had my reward. One very hot day I did not reach my place under the maple till after nine o'clock, and I found the shrike, as I frequently did, on the fence, on guard. In a few moments, when I had become quiet, he went to the nest, and sitting there on the edge, hidden from my distinct view, he condescended to sing, a low, sweet song, truly musical, though simple in construction, being merely a single clear note followed by a trill several tones higher. After delivering this attractive little aria a dozen or more times, he flew out of the tree and over my head, and sang no more.

My curiosity about his song being thus gratified, I decided to seek a better post of observation; for I hoped every day to find that sitting was over, and the young had appeared. I therefore walked farther up the road, quite past the tree, and took my seat beside the fence, where I could see the whole nest perfectly. The birds at once recognized that all hope of concealment was over, and became much more wary. The singer came less frequently, and was received in silence. Also he took me under strict surveillance, perching on a dead branch of the maple-tree, and sitting there half an hour at a time, motionless but wide awake; ready,

no doubt, to defend the nest if I made hostile demonstrations toward it.

For a long time I had my lonely road to myself, almost the sole passer-by being a boy who drove the village cows back and forth, and whom I had taken pains to interest in the safety of the little family. But such a state of things could not last. One morning, as I sat in my usual place, I noticed a party of girls starting out with baskets and pails after berries. They scattered over the meadow, and while I trembled for meadow lark and bobolink babies, I hoped they would not see me; but one of them came directly to the thorn-tree. As she approached I turned away, as if I had no particular interest in the tree, but, unfortunately, just as she was passing, the bird flew off the nest. The girl looked up, and instantly shouted to me, "Oh, here 's a bird's-nest!" "Yes," I replied, knowing that my best policy was to claim it, "that 's the nest I am watching." After a sharp look at the tree she went on; but I was much disturbed, for I regard a nest discovered almost the same as a nest robbed. Would she tell? Should I some day find the nest broken up or destroyed? Every morning, after that, I took my long, lonely walk with misgivings, and did not feel easy till I had seen the birds.

One very notorious habit of the shrike I had been especially desirous of investigating, — that of impaling his prey. Judging from what has been written about him, it must be a common performance, his daily business, and I confidently expected to see his thorn-tree adorned, from roots to topmost twig, with grasshoppers and beetles, not to mention small birds and animals. Early in my visits to him I looked the tree over carefully, and, not content with my own eyes, called in the aid of a friend. Moreover, we together made diligent search in the only other thorn-tree in the vicinity, one spoken of above. Not a sign could we discover in either tree of any such use of a thorn, though thorns were there in abundance.

Again, one day I saw the bird very busy about the barbed-wire fence, and remembering to have seen the statement that shrikes in the West, where thorn-trees are absent, impale their grasshoppers on the barbs, I thought, "Now I have surely caught you at it!" I did not disturb him, and he worked at that spot some time. But when he had gone I hastened over to see what beetle or bird he had laid up, when behold, the barbs were as empty as the thorns. In fact, I was never able to find the smallest evidence that the bird ever does impale anything, and the St. Albans ornithologist spoken of adds as his testimony that he has often examined the haunts of this bird, but has never found anything impaled.

The same was true in another case where I had opportunity to study the habits of a family of shrikes, both parents and full-grown young ones. I not only watched them closely, but, with the help of other eyes beside my own, I diligently searched the only thorn-tree in the neighborhood, without discovering a trace of its having been used as a larder. Their common diet was insects gathered from a cultivated field, the wire fence of which was their constant perch, and once I saw a young one feasting upon a field mouse.

All this, of course, does not prove that the shrike never impales his prey, but it does prove that he does not spend all his time at the work; and while I have no doubt he has the habit, I believe the accounts of it are very much exaggerated.

On the morning of the Fourth of July, a cool, and in that remote part of the world a delightfully quiet day, I felt an unaccountable disinclination to make my usual visit to the shrikes. Refusing, however, to yield to that feeling, I forced myself to take the long walk, and seat myself in my usual place. But I could not feel much surprise when, after more than an hour's close watching, the birds failed to appear, and I became convinced that they were gone. Whether shot by man or boy, robbed by beast or bird or

human, it was plain I had seen the last of the thorn-tree family; for I knew positively that in that hour no one had gone to or come from the nest, and I was sure, from my knowledge of her, that the sitting bird would not remain an hour without eating, even if her mate had stayed away so long. Of course, I concluded, that girl had told her discovery, and some boy had heard, and broken up the home. I looked carefully on every side. The nest seemed undisturbed, but not a sign of life appeared about it, and sadly enough I folded my chair and went back to the village.

Six days passed, in which I avoided going up the lonely road, the scene of my disappointment, but I turned my attention to bird affairs in the town. One case which interested me greatly was of "pauperizing" a bird. It was a least flycatcher, and her undoing was her acceptance of nesting material, which her human friend, the oft-mentioned local bird-lover, supplied. To secure a unique nest for herself, when the flycatcher babies should have abandoned it, this wily personage, who was the accepted providence of half the birds in the vicinity, and on terms of great familiarity with some of them, threw out narrow strips of cloth of various colors, to tempt the small nest-builder. At first the wise little madam refused to use the gayer pieces, but being beguiled by the device of sewing a bright one between two of duller hue, her scruples were overcome; and after that, her fall into total dependence was easy and complete. She accepted the most brilliant pieces that were offered, and built her nest therewith.

But alas, from the moment of yielding to her vanity or her love of ease, troubles began in the flycatcher family. The robin nesting in an adjoining tree reproved her by tugging at the gay strings that hung out; the English sparrow across the way set herself up as a conservator of morals, and, to teach Madam Chebek modesty becoming her size, tried to pull the whole to pieces. Then when Chebek, who is no coward, had succeeded in putting an end to neighborly interference, the nest began to show a deplorable disinclination to "stay put." Whether the material could not be properly fastened, or whether the bird was so demoralized as to shirk ordinary precautions, the fact is that every breeze shook the little structure, and four completed nests of this unnatural sort fell, one after another, in ruins to the ground. Then motherly instinct came to the rescue: she refused further aid, removed herself to a distance, built a new nest, after the accredited flycatcher fashion, and it is supposed brought out her brood safely, if rather late. So hard it is, in the bird world as in the human, to help, and not hurt.

More interesting, even, than this flycatcher episode was an adventure one evening when I walked far out on a road, one side of which was deep woods, while the other was bordered by pasture and meadows. My object in going was to hear a white-throated sparrow, who often sang in that vicinity.

I had been resting on my camp-stool very quietly for half an hour, and was just thinking it time to return home, when a strange sort of clacking cry startled me. At first I thought it was made by a frog with a bad cold; but it grew louder, and changed in quality, till it became a whining sound that might be made either by a baby or by some small animal. I looked very carefully up the road whence the sound seemed to come, but saw nothing excepting a robin, who, perched on the highest post of a fence, was looking and listening with great apparent interest, but without making a sound himself, — a very unusual proceeding on the part of this bird, who always has a great deal to say about everything.

The cries increased in volume and frequency, and I started slowly up the road, uncertain whether I should come upon a young fox or other wild beast, but deter-

mined to solve the mystery. As I drew near, I began to be conscious of a knocking sound in the woods beside the road. It was like a light tapping on hollow wood, and it regularly followed each cry. I was at once reassured. It must be a woodpecker, I thought, — they do make some strange noises; and there was a large one, the pileated, said to inhabit these woods, though I had never been able to see him. I went on more confidently then, for I must see what woodpecker baby could utter such cries. As I continued to advance, though I could still see nothing, I noticed that the tapping grew louder every moment.

Suddenly there was a movement at the edge of a thick clump of ferns, and my eyes fell upon what I thought was, after all, a big toad or frog. It hopped like one of these reptiles, and as it was growing dusky, feathers and fur and bare skin looked much alike. But being anxious to know positively, I went on, and when I reached it I saw that it was a young bird, nearly as big as a robin just out of the nest. Then I dropped all impedimenta, and gave myself unreservedly to the catching of that bird. He fled under the ferns, which were like a thick mat, and I stooped and parted them, he flying ever ahead till he reached the end and came out in sight. Then I pounced upon him, and had him in my hands.

Such a shriek as he gave! while he struggled and bit, and proved himself very savage indeed. More startling, however, than his protest was a cry of anguish that answered it from the woods, a heart-rending, terrible cry, the wail of a mother about to be bereaved. I looked up, and lo! in plain sight, in her agony forgetting her danger, and begging by every art in her power, a cuckoo. Her distress went to my heart; I could not resist her pleading. One instant I held that vociferous cuckoo baby, to have a good look at him, speaking soothingly to the mother the while, and then opened my hand, when he half flew, half scrambled, to the other side of the road, and set up another cry, more like that of his mother. Seeing her infant at liberty, she slipped back into the woods and resumed the calls, which sounded so remarkably like tapping, while he started up the road, answering; and thus I left them.

Several times after that, I heard from the woods — for

> "The cuckoo delights in the cool leafy shadows
> Where the nest and its treasures are rocked by the breeze" —

the same strange calling of a cuckoo mother, a weird, unearthly, knocking sound, not in the least like the ordinary "kuk! kuk!" of the bird. I should never have suspected that it was anything but the tap of an unusually cautious woodpecker, if I had not caught her at it that night.

On the sixth evening after I had thought myself bereaved of the shrikes I went out for a walk with my friend, and we turned our steps into the lonely road. As we approached the thorn, what was my surprise to see the shrike in his old place on the fence, and, after waiting a few minutes, to see his mate go to the ground for her lunch, as if nothing had happened!

Then they had not deserted! But how and why all life about the nest had been suspended for one hour on the Fourth of July is a puzzle to this day. However it may have happened, I was delighted to find the birds safe, and at once resumed my study; going out the next morning as usual, staying some hours, and again toward night for another visit.

Now I was sure it must be time for the young to be out, for I knew positively that the bird had been sitting fourteen days, and twenty-one days had passed since she was frightened off her nest twice in one day.

I redoubled my vigilance, but I saw no change in the manners of the pair till the morning of July 12th. All night there had been a heavy downpour, and the morning broke dismally, with strong wind and a drizzling rain. I knew the

lonely road would be most unattractive, but no vagaries of wind or weather could keep me away at this crisis. I found it all that I had anticipated — and more. The clay soil was cut up from fence to fence by cows' feet, and whether it presented an unbroken puddle or a succession of small ones made by the hoof-prints, it was everywhere so slippery that retaining one's footing was no slight task, and of course there was no pretense of a sidewalk. Add to this the difficulty of holding an umbrella against the fierce gusts, and it may be imagined that my pathway that morning was not "strewn with roses."

In some fashion, however, I did at last reach the thorn-tree, planted my chair in the least wet spot I could find, and, tucking my garments up from the ground, sat down. At first I discarded my unmanageable umbrella, till the raindrops obscuring my opera-glass forced me to open it again. And all these preliminaries had to be settled before I could so much as look at the nest.

Something had happened, as I saw at once; the manners of the birds were very different from what they had been all these days I had been studying them. Both of them were at the nest when I looked, but in a moment one flew, and the other slipped into her old seat, though not so entirely into it as usual. Heretofore she had been able to hide herself so completely that it was impossible to tell whether she were there or not. Even the tail, which in most birds is the unconcealable banner that proclaims to the bird-student that the sitter is at home, even this unruly member she had been able to hide in some way, but this morning it remained visible.

In a minute the shrike returned and fed somebody, —I suppose his mate, since she did not move aside; and again in another minute he repeated the operation. So he went on bringing food perhaps a dozen times in close succession. Then he rested a few minutes, when she who through the long days of sitting had been so calm and quiet seemed all at once as restless as any warbler. She rose on the edge of the nest, and uttered the low, yearning cry I had heard from him, then flew to the ground, returned, perched on the edge, leaned over, and gave three pokes as if feeding. Then she flew to another part of the tree, thence to a fence post, then back again to the edge of the nest. In a moment the uneasy bird slipped into her old place, but, apparently too restless to stay, was out again in a few seconds, when she stood up in the nest and began calling, — a loud but musical two-note call, the second tone a third higher than the first, and different from anything I had heard from her before. If it were a call to her mate, he did not at once appear, and she relieved her feelings by flying to the maple and perching a few minutes, though so great was the attraction at home that she could stay away but a short time.

Of course I concluded from all this that the young shrikes were out, and I longed with all my heart to stay and watch the charming process of changing from the ungainly creatures they were at that moment to the full-grown and feathered beauties they would be when they appeared on the tree; to see them getting their education, learning to follow their parents about, and finally seeking their own food, still keeping together in a family party, as I had seen them once before, elsewhere, — lovely, innocent younglings whom surely no one could find it in his heart to call "butchers" or "assassins." Then, too, I wanted to see the head of the family, who in the character of spouse had shown himself so devoted, so above reproach, in the new rôle of father and teacher, in which I had no doubt he would be equally admirable.

But dearly as I love birds, there are other ties still dearer, and just then there came a call that made me leave the pair with their new joy, pack my trunks, and

speed, night and day, halfway across the continent, beyond the Great Divide, to a certain cosy valley in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Before I left, however, I committed the little family in the thorn-tree to the care of my friend the bird-lover; and a few weeks later there came over the mountains to me this conclusion to the story, written by Mrs. Nelly Hart Woodworth, of St. Albans: —

"I was at the shrikes' nest Thursday last. [This was nine days after my final visit.] I sat down on the knoll beyond the nest, and waited quietly for fifteen minutes. No signs of life in nest or neighborhood, save the yearning cry of the lark as it alighted on the top of the thorn-tree. After I was convinced that, in some unaccountable manner, the shrikes had been spirited away before they were half big enough, I changed my place to the other side of the tree, out of sight from the nest. When I had been there for a long time, I heard distinctly a low whispering in the nest, and lo! the butcher babies had become sentient beings, and were talking very softly and sweetly among themselves. They had evidently miscalculated about my departure. Then two or three little heads stuck out above the edge, and the soft stirring of baby wings was apparent. They cuddled and nestled and turned themselves, and one little butcher hoisted himself upon the upper side of the nest, stood upright briefly and beat his wings, then sank into the nest, which was full of life and movement. So much for that day.

"Friday one stood upon the edge of the nest, and others looked out, but no feeding bird came while I was there.

"Saturday I was in fortune, as I met in the vicinity the boy who drives the village cows. Two heads only were visible over the edge. But the boy, with a boy's genius for investigation, brought a fence rail, put it under the branch, and shook them up a little. They only huddled closer. At my suggestion he gave a more vigorous shake, and a baby climbed from the nest, a foot or two above, then flew as well as anybody clear up into the top of the tree. Such a pretty baby! breast white as snow, lovely black crescent through the eyes, and the dearest little tail imaginable, half an inch long, and flirted up and down continually.

"The other bird — for there were but two — ran up the twigs for two feet, but quickly returned to the nest, and would not leave it again, though we could see its wondering eyes look out and peer at us. Both were gone the next day (twelve days old). And thus endeth the butcher episode."

Now also must end — for a time — my study of this interesting bird. But I shall not forget it, and I shall seek occasion to study it again and again, till I have proved, if I find it true, that the shrike deserves better of us than the character we have given him; that he is not nearly "so black as he is painted."

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF A FRENCH "MACON."[1]

One of the characteristic features of the latter part of the nineteenth century, in the history of literature, will be the number of biographies and autobiographies which it has brought forth. Third and fourth rate people have felt bound to tell the world all about themselves, or about other people equally third or fourth rate. Time, the great winnower, will no

[1] Owing to differences in building materials and methods, the *maçon* answers rather to our plasterer than to our mason.

doubt sooner or later toss all the chaff to the four winds of deserved oblivion, and gather in the few grains that may remain out of each rubbishy cartload. On the other hand, many works of sterling value will remain in the class, to be transmitted to future generations, now as literary models, now as ensamples of noble manhood and womanhood, now as repertories of valuable information, — pictures which enable us to realize the times they spread over, the life which the writers lived.

It is mainly on the last two grounds that a recent volume, published in a second-rate French town, in the eightieth year of the author's life, claims our interest. The Mémoires de Léonard, Ancien Garçon Maçon (Bourganeuf, 1895), — the name "Léonard" being an avowed, and, so far as I can see, perfectly useless pseudonym for "Martin Nadaud," — though by no means devoid in many parts of a certain rough power of style, have no claim to be regarded as a literary or artistic model. The sequence of the narrative is often clumsy or involved; the writer, though he for years taught his own language, not unfrequently sins against its rules. But the work is thoroughly original, and while bringing out, all the more vividly through its artlessness, the picture of a strong, earnest nature breasting dauntlessly the tides of social and political effort, preserves for us also, with invaluable realism, a picture of peasant and artisan life in the France of sixty and even more years ago. M. Nadaud, I may say, is a friend of my own, of many years' standing, and I can vouch for his honesty and truthfulness.[1]

The dedication of the book deserves to be quoted at length: —

"To my three grandchildren, Louis, Marie, Hélène Bouquet. These recollections being a family book, I dedicate them to you, as well as to Henri Lombard and Alphonse Bertrand, my two grandsons-in-law, both so worthy of having come into our family.

"I do not forget my two great-grandchildren, Michel and Julienne Lombard, and am indeed very happy to add their names to this dedication.

"I had you under my direction, as orphans, when very young, my dear children, and I am happy to do you to-day the justice of saying that you have always shown me the greatest affection and the greatest respect.

"The dearest wish of your grandfather and great-grandfather is that, in all circumstances of life, you will behave yourselves as honest citizens, that you will keep up amongst yourselves the purest and closest friendship, and that you will always bear high and steadfast the republican flag, the flag which will insure — be certain of this — quiet destinies to our dear and worthy fatherland.

MARTIN NADAUD."

I have said that the picture presented to us by the Mémoires is one of both peasant and artisan life; for it is a peculiarity of many of the workmen employed in the French building trades, and was formerly so of nearly all, that they are peasants in the winter, artisans the rest of the year. It is from the central departments, representing the old provinces of Le Limousin and La Marche, that these chiefly come, the two main

[1] For those to whom Martin Nadaud is but a name, the following summary of his career may be of use: born in 1815; came up to Paris in 1830 to work at his father's trade; a candidate for the National Assembly in his department, 1848; elected, 1849; spoken of as a candidate for the presidency of the republic, 1850; arrested at the *coup d'état*, December 2, 1850, and banished for life came over to England after a short stay in Belgium; worked first at his trade, afterwards became a French teacher; was included in the amnesty of 1859, but refused to swear fidelity to the Empire, and returned to exile, thenceforth voluntary, till 1870, when he went back to France; was for six months prefect of his department, then sat in the Paris Municipal Council; was elected to the Assembly in 1876, and sat till 1889, being for the last few years *questeur* of the Assembly, but was not reëlected in 1889.

streams of yearly migration being to and from Paris and Lyons. M. Nadaud, as a *maçon*, comes naturally from the latter province, now the department of La Creuse, which indeed supplies stone-cutters as well. He quotes Bonnemère's Histoire des Paysans as showing that in former days the Marchois wandered as far as Catalonia in search of work; but the present yearly migration appears to date chiefly from the seventeenth century, when Richelieu, for the building of fortresses and military seaports, sent agents into the province to hire large numbers of workmen, who later on, when wanted, were even seized by force and taken in chain-gangs wherever their services were needed. The same movement continued, no doubt in milder guise, under Louis XIV., for carrying out the plans of the great military engineer, Vauban.

The poverty of the soil, however, accounts largely for this migration of labor. The country is mostly hilly; in the upland districts the winters are long and severe. There is but little grain grown, and the main sustenance of the peasants in the uplands is supplied in the winter by their chestnut-trees, chestnut-soup being the staple dish for dinner.[1] The cows, too, are small, and give but little milk, being yoked to the plough where this is used at all, and getting almost nothing but chestnut-leaves for winter forage. (Nadaud used to be quite amazed at the quantity of milk drawn from English cows.) Till of late years the working population were wholly uneducated, and, though kindly among themselves, so rough that, as Nadaud has told me himself, there are neighborhoods where stones would be thrown at any stranger not accompanied by some one known in the place.

Although M. Nadaud gives no connected details of his family history, its records date back for centuries. Ragpickers for several generations, — the trade being a lucrative one in the early days of the printing-press, — his ancestors had bought several parcels of land and built themselves a cottage in the middle of the fifteenth century, which was transformed into a house by his father and grandfather in 1808. This was called "La Martinèche" (a name since extended to a hamlet which has grown up round it), from the habit adopted by the branch of the Nadauds inhabiting it (the name being virtually a clan name in the neighborhood) of always calling the eldest son in every generation "Martin." Let it be observed that although M. Nadaud shares to the full the Celtic enthusiasms of contemporary French writers, his name testifies against his Celtic descent. "Nadaud" is evidently the Teutonic "Nadald," and he has admitted to me that it is so written in the older records.

His earliest recollections, he tells us, are of the *veillées*, evenings spent always in the same house, and presided over by an old dame, midwife and sole doctor of the village, where tales were told of ghosts and Bluebeard; of dead men who had come back to tell who of their neighbors were in paradise, and who in hell; of those who ran by night as wolves, and those who had been strong enough to overcome the were wolf, — the result being that on leaving the veillée the terrified listeners could only creep home hand in hand, and that young Nadaud's mother had often to come and sit by his bed and talk to him till sleep should vanquish his fright. Then, again, there were the evil-eyed ones, before whom the housewife durst not milk her cows or beat her cream; and the whole year's work would lie under a curse if one should have failed to cross himself in due season. All this, be it observed, was long after the first French Revolution, since M. Nadaud was born on the 17th of November, 1815.

[1] These are mostly the small chestnuts, which throughout France are usually eaten boiled, and called *châtaignes*, as distinct from the bigger *marrons*, which are roasted.

But a new spirit was abroad. Nadaud the father, one of the best workmen of the neighborhood, and greatly respected for the friendly care he took of the youngsters, when first sent up to Paris could neither read nor write, but he was determined that his son should be a scholar. The whole family protested. The mother needed the boy for field work. The grandfather told his son that he would have done better to remain in Paris than to come back and talk about schooling. Neither his own brothers, nor himself, nor his son had ever learnt their letters, and they had eaten their bread all the same. But the father persisted.

The result was not very successful, on the whole. With his first master, young Nadaud spent a twelvemonth in learning his letters and spelling syllables. With the second, a severe man, but passionately attached to his calling, he did better, and won a couple of prizes, to the great delight of both his parents. But a fall from a wall detained him three months from school. Meanwhile his master died, and under his successor boys did pretty nearly what they would. Nadaud and his master fell out, and he admits that he ended not only by not working himself, but by hindering others who wished to work, besides taking part in a trick on an ill-conditioned elder lad which cost the latter his life. On the boy's refusing, in the agony of his self-reproach, to return to school after this, he was sent by his mother for a short time to a perfectly incompetent teacher, but eventually was placed by his father with a retired officer, named Dyprès, who had taken to keeping school in a small town of the neighborhood, where young Nadaud had to be boarded. The terms of his schooling and boarding are curious enough to be recorded here. The charge for schooling was five francs a month. The goodwife of the house where the boy lodged was to receive three francs a month for bed and (not board but) cooking the broth (*tremper la soupe*); Nadaud's mother undertaking, for eighteen months, to bring every week a sufficient provision of bread and cheese. As it happened, master and pupil lodged at the same house; the latter was thus able to listen to his master's talks with two other old soldiers, all furious against the government of the Restoration. Nadaud admits that but for the imperious ways of Captain Dyprès he would never have known the difference between noun and adjective. The captain, on the other hand, discerned the boy's capacity, and wrote to his father that if he continued to work with the same ardor he would become something else than a maçon. But he was exposed to a terrible moral danger. His master drank brandy by the tumblerful, and, following his example, young Nadaud made himself tipsy, with another lad, three or four times. Still, he must have borne a high character, since the curé of the place got him to come of a morning to the church to hear the village girls repeat their catechism. Dyprès's drunken habits having, however, become noised abroad, his pupils fell away by degrees, and he left the place. The boy remained only three or four months with Dyprès's successor, and that was the end of his schooling. He returned to field labor. He was growing up. The shepherdesses taught him to dance and sing: the dance was the *bourrée* of central France, the songs were traditional. During the long and rigorous winter of 1829–30, when the ground was covered with snow, and the sheep had to be kept in stall, fed with ferns and leaves, the evenings were spent at home; Nadaud the father telling tales of Paris life, or stories of the Empire, largely learnt while working for two years at General Montholon's, one of Napoleon's companions in captivity at St. Helena. "I wonder still," Nadaud writes of his father, "that a man who could neither read nor write could have got into his head the principal events of the impe-

rial epic." He had, moreover, provided himself with a store of pamphlets and bulletins of the Napoleonic era, which he made his son read, and had also brought back from Paris some of Béranger's songs, which soon became popular among the girls.

But the time came when the boy had to earn his livelihood. He was in his fifteenth year, and on the 20th of March, 1830, he started for Paris with his father, in a suit all of drugget, woven from the wool of the sheep belonging to the family, stiff as pasteboard, nearly paralyzing all movement, with big shoes which were soon to gall his unaccustomed feet. When parting from his mother, his grandmother, his sisters, "If we had been carried to our grave," he says, "the women's shrieks could not, I think, have been more agonizing." Four of his boy friends were waiting for him outside. They shut themselves up in a barn for their good-bys. Strange to say, young Nadaud never saw any of them again. At the neighboring town of Pontarion the two Nadauds met the other migrants of the neighborhood, together with a still greater number of friends who had come to escort them. Bottles of white wine were emptied, and the old men who remained behind enjoined upon them to behave well and not forget the *pays* (a term used frequently amongst the French in a much more limited sense than our "country"). Further on, another batch of fellow-travelers awaited them, and they had to take to cross-country lanes, where a highroad has since been made. They next had to cross the forest of Guéret, where the roads were still worse, in some places choked with branches which had to be pushed aside, bringing down a cold rain upon their shoulders. Young Nadaud's shoes already let in the water. "Had I dared," he says, "I should have asked to go back." Towards eleven o'clock they reached the town of Guéret, where they breakfasted. Here the elder Nadaud was formally made treasurer of the party, each member of the band handing him ten francs for expenses. The business of the treasurer (who must needs be a first-rate walker) was to go on ahead, order meals, reckon the bottles of wine, and bargain for the price. Each band on the road had its own treasurer. On they went, stopping, it might be, at this or that inn for a draught of wine; if some of the youngsters began to be tired, the older men would strike up a stave of some country song to make them laugh. At nightfall they reached the town of Genouilhat, where they were told by their treasurer that a very great number of migrants were on the road, and that it would be wise to push on two leagues farther in order to be well ahead. They started, accordingly, soon after supper, by a splendid moonlight. But no jolly songs could now cheat the weariness of the younger members of the band, and young Nadaud was lagging behind, when a stalwart fellow-traveler offered to carry for him his pack (*baluchon*). On reaching their destination, Bordesoulle, the lad had walked fifteen leagues — about forty-five miles — for his first day's tramp.

The inn was a rendezvous for wagoners and muleteers, and two bands of the latter class arrived at the same time, the huge bells of the mules, with the cracking of whips and barking of dogs, making an indescribable noise and clatter. Some of the mules were laden with wine in skins; the younger ones were meant for sale at the markets by the way, or even in Paris. To youngsters who had not yet left their villages, the hoarse voices of the muleteers and their bold reddish-brown faces made them seem highwaymen. Entering a huge kitchen, in a vast fireplace the travelers saw whole quarters of meat roasting, and three very long tables, at one of which they sat down. But having supped at Genouilhat, they were more thirsty than hungry. Young Nadaud's father made the boy drink some

mouthfuls of hot wine; and these he could swallow only with difficulty, through sheer exhaustion. He was anxious only for his bed.

But what a bed he found! The sheets were black as soot, with traces of various kinds of filthiness. The practice was, at the inns where the migrants stopped, *to put on white sheets in mid-November, which should last till about mid-March*, unless torn or altogether too filthy. No one who slept in them dreamed of undressing. Wrapping their heads round, that they should not touch the bolster, they slept with arms crossed upon the chest. "What will hardly be believed, one crept into these filthinesses rather with a laugh than a curse." The morning answered to the night. Some greenhorns expected water for washing. They had to wash their eyes with their shirts moistened with spittle, putting off all other ablutions till they should come upon clean water by the roadside.

Though they started merrily on the second day's tramp, it proved a heavy one. The roads were bad, cut up into ruts, full of pools and big stones; the travelers were often ankle-deep in mud, and the water gurgled in their shoes. By the time they reached their stopping-place, Issoudun, the lad felt as if he could not get through another day's tramp. His father told him that he had himself, when younger, traveled to La Vendée without whimpering. A very good meal was served them, but the sleeping was even worse than at Bordesoulle. There were in the house a full hundred of Creusois, and thirty of these were lodged in a tiled-floor room with half the tiles wanting, and beds one over the other, and quite as filthy as those of the previous night. Of course no one undressed.

The writer observes, moreover, that throughout their journey they were the constant objects of humiliating jokes and coarse insults. On the other hand, when they started at early morning, they would roar out the cry of the Creusois when dancing to the bagpipes, "Hif, hif, hif, fou, fou!" perfectly regardless of the comfort of the sleeping inhabitants. On the third day, after a tramp of one or two hours, some peasants who were trimming hedges began to call out, "The geese! the turkeys!" and others who were working in the fields joined in the cry. Insults were bandied from side to side, but when a few of the Creusois prepared to climb over the hedges to meet their adversaries, the latter took to flight. Nadaud remarks that at this period all the trades were in a state of mutual hostility. No member of a *devoir* (as a trade society was then termed) could meet a member of another *devoir* on the road without their falling to with their sticks, and this all over France.

By the time they arrived at the next sleeping-place, Salbris, the rumor had preceded them of what had been only an exchange of insults, but had been magnified into a pitched battle, and the gendarmes were afoot. Here the host and his wife offered to the Nadauds one of their children's beds, and they were able to sleep between clean sheets.

The next day was the last of their tramp. From Orleans, which they were to reach that evening, the rest of the journey would be in certain miserable vehicles called *coucous* (which I myself can recollect), in effect baskets on wheels, in which four passengers were tossed about. Nadaud senior, with two of his companions, had much ado to secure places for the band, the number of coucous being insufficient to hold all the migrants. The drivers were in league, stopping to drink at every inn, and meeting all complaints of delay with only a laugh.

At last they reached Paris, and before taking his son to the *garni* (or workmen's boarding-house) where he was in the habit of lodging, Nadaud went with him to the Quai de la Grève, to wash his face and hands. The latter were black

as coals, and he could only clean them a little by rubbing them with sand; he also took off his jacket and waistcoat, to get rid of the vermin picked up at the inns on the road, which were devouring him. At the garni, where his father was looked on as an old friend, young Nadaud was abashed on being kissed by the elder of the landlord's two girls. But five minutes later his father took him away, first to see a friend, then to a place in the country where an uncle had work for them. In four days they had walked sixty leagues (about one hundred and eighty miles), without reckoning the time spent in the "accursed coucous."

M. Nadaud says he has related at length the incidents of his journey, because the men of his generation were the last who had to endure such trials, before the coming of the "golden age" of railway traveling. He observes — and I think every reader will agree with him — that "to subject children of thirteen or fourteen to such harsh trials would now seem to him the extreme of cruelty."

Nadaud's uncle was a builder at Villemomble, close to the park of Raincy, owned by the Duke of Orleans, and Nadaud's father was himself a partner with his brother. Even the latter could not read or write, and young Nadaud was at first employed, under the very insufficient teaching of the village beadle, in keeping the books and in odd jobs. But finding himself made game of by the workmen, he got employment as helping lad to a worthy journeyman plasterer, and so entered upon the practice of his calling.

A few months later the revolution of July, 1830, broke out. It was not till all firing was over that Nadaud was taken with his father into Paris; and no sight, he says, except the murders in cold blood which followed the insurrection of June, 1848, and the massacres of the Commune ever impressed him more. On their return, all Villemomble was *en fête*, celebrating with fireworks and balls the accession of their neighbor, Louis Philippe, to the throne. But it was to be an ill time for the Nadauds. The owner of the park and château of Villemomble, with whom they had a building contract, was ruined by the revolution, and escaped to Switzerland. The two brothers Nadaud lost twelve thousand francs, each being responsible for half, and Nadaud's father had just bought from his brother the latter's share (forty-five hundred francs) in the family property of La Martinèche. On settling accounts, he found that he owed his brother over eleven thousand francs.

Father and son now returned to the garni where they had stopped at first, and the lad was placed in a room on the fourth story, where there were six beds and twelve lodgers, with a passage less than two feet wide between the two rows of beds. Here are set down some interesting details of the Paris workman's life in those days: —

"In every room there are two streams of talk, that of the misers and that of the spendthrifts. With the first one learns how to reckon up the coppers. They are generally evil-tongued, always ready to pass an unfavorable judgment on those whose qualities are not theirs."

Still, "the miser was wanting neither in uprightness nor in honorable conduct. On the contrary, he loved his family, and perhaps his friends, but he tormented his own body. (Il était bourreau de son corps.) He must not spend more than fourteen or fifteen francs a month beyond his board and lodging, which cost him six francs a month, for which sum he had his bed, his broth, and his bread, which he took by measure, and paid for likewise month by month. Every morning he left a piece of bread on a plank (which was not dusted every day), and the hostess came and picked up all these pieces into her apron, and, without knowing which was whose, put them to soak in sixty or eighty porringers, as soon as

the water of the big earthenware pot (*marmite*) was hot. A second piece of bread our man put under his arm, and munched at it on his way to the yard, placing the rest of his supply in some corner, to take with him at nine o'clock to his breakfast, on which he spent five or seven sous, according as he did or did not have broth. In the former case, he kept the little bit of meat that was served to him for the two-o'clock meal, which he ate sitting on the plaster or in a corner of the yard." [1]

As to the spendthrifts, money melts in their hands; they spend it in drink on pay-day or the day after, and eat dry bread for the remainder of the week, or try to borrow money which they never repay. Their conversation is, for all that, very amusing, and the misers have a most peculiar knack of making them talk.

It would take too long to follow young Nadaud through the different stages of his career as a workingman. Wages were at first miserably low. He received thirty-six sous a day, or two francs for the long days. The full-trained maçon got only three and a quarter to three and a half francs. In 1831 he had a terrible accident, falling from a third floor into a cellar, and thereby injuring his head and breaking both arms at the wrists. He recovered, however, and at seventeen became a workman, or *compagnon*, with a boy to help him, such as he had been himself hitherto. In the winter of 1832–33 the *maladie du pays* took hold of him. He had not seen his mother or sisters for three years. But doctors' fees and three months' idleness after his accident had swallowed up his small savings, and he had to borrow two hundred francs of a friend, out of which he renewed his wardrobe; buying, amongst other things, a fine blouse with red and blue collar, and a tricolor belt, which was the height of fashion amongst workingmen in those days. When he reached home, he found his mother and sisters eating their supper, soup and radishes. The next day, after a dinner of whey, bread, and potatoes, he began working as a peasant, beating out the sheaves, a fatiguing task which lasted a couple of weeks. It was also his business, before nightfall, to cut wood for the veillées, to be burnt in fireplaces six feet wide. Neighbors came to these veillées, particularly to hear the maçon, who had so much to tell about Paris. Young Nadaud, however, by this time preferred to go about to the balls held in one or another village, always in a barn, and almost always beginning with the traditional bourrée. It is a singular custom that the young men should open these balls by inviting the oldest women present to dance the bourrée with them. Pretty women, Nadaud tells us, abound in the Creuse, and at the balls marriages are soon arranged, which generally take place within a few weeks, as the month of March drives away the younger men from the villages. In this same year one of Nadaud's sisters was engaged. But twelve hundred francs had to be paid by way of *dot*, or marriage portion, and the Nadauds owed already about ten thousand francs, pretty nearly what the Martinèche property was worth. They had to borrow four hundred francs at thirty per cent, young Nadaud joining in signing bills, though only seventeen years old. Three or four days after the marriage he returned to Paris, to find the building trade in a state of great depression, the worst labor crisis he ever went through, except that of 1848. He had to take work again as a builder's lad, earning only two francs two sous a day, and met with another mishap through having a stone flung by accident on his arm. It was only a contusion, but he fainted, and had to go to a hospital. After a few weeks of enforced idleness he obtained a little work, but only to be interrupted by a strike of the carpenters, which cost him five weeks more of idleness.

[1] Young Nadaud himself seems never to have eaten meat till he came to Paris, and then disliked it, changing his bit for vegetables.

The years 1833 and 1834 were very bad for him. At one time he had to work as a mere wagoner, earning fifty-five sous, and later three francs a day. Those were evil days for the French working class. The jealousies between the workmen of different trades were more than ever embittered. To put a stop to the fights between the compagnons on tramp, the government forbade them to carry sticks. Even among the Creusois there were rivalries between the men of different cantons or communes, so that a foreman of the one set durst not give a job to men of the other. There were two or three years of great lawlessness. For a gesture, for a word, men came to blows. Twice in a short space of time young Nadaud was taken up by the police. To break his son of his bad habits, the elder Nadaud got three worthy mates of his to talk with him, and one of them offered to take the young man into his own lodgings. Eventually the two secured quarters in one of the quietest neighborhoods in Paris, that of St. Louis. From henceforth Nadaud was a reformed character. Paris was just then opening free schools for the working class. He went to one of these, and was soon made monitor. But this was a loss of time for him. He tried a private master, and could now measure his literary ignorance. Yet what he most wanted was technical instruction. He bought drawing materials, and began attending a course. But, on calculation, he saw that the time needed to go through the course lesson by lesson was more than he could afford. He was able to borrow a book containing a complete course, and worked out its twenty-four plates in his own room, then returned for four or five months to his teacher.

All this time the family indebtedness weighed upon him. Twenty pounds of interest had to be paid every year. What if he could earn this by teaching others? There were all around him worthy, hard-working young fellows who could not even sign their names. At four francs a month each he might earn from four to five hundred francs in the year. He tried the experiment, and succeeded. Fifteen pupils came, as many as his room would hold. The work was hard. He had to get up at five in the morning, crush plaster till six P. M., rush back from the building-yard to swallow the soup of the garni, and then return home to teach till eleven. He taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, and the principles of building. If master and pupils got tired of study, they talked politics.

"It is often fortunate," he says, "for a man to be born poor. I believe this was the case with me. If my family debts had not weighted me with five hundred francs yearly interest to pay, the idea of opening the school would never have come to me, and I should very likely have remained unknown among my companions in work and misery. This long assiduity in intellectual labor, lasting from 1838 to 1848, is what has most contributed to implant in my mind the taste for study and serious reading; and I also acquired during this period the habit of speaking in public."

At the age of twenty-four he married a young girl of his own country, and had to leave her seventeen days after the wedding to return to work. It was three years before he saw her again, bringing with him an unheard-of pile of savings, four thousand francs, which all went towards paying the family debts, but still left one thousand francs due.

A hard life, surely, so far, and a worthy one; it remains to be seen how the maçon fared later.

J. M. Ludlow.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XVIII.

A FIERY July was followed by a scorching August. There was a long drought, and simooms of fine, irritating dust. The gasping town and inland country flocked to the coast in more than the usual force. The hotels brimmed over. Even Windover fanned herself, and lay in hammocks lazily, watching for the two-o'clock east wind to stir the top-sails of the schooners trying, under full canvas, to crawl around the Point. In Angel Alley the heat was something unprecedented; and the devil shook hands with discomfort, as he is fain to, and made new comrades.

Bayard was heavily overworked. He gave himself few pleasures, after the fashion of the man; and the summer people at the Point knew him not. He was not of them, nor of their world. Afterwards, he recalled, with a kind of pain lacking little of anguish, how few in number had been his evenings in the cool parlor of the cottage, where the lace curtains blew in and out through the purple twilight, or on the impearled harbor, in the dory, when the sun went down, and he drifted with her between earth and heaven, between light and reflection, in a glamour of color, in alternations of quiet, dangerous talk and of more dangerous silence; brief, stolen hours, when duty seemed a dimming dream, and human joy the only reality, the sole value, the decreed and eternal end of life. Upon this rare and scanty substitute for happiness he fed, and from it he fled.

Between his devotions and his desertions the woman stood mute and inscrutable. And while they still moved apart, saying, "The summer is before us," lo, the petals of the Cape roses had flown on the hot winds, the goldenrod was lifting its sword of flame on the undulating gray downs, and the summer was spent.

Yet, at every march and countermarch in the drill of duty, he was aware of her. It could not be said that she ever overstepped the invisible line which he had elected to draw between them, though it might be said that she had the fine pride which did not seem to see it. Helen had the quiet maidenly reserve of an elder and more delicate day than ours. To throw her young enthusiasm into his work without obtruding herself upon his attention was a difficult procedure, for which she had at once the decorum and the wit.

At unexpected crises and in unthought-of ways he came upon her footprints or her sleight of hand. Helen's methods were purely her own. She followed neither law nor gospel; no rules nor precedents controlled her. She relieved what suffering she chose, and omitted where she did elect; and he was sometimes astonished at the common sense of her apparent willfulness. She had no more training in sociological problems than the goldenrod upon the bosom of her white gown; yet she seldom made an important mistake. In a word, this summer girl, playing at charity for a season's amusement, poured a refreshing amount of novelty, vigor, ingenuity, and feminine defiance of routine into the labors of the lonely man. His too serious and anxious people found her as diverting as a pretty parlor play. A laugh ran around like a light flame whenever she came upon the sombre scene. She took a bevy of idle girls with her, and gave entertainments on which Angel Alley hung, a breathless and admiring crowd. She played, she sang, she read, she decorated. Pictures sprang on barren walls; books stood on empty shelves; games crowded the smoking-room; a piano replaced the pains-

taking melodeon; life and light leaped where she trod, into the poor and unpopular place. The people took to her one of the strong, loyal fancies of the coast. Unsuspected by her, or by Bayard himself, she began, even then, to be known among them as "the minister's girl." But this hurt nobody, neither herself nor him, and their deference to her never defaulted. In the indulgence of that summer's serious mood, Helen seldom met — he was forced to suspect that she purposely avoided — the preacher. Often he entered a laughing home from which she had just vanished. Sometimes — but less often — he found that she had preceded him where death and trouble were. Their personal interviews were rare, and of her seeking, never.

"She is amusing herself with a novelty," he thought. Then came the swift, unbidden question, If this is her beautiful whim, what would her dedication be? Since to play at helping a man's work, though at the tip of the sceptre by which he held her back, meant sense and sympathy, fervor and courage like this, what would it be to the great and solemn purpose of his life if she shared it, crowned queen?

It was an August evening, sultry and smoky. Forest fires had been burning for a week on the wooded side of the harbor, and the air was thick. It was Sunday, and the streets and wharves and beaches of Windover surged with vacuous eyes and irritable passions. The lock-ups were full, the saloons overflowed. The ribald song and excessive oath of the coast swept up and down like air currents. There had been several accidents and some fights. Rum ran in streams. It was one of the stifling evenings when the most decent tenement retains only the sick or the helpless, and when the occupants of questionable sailors' boarding-houses and nameless dens crawl out like vermin fleeing from fire. It was one of the nights when the souls of women go to perdition, and when men do not argue with their vices. It was one of the nights when ease and cool, luxury and delicacy, forget the gehenna that they escape, and when only the strong few remember the weakness of the many.

Upon the long beach of fine white sand which spanned the space between the docks and the cliffs of the wooded coast, there gathered that evening a large and unusual crowd. Angel Alley was there *en masse*. The wharves poured out a mighty delegation. Dories put out from anchored vessels whose prows nodded in the inner harbor, and their crews swarmed to the beach in schools, like fish to a net.

A few citizens of another sort, moved, one might say, by curiosity, innocent or malicious, joined themselves to the fishermen and sailors. Their numbers were increased by certain of the summer people from the Point, drawn from their piazzas and their hammocks by rumors of a sensation. An out-of-door service, said to be the first of its kind conducted by the remarkable young preacher of such excellent family and such eccentric career, was not without its attractions even on the hottest evening of the season. There might have been easily eight hundred or a thousand people facing the light temporary desk, or table, which had been erected at the head of the beach for the speaker's use.

The hour was early, and it would have been very light but for the smoke in the air, through which the sun hung, quivering and sinister, with the malevolent blood-red color of drought and blasting heat.

"Statira," in a low tone said the puzzled voice of the Professor of Theology, "this is — I must say — really, a most extraordinary gathering. It quite impresses me."

"I have read something somewhere it reminds me of," mused Mrs. Carruth, with a knot between her placid brows. "Where was it, Haggai? — Helen! Helen! What have I read that is like this? I can't think whether it is George

Eliot, or Fox's Book of Martyrs. Perhaps it is the Memoirs of Whitefield; but certainly" —

"Possibly," suggested Helen, "it may have been the New Testament."

"That 's it! You have it!" cried Mrs. Carruth, with mild relief. "That 's the very thing. How extraordinary! It *is* the New Testament I have got into my head."

The Professor of Theology changed color slightly, but he made no answer to his wife. He was absorbed in watching the scene before him. There were many women in the crowd, but men predominated in proportion significant to the eye familiar with the painfully feminine character of New England religious audiences. Of these men, four fifths were toilers of the sea, red of face, uncertain of step, rough of hand, keen of eye, and open of heart, —

"Fearing no God but wind and wet."

The scent of bad liquor was strong upon the heavy, windless air; oaths rippled to and fro as easily as the waves upon the beach, and (it seemed) quite as much according to the laws of nature. Yet the men bore a decent look of personal respect for the situation. All wore their best clothes, and most were clean for the occasion. They chatted among themselves freely, paying small heed to the presence of strangers, these being regarded as inferior aliens who did not know how to man a boat in a gale.

The fisherman's sense of his own superior position is, in any event, something delightful. In this case there was added the special aristocracy recognized in Angel Alley as belonging to Bayard's people. Right under the ears of the Professor of Theology uprose these awful words: —

"D—— them swells! He don't care a —— for them. We get along up to Christlove without 'em, don't we, Bob? The parson 's ourn, anyhow. He can't be bothered with the likes o' them."

"Look a' Job Slip yonder! See the face of him, shaved like a dude. That 's him a-passin' round hymn-books. Who 'd believe it? *Job!* Why, he ain't teched a —— drop sence he swore off! Look a' that young one of his taggin' to his finger! That 's his wife, that bleached-out creetur in a new bunnet. See the look of her now!"

"It 's a way women have — lookin' like that when a man swears off," replied a young fellow, wriggling uncomfortably. "It kinder puts my eyes out — like it was a lamp turned up too high." He winked hard and turned away.

"Ben Trawl! Hello, Trawl! *You* here? So fond of the minister as this?"

"I like to keep my eye on him," replied Ben Trawl grimly.

Captain Hap, distributing camp-chairs for the women of the audience, turned and eyed Ben over his shoulder. The Captain's small, keen eyes held the dignity and the scorn of age and character.

"Shut up there!" he said authoritatively. "The minister 's comin'. Trot back to your grog-shop, Ben. This ain't no place for Judases, nor yet for rummies."

"Gorry!" laughed a young skipper, "he ain't got customers enough to okkepy him. They 're all here."

Now there sifted through the crowd an eager, affectionate whisper.

"There! There 's the preacher. Look that way — see? That tall, thin fellar — him with the eyes."

"That 's him! That 's him — that long-sparred fellar. Three cheers for him!" shouted the mate of a collier, flinging up his hat.

A billow of applause started along the beach. Then a woman's voice called out, "Boys, he don't like it!" and the wave of sound dropped as suddenly as it rose.

"He comes!" cried an Italian.

"So he does, Tony, so he does!" echoed the woman. "God bless him!"

"He comes," repeated Tony. "Hush you, boys — the Christman comes!"

The Professor of Theology pressed

the tips of his scholarly fingers upon his aging eyes. It was some moments before he commanded himself and looked up.

Bayard stood bareheaded in the color of the red sun. He was pale, notwithstanding the warmth of the evening, and had a look so worn that those who loved him most felt unspoken fear like the grip of a hand at their hearts. The transparence, the delicacy of his appearance — bathed in the scarlet of the murky sunset as he was — gave him an aspect half unreal. He seemed for the moment to be a beautiful phantom rising from a mist of blood. A hush, half of reverence, half of awe, fell upon all the people; it grew so still that the lazy breath of the shallow wave at that moment spent upon the beach could be heard stirring through the calm.

Suddenly, and before the preacher had spoken any word, the impressive silence was marred by a rude sound. It was a girl's coarse laugh.

Then there was seen upon the beach, and quite apart from the throng, a little group of nameless women, standing with their backs to the sacred scene. Some one — Job Slip, perhaps, or Captain Hap — started with an exclamation of horror to suppress the disturbance, when the preacher's lifted hand withstood him. To the consternation of his church officers, and to the astonishment of his audience, Bayard deliberately left the desk, and, passing through the throng, which respectfully divided before him to left and right, himself approached the women.

"Lena! . . . *Magdalena!*"

He said but that word. The girl looked up — and down. She felt as if an archangel from the heavens, commissioned with the rebuke of God, had smitten her with something far more terrible — the mercy of man.

"You disturb us, Lena," said the preacher gently. "Come."

She followed him, and the girls behind her. They hung their heads. Lena scrawled she knew not what with the tip of her gaudy parasol upon the beach. Her heavy eyes traced the little pebbles in the sand. For her life, she thought, she could not have lifted her smarting lids. Till that moment, perhaps, Lena had never known what shame meant. It overwhelmed her, like the deluge which one dreams may foretell the end of the world.

The street girls followed the preacher silently. He conducted them through the throng, and seated them quite near the desk, or table, which served him as a pulpit. Some of his people frowned. The girls looked abashed at this courtesy.

Bayard ignored both evidences of attention to his unexpected act, passing it by as a matter of course, and without further delay made signs to his singers, and the service began.

. . . . . .

Was it magic or miracle? Was it holiness or eloquence? Did he speak with the tongue of man or of angel? Where was the secret? What was the charm? Not a man or woman of them could have answered, but not a soul of them could have gainsaid the power of the preacher, the Professor of Theology least of all. This learned man stood the service out, upon the beach, behind the camp-chairs of his wife and daughter, and knew neither fatigue nor the critical faculty till the beautiful service drew to its end.

Bayard's manner was quiet, finished, and persuasive; it must have appealed to the most fastidious oratorical taste; any instructor in homiletics might have seen in it a remarkable illustration of the power of consecrated education over ignorance and vice. But Bayard's thought threw off ecclesiastical form as naturally as the gulls, arising from the harbor in the reddening sunset, tossed off the spray from their wings. No class of men are more responsive to originality than seagoing men. Of the humdrum, the com-

monplace, they will naught. Cant they scorn, and at religious snobbery they laugh.

It would be difficult to say what it was in Emanuel Bayard that most attracted them: whether his sincerity or his intellect, his spirituality or his manliness, or that mystical charm which comes not of striving, or of prayer, or of education — the power of an elect personality. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the fishermen loved him because he loved them. The idea is older than the time of this biography, but it will bear repeating.

The red sun dipped, and the hot night cooled. Dusk purpled on the breathless water and on the long beach. A thousand restless people grew as gentle as one. The outlines of the preacher's form softened into the surrounding shadow; the features of his high face melted and wavered. Only his appealing voice remained distinct. It seemed to be the cry of a spirit more than the eloquence of a man. It pleaded as no man pleads who has not forgotten himself, as no man can plead who is not remembered of God. Fishermen stood with one foot on the beach, and one on their stranded dories, like men afraid to stir. Rude, uncomfortable men in the heart of the crowd thrust their heads forward with breath held in, as still as figureheads upon wrecks. The uplifted eyes of the throng took on an expression of awe. It grew dimmer, and almost dark. And then, when no one could see the pathos of his face, they knew that he was praying for their souls. Some of the men fell upon their knees; but the heads of others got no further than their guilty breasts, where they hung like children's. The sound of stifled sobbing mingled with the sigh of the waves.

The unseen singers, breathing upon the last words of the prayer, chanted a solemn benediction. The tide was rising slowly, and the eternal Amen of the sea responded. Suddenly a lantern flashed — and another — and light and motion broke upon the scene.

Rough men looked into one another's wet faces, and were not ashamed. But some held their hats before their eyes. The girls in the front chairs moved away quietly, speaking to no person. But Lena separated herself from them, and disappeared in the dark. Job Slip had not arisen from his knees, and Mari, his wife, knelt by him. The woman's expression was something touching to see, and impossible to forget. Captain Hap held a lantern up, and Bayard's face shone out, rapt and pale.

"Behold the Christman!" said the Italian, repeating his favorite phrase in a reverent whisper.

The Professor of Theology heard it again; and repetition did not weaken its effect upon the orthodox scholar. He removed his hat from his gray head. His wife held her delicate handkerchief to her eyes. Helen, struggling with herself, was pale with emotion. The Professor tried to speak.

"It is not," he said, "precisely a doctrinal discourse, and his theology" —

The Professor checked himself. "It is written," he said, "that the common people heard HIM gladly. And it must be admitted that our dear young friend, his servant, seems to command that which — men older and — sounder than he would give their lives — and fame — to" —

But there he choked, and tried to say no more.

. . . . . .

There ought to have been a moon that night, and the electric jets at the crest of the beach had not been lighted. By the special request of the preacher, or by the forethought of the police, in view, perhaps, of the unusual size of the crowd, the lights now sprang out.

The throng dispersed slowly. The dark sea formed a solemn background to the mass of quietly moving figures. The fishermen, with one foot on their dories,

leaped in, and pushed off; scattered crews gathered gently, and rowed soberly back to their schooners. Groups collected around the preacher, waiting their turns for a word from his lips or a touch from his hand. It was evident that he was very tired, but he refused himself to no one.

The summer people walked away softly. They passed through Angel Alley on their way to take the electric car. They looked up thoughtfully at the illuminated words swinging over their heads in fire of scarlet and white: —

"The Love of Christ."

As she passed by the door of the mission, Helen was recognized by the women and children, who surrounded her affectionately, begging for some little service at her hands. It seemed to be desired that she should play or sing to them. While she stood, hesitating, between her father and her mother, Bayard himself, with a group of fishermen around him, came up Angel Alley.

"I will see that she is safely taken home, Professor, if you care to let her stay," he said. "We won't keep her — perhaps half an hour? Will that do? The people like to hear her sing; it helps to keep them out of the street."

"Mr. Bayard will look after her, Haggai," replied Mrs. Carruth wearily. "I see no objections, do you?"

Mrs. Carruth was very tired. Not to give a sober Monday to all the drunkards of Angel Alley would she have felt that she could stay another hour in that mob. She never saw such sights in Cesarea, where charity took a mild, ladylike form, consisting chiefly of missionary barrels, and Dorcas societies for the families of poor students who had no business to have married.

The Professor took her away. He wanted to tell his heretic graduate what he had thought about that service on the beach; indeed, he made one effort to do so, beginning slowly: —

"My dear Bayard, your discourse this evening" —

"To h—— with 'em!" cried Captain Hap in a thunderous sea-voice, at that moment. "Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard, sir! Come here! Here 's them two Trawlses a-tryin' to toll Job Slip into their place! Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!"

Mr. Bayard held out his hand to the Professor, and, smiling, shook his head. Then he vanished down the alley. He had lingered only to say these words in Helen's ear: "Go into the chapel, and stay there till I come for you. Look after Lena, will you? I want her kept inside. Get her to singing with you, if you can."

He called back over his shoulder: "I will bring her home, Mrs. Carruth, in half an hour. I will row her home, myself. I have a boat here."

Professor Carruth stood for a moment watching the thronged, bright doorway into which his daughter had disappeared. The fishermen and the drunkards, the Windover widows in their crape and calico, the plain, obscure, respectable parishioners, and the girls from the street moved in together beneath the white and scarlet lights. Helen's voice sounded suddenly through the open windows. She sang: —

"I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by."

"Hello, Bob!" said a voice in the street. "That 's the parson's hymn."

Groups of men moved over from the grog-shop to the chapel door. They collected, and increased in numbers. One man struck into the chorus, on a low bass:

"Stay near me, O my Saviour."

Another voice joined, and another. Up and down the street the men took the music up. From Angel Alley without and Christlove within, the voices of the people met and mingled in "the parson's hymn."

The Professor of Theology glanced at the illuminated words above his head.

"It is growing chilly. I am sure you will take cold," complained his wife.

With bared gray head the Professor walked out of Angel Alley, and his old wife clung silently to his arm. She felt that this was one of the moments when Mr. Carruth should not be spoken to.

Bayard brought Helen home, as he had promised; and it was but a little beyond the half of the hour when his dory bumped against the float. He rowed her over the dim harbor with long, skillful strokes. Helen fancied that they were not as strong as they might have been; he seemed to her almost exhausted. They had exchanged but a few words. Midway of the harbor she had said abruptly, —

"Mr. Bayard, I cannot keep it to myself! I must tell you how what you said this evening on the beach — how that service made me feel."

"Don't!" said Bayard quickly.

Helen shrank back into the stern of the dory; she felt, for the moment, terribly wounded.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded. "I did n't feel as if I could bear it — that 's all."

"I am not in the habit of making a fool of myself over ministers," replied Helen hotly. "I never told one I liked his sermon, yet, in all my life. I was going to say — I meant to say — I *will* say," she cried, sitting up very straight, "Mr. Bayard, you are better than I am; truly, infinitely, solemnly better. I 've never even *tried* to be what you *are*. You 've done me good, as well as Job, and Lena, and the rest. I *won't* go away without saying it — and I 'm going away this week. . . . There!"

She drew a long breath, and leaned back.

Bayard rowed on for some moments in inscrutable silence. It was too dark to see the expression of his face. When he spoke, it was in a half-articulate, tired way.

"I did not know. Are you coming back?"

"I am going to Campobello with the Rollinses," replied Helen briefly. "I don't expect to come back again this year."

"I wonder I had not thought of it," said Bayard slowly. "I did not," he added.

"The people will miss you," he suggested, after a miserable pause.

"Oh, they will get used to that," said Helen.

"And *I?*" he asked, in a tone whose anguish smote suddenly upon her ears, like a mortal cry. "What is to become of *me?*"

"You 'll get used to it, too," she said, thrusting out her hands in that way she had.

His oars dropped across his knees.

Before either of them could speak, or think, or reason, he had caught one of her outstretched hands. It lay, warm, soft, quivering, — a terrible temptation, — in the grasp of the devotee. He could have devoured it — her — soul and body; he could have killed her with kisses; he could have murdered her with love.

Instead, he laid Helen's hand down gently. He did not so much as lift it to his starving lips. He laid it down upon her own lap quite solemnly, as if he relinquished something unspeakably precious. He took up his oars, and rowed her home.

Neither had spoken again. Helen's heart beat wildly. She dared not look at him. Under the solitary lantern of the deserted float she felt his strong gaze upon her, and it looked, not with the eyes of angels, but with the eyes of a man.

"Oh, my dear, I love you!" he breathed in a broken voice.

Saying this, and only this, he led her to her father's door, and left her.

XIX.

The mosquito-net portière swayed softly in the night wind. Emanuel Bayard sat in his study and looked about the poor

place, gasping, like a man who has received or given a mortal hurt. The marred face of the great Christ looked through the coarse white gauze; it seemed to scrutinize him sternly. He bowed his head before the gaze of the picture.

The gradual descent from a spiritual height to a practical level is, at best, a strain under which the godliest nature quivers; but Bayard experienced the shock of a plunge. From the elation of the past hour to the consternation of the present moment was a long leap.

He closed his eyes to see the blood-red sunset unfurling its flag over the broad beach; he opened them to see Mrs. Granite's kerosene lamp smoking on the study-table of grained pine wood. The retina of his soul suffered an adjustment as abrupt and as severe. But an hour ago a thousand people had hung swaying upon the breath that went forth from between his lips; their upturned faces offered him that most exquisite of flatteries, the reverence of a great audience for an orator who has mastered them. We should remember that the religious orator stands, both in privilege and in peril, apart from his kind. He may suffer at once the subtlest of human dangers and the deepest of human joys. Bayard trembled yet with the exaltation of that solemn hour.

Midway between earth and heaven, commissioner between man and his Maker, he had stood transcendent, well-nigh translated. He had floated in the adoration of his people; he had been to them one of the sons of God; he had held their bare souls in his hand.

While his head whirled with the suffocation of the incense, he had stumbled. He had made the misstep which to a lofty soul may give more anguish than guilt to the low. He had fallen from the heights of his own faith in himself, sheer over, and below the ideal which those upon whose worshiping love he lived trustfully cherished of him.

An hour ago he was a man of God. Now he called himself less than a man among men.

Bound by every claim of spiritual and of human honor to preserve the strong silence by which a man protects a woman from himself, and himself from her, he had weakly, to his high view it seemed he had ignobly, broken it. He had declared love to a woman whom he could not ask to be his wife. To crown the pity of it and the shame, he had turned on his heel and left her — so!

"I have done a thing for which I would have thrashed a man who had done as much by a sister of mine!" said this young apostle between his teeth. It did not occur to him that he might be liable to overestimate the situation. Religious exaltation exposes a sensitive nature to mental and spiritual excess, as dangerous in its way as physical dissipation. Bayard stood in that great desert known only to fine souls, where the noblest side of a man seems to take up arms against him, and where the very consecrated weapons by which he has battled his way to purity, unselfishness, and peace turn themselves like sentient foes and smite him. He stood unarmed and defenseless before forces of evil whose master he had been so long that he looked upon their defiant faces with more astonishment than fear.

"This is an insurrection of slaves," he thought. He looked blindly about his dreary room.

"Down!" he said, as if he had been speaking to dogs.

And now — what? It seemed to his quivering sensibility a proof that he had fallen to a far depth, that the first bare instinct of his anguish was not to say, "What is my duty in this thing?" but, "How shall I bear it?"

With that automatism of Christian habit which time and trouble may teach the coldest scoffer to respect, Bayard's hand groped for his Bible. We have seen this touching movement in the sick, the aged, the bereaved, and in the ut-

terly alone; and who of us has been so poor in spirit as to do it irreverence? In so young a man this desolate instinct had a deep significance.

Bayard's Bible opened at the New Testament, whose worn pages moved apart, at a touch, like lips that would answer him.

As he took the book something fell from it to the floor. He stooped, holding his finger between the open leaves, and picked the object up. It was a flower, a pressed flower — the saxifrage that he had gathered from the hem of her dress on the sand of the beach, that April day.

The Bible fell from his knee. He snatched the dead flower to his lips, and kissed it passionately.

"There was another, too," he hungrily said. "There was a pansy. She left it on the sofa pillow in this room. The pansy! the pansy!"

He took up the Bible, and searched feverishly. But he could not find the pansy; the truth being that Jane Granite had seen it on the study-table and had dusted it away.

He laid the Bible down upon the table, and seized the saxifrage. He kissed it again and again; he devoured it over and over; he held it in the palm of his hand, and softly laid his cheek upon it. . . .

Behind the white gauze the Christ on the wall looked down. Suddenly Bayard raised his haggard face. The eyes of the picture and the eyes of the man met.

"Anything but this — everything but this — Thou knowest." Aloud, Bayard uttered the words as if he expected to be heard.

"Only *this* — the love of man for woman — how canst THOU understand?"

Bayard arose to his full height; he lifted his hands till they touched the low, cracked ceiling; it seemed to him as if he lifted them into illimitable heaven, as if he bore on them the greatest mystery and the mightiest woe of all the race. His lips moved; only inarticulate whispers came from them.

Then his hands fell, and his face fell into them.

Bayard went to her like a man, and at once. At an hour of the morning so early that he felt obliged to apologize for his intrusion, his sleepless face appeared at the door of her father's cottage.

He had no more idea, even yet, what he should say to her than the St. Michael over his study-table. He felt in himself a kind of pictorial helplessness; as if he represented something which he was incapable of expressing. His head swam. He leaned back on the bamboo chair in the parlor. Through the soft stirring of the lace curtains he watched a fleet start out, and tack across the harbor. He interested himself in the greenish-white sails of an old schooner with a new suit on. He found it impossible to think coherently of the interview which awaited him.

A hand fell on the latch of the door. He turned — ah!

"Good-morning, Professor," said Bayard, rising manfully. His pale face, if possible, turned a shade whiter. It seemed to him the fitting sequel to his weakness that he should be called to account by the girl's father. "I have deserved it," he thought.

"Ah, Bayard, this is too bad!" said the Professor of Theology, cordially holding out his hand. "You have just missed my daughter. I am sure she will regret it. She took the twenty minutes past seven train."

"Took the *train?*" panted Bayard.

"She has gone to join some friends of ours — the Rollinses, at Campobello. She did not intend to leave for some days; but the mood took her, and off she started. I think, indeed, she went without her breakfast. Helen is whimsical at times. Do be seated! We will do our poor best to take my daughter's place," pursued the Professor, smiling indulgently; "and I 'm especially glad of this opportunity, Bayard, to tell you

how much I was impressed by your discourse last night. I don't mind saying so at all."

"Thank you, Professor," said Bayard faintly.

"It was not theology, you know," observed the Professor, still smiling; "you can't expect me to admit that it was sound, Bayard. But I must say, sir, I *do* say, that I defy any council in New England to say it was not Christianity!"

"Thank you, Professor," repeated Bayard, more faintly than before. He found it impossible to talk about theology, or even Christianity.

The Professor felt rather hurt that the young man took his leave so soon. He had thought of inviting him into the clam study, and reading some extracts from the essay on the State of the Unforgiven after Death.

Bayard went back to his own rooms, and wrote to her; if he could have done so, he would have followed her to Campobello by the next boat. The pitiable fact was that he could not raise the money for the trip. It occurred to him to force the occasion and borrow it, of his treasurer, of George Fenton, of his uncle; but he dismissed these fantasies as madness, and swiftly wrote: —

I hurried to you at the first decent moment this morning; but I was not early enough by an hour.

The reason why I do not — why I cannot follow you, by the next train, perhaps you will understand without my being forced to explain. I take the only method left to me of justifying myself — if it is possible for me to do that — in your eyes.

I dare not believe — I dare not hope, that what I have done can mean any more to *you* than passing embarrassment to a friendship whose value and permanence shall not be disturbed by my weakness, if I can help it.

I love you. I ought not to have told you so. I did not mean to tell you so.

But I love you! A man situated as I am has no right to declare his feeling for a woman like yourself. This wrong have I done — not to you; I do not presume to dream that I could thereby in any way wrong *you* — but to myself, and to my love for you. It was my sacred secret; it is now your absolute possession. Do with it — and with me — as you will.

EMANUEL BAYARD.

He dispatched this note by the first mail to Campobello, and waited in such patience as he could command for such answer as she chose to make him. He waited a miserable week. At the end of that time came a letter in her strong, clear hand. He shut himself into his rooms, turned the key, and read: —

CAMPOBELLO, *September* —, 18—.

MY DEAR MR. BAYARD, — I am not quite sure that I entirely understand you. But I believe in you, altogether; and what I do not understand, I am proud to take on trust.

The love of a man like yourself would be a tribute to any woman. I shall count it the honor of my life that you have given it to me. And I shall be, because of it, all the more and always,

Your loyal friend,

HELEN CARRUTH.

This composed and womanly reply did not serve to quell the agitation in which Bayard had awaited it. He read and re-read, studied and scrutinized, the few self-contained words with a sense of helplessness which equaled his misery. His position seemed to him intolerable. Something undignified about it cut the proud fellow to the quick. He had thought himself prepared for any natural phase in the lot which he had elected. In the old language which devotees of ages have instinctively used, and which to each solitary heart seems a figure of speech as new as his own anguish, Bayard had believed himself able to "bear his cross."

He had now to learn that, in the curious, complex interplay of human life, a man may not be able even to bear his burden alone, and drop decently under it when the time comes. Suppose, as the cross-bearer crawls along in blood and dust, that the arm of the coarse wood strikes and bruises the delicate flesh of a woman's shoulder?

Suppose — oh, suppose the unsupposable, the maddening!

Suppose she might have been led, taught by his great love to love him? What then?

Because a man had a duty to God, had he none to a woman?

After a night of sleepless misery, Bayard wrote again: —

Is there no way in which I can see you — if only for a moment? Shall you be in Boston, if you are not coming to Windover, on your return home? This is more than I can bear.

Yours utterly, E. B.

And Helen answered: —

My dear Friend, — Mother wrote me yesterday that she needed my help in packing. We go back to Cesarea on the 9th, and I shall therefore be in Windover for the twenty-four hours preceding our start. . . . Do not suffer so! I told you that I trusted you. And I always shall.

Yours faithfully, H. C.

It was a chilly September evening. The early dark of the coming autumn leaned from a clouded sky. The golden-rod and asters on the side of the avenue looked dim under the glimmer of the hotel lights, and the scarlet petals of the geraniums in the flower-beds were falling. In the harbor the anchored fleets flung out their headlights above a tossing sea. There was no rowing. The floats were deserted.

The guests, few now, and elect, of the sort that know and love the September Windover, clustered around the fireplace in the big parlor of the Mainsail. On the piazza of the Flying Jib the trunks stood strapped for the late evening porter and the early morning train. Bayard heard Helen's voice in the rooms overhead, while he sat, with whirling brain, making such adieus as he could master to the Professor and Mrs. Carruth. He thought that the Professor looked at him with unwonted keenness; he might have called it sternness, if he had given himself time to reflect upon it. Reflect he did not, would not. He asked distinctly for Miss Helen. Her mother went to call her, and did not return. Professor Carruth lingered a few moments, and excused himself. The proofs of the article on the Unforgiven had come by the evening mail; he had six galleys to correct that night. He shook hands with Bayard somewhat abstractedly, and went over to the clam study, swinging a lantern on his thin arm to light the meadow path.

"It is too cold for Father over there, to-night," said Helen immediately, when she and Bayard were left alone. "I don't think he ought to go. The Unforgiven are always up to some mischief. I would accept the doctrine of eternal punishment to get rid of them. I 'm glad they 've got as far along toward it as proof-sheets."

"Am I keeping your father out of this warm room?" asked Bayard, with his quick perception. He glanced at the open fire on the hearth. "That won't do!" he said decidedly, rising.

"Oh, I did n't mean *that!*" cried Helen, flushing.

"It is true, all the same, whether you meant it or not," returned Bayard. "I shall stay but a few moments. Would you mind putting on something warm, and walking with me — for a little? We can go over to the clam study and get him."

"Very well," said Helen somewhat distantly.

She wore a summer traveling-dress of

purple serge, fastened at the throat with a gold pansy. A long, thick cape with a hood lay upon the sofa.

"Mother's waterproof will do," she said. She wrapped it quickly around her, and they started out. Something in the utter absence of vanity which led a girl at such a moment to wear the most unbecoming thing that she could put hands on roused a keen throb of admiration in Bayard. Then he remembered, with a pang, the anomaly of the situation. Why should she *wish* to make herself beautiful to him? What had he done — great heavens! what *could* he do, to deserve or to justify the innocent coquetries of a beloved and loving woman?

Helen pulled the hood of the cloak far over her head. And yet, what a look she had! The severity and simplicity of her appearance added to the gravity of her face a charm which he had never seen before. How womanly, how strong, how rich and ripe a being! He drew her hand through his arm authoritatively. She did not resent this trifling act of mastery. His fingers trembled; his arm shook as she leaned upon it. They struck out upon the meadow path in the dark, and for a moment neither spoke. Then he said:

"I have something to say to you. I shall wait till we have sent the Professor back."

"That will be better," said Helen, not without embarrassment. They came to the clam study, and he waited outside while she said: —

"Come, Papa! Put the Unforgiven in your pocket, and go back to the fire! Mr. Bayard and I are going to walk."

The Professor meekly obeyed, and Helen locked the door of the fish-house, and put the key in her pocket.

"I shall give it to Mr. Salt to-night," she said. "We start at 7.20. Pepper is going to take us over."

These trivial words staggered Bayard's self-control.

"You always leave — so — early!" he stammered.

"Does that make it any worse?" she asked, trying to smile. It was not a very successful smile, and Bayard saw that. They were approaching the electric arc that lighted the entrance to the beach. The cold light lay white on her face. Its expression startled him.

"Everything makes it worse!" he groaned. "It is as bad as it can be!"

"I can see how it might have been worse," said Helen.

"That 's more than I can do. What do you mean?"

"I would rather not tell you," replied Helen, with gentle dignity.

"Tell me what you mean!"

He turned about and lifted her averted face; he touched her with the tip of one trembling finger under the chin.

"I prefer not to tell you, Mr. Bayard."

She did not flush nor blush. Her eyes met his steadily. Something in them sent the mad color racing across his face.

"Forgive me! I have no right to insist — I forgot — I have none to anything. I have no right to hear — to see — *anything*. God have mercy upon me!"

He put out his shaking hand, and gently covered with it her uplifted eyes; veiling from his own gaze the most sacred sight on earth. It was a beautiful act, and so delicately done that Helen felt as if a spirit had touched her.

But when she came to herself, and gave him her eyes again, with their accustomed calm feminine disguise, she saw no spirit, but the passionate face of a man who loved her and despaired of her as she had seen no man love or despair before.

"I cannot even ask for the chance to *try!*" he cried. "I am as much shut out as a beggar in the street. I ought to be as dumb before you as the thousand-years dead! And yet, God help me — I am a live man, and I love you. I have no right to seek a right — I wrong you and myself by every word I say, by every moment I spend in your presence. Good-

by!" he said, with cruel abruptness, holding out his hand.

Helen did not take it. She turned her back to the great arc, and looked out to sea. Her figure, in its hooded cloak, stood strongly against the cold, white light. The tide rose upon the deserted beach insistently. The breakers roared on the distant shore.

"You must see — you must understand," he groaned. "I am a poor man — poorer than you ever took the trouble to think. A heretic, unpopular, out of the world, an obscure, struggling fellow, slighted, forgotten — no friends but a handful of fishermen and drunkards — and living on — what do you suppose my salary is?"

"It never occurred to me to suppose," said Helen, lifting her head proudly.

"Five hundred dollars a year; to be collected if possible, to be dispensed with if necessary."

He jerked the words out bitterly. His fancy, with terrible distinctness, took forbidden photographs by flash-light. He saw this daughter of conventional Cesarea, this child of ease and indulgence, living at Mrs. Granite's, boarding on prunes and green tea. He saw her trying to shake down the coal fire on a January day, while he was out making parish calls; sitting in the bony rocking-chair with the Turkey-red cushion, beside the screen where the paper Cupid forever tasted uneaten fruit. He saw the severe St. Michael looking down from the wall on that young, warm woman-creature. He saw her sweep across the old, darned carpet in her purple robes, with gold at her throat and wrists. He saw her lift her soft arms. He saw — Now he put his hands before his own eyes.

"Oh, do not suffer so!" said Helen in a faltering voice. "Do not, do not mind it — so much! It — it breaks my heart!"

These timid, womanly words recalled Bayard to himself.

"Before I break your heart," he cried, "I ought to be sawn asunder!

". . . Let us talk of this a little," he said in a changed tone. "Just a word. You must see — you *must* understand my position. What another man would say, in my place, I cannot say — to any woman. What I would die for the right to ask, I may not ask."

"I understand," said Helen almost inaudibly. She still stood with her back to the light, and her face to the sea.

"I love you! I love you!" he repeated. "It is *because* I love you — Oh, do you see? *Can* you see?"

Helen made no reply. How could he know that she dared not trust herself, at that moment, to articulate? Her silence seemed to the tortured man more cruel than the bitterest word which ever fell from the lip of a proud and injured woman.

Now again the camera of his whirling brain took instantaneous negatives. He saw himself doing what other men had done before him: abandoning a doubtful experiment of the conscience to win a woman's love. He saw himself chopping the treadmill of his unpopular, unsuccessful work to chips: a few strong blows would do it; the discouraged people would merge themselves in the respectable churches; the ripples that he had raised in the fishing-town would close over, and his submerged work would sink to the bottom and leave no sign. A few reformed drunkards would go on a spree; a few fishermen would feel neglected for a while; the scarlet and white fires of the Church of the Love of Christ would go out on Angel Alley. In a year Windover would be what Windover was. The eye of the great Christ would gaze no more upon him through the veil of coarse gauze; while he — free — a new man — with life before him, like other men, and the right to love — like any other man —

"*That*," he said solemnly, as if he had spoken aloud, "is impossible. There

could be only that one way. I cannot take it."

"No," she said, lifting her head, as if he had explained it all to her, "no. You could never do *that*. I would not have you do that for — for all that could happen — for" — she faltered.

"Great God!" thought Bayard, "and I cannot even *ask* her how much she cares — if she could ever learn or try to love me."

He felt suddenly a strange weakness. He leaned against a boulder for support, coughing painfully. It seemed to him as if he were inwardly bleeding to death.

"Oh!" cried Helen, turning about swiftly and showing her own white face. "You are not well — you suffer. This will not — must not — I cannot bear it!" she said bravely, but with a quivering lip. "Give me your arm, Mr. Bayard, and let us get home."

He obeyed her in silence. He felt, in truth, too spent to speak. They got back to the door of the cottage, and Helen led him in. Her father was not in the parlor, and her mother had gone to bed. The fire had fallen to embers. Helen motioned him to an easy-chair, and knelt, coaxing the blaze, and throwing on pine wood to start it. She looked so womanly, so gentle, so homelike and lovelike, on her knees in the firelight there, caring for the comfort of the exhausted man, that the sight was more than he could bear. He covered his eyes.

"The fire flares so, coming in from the dark," he said.

She stepped softly about, and brought him wine and crackers; but he shook his head.

"My little tea-urn is packed," she said, smiling, trying to look as if nothing had happened. "I would have made you such a cup of tea as you never tasted!"

"Spare me!" he pleaded. "Don't you suppose I know that?"

He rose manfully, as soon as he could. She stood in the firelight, looking up. A quiver passed over her delicate chin. He held out his hand. She put her strong, warm clasp within it.

"I told you that I trusted you," she said distinctly. "Believe me, and go in peace."

"I don't know another woman in the world who would!" cried Bayard.

"Then let me be that only one," she answered. "I am proud to be."

He could not reply. They stood with clasped hands. Their eyes did not embrace, but comradeship entered them.

"You will let me write?" he pleaded, at last.

"Yes."

"And see you — sometimes?"

"Yes."

"And trust me — in spite of all?"

"I have said it."

"My blessing is n't worth much," he said brokenly, "but for what it is — Oh, my Love, God go with you!"

"And stay with you!" Helen whispered.

He laid her hand gently down, and turned away. She heard him shut the door, and walk feebly, coughing, up the avenue. He looked back, once. He saw her standing between the lace curtains, with her arms upraised, and her hand above her eyes, steadily looking out into the dark.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

It was morning upon the mountains where the vapors hung like a veil;
Not a shaft of light shone vermeil-bright, for the porch of the east was pale.
But the horses pawed in the traces, ears pricked for the word "away,"
As though a sapphire sheen was spread instead of a pall of gray.
So up we sprang to our places, and into the mist we flung,
With a whirl of whip, and a laugh on lip, and a quip from the driver's tongue.
The tumble and toss of waters went with us as we wound,
And the ribbon of road outspun ahead, and the narrowing rock-slopes frowned;
Then the climbing cliffs were lost in cloud, and into the gorge of gloom
With never a moment's pause we plunged, as into the gates of doom.
And ever down, and ever down, by the brink of a black abyss,
Did our wild way lead with a dizzy speed where a torrent leaped with a hiss;
Here the artful imps of Echo played their antics about our ears,
Until delight at our forward flight gave way to a brood of fears.
But lo! a curve, and a sudden swerve, and the ghosts of fright were gone,
For the shroud of cloud was backward swept like the miracle of dawn;
And there below in the golden glow the land of our longing lay,
While the mirror of Maggiore burned in the distance far away;
There were the vine-clad slopes of our hopes, and the slender spearlike towers;
A springing pace in the downward race — *and Italy was ours!*

Clinton Scollard.

THE ELIZABETHAN SEA KINGS.

When one thinks of the resounding chorus of gratulations with which the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was lately heralded to a listening world, it is curious and instructive to notice the sort of comment which that great event called forth upon the occasion of its third centenary, while the independence of the United States was as yet a novel and ill-appreciated fact. In America very little fuss was made. Railroads were as yet unknown, and the era of world's fairs had not begun. Of local celebrations there were two, — one held in New York, the other in Boston; and as in 1892, so in 1792, New York followed the Old Style date, the 12th of October, while Boston undertook to correct the date for New Style. The work was bungled, however, and the 23d of October was selected instead of the true date, the 21st. In New York the affair was conducted by the Tammany Society, in Boston by the Massachusetts Historical Society, whose founder, Dr. Jeremy Belknap, delivered a very thoughtful and scholarly address upon the occasion. Both commemorations of the day were extremely quiet and modest.

In Europe little heed was paid to America and its discovery, except in France, which had lately participated in our Revolutionary War, and was just embarking upon its own Revolution, so very different in its character and fortunes. Without knowing much about America, the Frenchmen of that day were fond of using it to point a moral

and adorn a tale. In 1770 the famous Abbé Raynal had published his Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the Two Indies, a book in ten volumes, which for a time enjoyed immense popularity. Probably not less than one third of it was written by Diderot, and more than a dozen other writers contributed to its pages; while the abbé, in editing the various chapters and adding more from his own hand, showed himself blissfully ignorant of the need for any such thing as critical judgment in writing history. In an indescribably airy and superficial manner, the narrative flits over the whole vast field of the intercourse of Europeans with the outlying parts of the earth discovered since the days of Columbus and Gama; until, in the last chapter of the last volume, we are suddenly confronted with the question, What is all this worth? Our author answers confidently, Nothing! worse than nothing! The world would have been much better off if America had never been discovered, and the ocean route to Asia had remained unknown!

This opinion seems to have been a favorite hobby with the worthy Raynal; for in 1787, in view of the approaching tercentenary, we find him proposing to the Academy of Lyons the offer of a prize of fifty louis for the best essay upon the question whether the discovery of America had been a blessing or a curse to mankind. It was furthermore suggested that the essay should discuss the most practicable methods of increasing the benefits and diminishing the ills that had flowed and continued to flow from that memorable event. The announcement of the subject aroused considerable interest, and a few essays were written, but the prize seems never to have been awarded. One of these essays was by the Marquis de Chastellux, who had served in America as major-general in the army of Count Rochambeau. The accomplished author maintains, chiefly on economic grounds, that the discovery has been beneficial to mankind. In one place, mindful of the triumph of the American cause in the grand march upon Yorktown wherein he had himself taken part, he exclaims, "O land of Washington and Franklin, of Hancock and Adams, who could ever wish thee non-existent for them and for us?" To this Baron Grimm replied, "Perhaps he will wish it who reflects that the independence of the United States has cost France nearly two thousand million francs, and is hastening in Europe a revolutionary outbreak which had better be postponed or averted."[1] To most of the French philosophers, no doubt, Chastellux seemed far too much of an optimist, and the writer who best expressed their sentiments was the Abbé Genty, who published at Orleans, in 1787, an elaborate essay, in two small volumes, entitled The Influence of the Discovery of America upon the Happiness of the Human Race. Genty has no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that the influence has been chiefly for the bad. Think what a slaughter there had been of innocent and high-minded red men by brutal and ruthless whites! for the real horrors described by Las Casas were viewed, a century ago, in the light of Rousseau's droll notions as to the exalted virtues of the noble savage. Think, too, how most of the great European wars since the Peace of Westphalia had grown out of quarrels about colonial empire! Clearly, Columbus had come with a sword, not with an olive branch, and had but opened a new chapter in the long Iliad of human woe. Against such undeniable evils, what benefits could be alleged except the extension of commerce? — and that, says Genty, means merely the multiplication of human wants, which is not in itself a thing to be desired. One unqualified benefit, however, Genty and all the other writers upon this

[1] Grimm et Diderot, Correspondance Littéraire, xv. 325.

subject freely admit: the introduction of quinine into Europe, and its use in averting fevers. That item of therapeutics is the one cheery note in the mournful chorus of disparagement, so long as our attention is confined to the past. In the future, perhaps, better things might be hoped for. Along the Atlantic coast of North America a narrow fringe of English-speaking colonies had lately established their political independence, and succeeded in setting on foot a federal government under the presidency of George Washington. The success of this enterprise might put a new face upon things, and ultimately show that, after all, the discovery of the New World was a blessing to mankind. So says the Abbé Genty in his curious little book, which even to-day is well worth reading.

If now, after the lapse of another century, we pause to ask the question why the world was so much more interested in the western hemisphere in 1892 than in 1792, we may fairly say that it was because of the constructive work that had been done here in the interval by men who speak English. Surely, if there were nothing to show but the sort of work in colonization and nation-making that characterized Spanish America under its Old Régime, there would be small reason for celebrating the completion of another century of such work. During the present century, indeed, various parts of Spanish America have begun to take on a fresh political and social life, so that in the future much may be hoped for them. But the ideas and methods which have guided this revival have been largely the ideas and methods of English-speaking people, however imperfectly conceived and reproduced. The whole story of this hemisphere since Genty wrote gives added point to his opinion that its value to mankind would be determined chiefly by what the people of the United States were likely to do.

The smile with which one regards the world-historic importance accorded to the discovery of quinine is an index of the feeling that there are broad ways and narrow ways of dealing with such matters. To one looking through a glass of small calibre a great historical problem may resolve itself into a question of food and drugs. Your anti-tobacco fanatic might contend that civilized men would have been much better off had they never become acquainted with the Indian weed. An economist might more reasonably point to potatoes and maize — to say nothing of many other products peculiar to the New World — as acquisitions of which the value can hardly be overestimated. To reckon the importance of a new piece of territory from a survey of its material productions is of course the first and most natural method. The Spanish conquerors valued America for its supply of precious metals, and set little store by other things in comparison. But for the discovery of gold mines in 1496 the Spanish colony founded by Columbus in Hispaniola would doubtless have been abandoned. That was but the first step in the finding of gold and silver in enormous quantities, and thenceforth for a long time the Spanish Crown regarded its transatlantic territories as an inexhaustible mine of wealth. But the value of money to mankind depends upon the uses to which it is put; and here it is worth our while to notice the chief use to which Spain applied her American treasure during the sixteenth century.

The relief of the Church from threatening dangers was, in those days, the noblest and most sacred function of wealth. When Columbus aimed his prow westward from the Canaries, in quest of the treasures of Asia, its precious stones, its silk stuffs, its rich shawls and rugs, its corals and dyewoods, its aromatic spices, he expected to acquire vast wealth for the sovereigns who employed him, and no mean fortune for himself. In all negotiations he insisted upon a good round percentage, and could no more be induced to budge from his price than the

old Roman Sibyl with her books. Of petty self-seeking and avarice there was probably no more in this than in commercial transactions generally. The wealth thus sought by Columbus was not so much an end as a means. His spirit was that of a crusader, and his aim was, not to discover a new world (an idea which seems never once to have entered his head), but to acquire the means for driving the Turk from Europe and setting free the Holy Sepulchre. Had he been told upon his melancholy deathbed that, instead of finding a quick route to Cathay, he had only discovered a new world, it would probably have added fresh bitterness to death.

But if this lofty and ill-understood enthusiast failed in his search for the treasures of Cathay, it was at all events not long before Cortes and Pizarro succeeded in finding the treasures of Mexico and Peru, and the crusading scheme of Columbus descended as a kind of legacy to the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the magnanimous but sometimes misguided Charles, the sombre and terrible Philip. It remained a crusading scheme, but, no longer patterned after that of Godfrey and Tancred, it imitated the mad folly which had once extinguished in southern Gaul the most promising civilization of the age. Instead of a Spanish crusade which might have expelled the most worthless and dangerous of barbarians from eastern Europe, it became a Spanish crusade against everything in the shape of political and religious freedom, whether at home or abroad. The year in which Spanish eyes first beheld the carved serpents on Central American temples was the year in which Martin Luther nailed his defiance to the church door at Wittenberg. From the outworn crust of mediævalism the modern spirit of individual freedom and individual responsibility was emerging, and for ninety years all Europe was rent with the convulsions that ensued. In the doubtful struggle Spain engaged herself further and further, until by 1570 she had begun to sacrifice to it all her energies. Whence did Philip II. get the sinews of war with which he supported Alva and Farnese, and built the Armada called Invincible? Largely from America; partly also from the East Indies, since Portugal and her colonies were seized by Philip in 1580.

Thus were the firstfruits of the heroic age of discovery, both to east and to west of Borgia's meridian, devoted to the service of the Church with a vengeance, as one might say, — a lurid vengeance withal, and ruthless. By the year 1609, when Spain sullenly retired, baffled and browbeaten, from the Dutch Netherlands, she had taken from America more gold and silver than would to-day be represented by five thousand million dollars, and most of this huge treasure she had employed in maintaining the gibbet for political reformers and the stake for heretics. In view of this gruesome fact, Mr. Charles Francis Adams has lately asked the question whether the discovery of America was not, after all, for at least a century, fraught with more evil than benefit to mankind. One certainly cannot help wondering what might have been the immediate result had such an immense revenue been at the disposal of William and Elizabeth rather than Philip.

Such questions are not so simple as they may seem. It is not altogether clear that such a reversal of the conditions from the start would have been of unmixed benefit to the English and Dutch. After the five thousand millions had been scattered to the winds, altering the purchasing power of money in all directions, it was Spain that was impoverished, while her adversaries were growing rich and strong. A century of such unproductive expenditure went far toward completing the industrial ruin of Spain, already begun in the last Moorish wars, and afterward consummated by the expulsion of the Moriscos. The Spanish discovery of America abundantly illustrates the truths that if gold were

to become as plentiful as iron it would be worth much less than iron, and that it is not inflation, but production, that makes a nation wealthy. In so far as the discovery of America turned men's minds from steady industry to gold-hunting, it was a dangerous source of weakness to Spain; and it was probably just as well for England that the work of Cortes and Pizarro was not done for her.

But the great historic fact, most conspicuous among the consequences of the discovery of America, is the fact that colonial empire, for England and for Holland, grew directly out of the long war in which Spain used American and East Indian treasure with which to subdue the English and Dutch peoples, and to suppress the principles of civil and religious liberty that they represented. The Dutch tore away from Spain the best part of her East Indian empire, and the glorious Elizabethan sea kings, who began the work of crippling Philip II. in America, led the way directly to the English colonization of Virginia. Thus we are introduced to the most important aspect of the discovery of America. It opened up a fresh soil, enormous in extent and capacity, for the possession of which the lower and higher types of European civilization and social polity were to struggle. In this new arena the maritime peoples of western Europe fought for supremacy; and the conquest of so vast a field has given to the ideas of the victorious people and to their type of social polity an unprecedented opportunity for growth and development. Sundry sturdy European ideas, transplanted into this western soil, have triumphed over all competitors, and thriven so mightily as to react upon all parts of the Old World, some more, some less, and thus to modify the whole course of civilization. This is the deepest significance of the discovery of America, and a due appreciation of it gives to our history, from its earliest stages, an epic grandeur, as the successive situations unfold themselves, and events with unmistakable emphasis record their moral. In the conflict of Titans that absorbed the energies of the sixteenth century, the question whether it should be the world of Calderon or the world of Shakespeare that was to gain indefinite power of future expansion was a question of incalculable importance to mankind.

The beginnings of the history of English-speaking America are thus to be sought in the history of the antagonism between Spain and England that grew out of the circumstances of the Protestant Reformation. It was as the storehouse of the enemy's treasure and the chief source of his supplies that America first excited real interest among the English people. English ships had indeed crossed the Atlantic many years before this warfare broke out. The example set by Columbus had been promptly followed by John Cabot and his young son Sebastian, in the two memorable voyages of 1497 and 1498, but the interest aroused by those voyages was very short-lived. In later days, it suited the convenience of England to cite them in support of her claim to priority in the discovery of the continent of North America; but many years elapsed before the existence of any such continent was distinctly known, and before England cared to put forth any such claim. All that contemporaries could see was that the Cabots had sailed westward in search of the boundless treasures of Cathay, and had come home empty-handed, without finding any of the cities described by Marco Polo, or meeting any civilized men. So little work was found for Sebastian Cabot that he passed into the service of Spain, and turned his attention to voyages in the South Atlantic. Such scanty record was kept of the voyages of 1497 and 1498 that we cannot tell what land the Cabots first saw; whether it was the bleak coast of northern Labrador, or some point as far south as Cape Breton, is still a matter of dispute. The case was almost the same as with the voyage of Pinzon and Vespucius,

whose ships were off Cape Honduras within a day or two after Cabot's northern landfall, and who, after a sojourn at Tampico, passed between Cuba and Florida at the end of April, 1498. In the one case, as in the other, the expeditions sank into obscurity because they found no gold.

The triumphant return of Gama from Hindustan, in the summer of 1499, turned all men's eyes to southern routes, and little heed was paid to the wild, inhospitable shores visited by John Cabot and his son. The sole exception to the general neglect was the case of the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland. From the beginning of the sixteenth century European vessels came almost yearly to catch fish there; but at first Englishmen took little or no part in this, for they had long been wont to get their fish in the waters about Iceland, and they were some years in making the change. On the bright August day of 1527 when Master John Rut sailed into the bay of St. John, in Newfoundland, he found two Portuguese, one Breton, and eleven Norman ships fishing there. Basques, also, came frequently to the spot. Down to that time it is not likely that the thought of the western shores of the Atlantic entered the heads of Englishmen any oftener than the thought of the Antarctic continent, discovered sixty years ago, enters the heads of men in Boston to-day.

The lack of general interest in maritime discovery is shown by the fact that down to 1576, so far as we can make out, only twelve books upon the subject had been published in England, and these were in great part translations of works published in other countries. The earliest indisputable occurrence of the name America in any printed English document is in a play called A New Interlude and a Mery of the Nature of the IIII Elements, which was probably published in 1519. About the same time there appeared from an Antwerp press a small book entitled Of the Newe Landes and of y^e^ People found by the Messengers of the Kynge of Portugal; in it occurs the name "Armenica," which is probably a misprint for "America," since the account of it is evidently taken from the account which Vespucius gives of the natives of Brazil, and in its earliest use the name America was equivalent to Brazil. With the exception of a dim reference to Columbus in Sebastian Brandt's Ship of Fools, these are the only references to the New World that can be found in English literature previous to 1553. The youthful Edward VI., who died that year, had succeeded in recalling Sebastian Cabot from Spain, and under the leadership of that navigator was formed the joint stock company quaintly entitled "The Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknown." It was the first of that series of sagacious and daring combinations of capital, of which the East India Company has been the most famous. It was afterwards more briefly known as the Muscovy Company. Under its auspices, on the 21st of May, 1553, an English fleet of exploration, under Sir Hugh Willoughby, set sail down the Thames, while the cheers of thronging citizens were borne through the windows of the palace at Greenwich to the ears of the sick young king. The ill-fated expedition, seeking a northeasterly passage to Cathay, was wrecked on the coast of Lapland, and only one of the ships got home, but the interest in maritime adventure grew rapidly. A few days before Edward's death, Richard Eden published his Treatyse of the Newe India, which was largely devoted to the discoveries in America. Two years later, in 1555, Eden followed this by his Decades of the Newe World, in great part a version of Peter Martyr's Latin. This delightful book for the first time made the English people acquainted with the results of maritime discovery in all quarters since the great voyage of

1492. It enjoyed a wide popularity; poets and dramatists of the next generation read it in their boyhood, and found their horizon wondrously enlarged. In its pages Shakespeare must have learned the name of that Patagonian deity Setebos, which Caliban twice lets fall from his grotesque lips. Three years after Eden's second book saw the light the long reign of Queen Elizabeth began, and with it the antagonism, destined year by year to wax more violent and deadly, between England and Spain.

Meanwhile, English mariners had already taken a hand in the African slave trade, which since 1442 had been monopolized by the Portuguese. It is always difficult to say with entire confidence just who first began anything, but William Hawkins, an enterprising merchant of Plymouth, made a voyage on the Guinea coast as early as 1530, or earlier, and carried away a few slaves. It was his son, the famous Captain John Hawkins, who became the real founder of the English trade in slaves. In this capacity Americans have little reason to remember his name with pleasure, yet it would be a grave mistake to visit him with unmeasured condemnation. Few sturdier defenders of political freedom for white men have ever existed, and among the valiant sea kings who laid the foundations of England's maritime empire he was one of the foremost. It is worthy of notice that Queen Elizabeth regarded the opening of the slave trade as an achievement worthy of honorable commemoration; for when she made Hawkins a knight she gave him for a crest the device of a negro's head and bust with the arms tightly pinioned, or, in the language of heraldry, "a demi-Moor proper bound with a cord." Public opinion on the subject of slavery was neatly expressed by Captain Lok, who declared that the negroes were "a people of beastly living, without God, law, religion, or commonwealth;"[1] and he deemed himself their benefactor in carrying them off to a Christian land where their bodies might be decently clothed and their souls made fit for heaven. Exactly three centuries after Captain Lok, in the decade preceding our Civil War, I used to hear the very same defense of slavery preached in a Connecticut pulpit; so that perhaps we are not entitled to frown too severely upon Elizabeth's mariners. It takes men a weary while to learn the wickedness of anything that puts gold in their purses.

It was in 1562 that John Hawkins made his first famous expedition to the coast of Guinea, where he took three hundred slaves and carried them over to San Domingo. It was illicit traffic, of course, but the Spanish planters and miners were too much in need of cheap labor to scrutinize too jealously the source from which it was offered. The Englishman found no difficulty in selling his negroes, and sailed for home with his three ships loaded with sugar and ginger, hides and pearls. The profits were large, and in 1564 the experiment was repeated with still greater success. On the way home, early in August, 1565, Hawkins stopped at the mouth of the St. John's River in Florida, and found there a woebegone company of starving Frenchmen. They were the party of René de Laudonnière, awaiting the return of their chief commander, Jean Ribaut, from France. Their presence on that shore was the first feeble expression of the master thought that in due course of time originated the United States of America, and the author of that master thought was the great Admiral Coligny. The Huguenot wars had lately broken out in France, but already that far-sighted statesman had seen the commercial and military advantages to be gained by founding a Protestant state in America. After an unsuccessful attempt upon the coast of Brazil, he had sent Jean Ribaut to Florida, and the little colony was now suffering the

[1] Froude, History of England, viii. 439.

frightful hardships that were the lot of most new-comers into the American wilderness. Hawkins treated these poor Frenchmen with great kindness, and his visit with them was pleasant. He has left an interesting account of the communal house of the Indians in the neighborhood, an immense barnlike frame house, with stanchions and rafters of untrimmed logs, and a roof thatched with palmetto leaves. Hawkins liked the flavor of Indian meal, and in his descriptions of the ways of cooking it one easily recognizes both hasty pudding and hoe-cake. He thought it would have been more prudent in the Frenchmen if they had raised corn for themselves instead of stealing it from the Indians and arousing a dangerous hostility. For liquid refreshment they had been thrown upon their own resources, and had contrived to make a thousand gallons or more of something called claret from the native grapes of the country. A letter of John Winthrop reminds us that the Puritan settlers of Boston, in their first summer, also made wine of wild grapes, and, according to Adam of Bremen, the same thing was done by the Northmen in Vinland, in the eleventh century; showing that in one age and clime as well as in another thirst is the mother of invention.

As the Frenchmen were on the verge of despair, Hawkins left them one of his ships in which to return to France; but he had scarcely departed when the long-expected Ribaut arrived with reinforcements; and soon after him came that terrible Spaniard, Menendez, who butchered the whole company, men, women, and children, about seven hundred Huguenots in all. Some half dozen escaped, and were lucky enough to get picked up by a friendly ship and carried to England. Among them was the painter Le Moine, who became a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and aroused much interest with his drawings of American beasts, birds, trees, and flowers. The story of the massacre awakened fierce indignation. Hostility to Spain was rapidly increasing in England, and the idea of Coligny began to be entertained by a few sagacious heads. If France could not plant a Protestant state in America, perhaps England could. A little later we find Le Moine consulted by the gifted half-brothers, Humphrey Gilbert and Walter Raleigh.

Meanwhile, in 1567, the gallant Hawkins went on an eventful voyage, with five stout ships, one of which was commanded by a very capable and well-educated young man, afterwards and until Nelson's time celebrated as the greatest of English seamen. Francis Drake was a native of Devonshire, son of a poor clergyman. He had already gathered experience in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main; this notable voyage taught him the same kind of feeling toward Spaniards that Hannibal cherished toward Romans. After the usual traffic among the islands the little squadron was driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in the port of San Juan de Ulua, at the present site of Vera Cruz. There was no force there fit to resist Hawkins, and it is droll to find that pious hero, such a man of psalms and prayers, pluming himself upon his virtue in not seizing some Spanish ships in the harbor, laden with what we should call five million dollars' worth of silver. The next day a fleet of thirteen ships from Spain arrived upon the scene. Hawkins could perhaps have kept them from entering the harbor, but he shrank from the responsibility of bringing on a battle in time of peace; the queen might disapprove of it. So Hawkins parleyed with the Spaniards; a solemn covenant of mutual forbearance was made and sworn to, and he let them into the harbor. But the orthodox Catholic of those days sometimes entertained peculiar views about keeping faith with heretics. Had not his Holiness Alexander VI. given all this New World to Spain? Poachers must be warned off; the Huguenots had learned a lesson in

Florida, and it was now the Englishmen's turn. So Hawkins was treacherously attacked, and after a desperate combat, in which fire-ships were used, three of his vessels were destroyed. The other two got out to sea, but with so scanty a larder that the crews were soon glad to eat cats and dogs, rats and mice, and boiled parrots. It became necessary to set one hundred and fourteen men ashore somewhere to the north of Tampico. Some of these men took northeasterly trails, and mostly perished in the woods; but David Ingram and two companions made their way across the continent, and after eleven months were picked up on the coast of Nova Scotia by a friendly French vessel and taken back to Europe. About seventy, led by Anthony Goddard, less prudently marched toward the city of Mexico, and fell into the clutches of the Inquisition: three were burned at the stake, and all the rest were cruelly flogged and sent to the galleys for life. When the news of this affair reached England, a squadron of Spanish treasure-ships, chased into the Channel by Huguenot cruisers, had just sought refuge in English harbors, and the queen detained them in reprisal for the injury done to Hawkins.

News had lately come of the bloody vengeance wreaked by Dominique de Gourgues upon the Spaniards in Florida, and the cruelties of Alva were fast goading the Netherlands into rebellion. Next year, 1570, on a fresh May morning, the papal bull "declaring Elizabeth deposed and her subjects absolved from their allegiance was found nailed against the Bishop of London's door;" [1] and when the rash young gentleman who had put it there was discovered, he was taken back to that doorstep and quartered alive. Two years later came the Paris Matins on the day of St. Bartholomew, when the English ambassador openly gave shelter to Huguenots in his house. Elizabeth's policy leaned more and more decidedly toward defiance of the Catholic powers, until it culminated in alliance with the revolted Netherlands, in January, 1578. Meanwhile the interest in America quickly increased. Those were the years when Martin Frobisher made his glorious voyages in the Arctic Ocean, soon to be followed by John Davis. Almost yearly Drake crossed the ocean, and more than once attacked and ravaged the Spanish settlements in revenge for the treachery at San Juan de Ulua. Books and pamphlets about America began to come somewhat frequently from the press.

[1] Froude, History of England, x. 59.

It is worth our while here to pause for a moment and remark upon the size and strength of the nation that was so soon to contend successfully for the mastery of the sea. There is something so dazzling in the brilliancy of the age of Queen Bess, it is so crowded with romantic incidents, it fills so large a place in our minds, that we hardly realize how small England then was, according to modern standards of measurement. Two centuries earlier, in the reign of Edward III., the population of England had reached about 5,000,000, when the Black Death, at one fell swoop, destroyed at least half the number. In Elizabeth's time the loss had just about been repaired. Her England was therefore slightly less populous, and it was surely far less wealthy, than either New York or Pennsylvania in 1890. The Dutch Netherlands had perhaps somewhat fewer people than England, but surpassed her in wealth. These two allies were pitted against the greatest military power that had existed in Europe since the days of Constantine the Great. To many the struggle seemed hopeless. For England the true policy was limited by circumstances. She could send troops across the Channel to help the Dutch in their stubborn resistance, but to try to land a force in the Spanish peninsula for aggressive warfare would be sheer madness. The shores of America and the open sea were the proper field of war for England. Her task was to paralyze the giant by cutting

off his supplies; and in this there was hope of success, for no defensive fleet, however large, could watch all Philip's enormous possessions at once. The English navy, first permanently organized under Henry VIII., grew rapidly in Elizabeth's reign, under the direction of her incomparable seamen; and the policy she adopted was crowned with such success that Philip II. lived to see his treasury bankrupt.

This policy was gradually adopted soon after the fight at San Juan de Ulua, and long before there was any declaration of war. The extreme laxness of that age, in respect of international law, made it possible for such things to go on to an extent that now seems scarcely comprehensible. The wholesale massacre of Frenchmen in Florida, for example, occurred at a time of profound peace between France and Spain, and reprisal was made, not by the French government, but by a private gentleman who had to sell his ancestral estate to raise the money. It quite suited Elizabeth's tortuous policy, in contending against formidable odds, to be able either to assume or to disclaim responsibility for the deeds of her captains. Those brave men well understood the situation, and, with earnest patriotism and chivalrous loyalty, not only accepted it, but even urged the queen to be allowed to serve her interests at their own risk. In a letter handed to her in November, 1577, the writer begs to be allowed to destroy all Spanish ships caught fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, and adds, "If you will let us first do this, we will next take the West Indies from Spain. You will have the gold and silver mines and the profit of the soil. You will be monarch of the seas, and out of danger from every one. I will do it if you will allow me; only you must resolve, and not delay or dally — the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death." [1] The signature to this bold letter has been obliterated, but it sounds like Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and is believed to be his.

In connection with this it should be remembered that neither in England nor elsewhere, at that time, had the navy become fully a national affair, as it is at present. It was to a considerable extent supported by private speculation, and, as occasion required, a commercial voyage or a voyage of discovery might be suddenly transformed into a naval campaign. A flavor of buccaneering pervades nearly all the maritime operations of that age, and often leads modern writers to misunderstand or misjudge them. Thus it sometimes happens that so excellent a man as Sir Francis Drake, whose fame is forever a priceless possession for English-speaking people, is mentioned in popular books as a mere corsair, a kind of gentleman pirate. Nothing could show a more hopeless confusion of ideas. In a later generation the warfare characteristic of the Elizabethan age degenerated into piracy, and when Spain, fallen from her greatness, became a prey to the spoiler, a swarm of buccaneers infested the West Indies, and added a hideous chapter to the lurid history of those beautiful islands. They were mere robbers, and had nothing in common with the Elizabethan heroes except courage. From the deeds of Drake and Hawkins down to the deeds of Henry Morgan, the moral distance is as great as from slaying your antagonist in battle to murdering your neighbor for his purse.

It was Drake who first put into practice the policy of weakening Philip II. by attacking him in America. It served the direct purpose of destroying the sinews of war, and indirectly it neutralized for Europe some of Spain's naval strength by diverting it into American waters for self-defense. To do such work most effectively it seemed desirable to carry the warfare into the Pacific Ocean. The circumstances of its discovery had made Spanish America almost more of a Pacific than an Atlan-

[1] Brown's Genesis of the United States, i. 9.

tic power. The discoverers happened to approach the great double continent where it is narrowest, and the hunt for precious metals soon drew them to the Cordilleras and their western slopes. The mountain region, with its untold treasures of gold and silver, from New Mexico to Bolivia, became theirs. In acquiring it, they simply stepped into the place of the aboriginal conquering tribes, and carried on their work of conquest to completion. The new rulers conducted the government by their own Spanish methods, and the white race was superposed upon a more or less dense native population. There was no sort of likeness to colonies planted by England, but there were some points of resemblance to the position of the English in recent times as a ruling race in Hindustan. Such was the kind of empire which Spain had founded in America. Its position, chiefly upon the Pacific coast, rendered it secure against English conquest, though not against occasional damaging attacks. In South America, where it reached back in one or two remote points to the Atlantic coast, the chief purpose was to protect the approach to the silver mines of Bolivia by the open route of the river La Plata. It was this military need that was met by the growth of Buenos Ayres and the settlements in Paraguay, guarding the entrance and the lower reaches of the great silver river.

Soon after the affair of San Juan de Ulua, Drake conceived the idea of striking at this Spanish domain upon its unguarded Pacific side. In 1573, after marching across the Isthmus of Panama, the English mariner stood upon a mountain peak, not far from where Balboa, sixty years before, had stood, and looked down upon the waste of waters stretching away to shores unvisited and under stars unknown. And as he looked, says Camden, "vehemently transported with desire to navigate that sea, he fell upon his knees and implored the divine assistance that he might at some time sail thither and make a perfect discovery of the same." On the 15th of November, 1577, Drake set sail from Plymouth, on this hardy enterprise, with five good ships. It was a curious coincidence that in the following July and August, while wintering on the Patagonia coast at Port St. Julian, Drake should have discovered symptoms of conspiracy and felt obliged to behead one of his officers, as had been the case with Magellan at the same place. By the time he had passed the straits in his flagship, the Golden Hind,[1] he had quite lost sight of his consorts, who had deserted him in that watery labyrinth, as Gomez had stolen away from Magellan. For men of common mould a voyage in the remote South Sea still had its terrors; but the dauntless captain kept on with his single ship of twenty guns, and from Valparaiso northward along the Peruvian coast dashed into seaports and captured vessels, carrying away enormous treasures in gold and silver and jewels, besides such provisions as were needed for his crew. With other property he meddled but little, and no acts of wanton cruelty sullied his performances. After taking plunder worth millions of dollars, this corsair work gave place to scientific discovery, and the Golden Hind sailed far northward in search of a northeast passage into the Atlantic. Drake visited a noble bay, which may have been that of San Francisco, and sailed some distance along that coast, which he called New Albion. It is probable, though not quite certain, that he saw some portion of the coast of Oregon. Not finding any signs of a northeast passage, he turned his prow westward, crossed the Pacific, and returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, arriving at Plymouth in September, 1580. Some time afterward he went up the Thames to Deptford, where the queen came to dinner on

[1] Originally the Pelican; see Barrow's Life of Drake, pp. 113, 166, 171.

board the Golden Hind, and knighted on his own quarter-deck the bold captain who had first carried the English flag around the world. The enthusiastic chronicler Holinshed wished that, in memory of his grand achievement, the ship should be set upon the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, "that being discerned farre and neere, it might be noted and pointed at of people with these true termes: Yonder is the barke that hath sailed round about the world."[1] A different career awaited the sturdy Golden Hind; for many a year she was kept at Deptford, a worthy object of popular admiration, and her cabin was made into a banquet room, wherein young and old might partake of the mutton and ale of merry England; until at last, when the venerable ship herself had succumbed to the tooth of Time, a capacious chair was carved from her timbers and presented to the University of Oxford, where it may still be seen in the Bodleian Library. In it sat Abraham Cowley when he wrote the poem in which occur these verses:

"Drake and his ship could not have wished
from Fate
A happier station or more blest estate,
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford and to him in heaven."

Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1578, while the coasts of Chili were echoing the roar of the Golden Hind's cannon, a squadron of seven ships sailed from England, with intent to found a permanent colony on the Atlantic coast of North America. Its captain was one of the most eminent of Devonshire worthies, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and one of the ships was commanded by his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, a young man of six-and-twenty, who had lately returned from volunteer service in the Netherlands. The destination of the voyage was "Norumbega," which may have meant any place between the Hudson and Penobscot rivers, but was conceived with supreme vagueness, as may be seen from Michael Lok's map of 1582. This little fleet had at least one savage fight with Spaniards, and returned to Plymouth without accomplishing anything. In 1583 Gilbert sought a favorable place for settlement on the southern coast of Newfoundland, probably with a view to driving the Spaniards away from the fishing-grounds, but an ill fate overtook him. On the American coast his principal vessel crushed its bows against a sunken rock, and nearly all hands were lost. With two small ships the captain soon set sail for home, but his own tiny craft foundered in a terrible storm near Fayal. As she sank, Gilbert cheerily shouted over the taffrail to his consort, "The way to heaven is as near by sea as by land," — a speech, says his chronicler, "well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was."

It was not Raleigh's fault that he did not share the fate of his revered half-brother, for the queen's mind had been full of forebodings, and she had refused to let him go on the voyage. It was since the former disastrous expedition that Raleigh had so quickly risen in favor at court; that he had thrown down his velvet cloak as a mat for Elizabeth's feet, and had written on a window-pane the well-known verse which that royal coquette so cleverly capped. He became captain of the Queen's Guard and Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and was presented with the confiscated estates of traitors in England and Ireland. In 1584, when his late half-brother's patent for land in America expired, it was renewed in Raleigh's name. On March 25 was sealed the document that empowered him to "hold by homage remote heathen and barbarous lands, not actually possessed by any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people, which he might discover within the next six years." As had been the custom with Spanish and Portuguese grants to explorers, one fifth of the gold and silver to be obtained was to be reserved

[1] Barrow's Life of Drake, p. 167.

for the Crown. The heathen and barbarous land which Raleigh had in view was the Atlantic coast of North America so far as he might succeed in occupying it. He knew that Spain claimed it all as her own by virtue of the bull of Pope Alexander VI., but Elizabeth had already declared in 1581 that she cared nothing for papal bulls, and would recognize no Spanish claims to America save such as were based upon discovery followed by actual possession.[1] Raleigh's attention had long been turned toward Florida. In youth he had served in France under Coligny, and had opportunities for hearing that statesman's plan for founding a Protestant state in America discussed. We have seen Le Moine, the French artist who escaped from the massacre, consorting with Raleigh and with Sir Philip Sidney. Upon these men fell the mantle of Coligny, and the people of the United States may well be proud to point to such noble figures standing upon the threshold of our history.

The wealthy Raleigh could act promptly, and before five weeks had elapsed two ships, commanded by Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlowe, had started on a reconnoitring voyage. On the 4th of July, 1584, they reached the country now known as North Carolina, at some point not far from Cape Lookout. Thence a northerly run of over a hundred miles brought them to the New Inlet, through which they passed into Pamlico Sound and visited Roanoke Island. They admired the noble pine-trees and red cedars, marveled at the abundance of game, and found the native barbarians polite and friendly. Their attempt to learn the name of the country resulted as not uncommonly in such first conversations. The Indian of whom the question was asked had no idea what was meant, and uttered at random the Ollendorfian reply, "Win-gan-da-coa," which signified, "You wear handsome clothes." So when Amidas and Barlowe returned to England, they said they had visited a country by the name of Wingandacoa; but the queen, with a touch of the euphuism then so fashionable, suggested that it should be called in honor of herself, Virginia.

In the spring of 1585, Raleigh, who had lately been knighted, sent out a hundred or more men, commanded by Ralph Lane, to make the beginnings of a settlement. They were convoyed by Raleigh's cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, with seven well-armed ships. They entered Pamlico Sound through Ocracoke Inlet, and trouble with the natives at once began. One of the Indians stole a silver cup, and Grenville retaliated by setting fire to their standing corn. Having thus sown the seeds of calamity, he set the colonists ashore upon Roanoke Island, and went on his way. The sagacious and energetic Lane explored the neighboring mainland for many miles along the coast, and for some distance into the interior, and tried to find a waterway into the Pacific Ocean. He made up his mind that the country was not favorable for a new colony, and he gathered sundry bits of information which seemed to point to Chesapeake Bay as a much better place. The angry Indians made much trouble, and after a year had passed the colonists were suffering from scarcity of food, when all at once Sir Francis Drake appeared on the scene with a superb fleet of three-and-twenty ships.

War between Spain and England had been declared in July, 1585, when Sidney and Drake were about ready to execute a scheme that contemplated the founding of an American colony by Sidney. But the queen interfered, and sent Sidney to the Netherlands, where he was so soon to die a noble death. The terrible Drake, whom Spaniards, punning upon his name, had begun to call "Dragon," gave them fresh cause to dread and revile him. He had captured twenty ships with two hundred and fifty cannon, he had taken and

[1] Brown's Genesis, i. 10.

sacked Cartagena, San Domingo, and St. Augustine, and on his way home looked in at Roanoke Island, in time to take Lane and his starving party on board and carry them back to England. They had not long been gone when Grenville arrived with supplies, and was astonished at finding the island deserted. Knowing nothing of Lane's change of purpose, and believing that his party must still be somewhere in the adjacent country, Grenville left a guard of fifteen men on the island, with ample supplies, and sailed away.

The stirring days of the Armada were approaching. When Lane arrived in England, his services were needed there, and after a while we find him a member of the Council of War. One of this first American colonizing party was the wonderful Suffolk boy, Thomas Cavendish, aged two-and-twenty, who had no sooner landed in England than he set sail in command of three ships, made his way into the Pacific Ocean, and repeated the exploits of Drake from Chili to California, captured one of Spain's finest galleons, and in two years more completed the circumnavigation of the globe. While the pupil was thus nobly acquitting himself, the master, in the spring of 1587, outdid all former achievements. Sailing into the harbor of Cadiz, Drake defeated the war-ships on guard there, calmly loaded his own vessels with as much Spanish spoil as could safely be carried, then set fire to the store-ships and cut their cables. More than a hundred transports, some of them fifteen hundred tons in burthen, all laden with stores for the Armada, became a tangled and drifting mass of blazing ruin, while amid the thunder of exploding magazines the victor went forth on his way, unscathed and rejoicing. Day after day he crouched under the beetling crags of Cintra, catching and sinking every craft that passed that lair, then swept like a tempest into the bay of Coruña and wrought similar havoc to that of Cadiz, then stood off for the Azores and captured the great carack on its way from the Indies with treasure reckoned by millions. Europe stood dumb with amazement. What manner of man was it that could thus "singe the king of Spain's beard"? "Philip one day invited a lady of the court to join him in his barge on the lake of Segovia. The lady said she dared not trust herself on the water, even with his Majesty," for fear of Sir Francis Drake.[1] Philip's Armada had to wait for another year, while by night and day the music of adze and hammer was heard in English shipyards.

Just as the Dragon returned to England, another party of Raleigh's colonists was approaching the American coast. There were about one hundred and fifty, including seventeen women. John White, a man deft with water colors, who had been the artist of Lane's expedition, was their governor. Their settlement was to be made on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, but first they must stop at Roanoke Island and pick up the fifteen men left on watch by Grenville. Through some carelessness, or misunderstanding, or bad faith on the part of the convoy, the people, once landed, were left in the lurch with only one small vessel, and thus were obliged to stay on that fatal Roanoke Island. They soon found that Grenville's little guard had been massacred by red men. It was under these gloomy circumstances that the first child of English parents was born on the soil of the United States. The governor's daughter Eleanor was wife of Ananias Dare, and their little girl, born August 18, 1587, was named Virginia. Before she was ten days old her grandfather found it necessary to take the ship and return to England for help.

But the day of judgment for Spain and England was at hand, and lesser things must wait. Amid the turmoil of military preparation Sir Walter was not unmindful of his little colony. Twice he fitted out relief expeditions; but the first was stopped because all the ships were seized for government service, and

[1] Froude, History of England, xii. 392.

the second was driven back to port by Spanish cruisers. While the anxious governor waited through the lengthening days into the summer of 1588, there came, with its imperious haste, its deadly agony and fury, its world-astounding triumph, the event most tremendous, perhaps, that mankind have witnessed since the star of the wise men stood over the stable at Bethlehem. Then you might have seen the sea kings working in good fellowship together, — Drake and Hawkins, Winter and Frobisher, with Howard of Effingham in the Channel fleet; Raleigh and Grenville active alike in council and afield; the two great ministers, Burghley and Walsingham, ever crafty and vigilant; and in the background, on her white palfrey, the eccentric figure of the strangely wayward and willful, but always brave and patriotic queen. Even after three centuries it is with bated breath that we watch those 130 black hulks coming up the Channel, with 3000 cannon and 30,000 men on board, among them 90 executioners withal, equipped with racks and thumbscrews, to inaugurate on English soil the accursed work of the Inquisition. In camp at Dunkirk, the greatest general of the age, Alexander Farnese, with 35,000 veterans, is crouching for a spring, like a still greater general at Boulogne in later days; and one wonders if the 80,000 raw militia slowly mustering in the busy little towns and green hamlets of England can withstand these well-trained warriors.

In the English fleet there were about as many ships as the enemy had, much smaller in size and inferior in weight of metal, but at the same time far more nimble in movement. Of cannon and men the English had scarcely half as many as the Spaniards, but this disparity was more than offset by one great advantage. Our forefathers had already begun to display the inventive ingenuity for which their descendants in both hemispheres have since become preëminent. Many of their ships were armed with new guns, of longer range than any hitherto known, and this advantage, combined with their greater nimbleness, made it possible in many cases to pound a Spanish ship to pieces without receiving any hurt in return. In such respects, as well as in the seamanship by which the two fleets were handled, it was modern intelligence pitted against mediæval chivalry. Such captains as served Elizabeth were not reared under the shadow of the Escurial. With the discomfiture of the Invincible Armada before Dunkirk, the army of Farnese became useless for invading England. Then came the awful discovery that the mighty fleet was penned up in the German Ocean, for Drake held the Strait of Dover in his iron grip. The horrors of the long retreat through northern seas have never been equaled save when Napoleon's hosts were shattered in Russia. In the disparity of losses, as in the immensity of the issues at stake, we are reminded of the Greeks and Persians at Salamis: of Spaniards more than 20,000 perished, but scarcely 100 Englishmen. The frightful loss of ships and guns announced the overthrow of Spanish supremacy, but the bitter end was yet to come. During the next three years the activity of the sea kings reached such a pitch that more than 800 Spanish ships were destroyed.[1] The final blow came soon after the deaths of Drake and Hawkins in 1596, when Raleigh, with the Earl of Essex and Lord Thomas Howard, destroyed the Spanish fleet in that great battle before Cadiz, whereof Raleigh wrote that "if any man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured."[2]

It was not until March, 1591, that Governor White succeeded in getting to sea again for the rescue of his family and friends. He had to go as passenger in a West Indiaman. When he landed, upon the return voyage, at Roanoke Island, it was just in time to have cele-

[1] Brown's Genesis of the United States, i. 20.

[2] Stebbing's Sir Walter Ralegh, p. 129.

brated his little grandchild's fourth birthday. It had been agreed that should the colonists leave that spot, they should carve upon a tree the name of the place to which they were going; and if they should add to the name a cross, it would be understood as a signal of distress. When White arrived he found grass growing in the deserted blockhouse. Under the cedars hard by five chests had been buried, and somebody had afterward dug them up and rifled them. Fragments of his own books and pictures lay scattered about. On a great tree was cut in big letters, but without any cross, the word CROATAN, which was the name of a neighboring island. The captain of the ship was at first willing to take White to Croatan; but a fierce storm overtook them, and after beating about for some days the captain insisted upon making for England, in spite of the poor man's entreaties. No more did White ever hear of his loved ones. Sixteen years afterward the settlers at Jamestown were told by Indians that the white people abandoned at Roanoke had mingled with the natives, and lived with them for some years on amicable terms, until, at the instigation of certain medicine-men (who probably accused them of witchcraft), they had all been murdered, except four men, two boys, and a young woman, who were spared by request or order of a chief. Whether this young woman was Virginia Dare, the first American girl, we have no means of knowing.

Nothing could better illustrate than the pathetic fate of this little colony how necessary it was to destroy the naval power of Spain before England could occupy the soil of North America. The defeat of the Invincible Armada was the opening event in the history of the United States. It was the event that made all the rest possible. Without it the attempts at Jamestown and Plymouth could hardly have had more success than the attempt at Roanoke Island. An infant colony is like an army at the end of a long line of communications: it perishes if the line is cut. Before England could plant thriving estates in America she must control the ocean routes. The far-sighted Raleigh understood the conditions of the problem. When he smote the Spaniards at Cadiz he knew it was a blow struck for America. He felt the significance of the defeat of the Armada, and in spite of all his disappointments with Virginia he never lost heart. In 1602 he wrote to Sir Robert Cecil, "I shall yet live to see it an English nation."

John Fiske.

MARS.

III. CANALS.

IN the last paper we saw how badly off for water Mars, to all appearance, is; so badly off that any inhabitants of that other world would have to irrigate to live. As to the actual presence there of such folk, the broad physical characteristics of the planet have nothing to say beyond a general expression of acquiescence, but they do have something very vital to say about the conditions under which alone their life could be led. They show that in these Martian minds there would be one question paramount to all the local labor, women's suffrage, and Eastern questions put together, — the water question. How to procure water enough to support life would be the great communal problem of the day.

If Mars were the earth, we might well despair of detecting signs of any Martians for some time yet. Across the gulf of space that separates us from Mars, an area thirty miles wide would just be perceptible as a dot. It would, in such case, be hopeless to look for evidence of folk. Anything like London or New York, or even Chicago in anticipation, would be too small to be seen. So sorry a figure does man cut upon the earth he thinks to own. From the standpoint of forty millions of miles' distance, probably the only sign of his presence here would be such semi-artificialities as the great grain-fields of the West when their geometric patches turned with the changing seasons from ochre to green, and then from green to gold. By his crops we should know him, — a telltale fact of importance because probably the more so on Mars.

For Mars is not the earth. Conditions hold there which would necessitate a different state of things, inorganic and organic, apparently a much more artificial one. If cultivation there be, it must be cultivation upon a much more systematic scale, due in large part to a system of irrigation; just as any Martians must be quite different physically from men.

Now, at this point in our investigation, when the broad features of Mars disclose conditions which imply irrigation as their organic corollary, we are suddenly confronted on the planet's face with phenomena so startlingly suggestive of this very thing as to seem the uncanny realization of the deduction. Indeed, so amazingly lifelike is their appearance that, had we possessed our present knowledge of the planet's physical condition before, we might almost have predicted what we see as criterion of the presence of living beings. What confronts us is this: —

When the great continental areas, the reddish-ochre portions of the disc, are attentively examined in sufficiently steady air, their desert-like ground is seen to be traversed by a network of fine, straight dark lines. The lines start from points on the coast of the blue-green regions, commonly well-marked bays, and proceed direct to other equally well-marked points in the middle of the continent. At these latter termini the lines meet, very surprisingly, other lines that have come there from different starting-points in a similarly definite manner. And this state of things exists all over the reddish-ochre regions.

All the lines, with the exception of a few that are curved in a regular manner, are absolutely straight from one end to the other. They are arcs of great circles, taking the shortest distance between their termini. The lines are as fine as they are straight. As a rule, they are of scarcely any perceptible breadth, seeming on the average to be less than a Martian degree, or between twenty and thirty miles, wide. Some are broader; some even finer, possibly not above fifteen miles across. Their length, not their breadth, renders them visible; for though at such a distance we could not distinguish a dot less than about thirty miles in diameter, we could see a line of much less breadth, because of its length. Speaking generally, however, the lines are all of comparable width.

Still greater uniformity is observable in the different parts of the same line; for each line maintains its individual width throughout. Although at and near the point where it leaves the dark regions, or the Solis Lacus, — for the same phenomenon appears there, — some slight enlargement seems to take place, after it has fairly started on its course it remains substantially of the same size from one end to the other. As to whether the lines are even on their edges or not, I should not like to say, but the better they are seen, the more even they look. It is not possible to affirm positively on the point, as they are practically nearer one dimension than two.

On the other hand, their length is usually great, and in some cases enor-

mous. A thousand or fifteen hundred miles may be considered about the average. The Ganges, for example, which is not a long one as Martian canals go, is about 1450 miles in length. The Brontes, one of the newly discovered, radiating from the Gulf of the Titans, extends over 2400 miles. Among really long ones, the Eumenides, with its continuation the Orcus, the two being in truth one line, runs 3540 miles from the point where it leaves the Phœnix Lake to the point where it enters the Trivium Charontis; throughout this great distance, nearly equal to a diameter of the planet, deviating neither to the right nor to the left from the great circle upon which it set out. On the other hand, the shortest line is the Nectar, which is only about 250 miles in length; sweetness being, according to Schiaparelli its christener, as short-lived on Mars as elsewhere.

That with very few exceptions the lines all follow arcs of great circles is proved: first, by the fact that when near the centre of the disc they show as straight lines; second, that when seen toward its edges they appear curved, in keeping with the curvature of a spherical surface viewed obliquely; third, that when the several parts of some of the longer lines are plotted upon a globe they turn out to lie in one great circle. Apparent straightness throughout is only possible in short lines. For a very long arc upon the surface of a revolving globe tilted toward the observer to appear straight in its entirety it must lie in certain positions. It so chances that these conditions are fulfilled by the canal called the Titan. The Titan starts from the Gulf of the Titans, in south latitude 20°, and runs due north almost exactly upon the 169th meridian for an immense distance. I have followed it over 2300 miles down the disc to about 43° north, as far as the tilt of the planet's axis would permit. As the rotation of the planet swings it round, it passes the central meridian of the disc simultaneously throughout its length, and at that moment comes out strikingly straight, a substantialized meridian itself.

Although each line is the arc of a great circle, the direction taken by this great circle may be any whatsoever. The Titan, as we have seen, runs nearly due north and south. Certain canals crossing this run, on the contrary, almost due east and west. There are others, again, belting the disc at well-nigh every angle between the two. Nor is there any preponderance, apparently, for one direction as against any other. This indifference to direction is important as showing that the rotation of the planet has no direct effect upon the inclination of the canals.

But, singular as each line looks to be by itself, it is the systematic network of the whole that is most amazing. Each line not only goes with wonderful directness from one point to another, but at this latter spot it contrives to meet, exactly, another line which has come with like directness from quite a different starting-point. Nor do two only manage thus to rendezvous. Three, four, five, and even seven will similarly fall in on the same spot, — a sociability which, to a greater or less extent, takes place all over the surface of the planet. The disc is simply a network of such intersections. Sometimes a canal goes only from one intersection to another; more commonly it starts with right of continuation, and, after reaching the first rendezvous, goes on in unchanged course to several more.

The result is that the whole of the great reddish-ochre portions of the planet is cut up into a series of spherical triangles of all possible sizes and shapes. What their number may be lies quite beyond the possibility of count at present; for the better our own air, the more of them are visible. About four times as many as are down on Schiaparelli's chart of the same regions have been seen

at Flagstaff. But before proceeding further with a description of these Martian phenomena, the history of their discovery deserves to be sketched, since it is as strange as the canals themselves.

The first hint the world had of their existence was when Schiaparelli saw some of the lines in 1877, now eighteen years ago. The world, however, was anything but prepared for the revelation, and, when he announced what he had seen, promptly proceeded to disbelieve him. Schiaparelli had the misfortune to be ahead of his times, and the yet greater misfortune to remain so; for not only did no one else see the lines at that opposition, but no one else succeeded in doing so at subsequent ones. For many years fate allowed Schiaparelli to have them all to himself, a confidence he amply repaid. While others doubted, he went from discovery to discovery. What he had seen in 1877 was not so very startling in view of what he afterward saw. His first observations might well have been of simple estuaries, long natural creeks running up into the continents, and so cutting them in two. His later observations were too peculiar to be explained even by so improbable a configuration of the Martian surface. In 1879, the *canali*, as he called them (channels, or canals, the word may be translated, and it is in the latter sense that he now regards them), showed straighter and narrower than they had in 1877: this not in consequence of any change in them, but from his own improved faculty of detection; for what the eye has once seen it can always see better a second time. As he gazed they appeared straighter, and he made out more. Lastly, toward the end of the year, he observed, one evening, what struck even him as a most startling phenomenon, the twinning of one of the canals: two parallel canals suddenly showed where but a single one had showed before. The paralleling was so perfect that he suspected optical illusion. He could, however, discover none by changing his telescopes or eyepieces. The phenomenon, apparently, was real.

At the next opposition he looked to see if by chance he should mark a repetition of this strange event, and went, as he tells us, from surprise to surprise; for one after the other of his canals proceeded startlingly to become two, until some twenty of them had thus doubled. This capped the climax to his own wonderment, and, it is needless to add, to other people's incredulity; for nobody else had yet succeeded in seeing the canals at all, let alone seeing them double. Undeterred by the general skepticism, he confirmed, at each fresh opposition, his previous discoveries; which, in view of the fact that no one else did, rather tended in astronomical circles to the opposite result.

For nine years he labored thus alone, having his visions all to himself. It was not till 1886 that any one but he saw the canals. In April of that year Perrotin at Nice first did so. The occasion was the setting-up of the great Nice glass of twenty-nine inches aperture. In spite of the great size of the glass, however, a first attempt resulted in nothing but failure. So did a second, and Perrotin was on the point of abandoning the search altogether when, on the 15th of the month, he suddenly detected one of the canals, the Phison. His assistant, M. Thollon, saw it immediately afterward. After this they managed to make out several others, some single, some double, substantially as Schiaparelli had drawn them; the slight discrepancies between their observations and his being, in point of fact, the best of confirmations.

Since then other observers have contrived to detect the canals, the list of the successful increasing at each opposition, although even now their number might almost be told on one's hands and feet. The fact that so few men have yet seen these lines is due to poor air. That in ordinary atmosphere the canals are

not easy objects is certain; while for the detection of their peculiar fineness and straightness a steady air is essential. So also is attentive perception on the part of the observer, size of aperture being distinctly a secondary matter. That Schiaparelli discovered the canals with an $8\frac{1}{3}$ object-glass, and that the 26-inch at Washington has refused to show them to this day, are facts that speak with emphasis on the point.

Although skepticism as to the existence of the so-called canals seems now pretty well dispelled, disbelief still makes a desperate stand against their peculiar appearance, dubbing accounts of their straightness and duplication as sensational, whatever that may mean in such connection; for that they are both straight and double, as described, is certain, — a statement I make after having seen them instead of before doing so, as is the case with the gifted objectors. Doubt, however, will not wholly cease till more people have seen them, which will not happen till the importance of atmosphere in the study of planetary detail is more generally appreciated than it is to-day. To look for the canals with a large instrument in poor air is like trying to read a page of fine print kept dancing before one's eyes, and increase of magnification increases the motion. Advance in our study of other worlds depends upon choosing the very best atmospheric sites for our observatories.

As we shall now have to call these Martian things by their names, — our names, that is, — it may be well to consider cursorily the nomenclature which has been evolved on the subject. Unfortunately, the planet has been quite too much benamed, — benamed, indeed, out of all recognition. There are no less than five or six systems current for its general topographical features. The result is that it has become something of a specialty just to know the names. The Syrtis Major, for example, appears under the following aliases: the Syrtis Major, the Mer du Sablier, the Kaiser Sea, the Northern Sea, to say nothing of translations of these, such as the Hour-Glass Sea. After which ample baptism it is a trifle disconcerting to have the sea turn out, apparently, not to be a sea at all. Everybody has tried his hand at naming the planet, first and last; naming a thing being man's nearest approach to creating it. Proctor made a chart of the planet, and named it thoroughly; Flammarion drew another chart, and also named it thoroughly, but differently; Green made a third map, and gave it a third set of names; Schiaparelli followed with a fourth, and furnished it with a brand-new set of his own; and finally W. H. Pickering found it necessary to give a few new names, just for particularization. To know, therefore, what part of the planet anybody means when he mentions it, one has to keep in his head enough names for five worlds. To cap which, it is to be remarked that not one of them is the thing's real — that is, its Martian — name, after all!

Fortunately, with the canals matters are not so desperate, because so few people have seen them. Schiaparelli's monopoly of the sight pleasingly prevented, in their case, christening competition. What is more, he named them very judiciously and most picturesquely after mythologic river names. Where he got his names is another matter. Whether he started by being as learned in such lore as he afterward became may well be doubted. Certainly, one of the greatest discoveries made at Flagstaff has been the discovery of the meaning of Schiaparelli's names; some of them still defying the penetrating power of the ordinary encyclopædia. Among them are classical mythologic ones of the class known only to that himself mythical character, Macaulay's every schoolboy, which speaks conclusively for their reconditeness. Others, I firmly believe, even that omniscient schoolboy can never have heard of. Want of space here precludes instances; but

as a simple example I may say that the translation to Mars of the Phison and the Gehon, the two lost rivers of Mesopotamia, satisfactorily accounts for their not being found on earth by modern explorers.

With due mental reservation as to their meaning, I have adopted Schiaparelli's names, and where it has been necessary to name newly discovered canals have conformed as closely as possible to his general scheme. If even in an instance or two I have hit upon names that are incomprehensible, I shall feel that I have not disgraced my illustrious predecessor. For a brand-new thing no name is so good as one whose meaning nobody knows, except one that has no meaning at all.

Schiaparelli's scheme embraces all the other Martian features as well as the canals, and the same poetic imagination pervades the whole. For example, the central promontory of what used to be known as Dawes' Forked Bay, a prominent point, since it has for some time been used as the zero meridian for Martian longitudes, he calls the Fastigium Aryn. The Fastigium Aryn was, it appears, the cupola of the world, a mythic spot supposed to be the absolute centre of the earth regarded as a plane in mid-heaven, — a point midway between the north and south, the east and west, the zenith and nadir; an eminently suitable name, indeed, for the origin of longitudes and the beginning of time.

To return now to the objects of so much human incredulity. The first point worth noting about them is that their actual existence is quite beyond question; the second, that the better they are seen, the odder they look. Observations at Arequipa in 1892 not only confirmed Schiaparelli's, but extended the canal system considerably both in quantity and in character; observations last year at Flagstaff extended it still further, so that now we know of about half as many more canals as are down on Schiaparelli's chart, and of certain phenomena connected with them no less peculiar, to say the least, than themselves. What these strange dependencies are we will note after we have considered the canals.

So far we have regarded the canals only statically, so to speak; that is, we have sketched them as they would appear to any one who observed them in sufficiently steady air, once, and once only. But this is far from all that a systematic study of the lines will disclose. Before, however, entering upon this second phase of their description, we may pause to note how, even statically regarded, the aspect of the lines is enough to put to rest all the theories of purely natural causation that have so far been advanced to account for them. This negation is to be found in the supernaturally regular appearance of the system, upon three distinct counts: first, the straightness of the lines; second, their individually uniform width; and third, their systematic radiation from special points.

On the first two counts we observe that the lines exceed in regularity any purely natural regularity of which we commonly have cognizance. Physical processes never, so far as we know, produce perfectly regular results; that is, results in which irregularity is not also plainly discernible. Disagreement amid conformity is the inevitable outcome of the many factors simultaneously at work. From the orbits of the heavenly bodies to philotaxis and human features, this diversity in uniformity is apparent. As a rule, the divergences, though small, are quite perceptible; that is, the lack of absolute uniformity is comparable to the uniformity itself, and not of the negligible second order of unimportance. In fact, it is by the very presence of uniformity and precision that we suspect things of artificiality. It was the mathematical shape of the Ohio mounds that suggested mound-builders; and so with

the thousand objects of every-day life. Too great regularity is in itself the most suspicious of circumstances that some finite intelligence has been at work.

If it be asked how, in the case of a body so far off as Mars, we can assert sufficient precision to imply artificiality, the answer is twofold: first, that the better we see these lines, the more regular they look; and second, that the eye is quicker to perceive irregularity than we commonly note. It is indeed surprising to find what small irregularities will shock the eye.

The third count is, if possible, yet more conclusive. That the lines form a system; that, instead of running anywhither, they join certain points to certain others, making thus, not a simple network, but one whose meshes connect centres directly with one another, is striking at first sight, and loses none of its peculiarity on second thought. For the intrinsic improbability of such a state of things arising from purely natural causes becomes evident on consideration.

Were lines drawn haphazard over the surface of a globe, the chances are ever so many to one against more than two lines crossing each other at any point. Simple crossings of two lines would of course be common in something like factorial proportion to the number of lines, but that any other line should contrive to cross at the same point would be a coincidence whose improbability only a mathematician can properly appreciate, so very great is it. If the lines were true lines, without breadth, the chances against such a coincidence would be infinite; and even had the lines some breadth, the chances would be enormous against a rendezvous. In other words, we might search in vain for a single instance of such encounter. On the surface of Mars, however, instead of searching in vain, we find the thing occurring *passim;* this *a priori* most improbable rendezvousing proving the rule, not the exception. Of the crossings that are best seen, almost all are meeting-places for more than two canals.

To any one who had not seen the canals, it would at once occur that something of the same improbability might be fulfilled by cracks radiating from centres of explosion or fissure. But such a supposition is at once negatived by the uniform breadth of the lines, a uniformity impossible in cracks, whose very mode of production necessitates their being bigger at one end than the other. We see examples of what might result from such action in the cracks that radiate from Tycho, in the moon, or, as we now know from Professor W. H. Pickering's observations, from the craterlets about it. These cracks bear no resemblance whatever to the lines on Mars. They look like cracks; the lines on Mars do not. Indeed, it is safe to say that the Martian lines would never so much as suggest cracks to any one. Lastly, the different radiations fit into one another absolutely, an utter impossibility were they radiating rifts from different centres.

In the same way, we may, while we are about it, show that the lines cannot be several other things which they have, more or less gratuitously, been taken to be. They cannot, for example, be rivers; for rivers could not be so obligingly of the same size at source and mouth, nor would they run from preference on arcs of great circles. To do so, practically invariably, would imply a devotion to pure mathematics not common in rivers. They may, in some few instances, be rectified rivers, which is quite another matter. Glaciation cracks are equally out of the question: first, for the causes above mentioned touching cracks in general; and second, because there is, unfortunately, no ice where they occur. Nor can the lines be furrows ploughed by meteorites, — another ingenious suggestion, — since in order to plough, invariably, a furrow from one centre to another, without either swerving from the course or overshooting the mark, the visitant meteorite

would have to be carefully trained to the business.

Such are the chief purely natural theories of the lines, excluding the idea of canals, — theories advanced by persons who have not seen them. No one who has seen the lines well has or could advance them, inasmuch as they are not only disproved by consideration of the character of the lines, but instantly confuted by the mere look of them.

Schiaparelli supposes the canals to be canals, but of geologic construction. He suggests, however, no explanation of how this is possible; so that the suggestion is not, properly speaking, a theory. That eminent astronomer further says of the idea that they are the work of intelligent beings, "Io mi quarderò bene dal combattere questa supposizione la quale nulla include d'impossibile." (I should carefully refrain from combating this supposition, which involves no impossibility.) In truth, no natural theory has yet been advanced which will explain these lines, while recent observations furnish material that seems to render artificial construction probable.

After so much necessary digression upon what the canals are not, we will resume our inquiry as to what they are.

So far we have considered their aspect at any one time, and we have seen that it is such as to defy natural explanation, and to hint that in these lines we are regarding something other than the outcome of purely natural causes. Indeed, such is the first impression upon getting a good view of them. How instant this inference is becomes patent from the way in which drawings of the canals are received by incredulously disposed persons. The straightness of the lines is unhesitatingly attributed to the draughtsman. Now it is to be remembered that accusation of design, if it prove inapplicable to the draughtsman, devolves *ipso facto* upon the canals.

We come next to a consideration of their successive appearances night after night, and month after month. After the fundamental fact that such curious phenomena as the canals are visible is the scarcely less important one that they are not always so. At times the canals are invisible, and this invisibility is real, not apparent; that is, it is not an invisibility due to distance or obscuration of any kind between us and them, but an actual invisibility due to the condition of the canal itself. With our present optical means, at certain seasons they cease to exist. For aught we can see, they simply are not there.

That distance is not responsible for the disappearance of the canals is shown by their relative conspicuousness at different times. It is not always when Mars is nearest to us that the canals are best seen. On the contrary, they show a sublime disregard for mere proximity. This is evidenced both by the changes in appearance of any one canal and by the changes in relative conspicuousness of different canals. Some instances of the metamorphosis will reveal this conclusively. For example, during the end of August and the beginning of September, at this last opposition, the canals about the Lake of the Sun were conspicuous, while the canals to the north of them were almost invisible. In November the relative intensities of the two sets had distinctly changed: the southern canals were much as before, but the northern ones had most perceptibly darkened.

Another instance of the same thing was shown in the case of the canals to the north of the Sinus Titanum when compared with those about the Solis Lacus. In August the former were but faintly visible; in November they had become evident; and yet, during this interval, little change in conspicuousness had taken place in the canals in the Solis Lacus region.

With like disregard of the effect due to distance, the canals to the east of the Ganges showed better at the November

presentation[1] of that region than they had at the October one, although the planet was actually farther off at the later date, in the proportion of 21 to 18.

A more striking instance of the irrelevancy of distance in the matter was observed in the same region by Schiaparelli in 1877. It is additionally interesting as practically dating his discovery of the canals. In early October of that year, on the evenings of the 2d and the 4th, he tells us, under excellent definition, and with the diameter of the planet's disc 21″ of arc, the continental region between the Pearl-Bearing Gulf and the Bay of the Dawn was quite uniformly, nakedly bright, and destitute of suspicion of markings of any sort. A like state of things was the case with the same region at its next presentation, on the 7th of November. Four months later, when the diameter of the disc had been reduced by distance to 5″.7, or, in other words, when the planet had receded to four times its previous distance from the earth, the canal called the Indus appeared, perfectly visible, in the region mentioned. At the next opposition, in 1881, similar effects occurred; the canals in this region remaining obstinately invisible while the planet was near the earth, and then coming out conspicuously when it had gone farther away. Distance, therefore, is not, with the canals, the great obliterator.

As to their veiling by Martian cloud or mist, there is no evidence of any such obscuration. The coast line of the dark areas appears as clear-cut when the canals are invisible as when they become conspicuous.

A canal, then, alters in visibility for some reason connected with itself. It grows into recognition from intrinsic cause. But during all its metamorphoses, in one thing, and in one thing only, it remains fixed, — in position. Temporary in appearance, the canals are apparently permanent in place. Not only do they not change in position during one opposition; they seem not to do so from one opposition to another. The canals I have observed this year agree quite within the errors of observation with those figured on Schiaparelli's chart. In general they conform to their representations, and failure to do so is explicable not only by errors of observation, but by certain other facts. First, by seasonal variation in the canals themselves; the visibility or invisibility of a canal combined with the visibility or invisibility of a neighbor being capable of producing strange permutations in the region observed.

The Araxes is a case in point. On Schiaparelli's chart there is but one original Araxes and one great and only Phasis. But it turns out that these do not possess the land all to themselves. No less than five canals traversing the region, including the Phasis itself, were visible this year at Flagstaff, and I have no doubt there are plenty of others waiting to be discovered. These cross one another at all sorts of angles. Unconscious combination of them is quite competent to give a turn to the Araxes one way or the other, and make it curved or straight at pleasure.

Unchangeable, apparently, in position, the canals are otherwise among the most changeable features of the Martian disc. From being invisible, they emerge gradually, for some reason inherent in themselves, into conspicuousness. In short, phenomenally at least, they grow. The order of their coming carries with it a presumption of cause, for it synchronizes with the change in the Martian seasons.

[1] A presentation of any part of the planet is the occasion when that part of the disc is turned toward the observer. Many causes combine to make the face presented each night vary, but the chief one is that the earth rotates about forty-one minutes faster than Mars, and consequently gains a little less than ten degrees on him daily. After about thirty-seven days, therefore, the two planets again present the same face to each other at the same hour.

Their first appearance is a matter of the Martian time of year.

To start with, the visible development of the canal system follows the melting of the polar snows. Not until such melting has progressed pretty far do any of the canals, it would seem, become perceptible.

Secondly, when they do appear, it is, in the case of the southern hemisphere, the most southern ones that become visible first. Last June, when the canals were first seen, those about the Lake of the Sun and the Phœnix Lake were easier to make out than any of the others. Now, this region is the part of the reddish-ochre continent, as we may call it, that lies nearest the south pole. It extends into the blue-green regions as far south as 40° of south latitude. Nor do any so-called islands — that is, smaller reddish-ochre areas — stand between it and the pole. It lies first exposed, therefore, to any water descending toward the equator from the melting of the polar cap.

Having once become visible, these canals remained so, becoming more and more conspicuous as the season advanced. By August they had darkened very perceptibly. As yet those in other parts of the planet were scarcely more visible than they had been two months before. Gradually, however, others became evident, farther and farther north, till by October all the canals bordering the north coast of the dark regions were recognizable; after which the latter, in their turn, proceeded to darken, — a state of things which continued up to the close of my observations toward the end of November.

The order in which the canals came out hinted that two factors were operative to the result, latitude and proximity to the dark regions. Other things equal, the most southern ones showed first; beginning with the Solis Lacus region, and continuing with those about the Sea of the Sirens and the Titan Gulf, and so northward down the disc. Other things were not, however, always equal in the way of topographical position. Notably was this the case with the areas to the west of the Syrtis Major, which developed canals earlier than their latitudes would warrant. Now, to the Syrtis Major descend from the pole the great straits spoken of before, which, although not in their entirety water, are probably lands fertilized by a thread of water running through them. They connect the polar sea with the Syrtis Major in a tolerably straight line.

The direction of the canal also affects its time of appearance, though to a less extent. Canals running north and south, such as the Gorgon, the Titan, the Brontes, and the like, became visible, as a rule, before those running east and west. Especially was this noticeable in the more northern portions of the disc. Time of appearance was evidently a question of latitude tempered by ease of communication.

After the canals had appeared, their relative intensities changed with time, and the change followed the same order in which the initial change from invisibility to visibility had taken place. A like metamorphosis happened to each in turn from south to north, in accordance with, and continuance of, the seasonal change that affected all the blue-green areas.

To account for these phenomena, the explanation that at once suggests itself is, that a direct transference of water takes place over the face of the planet, and that the canals are so many waterways. This explanation has the difficulty of involving enormously wide canals. There is another objection to it: the time taken would appear to be too long, for some months elapsed between the apparent departure of the water from the pole and its apparent advent in the equatorial regions; furthermore, each canal did not darken all at once, but gradually. We must therefore seek some explanation which accounts for this delay. Now,

when we do so, we find that the explanation advanced above for the blue-green areas explains also the canals, namely, that what we see in both is, not water, but vegetation; for if the darkening be due to vegetation, time must elapse between the advent of the water and its perceptible effects, — time sufficient for the flora to sprout. If, therefore, we suppose what we call a canal to be, not the canal proper, but the vegetation along its banks, the observed phenomena stand accounted for. This suggestion was first made some years ago by Professor W. H. Pickering.

That what we see is not the canal proper, but the line of land it irrigates, disposes incidentally of the difficulty of conceiving a canal several miles wide. On the other hand, a narrow, fertilized strip of country is what we should expect to find; for, as we have seen, the general physical condition of the planet leads us to the conception, not of canals constructed for waterways, — like our Suez Canal, — but of canals dug for irrigation purposes. We cannot, of course, be sure that such is their character, appearances being often highly deceitful; we can only say that, so far, the supposition best explains what we see. Further details of their development point to this same conclusion.

In emerging from invisibility into evidence, the canals first make themselves suspected, rather than seen, as broad, faint streaks smooching the disc. Such effect, however, seems to be an optical illusion, due to poor air and the difficulty inherent in detecting fine detail; for on improvement in the seeing I have observed these broad streaks contract to fine lines, not sensibly different in width from what they eventually become.

The parts of the canals which are nearest the dark areas show first, the line extending sometimes for a few hundred miles into the continent, sometimes for a thousand or more; then, in course of time, the canal becomes evident in its entirety. Complete visibility takes place soon after the canal has once begun to show, although it show but faint throughout.

This tendency to being seen *in toto* is more strikingly displayed after a canal has attained its development. It is then not commonly seen in part. Either it is not seen at all, owing to the seeing not being good enough, or it is visible throughout its length from one junction to another.

Apart from their extension, the growth of the canals consists chiefly in depth of tint. They darken rather than broaden, — a fact which tends to corroborate their vegetal character; for that long tracts of country should be thus simultaneously flooded all over to a gradually deepening extent is highly unlikely, while a growth of vegetation would deepen in appearance in precisely the way that the darkening takes place.

As for color, the lines would seem to be of the same tint as the blue-green areas. But, owing to their narrowness, this is only an inference. I have never chanced to see them of distinctive color.

At this point it is probable that a certain obstacle to such wholesale construction of canals, however, will arise in the mind of the reader, namely, the thought of mountains; for mountains are by nature antagonistic to canals. Only the Czar of all the Russias — if we are to credit the account of the building of the Moscow railway — would be capable of running a canal regardless of topography. Nor will the doings at our own antipodes help us to conceive such construction; for though the Japanese irrigate hillsides, the water in the case comes from slopes higher yet, whereas on Mars it does not.

Indeed, for the lines to contain canals we must suppose either that mountains prove no obstacles to Martians, or else that there are practically no mountains on Mars. For the system seems sublimely superior to possible obstructions

in the way; the lines running, apparently, not where they may, but where they choose. The Eumenides-Orcus, for example, pursues the even tenor of its unswerving course for nearly 3500 miles. Now, it might be possible so to select one's country that one canal should be able to do this; but that every canal should be straight, and many of them fairly comparable with the Eumenides-Orcus in length, seems to be beyond the possibility of contrivance.

In this dilemma between mountains on the one hand and canals on the other, a certain class of observations most opportunely comes to our aid; for, from observations which have nothing to do with the lines, it turns out that the surface of the planet is, in truth, most surprisingly flat. How this is known will most easily be understood from a word or two upon the manner in which astronomers have learnt the heights of the mountains in the moon.

The heights of the lunar mountains are found from measuring the lengths of the shadows they cast. As the moon makes her circuit of the earth, a varying amount of her illuminated surface is presented to our view. From a slender sickle she grows to a full moon, and then diminishes again to a crescent. The illuminated portion is bounded by a semicircle on the outside, and by a semi-ellipse on the inner. The semicircle is called her limb, the semi-ellipse her terminator. The former is the edge we see because we can see no further; the latter, the line upon her surface where the sun is just rising or setting. Now, as we know, the shadows cast at sunrise or sunset are very long, much longer than the objects that cast them are high. This is due to the obliquity at which the light strikes them; the same effect being produced by any sufficiently oblique light, such as an electric light at a distance. Imperceptible in themselves, the heights become perceptible by their shadows. A road illuminated by a distant arc light gives us a startling instance of this; the smooth surface taking on from its shadows the look of a ploughed field.

It is this indirect kind of magnification that enables astronomers to measure the lunar mountains, and even renders such vicariously visible to the naked eye. Every one has noticed how ragged and irregular the inner edge of the moon looks, while her outer edge seems perfectly smooth. In one place it will appear to project beyond the perfect ellipse, in another to recede from it. The first effect is due to mountain tops catching the sun's rays before the plains about them; the other, to mountain tops further advanced into the lunar day, whose shadows still shroud the valleys at their feet. Yet the elevations and depressions thus rendered so noticeable vanish in profile on the limb.

Much as we see the moon with the naked eye do we see Mars with the telescope. Mars being outside of us with regard to the sun, we never see him less than half illumined, but we do see him with a disc that lacks of being round, — about what the moon shows us when two days off from full. It is when he is in quadrature — that is, a quarter way round the celestial circle from the sun — that he shows thus, and we see him then with the telescope at closer range than we ever see the moon. When we so observe him, we notice at once that his terminator, or inner edge, presents a very different appearance from the lunar one. Instead of looking like a saw, it looks comparatively smooth, like a knife. From this we know that, relatively to his size, he has no elevations or depressions upon his surface comparable to the lunar peaks and craters.

His terminator, however, is not absolutely perfect. Irregularities are to be detected in it, although much less pronounced than those of the moon. His irregularities are of two kinds. The first, and by all odds the commonest phenomenon consists in showing himself on oc-

casions surprisingly flat; not in this case an inferable flatness, but a perfectly apparent one. In other words, his terminator does not show as a semi-ellipse, but as an irregular polygon. It looks as if in places the rind had been pared off. The peel thus taken from him, so to speak, is from twenty to forty degrees wide, according to the particular part of his surface that shows upon the terminator at the time.

Now it is a significant fact that this paring of his disc appears usually where the dark regions are coming into view or passing out of sight, according as it is the sunrise or the sunset terminator that is presented to observation. And even in the few cases where it is not coincident with them, it is never far removed from their position. Two causes undoubtedly combine to produce the effect. One of them is irradiation. It is a well-known fact that bright bodies look larger than they are, probably because of the sympathetic vibration of the rods in the retina adjoining those directly affected. A familiar instance of the effect is the seemingly wizened look of the old moon seen in the new moon's arms. The lusty young moon seems a sixth the broader of the two. The same thing would appear in the case of the Martian terminator; a bright area would seem to project beyond a dark one. This accounts for a part of the loss. The other part is doubtless due to an actual depression in the Martian surface. Thus from the appearance of the terminator comes corroboration of the lower level at which we found reason (in the last paper) to suppose the dark markings upon the planet to lie.

That these long parings do not always coincide with the dark areas may help confirm, paradoxical as it sounds, their real depression; for it is only the relative, not the actual height that is projected on the terminator, and a more elevated area, if sloping at the proper angle, would be projected as a depression beside a lower one, in spite of being the higher surface of the two. It may also, however, not be due to this cause, but to the presence of an actually elevated district; verdure, such as a forest, standing on high land.

Such long, low depressions are characteristic of the Martian terminator, which is thus in kind quite unlike the lunar one. In addition to them there are elevations, some long and low, some short and sharp. Both are relatively rare. Of the former variety Professor W. H. Pickering discovered two striking specimens. Each looked to be, and probably was, a plateau, very level on top, and sloping more or less equally on both sides. Of the short and sharp variety Mr. Douglass has detected some noteworthy instances; but whether they mean high dust cloud or mountains is not yet predicable. Mr. Douglass has very systematically observed the Martian terminator at every longitude, and is now busy upon a contour map of the planet. His map may enable us to say something more definite as to whether the canals traverse low regions from preference or not. But certain it is that Mars is a flat world; devoid, as we may note incidentally, of summer resorts, since it possesses, apparently, neither seas nor hills. To canals we will now return.

The canals so far described all lie in the bright reddish-ochre portions of the disc, — those parts which bear every appearance of being desert. But Mr. Douglass has made the discovery that they are not the only part of the planet thus privileged. He finds, in the very midst of the dark regions themselves, straight, dark streaks not unlike in look to the canals, and still more resembling them in the systematic manner in which they run. For they reproduce the same rectilinear arrangement that is so striking a characteristic of their bright-area fellows. He has succeeded, indeed, in thus triangulating all the more important dark areas. What is more, he finds that

these canals in the dark regions end at the very points at which the others begin, so that they make continuations of them.

This fact is another telltale circumstance as to the true character of the so-called seas; for that the seas should be traversed by permanent dark lines is incompatible with a fluid constitution. But the lines are even more suggestive from a positive than they are from a negative standpoint. That they make continuations of the lines in the bright regions shows that the two sets are causally connected, and affords strong presumption that this causal relation is the very one demanded by the theory of irrigation. For if the canals in the bright regions be strips of vegetation irrigated by a canal (too narrow to be itself visible at our distance), and there be a scarcity of water upon the surface of the planet, the necessary water would have to be conducted to the mouths of the canals across the more permanent areas of vegetation, thus causing bands of denser verdure athwart them, which we should see as dark lines upon the less dark background.

Before passing on to certain other phenomena connected with the canals of like significance, we may note here an *obiter dictum* of the irrigation theory of some slight corroborative worth; for if a theory be correct, it will not only fit all the facts, but at times go out of its way to answer questions. Such the present one seems to do. If the seas be seas, and the canals canals, we stand confronted by the problem how to make fresh-water canals flow out of salt-water seas. General considerations warrant us in believing that the Martian seas, like our own, would contain salts in solution, while irrigation ditches, there as here, should flow fresh water to be most effective, and we seem committed to the erection of distilleries upon a gigantic scale. But if, on the contrary, the seas be not seas, but areas of vegetation, the difficulty vanishes at once; for if the planet be dependent upon the melting of its polar snows for its spring freshet, the water thus produced must necessarily be fresh, and the canals be directly provided with the water they want. The polar sea is a temporary body of water, formed anew each year, not a permanent ocean; consequently there is no chance for saline matter to collect in it. From it, therefore, fresh water flows, and, like our rivers, gathers nothing to speak of in the way of salt before it is drawn off into the canals.

We now come to some phenomena connected with the canals, of the utmost suggestiveness. I have said that the junctions held in a twofold way the key to the unlocking of the mystery of the canals; in the first place, in the fact that such junctions exist. The second and more important reason remains to be given, for it consists in what we find at those junctions. These phenomena will form the subject of the next paper.

Percival Lowell.

A NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

The government of the United States has hitherto shrunk from assuming some of the most important parts of the duty imposed on it by the Constitution in regard to interstate commerce. That duty cannot be adequately performed without taking cognizance of the relations of the transportation companies to at least three different subdivisions of the community: those which they sustain towards their own shareholders, their own employees, and the general body of the people who use the railways and waterways in trade and travel. The first of these relations

concerns the ownership of eleven billions (par value) of stock and bonds of railway companies alone, and a trackage of over 175,000 miles; of which between a fourth and a fifth part have been plunged into insolvency as a result of unregulated construction and mismanagement coincident with a period of severe general depression. The second involves the efficiency and happiness of nearly one million railway employees and the welfare of their families, and, as recent history sharply reminds us, affects the steady flow of commerce through all its channels; it penetrates almost to the core of the greatest problem with which society is now struggling, — the question of the rights of labor. Most of the legislation on the subject of railway control has been directed toward the third of these divisions, — the railway as a common carrier, — because it directly concerns the greatest number of people and the widest diversity of interests.

The comprehensive and intelligent adjustment of the relations between the great agencies of commerce and the rest of the public can never be effected until each of these divisions is examined in detail, and the responsibility of the government in respect to each is recognized and assumed. Each one, when frankly confronted, seems as portentous as the entire problem of which it is but a part, and it is no wonder that the duty of grappling with them in turn has been evaded and postponed, while daily growing more and more formidable. The time seems to have come when it cannot be put off much longer. The railway system has apparently reached a climax in its development. The old-fashioned idea of competition as a regulator of tariffs seems about to be laid aside, at least so far as combination is capable of securing that result, and the alternative is before the people of substituting in its place a well-ordered and equitable scheme of national control, or a concentrated, pool-bound monopoly, regulated only by self-interest. A law abrogating the old prohibition of pooling will lead to the final steps in the grand process of crystallization, which will speedily transform the railways into a single, compact whole, able to meet with united front any threatened attack, whether it be from dissatisfied labor or an alarmed government. The consequences of having permitted this unification to go so far, with so little attempt to bring it within the control of the only government capable of grappling with it, will soon be apparent.

Not until 1886 did the national Congress set itself seriously to the task of considering its duty, under the Constitution, towards the great subject of interstate commerce. The task had been put off from time to time, because it was too vast, too difficult, too delicate, — because Congress optimistically hoped that somehow it would right itself; it was let alone in part because every avenue of legislation was blocked by a powerful and corrupt lobby. When at last it had become a problem of overshadowing importance, it was taken up timidly, not as a whole, but piecemeal, and a law was evolved which purported to concern itself only with one branch of the subject, and that not the most important nor the most urgent, which contented itself with an effort to correct discrimination in rates, to prevent pooling, to collect information, and to secure publicity. Congress distinctly disavowed any intention to deal with the rights of shareholders and bondholders, except incidentally, and did not at all enter upon the questions of the mutual rights and duties of employers and employees. Legislators felt that any attempt at national interference with an agency so vast, powerful, infinitely complex, and bound up so intimately with every interest of the community would be unavailing unless it were at once minute and sweeping, comprehensively gathering within the jurisdiction of the United States government the whole transportation business of the country; and they

shrank from so long a step toward centralization and state socialism. They therefore contented themselves with passing a law creating a tribunal which it did not venture to dignify with the name or functions of a court. This law and tribunal, thus mild and tentative, the courts of the country have, by a long course of narrow construction, rendered still more ineffectual for good or evil. The commission, entrusted with vague supervisory power over some five hundred railway companies, big and little, intolerant of control and in a state of intermittent war, may spend $225,000 a year in trying to make its influence felt; while a fluctuation of a twentieth of a cent per ton per mile in the average annual freight rate means, according to a recent authority, an annual gain or loss of $800,000 to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, $900,000 to the Northwestern, $1,385,000 to the New York Central, $2,190,000 to the Pennsylvania division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Congress has laid upon the commission responsibilities of vast extent, without any clear and positive definition either of its powers or duties, and without placing in its hands any machinery at all commensurate with the work to be performed. Yet even the timorous and halting legislation known as the interstate commerce law professes to deal with one phase only of the railroad problem.

There is at present, so far as the general government is concerned, an utter failure to take care that justice be done as between the companies and their employees, and to prevent the outbreak of disastrous strikes, whereby the public is always the chief sufferer, be the wrong where it may. A law was enacted in 1888 authorizing the appointment by the President of a commission, of which the commissioner of labor is to be a member, to investigate and make report as to the conditions and causes of controversies; but the commission is not invested with any power, and its function seems to be chiefly the gathering of trustworthy data as an aid to the formation of an intelligent public opinion. A committee of the Senate, if it chanced to be in session at the time of any great strike, could accomplish exactly the same results. No matter how forcibly the strike commission may point out the cause of the trouble or locate the responsibility, the law does not attempt to afford any remedy. The rights of shareholders are equally unprotected by any general law designed to guard them against those acts of maladministration which have been the chief factor in the present demoralization of railroad property. It is not very plain that the general power of Congress over the subject is sufficiently extensive to make the interference of the government in this direction altogether effective. Probably, for the present, the owners of railway stocks and bonds will have to depend on the state legislatures and on the general equity powers of the courts for such slight protection as these can give. It is hard to see how the laws of Congress can prevent the reckless building of useless lines, or the watering of stocks in companies organized under state laws; but the losses caused by rate wars may certainly be stopped whenever the government undertakes, wisely and vigorously, to control the whole matter of rates. And it cannot be long before the plundered and exasperated holders of railway securities will be found demanding such a comprehensive measure of national control as will give their property average stability. This class, by nature conservative, will be driven by self-interest to seek the protection of government, and will not be deterred from so doing by fear of state socialism. The railroads have been their own worst enemy. On June 30, 1894, 156 railways were in the hands of receivers, with an operated mileage of nearly 39,000 miles, almost equal to the entire railway systems of Great Britain and Ireland and France; the total capitalization of those

insolvent companies being one fourth of the entire railway capital of the country. That this result was not caused chiefly by the panic of 1893 and the subsequent depression of business is shown by the fact that only 18 roads out of the entire 156 had paid any dividend to their stockholders from 1880 to the present time, or since their organization if later than 1880; their entire earnings in prosperous times being scarcely adequate to pay the interest on their indebtedness and other fixed charges. Railway securities can never become a kind of property in which ordinary people can safely invest their savings until some adequate central power undertakes to disarm the belligerents, and stamp out wars and boycotts among the competing corporations, and, by introducing fair play between employers and employees, render strikes as rare as in the postal service.

But, urgent as are the reasons for strong federal protection of holders of railway securities, and for a strengthening of the interstate commerce law in its present sphere of jurisdiction, there is the most imperative need for defining and enforcing the duties of railroad companies and their employees toward each other. These duties are now but dimly understood, and there is no tribunal in existence to which both sides in these colossal contests can resort with mutual confidence. We shall never know how near we came, last summer, to a social revolution, but we do know that the controversy was settled, not in accordance with any principles of law, but by mere force; and we also know that we cannot always go on silencing the arguments of great masses of discontented workingmen in this manner. If it is to continue to be a question merely of inflicting mutual injury, the battle will ultimately be on the side of numbers. It may be admitted that there was no real grievance of their own complained of by the strikers, and no real question at issue of which any court could have taken notice, no matter how it might have been constituted, or under what law; it may not be denied that the only duty of the government, under present law, was to put down violence; yet the trouble broke out because there was known to be no judicial power higher than the railroads to which labor might appeal, and in the absence of laws or courts the strikers claimed the right to make demands and enforce them by all means in their power, — a proceeding to which the railroads had long been accustomed. It is true there were appeals to the courts in several instances, and conflicting decisions were made, in which judges attempted to apply to the changed conditions obsolescent doctrines of the common law through the use of subtle refinements and far-fetched analogies. Some of them, whether technically correct or not, are regarded by plain people as judge-made law, novel, revolutionary, and one-sided. In some cases these decisions seem to have been cunningly contrived to tie the hands of labor, while leaving capital as free as before, and rules of the most sweeping character have been enunciated which could never stand for a moment before a popular vote. "Government by injunction," as administered by some bold judges, is a kind of government in which the people have but little voice; and, so far as the teachings of recent history go, it is apt to be arbitrary, and likely to still further embroil the conflict which is already quite acute enough. The result is doubt and uncertainty. What the law is nobody knows; when dissatisfaction arises, each side stands its ground, and, there being no tribunal and no fixed rules determining the matter, each resorts to violence. To cut down arbitrarily the wages of a large body of men, without giving them any chance to be heard, is, no less than a boycott, equivalent to a declaration of war. The situation is somewhat similar to that of nations which resort to war for the settlement of disputes because there is no power able to give

them law. What is needed is such an intelligent code of laws governing the railways and their employees, and such judicial and executive officers to expound and enforce them, that strikes will rarely occur.

It is perhaps best that no such treatment of the subject as a whole has been hitherto undertaken by the government, for it is only in the crucible of experience that the principles which must lie at the bottom of such legislation are discovered and tested. It may be yet too soon to attempt it. Every new struggle, while seeming to disclose weak spots in our framework, helps to make clear the real nature of the problems which we must try to solve. It may be that the very chaos of the law at the present day has left the ground free for the growth of ideas and social organisms which are necessary to our healthful development, and which a system of rigid discipline and supervision, such as that in France, would have injuriously repressed. On the other hand, events will not stand still. If our future march be not along the lines of law and justice, its direction will be determined by the blind passions of the mob, by personal greed, by violence and cunning. It is a question how far we dare leave the potential anarchy that lies sleeping in a general managers' association, and the anarchy that tramps our city streets in rags, to settle between themselves the welfare of the rest of the community. The black-list and the torch are alike unsatisfactory arguments, and do not bring the disputants any nearer a good understanding. In the fierce, ungoverned conflict of these elemental forces of society there may some day be found a common ground of mutual interest, or the parties may wear themselves out by mutual destructiveness; but society has a right to protect itself, even if it shall require the reëxamination and restatement of rights and duties. The conservatism of self-interest and of ignorance cannot be permitted to stand in the way of great upward social movements, or the readjustment of the principles upon which social development is to go on. Whenever the government of the United States shall feel ready to assume its duty with regard to the labor side of interstate commerce, it will be confronted with questions which have for many years been slowly rising into view, and which must ultimately find solution. Here are some of them: —

In view of the inevitable violence and obstruction of traffic incident to all railway strikes, is such a strike lawful under any circumstances, or is it to be regarded as a criminal conspiracy?

May the government interfere in the fixing of wages to be paid by interstate railways, as well as in the fixing of rates? In other words, may the government require companies engaged in a *quasi*-public service to pay reasonable wages, as well as charge reasonable tolls?

Do the men engaged in such service owe a duty to the public, which they may not lay down whenever they please, if such desertion would cripple public functions and inflict injury upon innocent persons; and if they do, may its performance be compelled?

May federal judges issue manifestoes prohibiting acts which amount to crimes, and upon their orders being disobeyed punish the offender without a jury trial?

These are live questions, and their answers suggest startling departures from commonly accepted law and orthodox political economy. They are variously answered now, according to individual prejudices and interests. Each of them, as well as others that might be formulated, contains the seeds of social disorder, and they ought to be discussed in the national forum, and some attempt made to settle them.

The importance and difficulty of the subject will one day suggest the devotion to it of an entire department of the government. It is already too great to be

left to a mere bureau. Either by gradual enlargement and extension of the functions of the interstate commerce commission, or by a single act of creation, a department of transportation must eventually come into existence. It will most likely, in accordance with Anglo-Saxon traditions, be the product of evolution, as the progress of events shows the necessity of bringing the various branches of the subject, one by one, within the domain of law. The department of agriculture, the post-office, the army, the navy, even the state department, will be less important than that of transportation when fully developed; it will demand the widest special and general knowledge, and the man who shall stand at its head will be but a little lower than the President. So much power must necessarily be concentrated here that it is questionable whether the department should be managed by one man or by a commission. It should be entirely non-political, its members holding office during good behavior, and all subordinates, as a matter of course, placed strictly under civil service rules. This great department should consist of two divisions, administrative and judicial. One of the chief elements of weakness in the present commission is its anomalous dual character. As prosecutor, it cites people to appear before it as a tribunal. It renders its decision in the form of a report, and upon this as a basis it brings suits as a plaintiff in the federal courts. It initiates proceedings without waiting for anybody to make complaint, and in so doing must to some extent prejudge cases. Its organization confounds the essential distinction imbedded in the American system, whereby all functions of government are classified as legislative, executive, and judicial. It collects evidence to be used in criminal prosecutions in the district courts against certain offenders, and as arbitrator takes cognizance of the civil aspects of the same offenses. Such a commingling of diverse functions is fatal to efficiency. They must be separated and differentiated, and to each branch of the department must be committed the duties logically belonging to it. The administrative side might be something like the present commission, whose duties are rather more executive than judicial, the latter being vague at the best, and largely shorn away by successive decisions of the courts. The gentlemen who now compose the commission are undoubtedly accomplishing all that is possible under the present law, and only need to have adequate means placed in their hands by an enlargement and extension of the existing law to meet exigencies now at hand.

It is certain that the passage of the law permitting pooling (which has already been accomplished in the House, and seems imminent in the Senate) will mark a radical departure from all the past history and traditions of this country. Competition has seemed to be the root of all evil in railway management, from the point of view of holders of securities. Apparently, wherever competition existed it ran inevitably into suicidal excess. The people, however, clung to it because they had no other hope of fair treatment. Without it, rate-fixing is a one-sided matter. Pooling eliminates it, if the pool is strong enough to hold together. Unless competition determines freight and passenger tariffs, they must be fixed by law; or, at least, pooling contracts must be so effectually subject to legal supervision that the rights of the public shall be protected. This supervision would fall to the transportation department, which, if it did its duty, would take the place of competition, and become in its turn the only reliance of the public against the aggressions of monopoly.

Every pooling contract must be regarded as a treaty, to which the public, represented by the department, is a party, and a zealous conservation of popular rights will require the most cease-

less vigilance. It being admitted that pooling contracts are to be made legal and to become universal, any permanent law providing for the enforcement of these contracts should require that they be subject to the inspection and approval of the commission, and that no rate sheet, nor contract for the regulation of rates or division of business or territory or earnings, should be of any validity until first assented to by it. If the commission should refuse its assent, the question of the reasonableness of the contract or the proposed rate should be tried before the tribunal of commerce, and the burden laid upon the carrier to prove the affirmative. This court would be the judicial side of the transportation department, a court of exclusive jurisdiction over all cases arising under the laws of Congress relating to interstate commerce, with appeal to the Supreme Court. It should have the right to punish criminally for any violation of such laws. The judges of this court would be selected with reference to their special equipment for the intricate and responsible duties devolving upon them.

Not the least grave of these duties would be the adjudication of causes arising between railway companies and their employees. The want of a court competent to deal with such matters, and of statutory rules to guide the court if one existed, is what makes labor troubles so frequent and so dangerous at present. The Congress which grapples with this subject will be confronted with many hard questions, among them the question whether the government may interfere in any way in the making of contracts of service. It is now thoroughly established that it has something to say as to what tolls shall be charged on interstate commerce, and it interposes between the carrier and shipper, and requires that the contract shall be reasonable. It is only a step, then, to the requirement that all contracts between companies and their servants, whether made individually or through incorporated associations or other accredited representatives, shall be reasonable. It would be scarcely more of an invasion of the right of contract than numerous other laws now in operation. Many States endeavor to prohibit sweating and overtime work; railroad companies are sometimes forbidden to require their men to sign contracts surrendering civil rights, and such clauses are rejected as contrary to public policy; railway and telegraph companies are not permitted to insert in their bills of lading or contracts provisions relieving them from their common-law liability. Every civilized country interferes in behalf of seamen; unusual or oppressive clauses in shipping articles are forbidden, and the courts of admiralty in the United States rigidly inspect these contracts, and if additional burdens or sacrifices are imposed upon the seamen without adequate remuneration, the courts interfere, and moderate or annul the stipulation. It is surely introducing no very novel doctrine to require that any railroad that proposes to perform a quasi-public service shall pay fair wages and impose only reasonable conditions of service. It would not be revolutionary to provide a standard contract of service for all railway employees, analogous to the standard statutory insurance policy now generally compulsory in this country, with such flexibility as the varying conditions of the country might require. The government should undoubtedly encourage the incorporation of labor associations, so that railway companies might enter into permanent contract relations with their employees. The supervisory duties of the commission, in the case of contracts between large masses of men thus dealing on terms of equality with their employers, would be very limited.

Whether or not the country is yet prepared to countenance any interposition between the government and the railway employees in the making of the contract

of employment, it is rapidly reaching the conclusion that, a contract once made, the faithful performance of duty by the employees must be enforced, and that the public then becomes a party to it, with fixed rights. The engineer who abandons his train in an exposed place, where it is in danger of collision with other trains, is a criminal, and should be punished. The doctrine that the specific performance of an agreement to work cannot be compelled, and the constitutional prohibition of slavery and involuntary servitude, cannot be made to cover such a case. A hod-carrier who has started up the ladder with his load of bricks may not stop halfway and drop his bricks upon the heads of passers-by, and excuse himself on the ground that he has a right to cease work whenever he pleases. In both cases the public has a right to require the man who has once assumed a duty to proceed with it until he can lay it down without direct and necessary injury to the public. This is true even in the case of merely private employment, and more evidently so where the work undertaken is public, and where whole communities are dependent upon its faithful performance. The law must be made plain by congressional enactment as to when strikes and boycotts on interstate railways are unlawful, and what punishment shall be inflicted on those who engage in a criminal strike. No court should be allowed to forbid such acts, and then punish them summarily without a jury trial. If the act is a crime, it should be dealt with as such.

Public opinion, the universal arbitrator, can be depended upon to enforce the law when it has been clearly enacted beforehand. The managers of strikes always study public opinion, and believe it to be on their side. It is likely to be divided as to the merits of any struggle when the law is obscure and the parties resort to force; it would not long tolerate outrage and chaos if it believed the government to be seriously determined to see fair play between companies and men, and as ready to punish railway officials for conspiracy to injure labor as it is to punish strikers for acts of physical violence. The law, therefore, which deals effectively with these questions should arm its tribunal with thunderbolts. Let it be understood that any railroad company which becomes a party to an unlawful conspiracy inimical to the rights of labor, or persistently refuses to observe the requirements of the commission in regard to rates, shall be operated by the court through its receivers until the owners are able to satisfy the court that they will obey the law; and all contracts made by the receivers, under the court's direction, with incorporated associations of employees in regard to wages, and with other companies for the purposes of pooling, should remain binding on the companies after the owners resume control. Such labor contracts are coming to be recognized in other countries; they are already largely in effective operation in this; courts now order their receivers to enter into them with organized bodies of engineers and other employees, and where they are most frankly adopted the relations between employers and employees are most cordial and permanent.

At the present time the railroads resent most bitterly any proposal of intervention on the part of the government; but this attitude is hostile to their own real interests. They are now engaged in fighting off the very measures of control which their stock and bond holders will some day be demanding for the sake of security and peace. Let them join hands with the impatient public and ask the government to arbitrate the whole matter with even-handed justice, and the public, which is itself both carrier and shipper, creditor and debtor, master and man, will see that everybody has fair play.

Henry J. Fletcher.

TYRRELL'S LATIN POETRY.

THE fascination of Latin poetry is to many inexplicable. Its defects as literature have been often pointed out. It has been pronounced an exotic from first to last; its forms, subjects, and much of its thoughts and expressions being copied from Greek. Some critics have shown that the great Latin prose writers from Cicero to Tacitus offer a more fertile field for study of language or history; and others have wondered that time should be wasted on Roman literature at all, when the great stores of Hellenic authors in all their varied originality are open. Nor are there wanting many now to declare that the ever growing riches of modern tongues are all-sufficient for literary work or literary play. Yet still hardly a year passes without some addition to the commentaries, translations, and discussions of the Latin poets. No one of the giants of Grecian literature, with the exception of Homer, and possibly of Sophocles, finds his way so directly into men's hearts as their Latin rivals, from Plautus to Juvenal.

The work before us [1] bears on its very title-page a testimony to this strange charm. Professor Tyrrell holds at Dublin University the chair of Greek, which position, if the Hellenists say true, ought to raise him above the jejune attractions of Latin poetry; yet here we find him, as ardent in its illustration as though there were no Æschylus or Theocritus in the world.

These chapters, of which a portion has already appeared in our pages, were originally delivered as lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, and elsewhere in the United States. Of American audiences there is most kindly mention in the preface, and there is prefixed a singularly sympathetic sonnet in honor of Baltimore.

The book is avowedly devoted to literary analysis and criticism. The poets are grouped by periods and subjects, and discussed in connection and contrast rather than individually. The early dramatists have their meagre fragments done justice to; but it is hard to get much out of such scraps, preserved chiefly in the driest pages of grammarians, to illustrate some archaism. In the short mention of the adaptations of Greek comedy by Plautus and Terence, Professor Tyrrell rightly apprehends the sadness underlying all the apparent gayety of the heartless and unprincipled civilization of Macedonian days; but it is hard to agree when he attributes to Plautus a tone of severe indignation, akin to that of Juvenal. The feeling of genial fun generally ascribed to him seems nearer the correct estimate.

Professor Tyrrell points out that the Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays (duly credited to "certain ingenious American writers") finds its likeness in the charges made against Terence, that he was indebted for some of his best things to his illustrious Roman friends, like Scipio and Lætius. But the poet's denial does not read quite so straightforward as Professor Tyrrell seems to think it: —

> "For what his critics say, that high-born men
> Help him, and write in constant union with him, —
> What those men think a terrible reproach
> He thinks the greatest praise, that he should please
> The men who you and all the nation please;
> Whose aid in war, in peace, and in affairs,
> Each man is glad at his own need to use."

It is a great satisfaction to find a competent critic doing justice to the poetic talents of Cicero; the notion that he was a miserable poetaster being

[1] *Latin Poetry.* By R. Y. TYRRELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

chiefly founded on a few unfortunate lines picked out by Juvenal and others, whereas the great bulk of Cicero's poems, particularly his translations from the Greek tragedians, are eminently nervous and sonorous. In the construction of his verse he made vast advances on the uncouth rhythm of Ennius, and exercised great influence on Lucretius. Moreover, he is the real creator of national literature, the one under whom both prose and verse first took the bent which controlled them to the last. The frequent introduction of rhetorical passages, fit to have been spoken in the Senate, which are not wanting in Lucretius, and come with steadily increasing frequency in Virgil and Ovid, which form the staple of Lucan's poetry and underlie all Juvenal's satire, is due to his giving full literary form to the natural debating instinct of Rome. The merit of these passages Professor Tyrrell seems hardly to appreciate. They may not suit modern taste; but they have the true Roman sap. The phrase *sanctum senatum* may be spurious in the first book of the Æneid, but it was never absent from any Roman heart.

The chapter on Lucretius having already appeared in our pages, we may pass to that on Catullus, the other great poet of the transition. For him Professor Tyrrell has the same warm admiration which his poems have excited in minds so widely apart as Fénelon and Macaulay, by the intensity of his loves and hates, the vividness of his phrases, and the sometimes unequaled melody of his verse. A loyal follower of the late Professor Munro, whom it was always hard to differ from, owing to the weight of metal and skill of fence that spared no antagonist, our author seems to set Catullus in the very front rank, and wholly denies the inferior estimate set by Conington on his poetic art. And indeed, if we will surrender our ears and hearts to the song of Catullus at his best, we shall be almost sure to fall into unchecked admiration. But herein two dangers must be guarded against: first, that of ignoring a mass of absolutely revolting matter, violating the rules not merely of morality, but of art, yet lying in immediate neighborhood of the choicest beauties. These strains, like similar strains in Burns, show a want of poetic conscience, which we have a right to demand, because found in the real masters; in Sophocles, for instance, in Virgil, and in Milton. It exists notably in Lord Tennyson, who is clearly Professor Tyrrell's supreme favorite, and who has won a rank above what his natural gifts entitle him to, largely through his determined self-examination and regulation.

The other danger, when we discuss an ancient poet, is reading into him modern meanings, which the literal equivalents of the same words in a modern language would undoubtedly convey to our ears, whereas those words to a Roman were symbols of other ideas, often more passionate and vivid, but always less profound and sentimental. Professor Tyrrell rightly says the Æneid is not a romance. It is as true that such poems as Acme and Septimius have not an atom of romance in them; they are as alien from any feelings of Romeo or Sir Philip Sidney as the rout of Comus from the lady.

Of the other elegiac poets, our author, in strict accordance with current views, accords the first place to Propertius, for his masculine and intense strains; but he seems to cast Ovid aside with scant measure either of space or approval. Yet Ovid's control over the resources of Latin finds no rival but in Cicero; and the vividness with which he makes mythological characters into men and women is not surpassed by Euripides.

The chapter on Virgil is excellent. It affords another sign that the preposterous dictum of Niebuhr as to Virgil's inferiority, which once threw English and German critics off the basis of common sense, — if so *anti-burschisch* a quality

may be ascribed to a Teutonic scholar, — is losing its hold. As Professor Tyrrell says, the French have always stood by the ancient creed of the supreme excellence of Virgil; and there have been lately in England several tender and thoughtful spirits, like Professor Sellar, Mr. Myers, and Frederic Harrison, to uphold the same standard. It does no credit to Mr. Gladstone's taste or discernment to have written on the other side; and it speaks volumes for the same qualities in Lord Tennyson that he took every opportunity of testifying to the profound respect and love due to him whom the first great English poet hailed as a guiding light. The sources of Virgil's power over the hearts of men defy analysis like the enchantments which the Middle Ages assigned to him.

Our author's estimate of Horace he allows to be novel and unorthodox. It deserves to be read, and would suffer by extraction or condensation. Perhaps one who retains the old love and admiration may best criticise it by showing that all the hard things that Professor Tyrrell says of Horace may be and have been said of Latin poetry as a whole. That it lacks originality and spontaneity, that it struggles with the effort to adapt the varied music of Greek to a less fertile and pliant tongue, that it has throughout a bookish rather than a popular strain, are assertions hard to disprove; yet somehow men persist in reading, in studying, and in loving the Latin poets, and Horace in exceptional measure. He is not, as he tells us, a swooping eagle or a soaring swan; but as a modest bee, he manages to extract from flowers that eagle or swan would disdain more sweet honey, more pliant wax, more tenacious glue, and not a little venom into the bargain, than any winged rover of them all.

Professor Tyrrell's discussion of the Latin satirists is vigorous and perspicuous, and he does full justice to the fire and force of Juvenal. His estimate of what we may call the *morale* of that great writer is less favorable, giving him credit for little more than bitter cynicism in his attacks on the vices of his time, and scarcely for the loftier purposes of the true reformer. But in fact, the purest reformer — and we estimate Juvenal much higher in this regard than does our author — could do little more in the age of the emperors than pull down the existing structure of society. A moral fire akin to that of Nero was needed to purge Rome; and all the precepts of Epictetus, all the example of Antoninus, were unavailing to regenerate her from within.

Professor Tyrrell has taken great pains with his handling of the Satyricon of Petronius, a work which can only by courtesy be introduced into an analysis of Latin poetry; and which, as it has come down to us, is so fragmentary and so outrageously realistic that one grudges it the space which he accords it, even while one allows its amazing genius.

In dealing with the poets of the decline, Professor Tyrrell is evidently tinctured with the dislike of "rhetoric" which is widespread among English critics of the present age; a notion that careful training in language and argument for use in the senate and the courts, such as was extensively cultivated in the period from Cicero to Tacitus, is alien to true poetry, whether in feeling, in thought, or in expression. This idea is eminently one-sided. In all ages some of the greatest poets that ever awakened the fancy or elevated the soul have used the rhetorical method to kindle the emotions. The ninth Iliad, the Hecuba of Euripides, the eleventh Æneid, Shakespeare's Coriolanus, Dryden's Fables, do not lose a single poetic attribute, because they are instinct with the same pungent and antithetic force which animates the Oration for Archias or the Reply to Hayne. The greatest orators have always been devoted students of poetry; and any criticism that denies true poetic genius to

Ovid, to Lucan, or even to Statius, on the ground of "rhetoric," stands self-condemned.

Professor Tyrrell appends to his book an interesting analysis of recent English translations of Virgil, supplementary to a lecture by the late lamented Professor Conington; his entire volume may be commended as in the highest degree scholarly, graceful, and suggestive.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT IN THE MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

It may be still an open question for the critics whether thought should be considered as lying within the scope of poetic art, or should be rigorously excluded from its productions; but in the mean time the world has had the habit, from the dawn of the earliest religions, of getting a good deal of its thinking done for it by the poets. For the thought of the poet is generally intuitive, if not inspired, and has been tested in the crucible which makes it one with the word. Its influence is the greater that it does not appeal primarily to authority or argument, and is therefore less likely to arm resistance or waken doubt, but enters as a little wind of suggestion through open doors of the mind, and is most sure of access at the most susceptible and formative period of life. To seize this sometimes elusive thought, to distinguish it from the evanescent mood and from the idea dramatically conceived, to trace its development and define its relation to the times, is one of the highest tasks which the critic has to perform. It is one in which a considerable risk is taken; for to detach the thought of the poet from his art even for a moment is to incur the danger of bringing it into wrong perspective, so essential in criticism is that unity of treatment which makes of its author a living whole, finding the springs of reflection and act in personality, harmonizing art and impulse, failure and achievement. But there are other wholes in literature besides the individual. And it is often possible, whether in dealing with one author or with a whole epoch, to gain new light by isolation of a single phase. Miss Vida Scudder, in the book before us,[1] has taken as her individual unit the pure poetic thought of the century on things pertaining to the spirit. She has traced its progress through different movements, its expression in unlike personalities and under varying ideals, and she has succeeded to a high degree in giving it unity and sequence, in showing the laws of its development, and gathering from it certain definite fruits of conviction.

To a critic preoccupied with the question of genius, or making constant comparisons of style, the progress of poesy in this nineteenth century would not inevitably appear an uninterrupted one. That of poetic thought, or rather of spiritual life in poetry, is in these pages a triumphal march. Miss Scudder has a peculiar aptitude (and it is a rare and valuable gift for a critic) for depicting intellectual movement, for registering changes of thought and holding the clue to an idea through many ramifications. Everywhere in her book is the evidence of a mind actively at work, constructing, coördinating, proceeding with method and plan as well as with rapid insight. Her sympathies, too, are active, and are with the idea that moves. Not that she looks at one aspect alone, or ignores contradiction and hindrance. On the con-

[1] *The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets.* By Vida D. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

trary, her sympathies are many-sided, her intelligence is peculiarly alive to the existence of complex streams of tendency. She seeks for affirmation, but is susceptible to doubt, and keenly sensitive to morbid phases of thought, though she has not the morbidness of accepting them as abiding-places. She enters with special comprehension into the doubt that is in motion, the doubt that is struggle, not negation, and she welcomes every note of hopefulness and triumph, not because it is final, but because its way is onward. She is an admirable interpreter of the development that has taken place in complexity and definiteness of theological idea in poetry, and while the various phases of which she treats have all been analyzed again and again, the entire trend and outline of English poetic thought, from Wordsworth and Shelley to the latest writings of Tennyson and Browning, has never, to our recollection, been brought out with equal vividness.

The criticism to which her work comes nearest in scope and spirit is perhaps to be found among Mr. Dowden's studies, where some of the same questions are discussed, particularly in regard to the influence of science upon modern poetry, the ideas growing out of the French Revolution, and the spiritual message of Tennyson and Browning. Mr. Dowden has many defects as a writer of criticism, chief among them being a certain looseness of writing, both in expression (especially in the use of figure) and in arrangement. At the same time he has qualities of sympathy and perception which set him above more finished but less impressionable critics. Miss Scudder, too, has sympathy and insight, with perhaps more quickness of apprehension than Mr. Dowden and less justness of perception. As a writer she resembles him in a tendency to inaccuracy of figure and phrase. She has a well-stocked vocabulary, and the movement noted above in her ideas extends to her style, giving it spring, energy, and at times charm. But she too often injures her charm by abruptness, and the fineness of her thought by not writing sufficiently close to it. Her arrangement, on the other hand, is always well knit. Her book consists of separate essays, but the sequence of idea is no more interrupted than if they were merely chapters, the headings serving only to gather up the lines of the argument and to mark its advance. Her mapping out of an intellectual region is very good. The influence of science is considered under the different heads of the idea of force, the idea of unity, and realism, that is, in the light of the stimulus given to poetic thought by the vastness of scientific theory and speculation, and that given to observation by the increase of exact knowledge. Much of this field has been covered by Mr. Dowden and other writers, but Miss Scudder's treatment is in some points fresh and suggestive. Her essay on Wordsworth and the New Democracy brings out the humanitarian side of the poet, who in Mr. Dowden's *résumé* stands as the type of transcendental thought. It says something for the breadth of this great thinker among great poets that he can be equally well placed in either category. Yet the height of his spiritual significance is perhaps better reached from the side of Mr. Dowden's criticism, partly from the fact that Wordsworth's love of man and feeling for rural life have been merged in a larger democratic stream and become part of every-day experience, while his more transcendental thought still remains distinctive, a cooling draught in none of its tributaries so pure or so refreshing as at the spring itself. But to separate Wordsworth's poetry into two streams is to leave each the shallower. Taking Wordsworth at the beginning of her thought-sequence, Miss Scudder gains impetus for her progressive argument in dwelling on the political aspect, for here comes in that descent into Lost Leadership which has been so often bewailed, and

which seems to have been an intellectual abandonment of the reason and will of the race corresponding to that forsaking of the reason and will of the individual which takes place in every conversion to Christianity.

Miss Scudder has already written on Shelley, as may be remembered by readers of The Atlantic; the papers on the Prometheus which form the introduction to her edition of the play having first appeared in these pages. She does not repeat herself, nor does she leave unheeded the witness of so ardent a spirit. Mr. Dowden took Shelley and Byron as representatives of the thought growing out of the Revolution. Miss Scudder, looking at the more reflective and permanent element in that thought, has made Wordsworth its type, while she takes Shelley as representing the primary impulse and idea of the Revolution. From this dawn of the modern world, she looks back to that other dawn of poetic impulse in the Renaissance, and to the Christian thought which lies as light behind them both, and groups together the Divina Commedia, The Faerie Queen, and Prometheus Unbound as presenting three ideals of man's redemption: in Dante, redemption through submission and purification; in Spenser, through knightly quest and battle for the right; in Shelley, through liberty and the freeing of the spirit regarded as inherently pure from an evil oppressing it from without. She takes due account of the fact that the three poems are by no means equal in importance, but she rightly discovers in the formlessness of Shelley's the protoplasm of many altruistic and socialistic ideas which make it significant as a text. Into this theme Miss Scudder has put her highest activity of intelligence and fervor of feeling. Her style, too, is at its best, with very little exaggeration, with thought and word welded together so that the little rift is scarcely perceptible between them. Her appreciation of the poems shows not only reading and study, but immersion in their spirit as well. Her remarks on the symbolism of the Paradiso are particularly happy; she does not fall into the common vacuity of taking for granted its inferiority to the other poems, but sees it rightly, not as more or less powerful, but as their fitting crown and consummation. "A future satisfying, nay, transcending every desire, glorifying all experience, a future for which it was worth while to descend into hell, — this he has given us." To one point only in Miss Scudder's Dante criticism would we take exception: to his being cited, for the sake of a progressive contrast, as one who lacked "the passion to redeem." She would appear to wish him to insist upon redeeming the lost who have already met their fate, or the penitent who are already working out their salvation. She does not ignore, indeed, but too often loses sight of the fact that he wrote his poem for the purpose of calling upon souls still on earth to seek salvation in time. Miss Scudder understands Dante too well to have any right to join with the many who misunderstand him in setting him up as the opposite of Abou Ben Adhem. Shelley's desire to be "the saviour and the strength of suffering man" was a pure and altruistic sentiment, but the interest of Dante in sinful man was not less profound.

A new misery, as Miss Scudder shows, has come into the world, since Dante's time, in the development that has taken place of intellectual doubt from a condition of revolt against a single definite creed to a state of creedless uncertainty. "To choose the Good was the struggle of Dante; to find the Good is the struggle of to-day." Miss Scudder carries the torch of inquiry into the literature of doubt in modern poetry, from the simple affirmative negation of Shelley to the skepticism "serene, yet tinged with infinite desire" of Arnold, the struggle towards light of Clough, the questioning and attainment of Tennyson. "The Poets of

Search" make a definite link in the chain of her criticism. "The Poets of Art" are more difficult to work in, and she hardly reaches the vein of melancholy philosophy that was hidden under the art of Rossetti, though she extracts some spiritual significance from his mysticism. Tennyson and Browning are left to the last, save for an essay on Browning as a humorist, where humor which is a gift seems to be somewhat confounded with that grotesqueness which is an intention. In taking the two poets at the date of their later rather than of their earlier work, Miss Scudder is in the right chronology, for they outlived, or at least outwrote, many successors as well as contemporaries. Then their thought was progressive, taking on new shades of meaning to the very last.

In the treatment of Tennyson it is interesting to compare criticisms. Mr. Dowden dwells chiefly on his inherent reverence and love for law, his cherishing of the ideals of an ordered life. He insists upon the permanency of this trait, and the Tennyson of his paper is unchanged throughout, neither younger nor growing old. Mr. Myers devotes himself to Tennyson's later cosmic poems, and makes him the prophet of a new religion, taking care to assure us that he has the poet's own authority, given in his conversation, for thus representing him. But Mr. Myers's wish, as the founder of the religion, to have prophesying done in its name, may have been the father of this assurance. The prophecy in Tennyson reads like the final utterance of his sense of law, the expression of that aspiration which in his poems goes hand in hand with reserve. To Miss Scudder, Tennyson is primarily the poet of In Memoriam, and that poem, published in 1850, "is the central and most representative poem of the century; it is the climax of the Poetry of Search." She finds in In Memoriam, of which she gives a close analysis, the agnosticism of modern life. "He marks the final stage of agnosticism, feeling its way towards faith." The process by which he wins faith is minutely traced and with delicate insight. The clue is sought in that curious recurrence in In Memoriam of the same thought at different stages of development. "Facts of nature and of the soul come to the poet, whose love is clasping grief with desperate instinct, as mocking, hideous, serene denials of the spiritual truth for which he longs. . . . Long after, when much new experience has been entered, when the spirit has been strengthened by courageous endurance and the conquest of practical solutions, the same fact will recur; and behold! it is no longer dark with insidious denial, but the radiant witness to faith. In the mystery of sub-consciousness the great change has been wrought." She sees also in Tennyson the effect of the will to believe. "This method of double interpretation is at the very heart of the intellectual life of Tennyson; it is the key to his spiritual victory. Sometimes the aspect of faith comes to him as a gift after long and seemingly remote brooding. Again, and perhaps more often, it is won by deliberate and resolute choice. In an open question he claims the right to the hypothesis of consolation. It is easy for either the ascetic or the cynical impulse to brand him as insincere; yet effective life must be lived on some assumption."

If Tennyson won faith, Browning had it. The affirmation of Browning is the victorious crescendo in the symphony of poetic thought as Miss Scudder interprets it, and Christianity five centuries after Dante finds a new embodiment in poetry. But how about Wordsworth and Coleridge, who also believed, as poets ardently, as pillars of the Church of England stanchly? And Shelley and Keats, who believe in poetry? They are brought up in the last pages and reëxamined. The Faith of the Poets of the Revolution is compared with that of the Victorian poets. The earlier poets believed in "a world interpenetrated

by a Divine and Living Soul;" the later poets believe the fuller Christian revelation of a more intimate personal relation to God and to humanity. The earlier poets listened for truth; the later struggle for it. "Contemplation was the watchword of our earlier poetry; action is the cry of that which presses nearest to our lives to-day." And in action is salvation and the life of the spirit; it is not only as the poet of faith, but as the poet of action and of the deed, that Browning stands at the summit of the century's aspiration. This is all true, and very finely brought out, though a comparison on some other lines between the poetry of Browning and that of Wordsworth might suggest the inquiry whether, while action is undoubtedly the most effectual agent in the development of character, contemplation may not possibly be a greater power in the production of poetry. One thing is clear from Miss Scudder's sequence, — that for critics of modern English poetry to represent the age as a wailing and hopeless period is to import their ideas ready made from France; for the actual quantity of skeptical and gloomy verse is a small outfit in agnosticism, while the optimistic tone of the large bulk of English nineteenth-century poetry ought certainly to afford us consolation.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Under the Man-Fig, by M. E. M. Davis. (Houghton.) The odd title of this book carries an interesting reminiscence for the reader, since it reminds him, what he might carelessly have overlooked, how cleverly Mrs. Davis makes a village chorus introduce the characters and story, comment on the persons and facts at critical points, and finally sum the whole business up. The author has caught well the easy-going life of the Southwest, with its touch of fading aristocracy, and has used an innocent piece of mystery in such a way as to intimate a tragedy without forcing the note. Possibly the passage which will make the most vivid impression on the reader will be that in the chapter headed The Palm-Tree Girl, a striking piece of negro romance. — Messrs. Holt have brought out two new volumes by Anthony Hope, whose tales follow one another with surprising rapidity. A Man of Mark is the inner history of a certain revolution in the South American republic of Aureataland, told with the writer's usual epigrammatic and incisive cleverness. The narrator, the untrustworthy guardian of the English bank in the republic's capital; his friend and patron, the president, a former citizen of the United States; and other persons in authority, of varied nationalities, comport themselves after the manner of Tammany statesmen, with the local advantage of revolution in time of need. Fortunately, the story is tolerably sure to be read at a sitting, else the unblushing rascality of all the personages principally concerned in it might prove a little wearisome, as, unhappily, the picture of the statecraft of Aureataland cannot be regarded as an altogether romantic imagining. In Sport Royal and Other Stories, the leading tale, which fills about half the book, is in its author's lightest and most entertaining vein, but the trivial sketches which accompany it might well have been left uncollected. — Bog-Myrtle and Peat, by S. R. Crockett. (Appletons.) Mr. Crockett can rival Mr. Hope, not only in a quickly gained popularity, but in the diligence with which he takes advantage thereof. In this collection of short tales and sketches, the studies of the humors of rural Galloway easily take the lead in naturalness, spontaneity, and insight. When the writer goes further afield in search of material, a tinge of artificiality is apt to appear in his work, as well as slight but marked affectations of style. Possibly some of the productions of Mr. Crockett's liter-

ary apprenticeship appear in these pages, which may account for the influence of Stevenson and Barrie being more than usually apparent. The book will inevitably be compared to The Stickit Minister; and though, as a whole, it must take the second place, it contains some character sketches quite worthy of the excellent company to be found in the earlier volume. — Under Friendly Eaves, by Olive E. Dana. (The Author, Augusta, Maine.) A score or more of New England sketches depicting village and country life. It is a field well worked by others, and Miss Dana comes rather as a gleaner than a reaper; but her sheaves, though not abundant, have some good grain in them. A kindly spirit pervades her book; there is fidelity to the familiar aspects of New England life, and a gentle piety touches the scenes. If there is not much invention or very noticeable characterization, neither are there forced situations or monstrosities of humanity.

Travel and Nature. Chinese Central Asia, A Ride to Little Tibet, by Henry Lansdell, D. D. (Imported by Scribners.) In two octavo volumes, with three maps and eighty illustrations, mostly from photographs by the author, Dr. Lansdell describes his journey to and through Chinese Turkistan and home to England again in the years 1888–90. His object was to make a preliminary survey of the region as a missionary field. He found a country where few white men had been before, and where the Christian religion was unknown. He fell in with people of many different nations and tribes, having strange customs and costumes, but was fortunate enough to meet with no very thrilling adventures, — good fortune which is surely a misfortune for his readers; for a traveler in strange countries must have hairbreadth 'scapes to tell about, to make his tale interesting, unless, indeed, he has a real gift for description and narrative. Dr. Lansdell made good use of his time by collecting birds, fishes, insects, and so forth, along his route. A catalogue of the collection, given as an appendix, shows it to be particularly rich in lepidoptera. He discovered one new species of fish. — Corea, or Cho-sen, the Land of the Morning Calm, by A. Henry Savage-Landor. (Macmillan.) Mr. Landor gives us an account of his experiences and observations during a few months' stay in the Hermit Nation in 1890–91, and illustrates his book from drawings of his own. He disclaims any pretense to literary style, but we confess to experiencing a slight shock on encountering such expressions as "takes the cake," and when we are informed that "the Japanese women . . . are not a patch on the Venuses of Cho-sen." Nevertheless, though Mr. Landor is neither a polished writer nor a great artist, he is a good observer, and what he has to tell us has, in the present case, a good deal of interest. The accounts of his own experiences are often quite entertaining. He seems to stop at nothing. After seeing the execution of seven traitors on a barren plain outside the city, he goes there the next day to make sketches, which gives him an opportunity to assist the father of one of the victims in stealing his son's body — and head. Returning, he reaches the city after the gates are closed, but succeeds in scaling the wall after setting fire to himself with his paper lantern in the process. — The Mountains of California, by John Muir (Century Co.), is a thoroughly delightful book. Mr. Muir has done for the Sierra Nevada what Mr. Burroughs has done for the Catskills, and Mr. Bolles for the White Mountains; but, naturally, this collection of studies has a spice of adventure which the works of our Eastern authors lack, while some readers will doubtless miss that appeal to personal experience which is wont to move them in descriptions of more familiar sights and sounds. Mr. Muir tells of mountains that fly pennants of snow, of glaciers with beautiful ice caves, of gigantic pine-trees which yield sugar; but it is not all grandeur and wildness and strangeness, and the author's touch is light when his subject requires it. As a piece of bright, playful, and sympathetic description, what can be more charming than the chapter on the Douglas squirrel? When one is agreeably surprised, there is always a tendency to exaggerate, and perhaps our praise of this book may appear extravagant. If so, we can only say, as Mr. Muir says in speaking of his beloved forests, "Come and see." — Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty, by H. Nehrling. (Geo. Brumder, Milwaukee.) This admirable account of popular ornithology, of which the first three parts of the second and concluding volume have now been issued, does not offer to the reader the dry bones of science. On the contrary, these bones are well cov-

ered — sometimes even to corpulence, it must be confessed — by a living and breathing flesh, and the spirit which animates the whole is an enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Nehrling presents his birds in their natural surroundings, and manages to give us a good idea of the flora of his territory as well as of its ornithological fauna. Though describing more or less fully all the song-birds of North America (north of Mexico), his text has special reference to Wisconsin and Illinois. Aside from all local considerations, however, this book will go far towards filling a place which has been empty since the works of Wilson and Audubon became out of print and out of date. The matter is largely original, but there are also quotations from reliable modern writers. The author is an ornithologist of standing, and his book is apparently free from inaccuracies. The work is also published in German, and a few verbal infelicities in the English edition are doubtless due to the author's nationality. It is written brightly and entertainingly, and glows with enthusiasm. It is distinctly popular in its treatment. The colored plates are of irregular merit, but are probably as good as can be expected in a comparatively inexpensive work. They are from water-colors by Professor Robert Ridgway of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor A. Goering of Leipzig, and Gustav Muetzel of Berlin. The typography is excellent. — The Land-Birds and Game-Birds of New England, by H. D. Minot; Second Edition, edited by William Brewster. (Houghton.) Both beginners and more advanced students in ornithology will welcome this volume: the former from its interest and usefulness as a whole, the latter chiefly on account of the valuable notes which Mr. Brewster presents. Mr. Minot's book has been familiar to New England bird-lovers since its original publication in 1876, and we need not now do more than call attention to its many excellent qualities, — its systematic arrangement, its originality, and its scientific thoroughness and accuracy, — though we can hardly help expressing our renewed surprise that this was the work of a sixteen-year-old boy, and was completed before its author entered college. But of the editor's work something should be said. Most important of all is the series of footnotes giving in succinct form the geographical distribution of the various species throughout New England. Mr. Brewster has made a special study of this branch of his science, and these notes are, therefore, as authoritative as anything of the kind can well be. Indeed, as to the editor's fitness for his entire task, there can be but one opinion. He also gives us an appendix, with additions to Mr. Minot's list of birds, including a page and a half devoted to Bicknell's Thrush, besides notes on certain other birds, mostly rare or accidental visitors to England. Footnotes are also given here and there, correcting errors or supplying obvious deficiencies. By the way, those persons who habitually skip footnotes will do well to reform their ways in reading this book. Mr. Brewster has taken great pains to preserve his author's text intact, and has evidently preferred to err on this side, if err he must. Else why has he let the description of the kingbird stand as it is, without anything to indicate the color of the under parts? And Mr. Minot was surely perpetuating an error in saying, on Mr. Maynard's authority, that the Hudsonian chickadee's song-note is "more quickly given" than that of our common chickadee. This new edition of Land-Birds and Game-Birds has for a frontispiece a portrait of the author from a photograph taken in 1887, three years before his untimely death. There are also twenty-two outline figures of birds, as in the earlier edition.

History and Biography. Life and Letters of Erasmus, Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893–94, by J. A. Froude. (Scribners.) "My object has been rather to lead historical readers to a study of Erasmus's own writings than to provide a substitute for them," said Mr. Froude in the introductory note to the latest volume which he should himself prepare for the press, and we think this states briefly what will prove the peculiar and lasting merit of the work. It cannot be said to add to the student's knowledge of Erasmus; and though composed of academic lectures, it is in tone and manner an address to the intelligent general reader rather than to the scholar. Indeed, the latter will probably sometimes criticise more or less adversely the delightfully readable paraphrases of the immortal letters, finding that, in the necessary process of abridging, compressing, and epitomizing, misinterpretations of the writer's meaning are not infrequent, while the author's atti-

tude throughout is that of the eloquent advocate, rather than of the broad-minded philosophic and judicial observer. Allowing for this, there yet remains a study of one of the most fascinating personalities in all literature by a great master of English, whose unsurpassed gifts as a narrator and powers of vivid portraiture are as brilliantly displayed as ever in these pages, where, of course, the writer himself often appears in his own proper person, commenting with much wit and pungency on things present as well as past. It is a book which will gain and hold the attention even of the unhistorical reader, a thing to be grateful for, if, as we believe, the picture it gives of one of the most extraordinary men of a memorable epoch is not only full of vitality, but essentially truthful. As Mr. Froude finally reflects, the story of that time is still disfigured by passion and prejudice, and others beside him have felt that it can best be seen as it really was if it is looked at through the eyes of Erasmus. — Prince Henry the Navigator, the Hero of Portugal and of Modern Discovery, by C. Raymond Beazley. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) Of the personal history of the central figure of Portugal's heroic age, the most famous of the five brilliant, half-English Infants, sons of John of Aviz and Philippa of Lancaster, such scanty memorials remain that not much more than half this volume is needed in which to tell with sufficient detail the story of his life and work. An appropriate enough introduction to this is the scholarly account given in the earlier chapters of the progress of geographical knowledge and enterprise in Christendom throughout the Middle Ages. The series of maps which illustrate the narrative would always serve that purpose admirably, if the rather startling reduction in size necessary in adapting some of the great mediæval charts to the dimensions of an ordinary page, single or double, did not occasionally result in a somewhat trying indistinctness. Full justice is done by the writer to the achievements of his subject, whose career he treats as the turning-point in the history that he has been tracing through many centuries, and he also connects him with the more momentous discoveries which should soon follow. "The whole outward and onward movement of the great exploring age," he affirms, "was set in motion by one man. It might have come to pass without him, but the fact is simply that through him it did result. 'And let him that did more than this go before him.'" — Letters of Emily Dickinson, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. (Roberts.) The two volumes of Emily Dickinson's poems have made many readers familiar with her strange mind. These two volumes of letters disclose more of what is unmistakably the same mind. The fantastic humor, the frank egotism, the defiance of all usual manners of expression, are no less evident here than there. With equal clearness, Miss Dickinson's insight into deep truths, the pervading strength of her affections, and her absolute independence of thought are revealed. Yet one cannot feel complete satisfaction in the books as they stand, or repress some wonder as to what the writer herself would have said to the publicity thrust upon the many intimacies of her offhand notes. Self-conscious as many of them seem, their very nature is of the *meum* and *tuum* sort of letter-writing; and some of the notes are without sufficient interest to print. We may well be thankful, however, for the best of them, and wish for more of the spontaneous correspondence with her brother and cousins. Quite remarkable are the letters after the loss of some of those nearest to her. In one vein she is perhaps at her very best, in writing of the death of Frazer Stearns, in the war. It is worth passing remark that the strained mannerisms reached their height in the letters asking for literary advice. — The Making of the Nation, 1783–1817, by Francis A. Walker (Scribners), is the third issue in the American History Series. Though somewhat briefer than the volumes by Professors Fisher and Sloane, it is no less satisfactory. The threatening weakness of the original Confederation is clearly described, and the evolution of our national life is carefully traced. General Walker dwells especially on the increase of population and territory, the development of political ideas, and the growth of national sentiment. He says some suggestive things about money, taxation, and tariff, and supplements the body of his book by maps showing the distribution of population in 1790 and 1820, and a tabular appendix about censuses, public debt, electoral votes, etc. Before the book is re-

printed, a "not" should be inserted in the contradictory statement about Mr. Adams on page 135, and the error in addition on page 174 should not stand to the discredit of so eminent a statistician.

Literature and Criticism. The fourth volume in the new edition of De Foe, edited by George A. Aitken, is The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, who was deaf and dumb, and was credited with the gift of second sight. This attracted De Foe's notice, and besides his narrative, in which is inwoven much curious lore of the supernatural, there are two short ghostly speculations. The book has some good photogravures by Mr. Yeats. The fifth volume has also been published, containing Memoirs of a Cavalier. Mr. Aitken is clearly of the opinion that De Foe constructed the book out of materials accessible to all readers, but he holds to the view that it is, as historical romance of the verisimilitude sort, a graphic and truthful picture in its main lines. (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) — Tom Cringle's Log, by Michael Scott, a book which for more than sixty years has bravely held its place among the best sea-stories in the language, is the latest addition to Macmillan & Co.'s series of standard novels. The volume is illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, and Mowbray Morris has furnished an admirable introduction, — a more than usually needed prefix in this case, for perhaps no successful writer of this century is so unknown a personality as Michael Scott, a man apparently quite careless as to literary reputation. And indeed, after diligent search, Mr. Morris has been able to add little to the few facts which make up Scott's brief and colorless biography. — Early Venetian Printing Illustrated. (Imported by Scribners.) Here is a volume in folio of 228 pages, of which 200 are given up to facsimiles and copies of ornaments, printed pages, initials, colophons, devices, and designs for binding, all taken from examples of the printing and binding art of Venice in the days of the great masters. How paltry and thin do most of the specimen books of the present day look beside it! It is a treasure-house for the lover of the typographic art, and we doubt if it will be prized anywhere more highly than in America. The introductory pages of text contain some interesting historical notes on printers' marks, water-marks, the printing of music, and other subjects. The book was made in Venice, and is a worthy monument of that city's preëminence in its great day. — The second in the series of Björnson's Tales, Arne (Macmillan), is much better translated than the previous story. It is by Mr. Walter Low, who has since died, and who receives an appreciative notice in this volume by Mr. Gosse, the editor of the series. Arne is the one story by Björnson which must not be overlooked. — The second volume of Mr. H. E. Watts's admirable translation of Don Quixote covers chapters xxv.–lii. of the First Part, with much of the delectable conversation of the Don and Sancho Panza. The notes are judicious. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) — In their new edition of Dickens, Macmillan & Co. now include Bleak House, with an Introduction by the present Charles Dickens, who furnishes an agreeable compilation of the facts attendant on the writing, and the criticisms which accompanied the publication. — The three parts of Henry VI. form the latest volumes in the tidy Temple Shakespeare. (Macmillan.) The etched frontispieces are of the Tower of London, the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, and Micklegate Bar, York. The convenient glossary at the end of each part furnishes a body of annotation in very compact form. — The part of A New English Dictionary for April 1 comprises Fanged–Fee. We get a little light — not enough to dazzle — on the choice between "farther" and "further." (Macmillan.) — Another six months has come round, and has brought a bound volume of The Century, covering the numbers from November, 1894, to April, 1895. It is not easy to remark any special change in character year by year. Possibly there is an increase in solidity, a disposition to seek for the permanent, and to choose the historic and the serious even in contemporaneous matters.

Education and Textbooks. Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, English Men of Letters for Boys and Girls, by Gertrude H. Ely. (E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York and Chicago.) Mrs. Ely has attempted a difficult and, we are inclined to think, ill-considered task in proposing to interest young people in early English writers, not only because the work calls for a definite knowledge of the period, and an instinctive sense of what can be selected in personal history capable of holding

the attention of the young, but because an interest in old authors cannot be made to induce an interest in their writings. The book seems another contribution to the great class of books about literature which obstruct rather than aid a love of literature itself. — In the English Classics Series (Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York) place has been found for Hayne's Speech, better known to most as the occasion of Webster's Reply. It is edited, with notes, by James M. Garnett. As a useful historical tract it will serve, but Webster's speech has been kept alive by qualities which are not to be found in this, whatever may be said of its logic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Hunter of the Grass-Tops.

At forty minutes past two in the afternoon I am lying in the shade, on "Lotus Island," — the island of us lotus-eaters, who come to this part of the meadows in order to forget everything but the pleasures which the fields supply. Not that it is really an island, — more reason yet for the name we give. True, on one side it is bordered by a veritable river ; but that other arc of the watery circle which would make this a real island is no more than the ghost of a stream which we can easily imagine flowing in a now deserted channel. This old bed, higher than the level of the water in the present river, has its sedgy, frog-haunted pools, which were the old stream's eddy-basins ; and a row of alders and shrubby trees still impends above the empty bed. Completing the arboreal screen about this retreat, there grows along the present stream's margin, with here an elm and there a maple, the new fringing tangle of willows and alders.

Near my feet, on a spire of grass, is one of those small, dark-colored jumping spiders. He is one fourth of an inch in length. Hop ! He is a lively little fellow. Without an effort, and with the directness of a stone from a catapult, he springs nine times his own length, two and a quarter inches, horizontally, to the next spire. Before he goes again I have a good look at his build and marks. His small abdomen is fox-colored, with six or eight dark-brown spots. The head and chest part, which is very large and strong in proportion to the abdomen, is glossy black, beautifully patterned with old gold, while the mouth parts and legs are dappled gray. The legs, designed for leaping, are short and powerful.

He walks a few steps up the grass blade, and, with another of his sudden springs, shoots, or snaps like a snapping seed, to another spire. I now notice a new fact of spider life : for an instant, as a breath of air stirs, a thread of light spans the last-crossed chasm, straight from the spider to his previous resting-place. It is plain that he traces the course of his wanderings by a web, a sort of clue to the grassy labyrinth ; though for what purpose I cannot understand.

Now he displays his skill as a tumbler, for in leaping from one grass stem to another he turns a somersault, and alights head downward. That certainly puts to shame your ordinary floor-tumbling gymnasts. Then he travels onward for a minute or two, with little rest, making about two inches at a leap. Once he shows another feat of mid-air gymnastics. He sees, six inches lower and nearly beneath him, the horizontally spreading leaf of a little herb, towards which he leaps. But he alights on the under side of the leaf. Apparently this is impossible, yet I happen to perceive how it is accomplished. He aims to clear the leaf's edge by ever so little ; then, at the moment of passing, strikes out all the sharp-hooked feet of one side, catches the leaf, thus arresting his fall, and swings himself to the under side. Imagine the attempt of the best human gymnast to perform the same feat, with proportionally one tenth the downward leap which the spider makes, and you realize something of the structural superiority of this little being over mankind.

Several times I observe the gleaming thread carefully attached before each jump. It serves no manifest purpose, such as that of fly-catching or of a bridge. Before leaping, the little fellow prettily raises his hands,

or fore legs, evidently in the act of taking aim. He springs for a definite mark, and is remarkably sure of his aim, — a fact which, it may incidentally be pointed out, proves that for distances of several inches the vision of hunting spiders is perfectly distinct and clear.

Alas! At the very instant I brag about him to my friends he misses entirely, and falls — no, he does not fall to the ground, but swings on that little, well-fastened web back to the stalk from which he jumped. I see now the purpose of that fine thread, the clue to the maze, of which he always carries one end. It is a kind of fire-escape, to be used in case he does not make the target aimed for. And the failure to reach footing this time is rather the fault of the slender yielding grass-stalk whence he sprung.

It is now five minutes before three o'clock. In the last fifteen minutes he has traveled five feet from the place where I first saw him. He has rested briefly here and there, looking about for prey, and twice has made an unsuccessful attempt to strike down a very small individual of the fly kind, which had alighted on an ear grass leaf. Each time the winged atom has flown at the instant of the hunter's springing. These flying mites, of a delicate green tint, hundreds of which would weigh scarcely a single grain, have upon their heads tufts of finest hairs, which in the sunlight appear like queerly fashioned halos. The sunbeams easily pass through these little insects, while a breath blows them with resistless force. There are thousands of them flying in and above the grass; and all these thousands, like scholastic angels, could dance upon a pin-point. At rest on the herbage they are nearly invisible to my coarse eyes.

The hunter has now given up the plan of flushing his game. As he sits upon the stub of a very young tree, untimely cut off by last year's scythes, he looks not unlike a lion in waiting for his prey; or, let us say, like Satan casting his baleful eyes about him. Smaller than that hero as he is described in Paradise Lost, indeed; but on this island all things flow, and the stream, flowing backward, turns great to small, and small to great.

A beetle, one sixteenth of an inch long, perhaps, comes lumbering up the stalk of a dwarfish herb. As he gains the roof of a leaf, he comes into Satan's ken. The latter turns about, to eye him; but beetles seem not to his taste, and he resumes his former position. An "angel," alighting on a grass blade about eight inches from the spider, attracts my eye; I wonder if hunger has sufficiently sharpened Satan's? Yes, he is off, and making nearly the whole distance in three leaps is within an inch and a half of the angel; he raises his hands for the leap, and — but the angel, discerning its enemy's motions, perhaps, now takes flight. The spider comes back to the stub. Another minute, and he suddenly springs downward, alighting on the under side of a procumbent grass leaf, and immediately returns, successful; for in his massive jaws, feebly struggling, is an angel. His victim clasped to his breast in malign embrace, he settles to his orgies. For a time the unfortunate's antennæ feebly wave. In six minutes I can see no trace, not even the shell of the body, of the angel. Then for seven minutes afterward the satisfied monster does not stir. The beetle, or a twin brother, upward bound for the summit of the stub, crawls by without disturbing his huge content.

A Second Marriage. — When we took possession of a little cottage, we discovered in one corner of its piazza, at the south and west, traces of former occupants. A collection of sticks, straws, and grass formed a nest across the corner of a ledge which ran all around the inside under the roof. Upon inquiry, we learned it had been occupied for two or three seasons past by a pair of tiny wrens.

One lovely morning in June our expectant hearts and ears were rejoiced by a burst of melody from an old apple-tree near the corner of the piazza, and soon after a grateful, happy song from a syringa bush still nearer. We had suspended a basket of ivies and ferns very near this cosy corner, and were soon rewarded by the appearance of Mr. Wren clinging to the cord, most carefully inspecting the ruins of his old home from that convenient point. He was evidently pleased and satisfied that things were to be as they had been. During the day, the soft, gentle little "gluck, gluck, gluck" of Mrs. Jennie Wren was heard in and about the apple-tree. The next day operations began for house-building. Every twig and fibre

was taken away, and dropped at some distance from the house. Then the rebuilding went on vigorously until the nest was completed. The presence on the piazza of people, or even of newspapers blown about, caused no alarm, and we were viewed with the same interest, as we watched their movements, without suspicion or fear. The little brood were hatched in due time, and left the nest on the glorious Fourth, sprawling and flopping on the piazza half the day, and finally getting their balance in the apple-tree before dark.

For three seasons we enjoyed these melodious little lodgers and friends. Then we gave them a pretty house made fast to the same corner ledge. They had to do battle for it, as we found the testy English sparrows and wandering bluebirds had discovered its advantages before Mr. and Mrs. Wren arrived to take possession. However, by their energy and quick wit they gained the victory, and arranged their apartments to suit themselves ; always giving us in return their lovely songs and confidence. We became very intimate and devoted friends, so that the shock and grief were excessive when, one morning in June, after the soft, cosy nest had been occupied by five tiny pale blue eggs, we found our dear little Jennie lying stiff and cold at the foot of the piazza steps, not a wound or blemish on her tiny form or feathers. We could only surmise that she had flown after dark, with miscalculation, against the roof, and had been killed by the force of the blow. We left her there for a time, that her mate might learn his misfortune. To our surprise, he seemed indignant and unbelieving, sang impatiently, and flew to and fro. At last we buried her with much sorrow. Then his fury knew no bounds ; his wild song was almost constant, as if demanding her return at once. He tore bits from the nest and flung them about; later, he scrambled into the nest, and kicked madly backward, until every egg was tumbled out on the piazza. He swooped down on them, and, with his sharp black beak and slender claws, picked and stamped upon every remnant of his hopes and affections. Then he was exhausted, and was neither seen nor heard again that day, poor fellow.

The next morning he appeared, in a more humble frame of mind and song. He had evidently decided that dear Jennie did not like her home; he would build her a better one, and she would return to him ; so with busy brain and tender song he worked on alone the entire day. At dusk, when this nest was finished to his satisfaction, he seemed happy and hopeful. To our amazement, the next morning he perched himself on the topmost spike of a tall pine-tree at the north of the house, and began to sing in the loudest, most bewildering notes he was capable of. This continued for three days, until it was pitiable to see his thin, weary little form dilating with this effort of melody and love. On the fourth day he was in the apple-tree, using his most endearing tones and manners. A young, plump, pretty little Miss Wren was evidently appreciating them. For a day or two she was coy and hard to please, but was finally induced to take a peep at his residence from the hanging basket. She was so pleased that she soon took up her abode there. Mr. Wren was very devoted, but his plumage was ragged and gray, his eyes were less bright; it was plain to us that the week of agony, fatigue, and temper would never be effaced even by this fascinating young wife.

His decline in vigor and pluck was still more apparent the following spring, as he did not succeed in putting to flight his enemies, the bluebirds and sparrows, but gave up his old home, and took refuge in an orchard near by. Possibly the young wife preferred pink decorations and pale green portières as more artistic. Such tastes and compromises have been known among the unfeathered tribes.

Les Jeunes Revues. — It is known that the average French youth who goes in for literature, before he settles down to a prosaic sheephood, tries bleating like a lamb in verse. It is a puzzle to those who are not behind the scenes how he gets his verses published. Usually a few like himself put their slender purses together and bring out a new review, which may not pay for itself, but in which each one can see himself in print. By way of exception, La Plume, founded in 1889, and applying itself especially to the newer art, had a clear surplus of two thousand dollars in 1893 ; while the dinners which it gave, ostentatiously, to older writers supposed to detest one another have proved a yet greater success. The Revue Blanche, dating from 1890, and numbering among its contributors half a dozen founders of schools (all under thirty), has this year taken on

the air of a serious review. But, for the most part, these "young reviews" appear and disappear under the arcades of the Odeon Theatre, where the literature of the Latin Quarter is sold, like the short-lived snows of the Parisian winter.

A deal of French literary history is bound up with the personalities behind these reviews. The Décadents have been made much of in England and America. They form but one set, already past, in a series comprising Parnassians, symbolists, instrumentists, and evolutives, and the Romanesques who follow that Parisian Greek, Jean Moréas, and have nothing to do with the Romanticists of Victor Hugo's early day. It is hardly worth while speaking of minute schisms, though the "hydropaths" and "hirsutes" were made up of men like Maurice Bouchor, who is now a mystic poet of marionettes, and Jean Richepin, who is under a slow process of conversion from the "tramp" songs that landed him in prison.

All these young reviews began in 1863 with the Revue Fantaisiste of Catulle Mendès, then a boy scarcely out of his teens. He is a Judeo-Greek of Marseilles, where his father was a judge, and his mother the most beautiful woman of her time. The elder Mendès had paid out sixty thousand francs on his young hopeful's Parisian venture, without any likelihood of returns, when, one day, Catulle was lugged off to prison. It was the period when Louis Napoleon's Empire lost no occasion to badger and repress the young republican pamphleteers of the Latin Quarter. The alleged offense was a comedy printed in the review.

The poet's friends were in the court when he was tried, to lend him countenance. Among the younger men like himself were Alphonse Daudet, who had not yet made a success of his novels, and Sully-Prudhomme, whose poetry, now that he has become an Academician, has proved a starting-point for the symbolists. Among the older men, already famous across the river, along the Boulevard, were, Aurélien Scholl, who is now the last of his *boulevardier* tribe, and still correct behind his single eyeglass and irreproachable cravat; Théodore de Banville, a greater though scarcely a readier rhymer than Catulle Mendès has turned out to be; and Baudelaire, fresh from singing the Flowers of Evil. Baudelaire had before this been up before the court. The public prosecutor took advantage of his presence to exclaim, with dramatic gesture, "What can you expect of a young man whose intimates are old offenders, already sentenced by their country's justice!" Baudelaire was beside himself with rage, and his friends had difficulty in leading him from the court-room, where he was on the point of being guilty of grave contempt. Mendès was sentenced to a fine of five hundred francs and a month's imprisonment. His review did not survive the sentence.

After the coming of the republic in 1870, Catulle Mendès started another review, called La République des Lettres. To it belongs the honor of furnishing the first regular output of both Parnassian verse and naturalist fiction. When the weekly paper which was publishing Zola's L'Assommoir grew frightened, and refused longer to print it, the remainder of the novel was given hospitality in this review. Mendès soon joined it with another, devoted to art, and edited by a certain Ricard, who now, in his demure age, works at a provincial paper and a project for "federalizing" the various Protestant religious denominations. The new review was called Le Parnasse Contemporain, and it paid for the poetry of as great men as Leconte de Lisle. This gave origin to the name *Parnassiens*. Those to whom it was applied, unlike their descendants, were quite correct and clear in their writing of verses. Paul Verlaine was then a youth, and had not yet begun his experience in prisons and hospitals with rum *à l'eau*. At his mother's house such Parnassians met as François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, and José Maria de Hérédia, — all three now of the Academy. The Décadents descend more directly from Verlaine himself.

Bohemianism was, perhaps, in the blood of Catulle Mendès. After a temporary marriage with Judith Gautier (Théophile's daughter, who writes notable historical romances under her maiden name), he went through the dueling age with only less credit than Aurélien Scholl, and finally subsided into his present position as writer of erotic verse and stories, with an occasional success at the Théâtre Français which tells what he might have been.

In 1884 appeared the publication which has had the most to do with the later poets, La Revue Indépendante. Its editor in chief was hatchet-faced Félix Fénéon, who was

tried as an anarchist a few months ago. He was acquitted, though dynamite caps were found concealed in his desk at the Ministry of War (where he was a government employee), and it was known that he was intimate with Cohen, the Dutch anarchist, who got a living by translating Ibsen and Gerhard Hauptmann. One of the ultra-æsthetic writers whom Fénéon gathered round him was Laurent Tailhade, who, at a public supper, just after Vaillant's bomb had been thrown, gave utterance to a sentiment of refined anarchy: "What matters the deed if the doing be beautiful (*si le geste est beau*)!" By an uncommon instance of poetic justice another anarchist bomb blew his own cheek open, some weeks later. It was in the Revue Indépendante that the symbolists, from whom all the latest schools are derived, first showed themselves definitely in the writings of Moréas, Verlaine, and Stéphane Mallarmé. Here, too, young Maurice Barrès began a career that may reach to any height by his "cult of the Ego."

Climbing Ben Voirlich.

— For several days we had been loitering and lazing at Inversnaid. The tide of travel swept by, but we did not feel the effect of its smallest eddy. Loch Lomond remained placid for us; the Scottish sky withheld its mists, as though in fear of our maledictions. The silver sheen of the adjoining waterfall in Glen Arklet seemed to gather daily a new glamour from the sun, and sometimes we thought, as we watched the falling floss, that if we tarried long enough it would turn into a shower of gold.

We often spent our mornings in the vicinity of Rob Roy's cave, for whose dark and damp recesses we had no especial fondness after curiosity had once been gratified. The world of under-earth, when seen at its best, has little attraction for mortals, and in Rob Roy's cave it shows to a decided disadvantage. We found an exhilaration, however, in clambering about among the huge boulders with which the slope above the lake is strewn, and in seeking out new points of vision, from each one of which unfolded an infinite variety of lake and mountain views. Nevertheless, after all our experiments, we invariably reverted to a tiny shingly cove, where great banks of soft bracken made love to the beach timorously, like a shy wooer. Here we would stretch at full length in the sun, and watch the ever-changing clouds above the summit of Ben Voirlich, which was now capped with shadow, and now agleam with amber rays. Though from the first we had felt a fondness for that soaring pinnacle, it did not exert its magnetic influence upon us strongly until we had studied it several days. Then, suddenly, we began to realize that we must obey its beckoning. It bade us climb, and there was no escaping the mandate.

The morning on which the final command came down to us was one of those unsurpassed half-days with which nature, in pity, sometimes dowers the Scottish highlands. Before noon we had all our arrangements made, and at two o'clock we embarked in a stanch rowboat. We shaped our course towards Inveruglas Island, which lifts its rounded cap of greenery not far from the opposite shore. When we first dipped our oars there was scarcely a film of cloud near Ben Voirlich's crest, but by the time we had beached our boat in a tiny bay on Inveruglas the white forerunners of the storm had begun to rally. In the days when the highland clans mustered for war, and descended upon the lowlands through the pass of Beal'maha, there was a stronghold of the MacFarlanes upon this craggy isle. The massive fragments of wall that peep from enveloping boughs bear witness that these clansmen were substantial builders, as they were, if tradition err not, wild and fearless raiders. By night they gathered for their reckless forays, and if "MacFarlane's lantern," the moon, shone in a clear sky at the harvest season, there was anxiety among grain-gatherers in adjacent lowland districts. The shepherds as far as Clyde-side had keen ears for the war-cry of these marauders, — "Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!" — which was the ominous herald of their comings and goings.

The south wind was whispering its secrets to the reeds when we landed at the base of Ben Voirlich. Pathway up the mountain there was none, so we were left to choose our own course. At first the slopes were grassy, starred with tiny flowers of blue; then heather began to show itself, and erelong we were knee-deep in bracken. We were just congratulating ourselves upon having made a propitious start, when, gaining the top of a somewhat steep ridge, we discovered a precipitous seam at our feet which separated the height we had just

scaled from the main bulk of the mountain. Down we were forced to scramble, and practically recommence the ascent.

Though the fleecy outriders of the storm had now darker company, we allowed hope to lure us into the belief that it was not above the goal of our desire that the clouds had appointed a tryst. With one or two notable exceptions we made easy work of our climb until we reached the spot where the peak proper springs suddenly and sharply from Ben Voirlich's shoulder. Here the heather and fern vanished, save in sheltered clefts, and we picked our upward way along the dry bed of a torrent, then by a series of shelves or natural stairs, and finally, on all fours, over a steep slide of loose rock-fragments, to a diminutive boulder-dotted plateau just below the summit. While we stretched ourselves here for a long, restful breath, the thunder began to growl behind the peak.

Although we now realized that we had ventured into the very lair of the storm, we resolved not to be baffled of our conquest of the crest, and so gathered our energies for a final effort. The wind came in powerful puffs, smiting us as with invisible goads, and we found it necessary to crouch as near as possible to the earth in order to avoid being carried bodily into space. Thus we reached Ben Voirlich's crown, and sheltered ourselves as best we might in a slight depression while we looked down into the great gulf where lay Loch Sloy, over which the gray darkness of the tempest brooded. The water was inky, save in one spot near the further shore, where, as fitfully as a firefly in the June dusk, there wavered ever and anon a line of foam. The trees that skirted the base of the mountain cowered as though they were human creatures smitten with awe. Ben Vane, beyond the loch, was lost in a blur of mist.

Now from the heart of the cloud, and now from its edges, flash followed vivid flash. Soon, borne upon the vicious wind-bursts, great raindrops fell about us, and we knew if we tarried another moment we should be enveloped in a drenching downpour. With a simultaneous impulse we rose, ran a few steps, and then stumbled, rolled, slid, to where, upon the edge of the little plateau, a gigantic boulder threw out a shelf like a roof. Beneath this shelter we were as dry for the time being, as protected from wind and rain, as though we were in the cosy hotel smoking-room at Inversnaid, where, I will not deny, we rather wished ourselves.

Yet we were rarely recompensed both for past privations and for those in store; for while we sat listening to the roar of the elements about us, the lake below and to the south was as placid as a smile, a striking contrast to the scene we had just viewed upon the other side of the peak. The remote islands were all aglow with sunshine, and around Ben Lomond's summit hung a halo of golden haze. Even while we watched, that portion of the cloud which blotted the blue above us parted, there was a sudden gleam of kindling rays, and lo! opposite, from hill to hill, spanning Glen Arklet, setting distant Loch Katrine in a glorious frame, arched a perfect rainbow, unbroken from end to end, brilliant in color, beautiful beyond words, miraculous.

Upon our descent recollection bids me not to dwell. The bracken through which we must perforce plunge, knee-deep, was soaked; the bog-holes, which had been dry an hour previous, were each a-brim; the shingle and lichened rock-slopes which had afforded reasonably sure footing were wet and slippery. Yet, that evening, as we lingered in the long, slowly deepening twilight beneath the beeches by the Inversnaid pier, we thought of these discomforts laughingly, so quickly does human nature rebound. As the moon rose above the giant shoulder of Ben Arthur (the Cobbler), and lightened the purples that shrouded Ben Voirlich, once again in imagination, as we have often since, we sat beneath the boulder, just below the mountain's storm-swept crest, and looked into the etherealized distance at the lake of Ellen's Isle, slumbering in unsullied sapphire under the arches of that marvelous bow.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVI. — AUGUST, 1895. — No. CCCCLIV.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XX.

So Emanuel Bayard entered into his Wilderness. Therein he was tempted like other men of God who renounce the greatest joy of life for its grandest duty. There he thirsted and hungered, and put forth no hand towards the meat or drink of human comfort; there he contended with himself, and hid his face, for he went into solitary places, and prayed apart, asking for that second strength which sustains a man in the keeping of the vow that he has not feared to take upon his soul — not knowing, till God teaches him, how easy it is to recognize, and how hard to hold, "the highest when we see it."

. . . . . .

Winter drew its yoke of ice about the shrinking shoulders of the Cape; the fleets huddled in the harbor; the fishermen drowned on the Grand Banks; Windover shivered and shriveled, and looked with wincing, winking eyes upon the blinding horizon of the winter sea; the breakers broke in white fire upon the bar; Angel Alley drank and cursed to keep warm; and the young preacher's delicate face, patiently passing in and out beneath the white and scarlet lights of the chapel of Christlove, gathered a snowdrift of its own with the whitening of the year. His work, like most service sustained in consecration and in common sense by one pure and strong personality, grew upon his hands; not steadily, but by means of much apparent failure.

The fame of the heretic missionary had gone abroad, as such things do. It was no uncommon thing for members of the strictest sect of the orthodox churches to stand, half curious, half deferent, and wholly perplexed by what they saw and heard, and calculating the prospects of an experiment which the observer was, as a rule, too wise a man or too good a woman not to respect.

It even happened now and then that some distinguished clergyman was seen jammed between a fisherman and a drunkard in the crush by the door, taking notes of the sermon, studying the man and his methods with the humility characteristic of large men, and seldom imitated by little ones.

The Reverend George Fenton was not, but would have liked to be, one of these eminent and docile clerical visitors at the chapel of Christlove. He dared not leave his congregation, decorously scattered to listen to a sound theology, in the pews of the old First Church, to elbow his unnoticed way among the publicans and sinners who thronged his classmate's mission, but he often wished he could. He asked himself anxiously, "What is the secret? How does the man do it?" Sometimes he envied his heretic friend the drunkards and sailors, the reckless girls, and, most of all, the fishermen, sacred in the canon and to the imagination of the church — the fishermen, once the chosen friends of our Lord.

Bayard even fancied that Fenton looked at him a little wistfully, and that he spoke

with him oftener and lingered longer when they met upon the streets of the sad and tempted town whose redemption both men, each in his own way, desired and sought, with a sincerity which this biography would not intimate was to be found only in the heart of its subject and hero; for the Reverend George Fenton was no hypocrite or Pharisee, the prevailing qualities of his class not being of this sort. No one rated him more generously than his heretic classmate, or looked more gently upon the respectable, dreary effort to save the world by an outgrown method, which the conformer dutifully and comfortably sustained.

"I heard a Boston man call you the Father Taylor of Windover," one day abruptly said the clergyman to the missionary, upon the post-office steps. "Boston could no farther go, I take it. I hear your audience has outgrown your mission-room. That must be a great encouragement; you must consider it a divine leading," added Fenton, with the touch of professional slang and jealousy not unnatural to better men than he. "But you must remember that we too are following the Master in our way; it 's a pretty old and useful way."

Then up spoke Captain Hap, who stood at Bayard's elbow: "It 's jest about here, Mr. Fenton: you folks set out to *foller* Him, but our minister, he *lives* like Him. There 's an almighty difference."

Another day, Fenton, with his young wife on his arm, came down Angel Alley with the air of a tourist inspecting the points of interest in a new vicinity.

"Bayard!" he exclaimed, "you look as white as a Cesarea snowdrift. You are overworked, man. What can I do to help you? If there *is* anything," he added, with genuine concern, "you 'd let me know, would n't you?"

"Probably not, Fenton," replied Bayard, smiling.

"I mean it," urged the other, flushing.

"If you do, the time may come," said Bayard dreamily.

He glanced at his old friend — the rosy, well-fed man; at the round face destitute of the carving of great purpose or deep anxiety; at the pretty girl with the Berkshire eyes who looked adoringly over the sleek elbow to which she clung. These two well-meaning, commonplace people seemed ennobled and beautified, as commoner far than they may be, by their human love and happiness. Bayard, in his shabby clothes, with his lonely face, watched them with a certain reverence.

He thought — but when did he *not* think of Helen?

He wrote; she answered; they did not meet; he worked on patiently; and the winter went. Bayard drowned himself in his work with the new and conscious ardor of supreme renunciation. He thought of the woman whom he loved, as the diver at the bottom of the sea, when the pumps refuse to work, thinks of sky and shore and sun, of air and breath.

. . . . . .

One bleak, bright February night, Bayard came out from his mission, and looked about Angel Alley anxiously.

Bob was within, and Tony and Jean were safe; Job Slip was sober, and Tom, Dick, and Harry were accounted for. But Lena — Lena had not been seen at Christlove for now many weeks.

The waywardness of the girl had long been sore at Bayard's heart, and the step which he took that night was the result of thought and deliberate purpose. Afterwards he was glad to remember that he had acted on no one of those mere sentiments or impulsive whims which are the pitfalls of a philanthropic life.

The hour was not early; decent people were scattering to their homes, and Windover was giving herself over to the creatures of the night. It was a windy night, and the snow blew in cold, white powder from the surface of drifts called heavy for the coast, and considered a sign of "a spell of weather."

There was a full moon, and the har-

bor, as one looked down between the streets, showed in glints and glimpses bright and uneasy. The bellow of the whistling-buoy, nine miles out, off the coast, was audible at firesides. The wind sped straight from Cape Cod, and was as icy as death.

It was one of the nights when the women of Windover grow silent, and stand at the window with the shade raised, looking out between their hands with anxious, seaward eyes. "God pity the men at sea!" they say who have no men at sea. But those who have say nothing. They pray. As the night wears on and the gale increases, they weep. They do not sleep. The red light on the Point goes out, and dawn is gray. The buoy shrieks on malignantly. It "comes on thick," and the fog-bell begins to toll. Its mighty lips utter the knell for all the unburied drowned that are, and have been, and are yet to be. Windover listens and shudders. It is one of the nights when the sheltered and the happy and the clean of life bless God for home, for peace, for fire and pillow. It is one of the nights when the soul of the gale enters into the soul of the tempted and the unbefriended, and with it seven devils worse than the first. It was one of the nights when girls like Lena are too easy or too hard to find.

Bayard sought her everywhere. She was not to be seen in Angel Alley, and he systematically and patiently searched the town. With coat-collar turned up and hat turned down, he tried to keep warm, but the night was deadly bleak. It came on to be eleven o'clock; half past; and midnight approached. He was about to abandon his quest when he struck a trace of her, and with redoubled patience he hunted it down. He had taken no one with him in his search for Lena; in truth, he knew of no person in all that Christian town who would have wished to share that night's repulsive errand, if he had asked it. He recognized this fact with that utter absence of bitterness which is the final grace and test of dedication to an unselfish end.

"Why should I expect it?" he thought gently. "Duty is not subject to a common denominator. This is mine, and not another's."

A policeman gave him, at last, the clue he needed, and Bayard, who had returned on his track to Angel Alley, halted before the door of a house at the end of a dark court, within a shell's-throw of the wharves. His duty had never led him before into precisely such a place, and his soul sickened within him. He hesitated, with his foot on the steps.

"Better stay outside, sir," suggested the policeman.

Bayard shook his head.

"Shan't I go with you, sir? You don't know what you're about. Better have an officer along."

"Stay here, within call, will you?" answered Bayard. "That will do. The law can't do my errand."

"Nor nothin' else in this town but *that*," returned the officer, touching his helmet.

He pointed up the alley where the large letters of the solemn white and scarlet sign blazed all night before the chapel of Christlove. The fishermen could see it from their schooners' decks as they dropped anchor, and it shone strangely in their weather-beaten faces as they pushed past, or sank into, the doors of the dens that lined the street.

Bayard's eye followed the officer's finger, lighting with that solemn radiance peculiar to himself; and with this illumination on his face he entered the place whose ways take hold on death.

The officer waited without. In an incredibly short time the minister reappeared. He was not alone. Lena followed him, with hanging head.

"Thank you, Sergeant," said Bayard quietly, touching his hat, "I shall need you no longer."

He turned, with the girl beside him, and crossed the alley. The officer, with

a low whistle, lingered a moment, and watched the astounding pair. In the full moonlight, in the sight of all whom it did or did not concern, Bayard walked up and down the street with Lena. It was now near to the stroke of midnight. The two could be seen conversing earnestly. Lena did not raise her eyes. The minister watched her eagerly. They paced up and down. Men staggering home from their sprees stood stupidly and stared at the two. Old Trawl came to his door and saw them, and called Ben, who looked, and swore the mighty oath of utter intellectual confusion. The minister nodded to Ben, and spoke once or twice to some sailor who awaited salutation; but he suffered no interruption of his interview with the girl. In the broad moonlight he continued quietly to walk up and down Angel Alley, with the street girl at his side.

"Lena," Bayard had begun, "I have been trying to help the people in this alley for almost a year and a half, and I have met with nothing to discourage me as much as you do. Some men and women have grown better, and some have not changed at all. You are growing worse."

"That 's so," assented Lena. "It 's as true as hell."

"I begin to think," replied the minister, "that it must be partly my fault. It seems to me as if I must have failed, somehow, or made some mistake, or you would be a better girl, after all this time. Do you think of anything — come, Lena! give your best attention to the subject — do you think of anything that I could do, which I have not done, to induce you to be a decent woman?"

"I tried, for you!" muttered Lena. "I tried; you know I did!"

"Yes, I know you did; and I appreciated it. You failed, that was all. You are discouraged, and so am I. Now tell me! What else can I do, to make a good girl of you? For it 's got to be done, you see," he added firmly. "I can't have this any longer. You disgrace the chapel, and the people, and me. It makes me unhappy, Lena."

"Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!" said Lena, with trembling lip, "I 'll go drown in the outer harbor. I ain't fit to live . . . if *you* care. I did n't suppose you *cared*."

"You are not fit to die, Lena," returned Bayard gently. "And I do care. I have always thought you were born to be a fine woman. There 's something I like about you. You are generous, and brave, and kind-hearted. Then see what a voice you have! You might have been a singer, Lena, and sung noble things — the music that makes people purer and better. You might have" . . .

"Oh, my God!" cried Lena, "I was singin' in that — in there — to-night. They 're always after me to sing 'em into damnation."

"Lena," said Bayard in a thrilling tone, "look into my face!"

She obeyed him. High above her short stature Bayard's delicate countenance looked down at the girl. All the loathing, all the horror, all the repulsion that was in him for the sin, he suffered the sinner to see for the first time. His tender face darkened and quivered, shrinking like some live thing that she tormented.

"Oh!" wailed Lena, "am I like *that* — to you? Is it as bad as *that?*"

"It is as bad as that," answered the minister solemnly.

"Then I 'll go drown," said Lena dully; "I might as well."

"No," he said quietly. "You will not drown. You will live, and make yourself a girl whom I can respect."

"Would you *ever* respect me — *respect* ME, if I was to be — if I was to do what you say?" asked Lena in a low, controlled tone.

"I should respect you from my soul," said Bayard.

"Would you — would you be willing to — would you feel ashamed to shake

hands with me, Mr. Bayard — if I was a different girl?"

"I will shake hands with you now," returned the minister quietly, "if you will give me your word of honor that you will never, from this hour" —

"I will never, from this hour, so help me, God!" said Lena solemnly.

"So help her, God!" echoed Bayard.

He lifted his hand above her head, as if in prayer and blessing; then gently extended it. The girl's cold, purple fingers shook as he touched them. She held her bare hand up in the moonlight, as if to bathe it in whiteness.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," she said in her ordinary voice, "it is a bargain."

Bayard winced, in spite of himself, at the words, but he looked at Lena's face, and when he saw its expression he felt ashamed of his own recoil.

"Very well," he answered, adopting her businesslike tone, "so it is. Now, then, Lena! what next? What are you going to do? Have you any home — any friends — anywhere to turn?"

"I have no friend on all God's earth but you, sir," said Lena drearily, "but I guess I'll manage, somehow. I can mostly do what I set out to."

"Your mother?" asked Bayard gently.

"She died when my baby was born, sir. She died of the shame of it. I was fifteen year old."

"*Oh!* And the — the man? The father of your child?"

"He was a gentleman. He was a married man. I worked for him, in a shop. *He* ain't dead. But I'd sooner go to hell than look to him."

"I'd about as soon you would," the minister said in his heart; but his lips answered only, "You poor girl! You poor, poor, miserable girl!"

Then for the first time Lena broke down, and began to cry — there, on the streets, in the sight of every one.

"I must find you work — shelter — home — with some lady. I will do whatever *can* be done. Rely on me!" cried Bayard helplessly.

He began to realize what he had done in undertaking Lena's "case" without the help of a woman. Confusedly he ran over in his mind the names of the Christian women whom he knew, to whom he could turn in this emergency. He thought of Helen Carruth; but an image of the Professor's wife, her mother, being asked to introduce Lena into the domestic machinery of a Cesarea household half amused and half embittered him. He remembered the wife of his church treasurer, a kindly woman, trained now to doing the unexpected for Christ's sake.

"I will speak to Mrs. Bond. I will consider the matter. Perhaps there may be some position — some form of household service," he ventured, with the groping masculine idea that a domestic career was the only one open to a girl like Lena.

Then Lena laughed.

"Thank you, sir. But I ain't no more fit for housework than I be for a jeweler's trade, or floss embroidery, or a front pew in heaven. There ain't a lady in Christendom would put up with me. I would n't like it, either," said Lena candidly. "There 's only one thing I would like. It 's just come over me, standin' here. I guess I 'll manage."

"I shall wish to know," observed Bayard anxiously, "what you are going to do, and where you will be."

"I 'll take a room I know of," Lena answered. "It ain't in Angel Alley. It 's a decent place. I 'll get Johnny's mother to come along o' me. She 's dead sick of the Widders' Home. She 's kinder fond of me, Johnny's mother is, and she can take in or go out, to help a bit. Then I 'll go over to the powder factory."

"The powder factory?" echoed the puzzled pastor.

"The gunpowder factory, over to the Cut. They 're kinder short of hands. It ain't a popular business. The pay 's good, and Lord! *I* should n't care! The

sooner I blow up, the safer I 'll be. I guess I 'd like it, too. I always thought I should."

"Very well," said the minister. "That may answer till we can find something better."

It was now past twelve o'clock, and the night was growing bitterly cold. Bayard said good-night to Lena, and they separated opposite Trawl's door.

He went shivering home, and stirred up his fire. He was cold to the heart. That discreet afterthought, which is the enemy of too many of our noble decisions, tormented him. He turned to his books, and, taking one which was lying open upon the study-table, read: —

"He spoke much about the wrongs of women; and it is very touching to know that, during the last year of his life, he frequently went forth at night, and endeavored to redeem the fallen women of Brighton."

It was not three days from this time that Captain Hap approached the minister on the alley, with a sober and anxious face. He held in his hand a copy of the Windover Topsail. His rough finger trembled as it pressed the paragraph which he handed in silence for Bayard to read: —

"We regret to learn that a certain prominent citizen of this place, who has been laboring among the sailors and fishermen in a quasi-clerical capacity, is so unfortunate as to find his name associated with a most unpleasant scandal arising out of his acquaintance with the disreputable women of the district in which he labors. We wish the reverend gentleman well out of his scrape, but may take occasion to suggest that such self-elected censors of our society and institutions must learn somehow that they cannot touch pitch and not be defiled, any more than ordinary men who do not make their pretensions to holiness."

"Well?" said Bayard, quietly returning the paper.

Job Slip had joined them, and read the paragraph over the captain's shoulder. Job was white to the lips with the virile rage of a man of the sea.

"I 've shipped here, and I 've coasted there, and I 've sailed eenymost around the world," slowly said Captain Hap. "I never in my life — and I 'm comin' on seventy-five year old — I never knew no town I would n't d'ruther see a scandal a-goin' in than this here. It 's hell let loose on ye," added the captain grimly.

"Find me the fellar that put up that job!" roared Job Slip, rolling up his sleeves.

"He ain't fur to seek," answered the captain, with a short laugh.

"He 's the devil and all his angels smithered into one!" raved Job.

"That 's drawrin' of it mild," said Captain Hap.

"This — low — matter does not trouble me," observed Bayard, smiling with genuine and beautiful remoteness.

"Excuse me, sir," said Captain Hap; "that 's all you know!"

XXI.

Captain Hap was wiser in his generation than the child of light. Before a week had gone by, Bayard found himself the victim of one of the cruelest forms of human persecution — the scandal of a provincial town.

Its full force fell suddenly upon him.

Now this was the one thing for which he was totally unprepared: of every other kind of martyrdom, it seemed to him, he had recognized the possibility; this had never entered his mind.

He accepted it with that outward serenity which means in a man of his temperament the costliest expenditure of inward vitality, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, kept on his way.

Averted looks avoided him upon the streets. Cold glances sought him in Angel Alley. Suspicion lurked in eyes that

had always met him cordially. Hands were withdrawn that had never failed to meet his heartily. His ears quivered with comments overheard as he passed through groups upon the business streets. The more public and the more respectable the place, the worse his reception. He came quickly into the habit of avoiding, when he could, the better portions of the town.

Before he had time to determine on any given course of conduct, he felt himself hunted down into Angel Alley, like other outcasts.

The Reverend Mr. Fenton, in this crisis, did what appealed to him as a praiseworthy deed. He came down to the chapel, and, in the eyes of Angel Alley, sought his classmate boldly. Give him the credit of the act; it meant more than we may readily distinguish.

Men who conform, who live like other men, who think in the accustomed channels, are not to be judged by the standards which we hold before our heroes. He held out his hand to Bayard with some unnecessary effusion.

"My dear fellow!" he murmured, "this is really — you know — I came to — express my sympathy."

"Thank you, Fenton," said Bayard quietly.

He said nothing more, and Fenton looked embarrassed. He had prepared himself at some length to go into the subject. He felt that Bayard's natural indiscretion needed the check which it had probably now received, for life. But he found himself unable to say anything of the kind. The words shriveled on his tongue. His own eyes fell before Bayard's high look. A spectator might have thought their positions to be reversed: that the clergyman was the culprit, and the slandered missionary the judge and patron. Fenton was uncomfortable, and, after a few meaningless words, he said good-morning, and turned away.

"Of course," he observed, as he went down the long steps of the mission, "you will meet this slander by some explanation or change of tack? You will adapt your course hereafter to the circumstances?"

"I shall explain nothing, and change nothing," answered Bayard calmly. "I should do the same thing over again tomorrow, if I had it to do. I have committed no imprudence, and I shall stoop to no apology. I doubt if there are six civilized places in this country where an honest man in my position, doing my work, would have been subjected to the consequences which have befallen a simple deed of Christian mercy such as has been done by scores of better men than I, before me. Why, it has not even the merit — or demerit — of originality! I did not invent the salvation of the Magdalene. That dates back about two thousand years. It takes a pretty low mind to slander a man for it."

This was the only bitter thing that he was heard to say. It may be pardoned him. It silenced the Reverend Mr. Fenton, and he departed thoughtfully from Angel Alley.

As Bayard looked back upon these lonely days, when the fury of the storm which swept about his ears had subsided, as such social tornadoes do, he perceived that the thing from which he had suffered most keenly was the disapproval of his own people. Wrong him they did not, because they could not. They might as easily have smirched the name and memory of the beloved disciple. But criticise him they did, poor souls! Wind-over gossip, the ultimatum of their narrow lives, seemed to them to partake of the finalities of death and the judgment. The treasurer of the society was troubled.

"We must reef to the breeze! we must reef to the breeze!" he repeated mournfully. "But, my dear sir, you must allow me to say that I think it would have been better seamanship to have avoided it altogether."

"What would you have had me do, Mr. Bond?" asked Bayard, looking rather

pale. "I am sorry to disappoint *you*. The love and trust of my own people are all I have," he faltered.

"Some witness, for instance," suggested Mr. Bond. "To be sure, you did call on the police, I am told."

"All Angel Alley was my witness," returned Bayard, recovering his self-possession.

"Some woman, then — some lady?"

"Name the woman. I thought of summoning your wife. Should you have let her go on such an errand, on such a night, at such an hour, and under such conditions?"

"I ought to have let her go," answered the officer of the heretic church honestly. "I 'm not sure that I should."

He looked perplexed, but none the less troubled for that, and sighed as he shook hands with his pastor. Mrs. Bond took her husband's arm, and walked away with him. "I would have done it, John," she said. But she was crying; so was Mrs. Granite. Jane's face was white and scared. Captain Hap was very sober. Job Slip was significantly silent. Rumor had it that a fight was brewing between Job and the Trawls. Job's anger, if thoroughly aroused, was a serious affair. Bayard felt the discomfort and annoyance of his people acutely. He went away alone, and walked up and down the winter coast, for miles and hours, trying to regain himself in solitude and the breath of the sea. For some time he found it impossible to think coherently. A few words got the ring of his mind and shook it: —

"From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."

. . . . . .

Usually, in such a situation, some one trivial occurrence fixes itself upon the sore imagination of a man, and galls him above all the really important aspects of his misfortune. This trifle came to Bayard in the reception of a letter from the girl herself: —

DEAR SIR, MR. BAYARD: My hart will brake to think I cause you shame for savin of a poor girl. I see that peece in the paper. It aint far to gess who done it. If it wasnt for disgrasin you Ide kill Ben Trawl tonite. I wouldnt mind hangin. I know how Ide do it too. But don't you trubble I won't shame you no more. I 'll clare out altogether. So good-bye and God bless you Sir.

This is from,

Yours respictfully,

LENA.

Bayard's reply to Lena's note was to go straight to the gunpowder factory and speak with the girl. The superintendent stood by, and overheard him say in a commanding tone: —

"Lena, you will not leave this town. You will come to the chapel as usual. You will sing with us next Sunday. You will pay no attention to anything that you hear or see. You will never suffer yourself even to *suppose* that any base, low mind or tongue can injure your pastor. You will do as I bid you, and you will become the woman you promised to. You will do this with my help or without it. Anything may happen to a person. Nothing can undo a promise."

"Mr. Bayard, sir," said Lena, forcing back her tears, for she was not a crying girl, "I 'm a girl of my word, and I ain't going back on you. But there 's one thing I 've got to say. Mebbe I should n't have another chance, bein' things are as they be. I *did* want to ask you, Mr. Bayard, sir, if I was to be a good girl long enough — as long as you should set the time to make me fit — do you suppose, Mr. Bayard, you would ever feel so as if you could touch your hat to me same as you do to decent girls?"

The superintendent of the powder factory brushed his hand across his eyes. Bayard was much moved.

The dark little figure of the girl, in her working-clothes, standing stolidly at

her post in the most dangerous of the deadly trades, wherein no "hand" can insure his life, blurred before the minister. He thought how little life could mean to Lena, at its kindest and best.

"When the time comes," he said gently, "I shall lift my hat to you."

"That 's worth while," said Lena in her short, forcible way. She turned and went back to the workroom.

The factory seemed to throb with the struggle of imprisoned death to burst its bars. Bayard came out into the air with the long breath which the bravest man always drew when he left the building.

These incidents (which are events to the solitary, missionary life) were but two days old when Joey Slip climbed the minister's stairs, sobbing dolorously.

Rumor was running in Windover that Job was drunk again. Neither the child nor the wife could say if truth were in it, for neither had seen the man since yesterday. But Mari had dispatched the boy to the minister with the miserable news. With a smothered exclamation which Joey found it impossible to translate, Bayard snatched the child's hand and set forth. His face wore a terrible look. He reached the wharves in time to come directly upon Job, the centre of a ring of jeering roughs. Muddy, wet, torn, splashed with slime from the docks, hatless, and raving, Job was doing his maudlin best to fight Ben Trawl, who stood at a safe distance, smiling with the cynicism of a rumseller who never drinks. Job, poor Job, the "reformed man;" Job, who had fought harder for his manhood than most sober men ever fight for anything, from the baby's crib to the broadcloth casket; Job, the "pillar" of Christlove mission, the pride and pet of the struggling people; Job, the one sure comfort of his pastor's most discouraged hour — Job stood there, abased and hideous.

He had lived one splendid year; he had done one glorious thing; he had achieved that for which better men than he should take off their hats to him. And there — Bayard looked once, and covered his face.

Job recognized him, and, frenzied as he was, sunk upon his knees in the mud, and crawled towards the minister, piteously holding up his hands. One must have been in Job's place, or in Bayard's, to understand what that moment was to these two men.

In the paltry scenes of what we call the society of the world, there are no actors who should criticise, as there are few who can comprehend the rôles of this plain and common tragedy.

With the eyes of a condemning angel, Bayard strode into the group, and took Job home.

"It 's clear D. T.," said Captain Hap between his teeth.

Bayard sent for a doctor, who prescribed chloral, and said the case was serious. Mari put on a clean apron, and dusted up the rooms, and reinforced the minister, who proceeded to nurse Job for thirty-six hours. Captain Hap went home. He said he 'd rather tie a slip-knot round the fellar's neck and drawr it taut.

But when Job came to himself, poor fellow, the truth came with him. Job had been the blameless victim of one of those incredible but authenticated plots which lend blackness to the dark complexion of the liquor trade.

Job was working ashore, it seemed, for a week, being out of a chance to ship; and he had been upon the wharves, salting down fish, and came out at his nooning, with the rest, for his lunch. There was a well, in a yard, by the fish-flakes, and a dipper, chained, hung from the pump.

It came Job's turn to drink from the dipper. And when he had drunk, the devil entered into him; for the rim of the dipper had been maliciously smeared with rum. Into the parched body of the "reformed man" the fire of that flavor ran, as flame runs through stubble in a drought.

The half-cured drunkard remembered putting down his head and starting for the nearest grog-shop on a run, with a yell. From that moment till Bayard found him, Job remembered nothing more. Such episodes of the nether world are not rare enough to be doubted, and this one is no fiction.

"I'm in for it now," groaned Job. "Might as well go to h—— and done with it."

Then Bayard, haggard from watching, turned and looked on Job. Job put his hands before his face.

"Oh, *sir!*" he cried. "But you see there ain't a wharf-rat left in Windover as 'u'd trust me now!"

"Take my hand, Job," said the minister slowly.

Job took it, sobbing like a baby.

"Now climb up again, Job!" said Bayard in a strong voice. "I 'm with you!"

Thus went the words of the shortest sermon of the minister's life. To the end of his days, Job Slip will think it was the greatest and the best.

Captain Hap, penitent, but with no idea of saying so, came up the tenement stairs. Mari and Joey sat beside the fire. Mari was frying chunks of haddock for supper. Joey was singing in a contented little voice something that he had caught in the mission: —

"Veresawidenessin Godsmer—*cy*
Likevewidenessof vesea.
. . . . . .
ForveloveofGod is bwoard—*er*
Vanvemeazzerof mansmine
Anve heartof veE—ter—nal
Ismoswonderfully kine."

"Hear the boy!" cried Mari, laughing for the first time for many black days.

"What in the world is he singin'?" asked Joey's father.

"Why, I 'm sure it 's as plain as can be," said Joey's mother.

"'There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.'

Then he says: —

'For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.'

Oh, ain't he the clever boy?"

"We 'll see," said Job unexpectedly, putting his feet to the floor. "I ain't a-goin' to have the little fellar ashamed of his father, see if I be!"

"All the same," observed Captain Hap dryly, "I would n't go on the street to-night, if I was you. I 'll stay along of you a spell. The minister 's beat out. There 's enough goin' on yet to capsize a soberer man than you be, Job. The fellar that did this here ain't a-goin' to stop at rims of dippers. No, sir! . . . Job Slip! don't you tech nothin'; not *nothin'* outside of your own house, this six month to come! Not a soda, Job! Not a tumbler o' milk! Not a cup o' coffee! Not a swaller o' water! No, nor a bite of victuals. You 'll be hunted down like a rat. There 's bread buttered with phosphorus layin' round loose for ye 'most anywheres. Everybody knows who done this. 'T ain't no use to spile good English callin' bad names. He won't stop at nothin' partikkelar to drawr you under."

"But why?" asked Bayard. "Why should he hound down poor Job so?"

"To spite you, sir," replied the captain without hesitation.

In the dead silence which followed the captain's words, Joey's little voice piped up again: —

"Be hushed my dark spew—it
Ve wussvatcancome
But shortens vy zhour—*nee*
Anhastingsme home."

Joey stole up merrily, and patted out the tune with his little fingers on the minister's pale cheek.

"He says," began Mari proudly,

"'Be hushed, my dark spirit,
The worst that can come'"—

But Captain Hap, who was not in a pious mood, interrupted the maternal translation: —

"Folks say that they 've got into their —— heads their license is in genooine

danger. Confine yourself to prayin' an' singin', an' they don't deny that 's what you 're hired for. Folks say if you meddle with city politics, there ain't an insurance company in New England 'u'd take a policy on your life, sir. You might as well hear what 's goin' on, Mr. Bayard. I don't suspicion it 'll make no odds to you. I told 'em you would n't tech the politics of this here town with a forty-fathom grapplin'-iron — no, nor with a harbor-dredger ! "

"You 're right there, Captain," returned Bayard, smiling.

"Then 't ain't true about the license ? " asked the captain anxiously.

"I have nothing to conceal in the matter, Captain," answered Bayard, after a moment's silence. "There are legalized crimes in Angel Alley which I shall fight till I die. But it will be slow work. I don't do it by lobbying. I have my own methods, and you must grant me my own counsel."

"The dawn that rises on the Trawls without their license," slowly said the captain, "that day, sir, you may as well call on the city marshal for a body-guard. You 'll need it ! "

"Oh, you and Job will answer, I fancy," replied Bayard, laughing.

He went straight home and to bed, where he slept fitfully till nearly noon of the next day. He was so exhausted with watching and excitement that there is a sense of relief in thinking that the man was granted this one night's rest before what was to be befell him.

For at midnight of the succeeding night he was awakened by the clang of the city bells. It was a still night, there was little wind, and the tide was calm at the ebb. The alarm was quite distinct and easily counted. One ? two ? three ? Six ? One — two — three. Six. Thirty-six. Thirty-six was the call from the business section of the town. This alarm rang in for the Board of Trade, Angel Alley, the wharves, and certain banks and important shops.

"A fire on the wharves, probably," thought Bayard ; he turned on his pillow. "The fire-boat will reach it in three minutes. It is likely to be some slight affair."

One — two — three. Six. One — two — three. Six. *One-two. One-two.* The sounding of the general alarm aroused him thoroughly. He got to the window and flung open the blinds. In the heart of the city, two miles away, a pillar of flame shot straight towards the sky, which hung above it as red as the dashed blood of a mighty slaughter.

At this moment a man came running, and leaned on Mrs. Granite's fence, looking up through the dark.

"Mr. Bayard ! Mr. Bayard ! " he called loudly.

"Bob ! Is that you ? What is it ? Where is it ? "

"It 's Angel Alley, sir."

"Be there in a minute, Bob."

"But, Mr. Bayard, sir — there 's them as think you 're safer where you be. Job Slip says you stay to home if you love us, Mr. Bayard ! "

"Wait for me, Bob ! " commanded Bayard. "I 'm half dressed now."

"But, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard — you ain't got it through your head — I said I would n't be the man to tell you, and I wish to gollyswash I 'd stuck to it."

"Bob ! It is n't the *Mission ?* "

"Oh, sir — yes ! They 've set us afire ! "

"Now, Bob," said the minister, suddenly shooting up in the dark at Bob's side, with coat and vest over his arm, "run for it ! Run ! "

. . . . . .

The building was doomed from the first. The department saw that at a glance, and concentrated its skill upon the effort to save the block.

The deed had been dexterously done. The fire sprang from half a dozen places, and had been burning inwardly, it was thought, for an hour before it was dis-

covered. The people had been too poor to hire a night-watchman.

"We trusted Providence," muttered Captain Hap. "And this is what we get for it!"

The crowd parted before the minister when he came panting up, with Bob a rod behind. Bayard had got into his coat on the way, but he had not waited for his hat. In the glare, with his bared head and gray-white face, he gathered an unearthly radiance.

He made out to get under the ropes, and sprang up the steps of the burning building.

"No, sir!" said the chief respectfully; "you can't get in now. We 've saved all we could."

"There are some things I *must* have. I can get at them. I 've done this before. Let me in!" commanded the minister.

All the coherent thought he had at that moment was that he must save some of the pictures — Helen's pictures that she had given to the people. In that shock of trouble they took on a delirious preciousness to him.

"Let me into my own chapel!" he thundered.

But the chief put his hand upon the preacher's breast, and held it there.

"Not another step, Mr. Bayard. The roof will fall in five minutes. Get back, sir!"

He heard his people calling him; strong hands took hold of him; pitying faces looked at him.

"Come, Mr. Bayard," some one said gently. "Turn away with us. Don't see it go."

He protested no more, but obeyed quietly. For the first time since they had known him, he faltered, and broke before his people. They led him away, like a wounded man. He covered his face when the crash came. The sparks flew far and hot over the wharves, and embers followed. The water hissed as it received them.

At the first gray of dawn the minister was on the grounds again. Evidently he had not slept. There was a storm in the sky, and slow, large flakes of snow were falling. The crowd had gone, and the alley was deserted. Only a solitary guardian of the ruins remained. Bayard stood before them, and looked up. Now a singular thing had happened. The electric wire which fed the illuminated sign in front of the mission had not been disconnected by the fire; it had so marvelously and beautifully happened; only a few of the little colored glass globes had been broken, and four white and scarlet words, paling before the coming day, and blurring in the snow, but burning steadily, answered the smothered tongues of fire and lips of smoke which muttered from the ruins.

As day opened, the people began to collect upon the spot. Expressions of awe or of superstition were heard, as they looked up and read, serene and undisturbed against the background of the rising storm,

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

XXII.

Immediately upon the destruction of the chapel two things happened. The first was a visit from Mr. Hermon Worcester. Nothing could have been more unexpected; and when Bayard, coming into his lodgings one dreary afternoon, found his uncle in the bony rocking-chair, the young man was much moved.

Mr. Worcester, not untouched by the sight of his nephew's emotion, held out an embarrassed hand. Bayard took it warmly. He had learned the lesson of loneliness so thoroughly that he was ill prepared for the agitation of this little, common, human incident.

"You are ill, Manuel!" cried the elder man. "Good heavens, how you have changed! I had no idea — You should have told me!" he added, with the old autocratic accent. "I ought to

have been informed. . . . And *this* is how you live!"

Hermon Worcester looked slowly about him. His eye fell on the paper screen, the mosquito-net portière, the iron angel on the stove, the hard lounge, the old carpet, the stained wall-paper; he scrutinized the bookcase, he glanced at the St. Michael. When he saw the great Christ, he coughed, and turned his face away; got up uneasily, and went into the bedroom, where he fell to examining the cotton comforters.

"At least," he said sharply, "you could have sent for your own hair mattress! Nobody has slept on it since" —

He broke off, and returned to the skeleton rocking-chair, with an expression of discomfiture so serious that Bayard pitied him. He hastened to say: —

"Oh, I have done very well, very well indeed, Uncle. A man expects to rough it, if he chooses to be a home missionary. Give yourself no concern — now."

If there were an almost uncontrollable accent on the last word, Mr. Hermon Worcester failed to notice it. Something in that other phrase had arrested his orthodox attention. A home missionary? A home missionary. Was it possible to regard this heretic boy in that irreproachable light?

To the home missions of his denomination Mr. Worcester was a large and important contributor. Now and then an ecclesiastical Dives is to be found who gives a certain preference to the heathen of his own land before those of India, Africa, and Japan: Mr. Worcester had always been one of these illuminated men. Indeed, Japan, Africa, and India had been known to reflect upon the character of his Christianity for the reason that his checks were cashed for the benefit of Idaho, Tennessee, and the Carolinas.

To this hour it had not occurred to Mr. Worcester that the heathen of Windover could be properly rated as in the home missionary field. Even the starving pastors in the northern counties of Vermont might have gratefully called for yearly barrels of his old clothes; but Windover? Why, that was within two hours of Boston! And ah, the Vermont ministers were always "sound." In Idaho, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, where was a corrupt theology to be found?

But that phrase had lodged in some nick of Mr. Worcester's mind; and he could no more brush it off than one can brush away a seed out of reach in the crevice of a rock. He regarded his nephew with a certain tolerance, warmly tinged by compassion.

"The boy is a wreck," he said to himself. "Manuel will die if this goes on. He might have expected it. And so might I."

The old man's face worked. He spoke, crossly enough. Bayard remembered that he always used to be cross when he was touched.

"What 's to happen now? Ready to give it up, Manuel?"

"I am ready to begin all over again," replied Emanuel, smiling.

His voice had the ring that his uncle knew too well; when he was a little fellow, and bound to do a thing whether or no, he spoke in that tone, and always with that engaging smile.

"Who pays for this phœnix?" asked the man of business brusquely. "I passed by your place. It is a fine heap of ashes. A curious sight I saw there, too. That sign you hang out — those four words."

Bayard nodded. "It *is* a pleasant accident. The department says it is almost unprecedented. Oh, we shall crawl up somehow, Uncle! I don't feel *very* anxious. The town hall is already hired for temporary use. There is great excitement in the city over the whole affair. You see, it has reached the proportions, now, of a deadlock between the rum interest and the decent citizens. Our treasurer is circulating some sort of a paper. I think he hopes to collect a few

hundreds — enough to tide us over till we can see land. I don't know just how it is all coming out. Of course we can't expect the help that an ordinary church would get in a similar trouble."

"I 'm glad if you recognize that fact, Manuel," replied Mr. Worcester uncomfortably. In his heart he was saying, "The boy has his mother's splendid Worcester pride. He 'll perish here, like a starving eagle on a deserted crag, but he won't *ask* me!"

"You need a new building," observed Mr. Worcester, with that quiet way of putting a startling thing which was another Worcester quality. "You seem to have made — from your own point of view — what any man of affairs would call a success here. Of course, you understand, Manuel, that I cannot approve of your course. It has been the greatest grief of my life."

Bayard hastened to say that his comprehension of this point was not limited.

"From *your* point of view, not mine, Manuel, I should, as a man of business, suggest that a new building — your own property — something to impress business men, you know — something to give material form to that — undoubtedly sincere and — however mistaken — unselfish religious effort that you have wasted in this freezing hole . . . I wonder, Manuel, if you could put the draughts on that confounded box-burner with the angel atop? I don't know when I 've been so chilly!"

Bayard hastened to obey this request, without intimating that the draughts were closed to save the coal. This species of political economy was quite outside of his uncle's experience; and yet, perhaps the man of business had more imagination than his nephew gave him credit for; he said abruptly: —

"Look here, Manuel, I 've got to get the seven-o'clock train home, you know, and I 'd best do the errand I came on, at once. You know those old Virginia mines of your mother's? There was a little stock there, you remember? It went below zero. Has n't been heard of for twenty years. But it remained on the inventory of the estate, you know. Well, it 's come up. There 's a new plant gone in — Northern enterprise — and the stock is on the market again. There is only a trifle, a paltry two thousand, if well handled. It 's yours, you see, whatever there is of it. I came down to ask if you would like to have me force a sale for you."

"Two thousand dollars!" cried Bayard, turning pale. "Why, it would almost build me — at least, it would furnish a new chapel. We had about so much of inside property — library, piano, pictures, settees, hymn-books, and all that — it is all a dead loss. Unfortunately, Mr. Bond had never insured it — we were so poor; every dollar tells!"

"Then he was a very bad man of business for a church — for a — missionary officer!" cried Mr. Worcester irritably; "and I hope you 'll do nothing of the kind. You could spend that amount on your personal necessities inside of six months, and then not know it, sir! You are — I hope, Manuel," sternly, "that you will regard my wish, for once, in one respect, before I die. Don't fling your mother's money into the bottomless pit of this unendowed, burnt-out, unpopular enterprise! Wait awhile, Manuel. Wait a little and think it over. I don't think, under the circumstances," added Mr. Worcester, with some genuine dignity, "that it is very much to ask."

"Perhaps it is not," replied Bayard thoughtfully. "At least, I will consider it, as you say."

Four days after, an envelope from Boston was put into Bayard's hand. It contained a type-written letter, setting forth the fact that the writer desired to contribute to the erection of the new chapel in Windover known by the name of Christlove, and representing a certain phase of home missionary effort, the inclosed sum. It was a bank draft for

twenty-five hundred dollars. The writer withheld his name, and requested that no effort be made to identify him. He also desired that his contribution be used, if possible, in a conditional character, to stimulate the growth of a collection sufficient to put the building, and the mission behind it, upon a suitable basis.

The following day Mr. Worcester sent to Bayard by personal check the remnant of his mother's property. This little sum seemed as large, now, to the Beacon Street boy, as if he had been reared in one of the Vermont parsonages to which his uncle sent old overcoats; or, one might say, as if he had never left the shelter of that cottage under the pine grove in Bethlehem, where his eyes first opened upon the snow-girt hills. Self-denial speaks louder in the blood than indulgence, after all; and who knew how much of Bayard's simple manliness in the endurance of privation he owed to the pluck of the city girl who left the world for love of one poor man, and to become the mother of another?

Bayard had scarcely adjusted his mind to these events when he received from Helen Carruth this letter: —

"My dear Mr. Bayard, — My little note of sympathy with your great trouble did not deserve so prompt an answer. I thank you for it. I could not quite make up my mind to tell you, in the midst of so much care and anxiety, what I can delay no longer in saying" —

Bayard laid down the letter. The room grew black before his starting eyes.

"There is another man," he thought. "She is engaged. She cannot bear to tell me."

Sparks of fire leaped before his eyeballs. Black swung into purple — into gray — light returned; and he read on:

"If I flatter myself in supposing that you might mind it a little, why, the mistake hurts nobody, neither you nor me; but the fact is we are not coming to Windover this summer. We sail for Europe next week.

"Father has decided quite suddenly, and there is nothing to be done but to go. It is something to do with Exegesis, if you please! There is a mistake in Exegesis, you know — in the New Version. It seems to me a pretty Old Version by this time, but Father has always been stirred up about it. He has been corresponding with a German Professor for a year or two on this burning subject. I have an inarticulate suspicion that, between them, they mean to write the New Testament over again. Could they do another Version? How many Versions *can* be versed?

"I never graduated, you know; I never even attended a Cesarea Anniversary in my life (and you can't think how it shocked the Trustees at dinner, and *that* was such fun, so I kept on not going!), and I can't be expected to fathom these matters. Anyhow, it is mixed up with the Authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, and the Effect of German Rationalism upon the Evangelical Faith. It is a reason full of capital letters and Orthodoxy — and go he will. He won't leave Mother behind, for he is one of the men who believe in liying with their wives; he 's just as dependent on his womenkind when he 's engaged in a theological row as a boy who 's got hurt at football; and I 've got to go to take care of the two of them. So there it is! I think there is a convention in Berlin — an Exegetical Something — anyhow, there 's a date, and live up to it we must. He has sublet the Flying Jib to the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. — I mean to one of it, with six grandchildren. Think how they 'll punch their fists through our lace curtains! I wish you 'd go down and tell Mr. Salt they shan't have my dory. Could n't you manage to use it yourself? And I — I can't take Joey Slip to the circus, nor sit down in sackcloth on the ashes of Christlove Chapel to help you.

"Truly, dear friend, I *meant* to help this summer. And I am disappointed, if you care to know it.

Yours faithfully,

HELEN CARRUTH.

"I forgot to say that father has doubled up his lectures, and the Trustees have given him the whole summer term. This, I believe, is in view of the importance of the quarrel over the Fourth Gospel. We sail in the Scythia a week from Saturday."

It was early afternoon of the next day, when Helen, standing in her window to draw the shades, glanced over automatically at the third-story northwest corner front of Galilee Hall. The room had long since been occupied by a middler with blue spectacles and a peaked beard; a long-legged fellow, who was understood to be a Hebrew scholar and quite Old School, and was expected to fill a large parish without offending the senior deacon. Privately, Helen hated the middler. But the eye that had learned to wander at sunset across the Seminary "yard" to the window blazing in gold and glory had slowly unlearned the lesson of its brief and pleasant habit. Even yet, on blue-white winter days, when life stood still to freeze on Cesarea Hill, Helen found herself drearily looking at the glittering glass, as one looks at the smile on a face from which the soul has fled.

It was still many hours to sunset, and the early April afternoon fell gustily and gray upon the snows of Cesarea. It was not a sunny day, and Cesarea was at her worst. Helen idly watched a figure splashing through two feet of slush "across lots" over the Seminary grounds from the Trustees' Hotel.

"A post-graduate," she thought, "back on a visit. Or, more likely, a minister without a pulpit, coming to Cesarea after a parish, or places to supply. Probably he has seven children and a mother-in-law to support. If he 's 'sound,' he 'll come to Father — no — yes. Why, *yes!*" She drew suddenly back from the window. It was Emanuel Bayard.

He waded through the slush as quickly as so tired a man could. He had walked from the station, saving his coach fare, and had made but feint of being a guest at the hotel, where he had not dined. He was not quite prepared to let Helen know that he had lunched on cold johnny-cake and dried beef, put up by Mrs. Granite in a red cotton doily, and tenderly pinned over by Jane with a safety-pin.

He lifted his eyes to the gloomy landscape for illumination, which it denied him. He knew no more than the snow professor what he should do, what he should say; no, nor why he had lapsed into this great weakness, and come to Cesarea at all. He felt as if he might make, indeed, a mortal mistake, one way or the other. He pleaded to himself that he must see her face once more, or perish. Nature was mightier than he, and drove him on, as it drives the strongest of us in those reactions from our strenuous vow and sternest purpose, for which we have lacked the simple foresight to provide in our plan of life.

There was a new snow professor, by the way, comfortably melting before the pump beside the Academy commons. He had been considered sounder than any of his predecessors, and had been supplied with a copy of St. Augustine's Confessions, which he perused with a corncob pipe between his lips of ice. A Westminster catechism ornamented his vest pocket. He was said to have slumped beautifully when the thaw came.

Bayard shot a tolerant smile at the snow professor's remains, as he came up the steps.

Helen herself answered his ring. Both of them found this so natural that neither commented upon the little act of friendliness.

The Professor was at his lecture, and Mrs. Carruth was making her final ap-

pearance at certain local Cesarea charities; principally, to-day, at the Association for Assisting Indigent Married Students with blankets and baby-clothes. Helen explained these facts with her usual irreverence, as she ushered her visitor into the parlor.

"If I had a fortune," she observed, "I would found a society in Cesarea for making it a Penal Offense for a Married Man to Study for the Ministry without a Visible Income. The title is a little long, don't you think? How could we shorten it? It 's worse than the Cruelty to Animals thing. Mr. Bayard? — why, Mr. Bayard!"

When she saw the expression of his face, her own changed with remorseful swiftness.

"You are perfectly right," he said, with sudden, smiting incisiveness. "You are more than right. It is the greatest act of folly of my life that I am here."

He stood still, and looked at her. The despair she saw in his eyes seemed to her a measureless, bottomless thing.

"I *had* to come," he said. "How could I let you go, without — you *must* see that I had to look upon your face once more. Forgive me — dear!"

Her chin trembled, at the lingering of that last, unlooked-for word.

"I have tried," said Bayard slowly. "*You* won't misunderstand me if I say I have tried to do the best I can, at Windover; and I have failed in it," he added bitterly, "from every point of view, and in every way!"

"As much as that," said Helen, "happened to the Founder of the Christian religion. You are presumptuous if you expect anything different."

"You are right," answered Bayard, with that instinctive humility which was at once the strongest and the sweetest thing about him. "I accept your rebuke."

"Oh," cried Helen, holding out her hands, "I *could* n't rebuke you! I" — she faltered.

"You see," said Bayard slowly, "that 's just the difference, the awful, infinite difference. All His difficulties were from the outside."

"How do you know that?" asked Helen quickly.

"I don't," replied Bayard thoughtfully. "I don't know. But I have been accustomed to think so. Perhaps I am under the traditions yet; perhaps I am no nearer right than the other Christians I have separated myself from. But mine, you see — my obstacles, the things that make it so hard — the only thing that makes it seem impossible for me to go on — is within myself. You don't suppose He ever loved a woman — as I — love you? It 's impossible!" cried the young man. "Why, there are times when it seems to me that if the salvation of the world hung in one scale, and you in the other — as if I" — He finished by a blinding look. Her face drooped, but did not fall. He could see her fingers tremble. "It was something," he went on dully, "to see you; to know that I — why, all winter I have lived on it, on the knowledge that summer was coming — that you — Oh, *you* can't know! *You* can't understand! I could bear all the rest!" he cried. "This — this" —

His sentence broke, and was never completed; for Helen looked up into his face. It was ashen, and all its muscles were set like stiffening clay. She lifted her eyes and gave them to him.

"I do understand. . . . I *do*," she breathed. "Would it make you any happier if you knew — if I should tell you — of course, I know what you said; that we can't . . . but would it be any easier if I should tell you that I have loved you all the time?"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR.

On conscience, as on rock New England's hills,
His life was built. With reason's inward sight,
He saw as though from a cold mountain height,
When the white day pure winter's radiance fills.
Hot with the wrath of justice, against ills
Wrought out of wrong he waged a fearless fight,
And stood unflinching for imperiled right,
Freedom, and country, — one who greatly wills.
Sparkling his wit as beads of foaming wine,
But keen to pierce as pointed rapier blade;
Tender in heart, wise, cheerful to the end,
To Concord's soil as native as its vine,
There with most precious dust New England laid
The statesman, jurist, judge, and steadfast friend.

Darwin E. Ware.

HOW JUDGE HOAR CEASED TO BE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The recent death of Judge Hoar so nearly ends the list of living men who were his colleagues in the Cabinet when he was Grant's first Attorney-General that the events of that time may fairly be considered matter for historical treatment. What we call political reasons for reticence have lost their force. If the facts connected with his retirement from office teach any lesson, there seems to be no good reason why it should not be taught. If they throw light upon the characteristics of President Grant and help to make him and his administration more clearly intelligible, it may be of service to true history to make them known. Not even party interests can now be promoted by concealment, and there is always a chance that the cause of good government may be helped by indicating what led to past errors which are pretty generally confessed.

Current popular opinion in 1870 ascribed Judge Hoar's retirement from the Cabinet to discontent with his position and duties, to irritation at the rejection of his nomination to the Supreme Court, and to personal chafing in his relations to those with whom a public officer must work. It was left, in most men's minds, vaguely doubtful whether he had taken the initiative in the matter of his resignation, or whether the President had been led to ask for it on account of embarrassments growing out of supposed eccentricities of temper which interfered with cordiality between the executive and legislative departments of the government.

It is the essence of apology to put strongly forward the plausible circumstances which mitigate a severe judgment, and political apologies are apt to be the most perfunctory of all. Anything is urged which may silence or soften public complaint, and in Judge Hoar's case it became very quickly evident that the popular instinct had divined that a blunder had been made, if a positive wrong had not been done. His magnanimity was shown by his silence, for he must

have been sorely tempted at times to tell what the facts were. He was so sincerely anxious that Grant's administration should be a success that he urged his friends to ignore everything which was personal to himself, and to treat his retirement as an incident so naturally resulting from circumstances as not to call for discussion.

His intellectual ability, his learning, his sterling integrity, were universally recognized. His wit was of the highest and purest flavor, and was not merely an adornment of his conversation; he made it a potent auxiliary of his logic, clinching the triumph of an argument and disarming an adversary by an illustration that made opposition seem ridiculous. When dealing with injustice or dishonesty, the edge of his humorous sarcasm cut like a knife, and the doer of a wrong had no refuge from self-contempt but in wrath and hatred. With those who tried to force incompetent or unworthy men into positions in the Department of Justice he was righteously indignant, and nearly every complaint of acerbity in his temper could be traced directly to discomfited attempts to make judges or district attorneys of disreputable or unfit men. With spoilsmen of this class he was apt to use plain English. No doubt he had thus made a considerable number of influential enemies by the close of 1869. The passage of the new judiciary act called for the nomination of the whole class of circuit judges, and the Attorney-General's heart was set on having the new places filled by men who would honor the bench in the performance of judicial duties subordinate only to those of the Supreme Court. He could not always make his judgment of men potent, but the President stood by him so well, on the whole, that the judicial nominations sent to the Senate that winter are proof enough of his character and his courage.

It was in the midst of irritations thus growing out of struggles to influence a large batch of appointments of so important a kind that Judge Hoar's own name was sent to the Senate with the nomination to the bench of the Supreme Court. There were two vacancies, and Edwin M. Stanton was nominated to the other. Judge Hoar did not seek the place, nor take any initiative in the matter. He was too thoroughly a lawyer not to be fully sensible of the great honor of the position, but he was too clear-headed not to estimate at their value the antagonisms he must meet. The reasons for the President's action are found, in part, in circumstances which grew out of the original organization of the Cabinet.

As will be remembered, Grant's first nomination to the Treasury Department was that of Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York. He was chagrined that legal objections to a merchant's serving in that office should interfere with his plan. Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was the strong choice of many members of Congress, but to appoint two Cabinet officers from the same State was unusual, and the President hesitated. It was then, at the very beginning of his service, that Judge Hoar assured the President that if, at that time or any other, his resignation would relieve him of any embarrassment in the matter, he would tender it at once. It is, perhaps, enough for the moment to say that the vacancy in the Supreme Court appeared to the President to offer an honorable solution of the anomaly in the Cabinet organization.

It has been stated with some color of authority that Grant had offered the post of Secretary of the Interior to Governor Boutwell, in the first cast of the Cabinet, and that the nomination of Judge Hoar to the attorney-generalship was determined on when Mr. Boutwell had declined the place as taking him out of the line of congressional work, for which he had special predilection. I do not know that this is true, but it accords well with Judge Hoar's suggestion that if any embarrassment resulted from the pre-

sence of two Massachusetts men in the Cabinet, he himself should be the one to retire.

The interesting question then is, How did any embarrassment for the President arise, and how did he act upon it? The answer is found in the history of the effort to annex San Domingo to the United States, a curious chapter in American administration.

General Rawlins had died at the beginning of September, 1869, and his death was an irreparable loss to Grant and to the administration. Other men might fill the office of Secretary of War, but no other man could be found who could be the successful intermediary between General Grant and his associates in public duty. His friendship for his chief was of so sacredly intimate a character that he alone could break through the taciturnity into which Grant settled when he found himself in any way out of accord with the thoughts and opinions of those around him. Rawlins could argue, could expostulate, could condemn, could even upbraid, without interrupting for an hour the fraternal confidence and good will of Grant. He had won the right to this relation by an absolute devotion which dated from Grant's appointment to be a brigadier-general in 1861, and which had made him the good genius of his friend in every crisis of Grant's wonderful career. This was not because of Rawlins's great intellect, for he was of only moderate mental powers. It was rather that he became a living and speaking conscience for his general; as courageous to speak in a time of need as Nathan the prophet, and as absolutely trusted as Jonathan by David. In military problems Grant had a strong and almost intuitive sagacity in determining upon the path to victory; not always the easiest or the most economical in blood and treasure, but a sure one when his own indomitable courage and will had clear scope. He silently listened to the discussion of such men as Sherman and McPherson, he patiently turned the matter over in his own thoughts, and after a while enounced a decision which showed the aid he got from intelligent debate, whilst it was clearly marked with his own directness of purpose and boldness of action. Rawlins knew how to bring on such helpful discussion in Grant's presence. He knew how to reinforce the influence of those who deserved to be trusted, and to expose insidious and false friendship. He had blunt, wrathful words of objurgation for those who put in Grant's way temptations which he knew to be dangerous. A moral monitor and guide not hesitating at big oaths and camp expletives seems a strange type of man, but no one could deny that Rawlins's heart was as true and his perception of the thing demanded by the honor and the welfare of his chief was as clear as his manners and words often were rough.

It will not need argument to show how useful such a friend and counselor might be as a Cabinet officer. He could give warnings that no one else could utter; he could insist upon debate and information before settled purposes should be adopted; he would know of influences at work that others would learn of only when some important step was already taken; his own openness of character would make him frank in action with his colleagues, and an honorable representative of their general judgment and policy. Rawlins might have differed from Mr. Fish as to the foreign policy of the government, especially in regard to Cuba, but he would have seen to it that no kitchen cabinet committed the President to schemes of which his responsible advisers were ignorant. Indeed, there was no danger that a kitchen cabinet could exist till Rawlins was dead.

In the early months of Grant's administration there was at Washington a representative of the Baez government in San Domingo, named Fabens. That country was in a revolutionary condition, and it was not certain that Baez would

be able to maintain himself against his rival, Cabral, who was at the head of an armed force in the interior of the island. Fabens professed to be negotiating for the purchase of some of the old arms which filled our arsenals after the close of the civil war. He was, however, constantly suggesting the annexation of San Domingo to the United States, and Mr. Fish from time to time reported these overtures, and the annoyance which the persistence of Fabens gave him. The annexation scheme met with little favor in the Cabinet, and Congress showed itself consistently opposed to it. The objections were various, and were based on grounds of general policy as well as on the particular circumstances of the case and of the time.

First, there were those who held firmly that the only sound policy of the United States is a strictly continental one, coupling a leading influence on the mainland of America with deliberate abstinence from distant extensions of territory. Second, there were those who, in view of the fact that the dominant population of the island was of the negro race, felt that the problems involved in our own great emancipation were quite as large as this generation could satisfactorily handle or solve. Third, still others thought that as the whole island of Hispaniola was divided between the two republics of Hayti and San Domingo, jealous of each other, the one speaking only French, the other only Spanish, the acquisition of the Spanish half would necessarily be followed by the annexation of the whole, each contingency seeming to excel the other in troublesome complications. Fourth, men of statesmanlike character felt deeply the inconsistency of opening a new scheme of West India colonies while the treaty with Denmark for the purchase of St. Thomas, negotiated by Mr. Seward, was still pending, and not formally rejected by the Senate, though there was time for repentance, as the period for final ratification would not expire till the middle of April, 1870. Lastly, there were some scrupulous enough to be deterred from favoring annexation because Baez was forbidden by the Constitution of his country from negotiating it; and who believed with Charles Sumner that it would be a wrong to the people of the colored race to take from them the territory which gave them the opportunity to work out the problem of their capacity for independent self-government.

The discussion of the subject at Cabinet meetings had been free, and although Grant was a listener rather than a participant in the debate, there was a general acquiescence in the opinion of Mr. Fish that a cordially friendly attitude to the actual government in San Domingo, with decided discouragement to all intervention and filibustering, should be our policy. This was so well understood that there was no hesitation in talking about the matter in this sense, and in letting it be known that the administration had taken this line of conduct.

One day, however, the President casually remarked that the navy people seemed so anxious to have the bay of Samana as a coaling station that he thought he would send Colonel Babcock down to examine it and report upon it as an engineer. Babcock, as will be remembered, was one of the group of young army officers who, having been members of Grant's military staff, were retained in duties near his person during his presidency. His position was nominally that of assistant private secretary. His army service had been creditable, and he was a very intelligent and competent military engineer. The suggestion of sending him on the errand was not welcome to those who were anxious to avoid complications, but there was no objection raised, and the acquiescence was a silent one. It was stated that no publicity would be given to the mission, and that a confidential report upon the country, its people, its harbors, would be useful.

Before Babcock was ready to go, the President, in the same casual way, remarked that the New York merchants who had control of the trade with the island had courteously tendered to Babcock a free passage on one of their ships. This showed that somebody was giving publicity to the mission, but it had greater significance in showing that the State Department had no part in its management. Mr. Fish, evidently surprised, remarked that it seemed to him very undesirable that Colonel Babcock should be the guest of merchants having great trading interests in San Domingo, whilst he was upon a confidential investigation for the President. General Grant acquiesced, and said he would direct the navy to give Colonel Babcock transportation, as vessels were going down to join the West India squadron. Still again, a day or two later, it was said that, as Babcock did not speak Spanish, a well-known officer of the Inspector-General's department would accompany him. Lastly, it appeared that Mr. Columbus Cole, then a Senator from California, was to be of the party on this new voyage of discovery to Hispaniola. As the members of the Cabinet were carefully discreet in their reticence, the increase of the party and of the apparent importance of the mission caused a certain uneasiness, especially as rumors began to fly about that business speculations were involved, and that the official character of the affair was much less than its real significance. The members of the government felt loyally bound to suppress their own doubts, and to attribute to the excitability of the quidnuncs the rumors of important purposes connected with Babcock's voyage.

After some weeks' absence, Babcock's return was announced by the New York newspapers, with suggestions of interesting results. On seeing this, I called upon Mr. Fish at the State Department the same afternoon. He sent his private secretary from the room, and closed the door; then coming toward me with manifest feeling, he said, "What do you think! Babcock is back, and has actually brought a treaty for the cession of San Domingo; yet I pledge you my word he had no more diplomatic authority than any other casual visitor to that island!" An earnest discussion of the situation followed, in which we agreed that the proper course was to treat Babcock's action as null, and to insist upon burying the whole in oblivion as a state secret; this being the only way, apparently, to save him from the grave consequences of a usurpation of power. It did not occur to either of us, in view of the past history of the matter, that the President would assume the responsibility for the illegal act of his messenger.

In the informal discussion of the subject which incidentally occurred before the next Cabinet meeting, the view Mr. Fish had taken seemed to be the general one, and it was expected that he would present it when we should be assembled. When the heads of departments came for the purpose to the President's room at the White House, they found Babcock already there, showing to each, as he arrived, specimens of the ores and products of the island, and descanting upon its extraordinary value. He met a rather chilling reception, and soon left the room.

It had been the President's habit, at such meetings, to call upon the members of the Cabinet to bring forward the business contained in their portfolios, beginning with the Secretary of State. This would at once have brought the action of Babcock up by Mr. Fish's disclaimer of all part in the matter, and his statement of its utter illegality. On this occasion, however, General Grant departed from his uniform custom, and took the initiative. "Babcock has returned, as you see," said he, "and has brought a treaty of annexation. I suppose it is not formal, as he had no diplomatic powers; but we can easily cure that. We can send back the treaty, and have Perry,

the consular agent, sign it; and as he is an officer of the State Department it would make it all right."

This took everybody so completely by surprise that they seemed dumfounded. After an awkward interval, as nobody else broke the silence, I said, "But, Mr. President, has it been settled, then, that we *want* to annex San Domingo?" The direct question evidently embarrassed General Grant. He colored, and smoked hard at his cigar. He glanced at Mr. Fish on his right, but the face of the Secretary was impassive, and his eyes were fixed on the portfolio before him. He turned to Mr. Boutwell on his left, but no response met him there. As the silence became painful, the President called for another item of business, and left the question unanswered. The subject was never again brought up before the assembled Cabinet.

It would naturally be supposed that a breaking-up of the Cabinet would follow; but on the mere suspicion of such differences as I have described, strong party influences were set at work to prevent a rupture. General Grant became, afterward, so thorough a party man that it is necessary to recall by a positive effort of memory that his position was looked upon as very uncertain when his administration began. His report to President Johnson on the condition of the Southern States had indicated that he was not in sympathy with the congressional plan of reconstruction, which was the burning question of the time. Party leaders were nervous lest he should prove unwilling to conduct his administration in harmony with them, and in case of a break they feared a total loss of party control in the country. Members of the administration were therefore urged strenuously to make no issue on what might be regarded as a personal wish of the President, and they shared the opinions of their party friends enough to make them feel the importance of avoiding collision. The probability that the treaty could not be ratified made the dropping of the subject more easy.

The position of Mr. Fish was the most difficult one. He was on terms of intimate friendship with Charles Sumner, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, and both official propriety and personal feeling had made him frankly open in discussing diplomatic affairs with the Senator. He had honestly treated the talk of Dominican annexation as mere gossip, without solid foundation, and now he suddenly found his sincerity in question, under circumstances which forbade him to say how gravely the State Department had been compromised. The situation seemed so intolerable that he took the very natural course of tendering his resignation. The President was far from wishing this result, though it did not make him abandon the annexation scheme. His strong request that Mr. Fish should not insist, joined to the pressure from outside to which I have alluded, made a postponement, at least, of the question of the resignation. The other members of the government could more easily ignore the subject, and immerse themselves in the special duties of their own departments.

The treaty which was finally submitted to the Senate was signed on November 29, 1869, and was transmitted for ratification in December. The President had been committed to the strange promise to use his personal influence to secure its acceptance, and the effort to do this through direct application to Senators was one of the things which was felt to be most objectionable at the time. It opened the way to bargaining for votes, and directly compromised the dignity of the Executive. The nomination of Judge Hoar to the Supreme Court was so nearly coincident with the transmittal of the treaty that it is fair to regard it, in part, as an attempt to conciliate adverse influences. It lay before the Senate for some time, and confirmation was finally refused in the early part of February, 1870.

The efforts to secure ratification of the treaty languished during the winter and spring; but after the time had elapsed within which the purchase of St. Thomas must be completed, and that embarrassment was supposed to be out of the way, a very active effort was made to bring the San Domingo scheme to a successful termination. The headquarters of this activity were in the private secretary's office at the Executive Mansion. Papers and files from the State Department were sent for and retained without even the formality of using the President's name and authority, so that Mr. Fish was obliged to protest against the irregularity, and demand that it be stopped. He was ready, he said, to attend the President with any papers in his department at any time, but he could not permit their custody to be transferred to any other place.

Notwithstanding the effort to conduct the business as an exceptional one, in which only acquiescence on the part of the Secretary was expected, Mr. Fish found his position so irksome that he again tendered his resignation in writing. I happened to be present, and saw the earnestness with which General Grant repelled the idea of there being any necessity for it. Manifestly he had not appreciated Mr. Fish's embarrassments, and seemed to think it an easy matter to pass over the irregularities whose importance he did not rightly estimate. He insisted on delay, and it was later understood that a definite arrangement was made that the Secretary of State should be untrammeled in the conduct of all other business of the department, and relieved of the annoyances, in this matter, of which he had complained. The President was by no means lacking in personal regard for Mr. Fish, and estimated highly the value of his character, his knowledge of the world, his facility of intercourse with foreign representatives, and his tact in dealing with officials of all classes. He insisted that Mr. Fish must not leave him, and that the difficulties of the situation could soon be ended by the disposal of the treaty in one way or another. Unless ratified by the 1st of July, it would expire by its own limitation.

When Judge Hoar's nomination to the bench had been defeated, in the winter, he again sent word by closest friends that his resignation would be at the President's disposal; but General Grant saw nothing to make a change in their relations desirable, and the subject was dropped, definitively, as I supposed. Delicacy had prompted the judge thus to speak through others, so that no feeling of personal regard might make the President hesitate to express his wish. More than four months had elapsed, and the Attorney-General, like the other members of the administration, had devoted himself to the work of his own office, forgetting as far as possible everything, including San Domingo, which did not directly affect his own responsibilities.

On one afternoon in June I had gone home from my office to dinner, and about seven o'clock received the New York papers which the messenger usually brought to my house after the arrival of the Eastern mail. Opening a copy of the Times, I was amazed to see the announcement that the Attorney-General had resigned, and that his resignation had been accepted by the President. I knew that nothing had been further from Judge Hoar's thoughts two or three days before, and there had not, since the winter, been any suggestion or intimation of such a thing from other quarters. I could hardly believe my eyes. That such changes in the administration could be made without announcement to its members, leaving them to learn it from the public press, was incredible.

Hastily taking my hat, I went from my house on Capitol Hill down through the park to catch the horse-car on Pennsylvania Avenue and go to Judge Hoar's lodgings, which were on F Street, not

far from the Treasury building. At the lower park gate I almost ran against Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, who actually buttonholed me. "See here, Mr. Secretary," he said, "tell me what this means!" "What do you refer to?" "The Attorney-General's resignation, of course," was the reply. Nonplused how to answer, and shrinking from revealing the fact that I was more ignorant than he, I took refuge in commonplaces about the natural result of there being two Cabinet officers from one State, and the known wish of the judge to retire whenever this should cause embarrassment. "I know all that," said he, "but we thought that talk had gone by, and I am greatly disturbed lest it means a breaking-up which may lead we can't tell where." I tried to reassure him by saying I thought there was no such danger, that we all had confidence in Grant's honesty and patriotism, and it would turn out that there was nothing more in it than I had intimated. He shook his head seriously and doubtingly; then turned on me with, "But what do you know of the new man whose name has been sent in this afternoon?" Worse cornered than ever, as I could not even guess who had been nominated, and had never heard a name officially mentioned in connection with a possible vacancy in the office, I could only mumble, "Oh, I think you 'll find he 's all right;" and the approaching street-car giving me an escape I added, "But you must excuse me; I must catch this car," and broke away from him, repeating to myself Chancellor Oxenstiern's famous saying.

Reaching the Attorney-General's lodgings, I opened the conversation almost in the words Senator Wilson had used to me: "Well, judge, what *does* this mean?" "Sit down," he said, "and I will tell you." The recollection of what he said is so vivid that I may safely say that I give it in his own words: "I was sitting in my office yesterday morning, attending to routine business, with no more thought of what was to come than you had at that moment, when a messenger entered with a letter from the President. Opening it, I was amazed to read a naked statement that he found himself under the necessity of asking for my resignation. No explanation of any kind was given, or reason assigned. The request was as curt and as direct as possible. My first thought was that the President had been imposed upon by some grave charge against me. A thunder-clap could not have been more startling to me. I sat for a while wondering what it could mean, — why there had been no warning, no reference to the subject in our almost daily conversations. The impulse was to go at once and ask the reasons for the demand; but self-respect would not permit this, and I said to myself that I must let the matter take its own course, and not even seem disturbed about it. I took up my pen to write the resignation, and found myself naturally framing some of the conventional reasons for it; but I stopped, and destroyed the sheet, saying to myself, 'Since no reasons are given or suggested for the demand, it is hardly honest to invent them in the reply;' so I made the resignation as simple and unvarnished as the request for it had been."

Before sending it to the White House, Judge Hoar, to avoid any possibility of its becoming public by his act, made a copy with his own hand, and locked up the letter and the answer in a private drawer of his desk. In the afternoon he had occasion to submit papers in some pardon cases to the President, and went to the Executive Office for the purpose. Meanwhile the acceptance of the resignation had been sent to him, and this was so framed as to convey the sentiments of personal good will and high respect which no one in near relations to them doubted that General Grant actually felt. This letter was published with the brief resignation. The equally brief request for the resignation has

never been given to the public. The omission, as every one must see, wholly changes the effect of the correspondence.

On meeting Judge Hoar, the President enlarged to some extent upon his personal confidence in him, and the real regret with which he severed their relations, and now frankly connected his own action with the exigency in which he found himself, and the necessity, to carry out his purposes, of securing support in the Senate from Southern Republicans, who demanded that the Cabinet place should be filled from the South. He reminded the Attorney-General of what had passed in the winter, relative to his resigning, and said he had assumed that this connection of things would be understood without further words. Judge Hoar assured him that the explanation removed any painful impression that might have been made at first, that his only wish was that the administration might be a success in every respect, and that no personal interest of his should for a moment stand in the way of it. He then, however, took the liberty of saying that he thought he knew the class of men who had desired his removal, and he hoped, for the President's own sake, that he had chosen his successor, since otherwise he would be subjected to a pressure in favor of unfit men which might prove most embarrassing to him. General Grant naively admitted that he had not yet given any thought to that part of the matter, but appeared to be struck with the wisdom of the judge's suggestion, and himself asked that the whole matter remain strictly confidential till he could reflect upon it, when he would call it up again.

On the next morning (which was that of the day on which I was having the evening interview I am narrating) the Attorney-General was again in his office attending to business, when he was once more surprised by an interruption. This time it was by a well-known correspondent of the New York Tribune, who sent in his card with an urgent request to be admitted. Feeling a vague suspicion that it might prove embarrassing, Judge Hoar peremptorily excused himself. His clerk returned after a moment, evidently disturbed, and said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Attorney-General, for coming back, but the gentleman says that if you will look at this paper he thinks you will see him." The judge took the offered paper, and found it was a dispatch from the editor of the Tribune to the correspondent, saying, "The Times, this morning, says the Attorney-General has resigned, and his resignation accepted; why have we not heard from you?" Puzzled for a moment how to act, ready wit came to his aid in a characteristic way, and he said to the clerk, with a significant smile, "Mr. Pleasants, you may give the gentleman any information you are possessed of."

The Attorney-General's office, at that time, was in the south front of the Treasury building, and his anteroom, with the usual approach to it, was on the side toward Fourteenth Street. A private door, however, led to the south portico, and no sooner was his clerk gone than Judge Hoar put on his hat, and, going out by this way, took the short path across the park to the Executive Mansion. Being admitted, he said, "Mr. President, I have come to tell you that somebody about you betrays you." He then told the story of the dispatch from New York. General Grant was deeply stirred by it, and saying he would severely punish the breach of confidence, went into the private secretary's room to investigate. He soon returned, mollified, and explained that the secretaries could account for the leak only by supposing that some unauthorized person must have got access in the outer office to the letterpress copy-book in which was the acceptance of the resignation.

The idea of a secret guarded in that way made the matter too amusing for comment, if not for credence, and the

judge contented himself with recalling what he had said the day before of the desirability of decisive action. The President said he had been thinking of Mr. Akerman, of Georgia, who had been appointed district attorney for Georgia, and whom Judge Hoar had spoken well of when he had been a candidate for the judgeship of the Southern circuit. He asked whether the judge did not think he would be a fit man. Judge Hoar replied that he believed Mr. Akerman to be an honest man and a good lawyer; but he added, "It would hardly be proper for me, Mr. President, to say what should be the standard of fitness for the attorney-generalship of the United States."

He took his leave, and Mr. Akerman's nomination was immediately made. It was necessary that it should be authenticated by the great seal, so it went to the State Department before it was sent to the Senate, and Mr. Fish thus learned of the change among his colleagues. I have stated how I learned it.

My conversation with Judge Hoar was on the evening of Thursday, the 16th of June, and at the next regular Cabinet meeting it was so confidently assumed that the President would enter into explanations of the serious step taken that, by common consent, no other business was brought forward. Judge Hoar was not present, and each Secretary, as called upon, answered that he had nothing to offer. The President waited a moment, as if somewhat surprised, and then simply remarked that if there was no business to be done, the meeting might as well adjourn. It did so, and no reference to the subject, of any sort, was ever made by General Grant in the presence of his assembled advisers. Judge Hoar remained in office some weeks (a short absence intervening), till Mr. Akerman could be ready to assume his duties. He brought the new Attorney-General to the Cabinet room and introduced him to his colleagues; then turning to the President, he said, "Having presented my successor, I will take my leave, wishing the most abundant success to your administration." General Grant replied that although he should not see the judge again in that place, he hoped to meet him elsewhere frequently.

It was part of current information on which I fully relied, though I cannot give its source as explicitly as I can that of my other statements, that General Grant's interviews with Senators from the Southern States had been marked by great directness of dealing. The "carpet-bag" Senators were men of different characters and qualities. There were some, like General Willard Warner, of Alabama, whose motives no one would impugn, whether he took sides with the President or with Mr. Sumner. Senator Warner's colleague was, justly or unjustly, looked upon as a type of a quite different class of politicians; and it was in negotiation with such a one, representing his class, that Grant learned the demands of these Senators.

He was told that they desired to please him and to support his plans, but, considering Mr. Sumner's controlling influence with their colored constituents, it would be at no small political peril to themselves if they opposed that Senator on the San Domingo question. Instead of receiving the help of the administration in matters of patronage, which might smooth over home opposition, they found themselves less influential than they had a right to expect. Reciprocity was necessary if the President required their aid. When asked in what departments they found a lack of consideration, the Attorney-General's was named, and it was strongly urged that Judge Hoar should be displaced by a Southern man acceptable to them.

I had promised Judge Hoar to make a visit to Concord, when he went home, near the end of June, to attend Harvard College Commencement; he being one of the governing Fellows of the university, and his son, Mr. Sherman Hoar, taking

his first degree that year. It seemed to me that the return to the associations of his home was peculiarly grateful to him, in the stress of spirit to which he had been subjected. He dwelt with evident pleasure upon everything which recalled the self-devotion of the old patriots, and upon the incentive it was to act from nobler motives than personal ambition, or even the confidence of success. We visited Plymouth Rock together, and he himself drove me from Cambridge to Concord by the Lexington road, the American *via sacra*, and pointed out every historic house and field and stone fence along the line of the advance and the retreat of the British troops on their march against Concord. At Concord he took me to the field where the "embattled farmers" opened the fight for independence, and showed where the detachment from each of the surrounding towns was placed. I stood with him also in the cemetery, uncovered before the grave of his father, Samuel Hoar, who had not stopped to count the cost when Massachusetts called upon him to defend the freedom of her citizens. An ashlar wall, pierced above as for a window, simulated a bay in the House Beautiful of Bunyan's immortal allegory, and on the panel in the lower story filial piety had inscribed the words, "The Pilgrim they laid in an upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

It was perhaps only natural that he should take his guest over these paths, but it seemed to me very plain that he was himself drinking in the inspiration of each scene, and finding new strength of resolution and high purpose in renewing contact with the great departed who so thickly clustered in the narrow circuit about his native town. It was thus that he became so preëminently, like Horatio,

"A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

Another incident of my visit must be mentioned. General Sherman also was in Boston at the time, and I was invited with him to dinner by the Saturday Club, of which Judge Hoar was a member. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were all there, and I need not say it was an occasion to remember. It only concerns my present story, however, to tell what occurred just before we parted. Mr. Longfellow was presiding, and unexpectedly I found that he was speaking to me in the name of the Club. He said that they had been much disturbed by rumors then current that Mr. Motley was to be recalled from England on account of Senator Sumner's opposition to the San Domingo treaty. They would be very far indeed from seeking to influence any action of the President which was based on Mr. Motley's conduct in his diplomatic duties, of which they knew little, and could not judge; but they thought the President ought to know that if the rumor referred to was well founded, he would, in their opinion, offend all the educated men of New England. It could not be right to make a disagreement with Mr. Sumner prejudice Mr. Motley by reason of the friendship between the two. I could only answer that no body of men had better right to speak for American men of letters, and that I would faithfully convey their message.

On my return to Washington, I first made known to Mr. Fish the duty that had been committed to me. Not only did he interpose no objection to it; he expressed an earnest wish that it might change the President's purpose. I took an early opportunity of reporting to General Grant what the eminent men of the Saturday Club said to him. His only reply was, "I made up my mind to remove Mr. Motley before there was any quarrel with Mr. Sumner." This he said in an impatient tone, as if repelling interference.

Senator Wilson also had visited Boston, and had been told of the request made

by the Saturday Club. He called on me, and asked whether I intended to fulfill it. I answered that I undoubtedly should. He then told me that he had been asked to support my statement, and that he should do so most earnestly. In pursuance of this purpose, he wrote a friendly but strong letter of remonstrance to the President, dated on the 5th of July.[1]

Mr. Fish's relations to Mr. Sumner were still friendly, and Judge Hoar was and continued to be the friend of both; but the progress of the San Domingo business had put Mr. Fish in a false position, apparently, and having yielded to the President's urgency that he should remain in the Cabinet, he could not, at the moment, explain fully to Mr. Sumner the seeming changes of his attitude. It is in the nature of such differences to grow larger, and in the following winter they led to an open rupture between the old friends. I myself have never doubted that Mr. Fish's stay in the State Department was a sacrifice of personal feeling to a sense of duty to the country; and that, despite the complications and annoyances which I have had to recount, every lover of the country has reason to rejoice that he remained at his post. His confidence in and regard for Judge Hoar were such as to be decisive, a little later, in placing the latter upon the commission to negotiate the remaining differences with Great Britain. The President also retained and increased his respect for the judge, but by that time the Secretary of State was recognized as having the rightful initiation in the formation of such a commission.

It ought to be added that whatever may seem singular in the conduct of this business by General Grant was not at the time attributed to any wrong purpose by those who were closest to him. He lacked the faculty of conversational discussion, which is the very essence of the successful conduct of business where cooperation is necessary. In military matters the objective is usually a very definite one, and the end being clearly aimed at, the intervening steps arrange themselves when there is true courage and tenacity of purpose. In civil affairs there would be danger that such a rule would run into the pernicious maxim that the end justifies the means. A very different kind of knowledge, both of men and of affairs, is needed to conduct properly the civil business of the state.

Self-seeking men studied General Grant's peculiarities, and took shrewd advantage of them. A certain class of public men adopted the practice of getting an audience and making speeches before him, urging their plans with skillful advocacy and impassioned manner. They would then leave him without asking for any reply, and trust to the effect they had produced. Perhaps their associates would follow the matter up in a similar way. It would thus sometimes happen that, for lack of the assistance which a disinterested adviser could give, his habitual reticence would make him the victim of sophistries which were not exposed, and which his tenacity of purpose would make him cling to when once he had accepted them.

I have nothing now to do with the later period of his administration, when the abuse of his confidence by those who had private ends to gain became deplorably notorious. The facts which I have narrated are intended to help in the understanding of the situation at an earlier time, and to show how it happened that those who were supposed to be consulted on all important public matters found themselves shorn of their power to help their chief as they would gladly have done, and had to look on and see the gradual increase of mischievous influences. "It is the first step that costs," and the cost soon became only too plainly apparent.

Jacob Dolson Cox.

[1] Pierce's Memoir and Letters of Sumner, iv. 446.

AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

II.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHURCHES.

ALTHOUGH the mediæval churches of France and England were built by men of the same faith, and for the same Catholic ritual; although England was long under a distinctly French domination, and a large part of France was for one or two hundred years occupied by and ruled over by Englishmen; yet national traits asserted themselves, as they usually do, and English and French churches differ as much as if an ocean parted them instead of the narrow flashing "silver streak."

In a few exceptional instances we find a church that seems misplaced. Westminster Abbey, with its apsidal east end and encircling eastern chapels, is built upon a French plan. Norwich, Peterborough, Lichfield, and Canterbury have circular endings, and the choir of the latter, built by a Frenchman, recalls in its Corinthianesque shafts and capitals, as well as in other details, the cathedral in the ancient French town of Sens, from whence its builder came to Canterbury. On the other hand, Laon is one of the few French cathedrals that have that square eastern termination which is so nearly universal in England. These are, however, exceptions, and in general we find on one side of the Channel both cathedral and parish church of an undemonstrative, long, low, picturesque, and domestic style, and on the other side of the water they are self-asserting, aspiring, stately, and majestic. The English buildings blend with the rural landscape, while the churches of France are of a grander type, and rise from stone-paved streets and from amid the burghers' houses.

And yet, though lowness and length are such marked characteristics of the English cathedral, by a strange contradiction there is nothing about these English churches carried to a greater degree of perfection, or which brings them greater glory, than their clustered towers and their groups of heaven-soaring spires. At Caen and Coutances and Bayeux and Saint-Ouen we see the Frenchman attempting a central lantern over the crossing of nave and transept; but the Englishman, with his unerring instinct for a pleasing group and a picturesque arrangement, seized upon the idea of combining three towers on one church as his own, and at most of the English cathedrals we find, besides the western towers, either a central spire, or the preparation for one in the shape of an incomplete tower. This ambitious tendency frequently ended in disaster, and many a cathedral such as Lincoln has boasted of lofty spires which do not exist to-day. Doubtless the western towers of the great French cathedrals, and perhaps even single western spires on those majestic temples, taken by themselves, are more grand and stately structures than similar features in England. In such a comparison England makes a poor showing. At Rouen, at Bordeaux, at Laon, the Frenchman was most ambitious, and started to raise towers at the west end and at both transepts; but all are incomplete, and no French church possesses a single central spire to vie with that of Salisbury or of Norwich; and surely none can offer a group of three spires to compare with those of Lichfield; nor can many foreign examples compete, as graceful and beautiful compositions, with the three uncrowned towers of Canterbury, or with their sisters at Lincoln or at Wells.

But of all the features that mark and identify the English church, its square eastern ending would seem to be the most universal and the most self-evident. In

France, the choir of a church has a circular end, and the aisle encircles that, and is roofed, in consequence, with much involved and irregular vaulting; while beyond the aisle is the *chevet*, or surrounding range of chapels. Throughout England, however, a church, whether small or great, has a square ending. Many may think this simple, quiet termination should be preferred to the intricate vaulting and tangled perspective of the French chevet, with its flanking chapels; but the French method is the more ambitious, involves vastly greater constructive skill, and produces by far the most magnificent effects.

But nowhere are the contrasts between French and English churches more striking than in their relative proportions, and in the different relations that height bears to breadth in these structures. For instance, as we ramble about the old Somersetshire city of Wells, we pass beneath a vaulted gate-house and enter the precincts of the cathedral. Before us, rich with carving and shafts and arcading, and with those many statues that are unrivaled in similar English work, rises the western front of the great church. Great, do we say? Well, greatness is relative. This whole front at Wells is thirty-one feet wider than that at Amiens, but is only one half as high; and the nave at Wells is but twice as high as it is wide, while that of Amiens is three times its own width. This vast difference, both in actual height and in the relation of height to width, is further emphasized by the scale of subordinate details. At Wells the church is entered through three small doors that are insignificant features in the rich façade. A man can span those opposite the aisles, and they do not rise much above his head. In France, you would find, instead of these humble entrances, grand steps of approach, and large triumphal arches lined with rank above rank of sculpture.

From a distance we see the towers and lanterns of Wells rise above rounded masses of green foliage, and when we reach its walls we find them springing from emerald lawns and embowered in arching trees, the home of cawing rooks and soaring pigeons. There is nothing in France that can be named with the picturesque grouping of these English buildings, or with their setting of close and cloister, of brilliant garden and clipped green lawn and fine old trees. The Frenchman never formed such harmonious features of church and scenery as one sees at Salisbury and Lincoln; never massed spires in such gracious compositions as we find at Lichfield and Lincoln. Here at Wells the three time-worn towers rise high above us, and compose picturesquely with the chapter house and its quaint approaches, with the great octagon of the lady chapel, and with the backing of tall trees. From above us the music of the chimes vibrates and dies away: —

> "Lord, through this hour
> Be thou our guide,
> That by thy power
> No foot may slide."

So from hour to hour chant the bells over the peaceful beauty of the bishop's gardens and terraces, and the ancient ivy-clad palace. Ah, what an abode is this of the bishop's! It is the finest example of a thirteenth-century house existing in England; and truly it seems a lordly habitation for a priest of One who had not where to lay his head. We are reminded of the New England country minister who visited his more favored brother, and between the services was shown the latter's house, his fields and farm, his cattle and his books, and whose wondering comment on the show of luxury was, "All this, and heaven too!"

The decency and order which bring to such perfection the lawns and paths and trees of the close prevail also within the church. We are shown by the verger through aisle and chapel, peopled only by the effigies of those who lie below, and we feel indignant that a building raised as a house of prayer should be treated so

nearly as a museum of mediæval art. We think of the Westminster verger who roughly disturbed the devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, saying, "H'if this sort of thing goes h'on, we shall soon 'ave people praying h'all h'over the h'abbey." However, there comes an hour when verger and visitor cease their rounds. At first, as we but dimly catch in the distant hum of priestly voice sonorous Old Testament sentences or familiar words from the Gospels, we feel how vain is the attempt to gratify in these vast and echoing buildings a Puritan interest in sermon and book. But as the fading sunlight shines through the western window, and casts its colored glories on sculptured tomb and carved boss and gray stone wall, the organ notes pulsate through the stony fabric, and

"Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

The great solemn place is filled with the thrilling sweetness of boyish voices, and we heartily join in their long, tuneful "Amen." It rings and resounds down the empty nave. It echoes back again from distant chapel and from the far-receding vaults. Spellbound, we see new beauty around us, and feel that if the Englishman was not the engineer, the sculptor, or in many ways the designer that we find the Frenchman, he yet more truly felt the unaffected simple "beauty of holiness," and imprisoned it in pier and vault, in storied tomb and glowing glass, in sculptured front and lofty spire.

While the English cathedrals are low and wide and long, as compared with those of France; while their entrance porches are comparatively insignificant, and their eastern ends, if handsome, are still far less intricate and ambitious than those of their French neighbors, yet if we cease to consider general masses, and study only broad effects and detail, we find the Englishman well holding his own with the designers across the Channel.

All through the earlier Gothic periods the Frenchman clung to simple cylindrical shafts, and Corinthianesque or Byzantine capitals, and square abaci and bases, all of which were inherited from Romanesque days; nay, even from classic times. These dignified shafts and this formal carving are found at the cathedrals of Paris and of Sens, of Noyon and of Laon. We cannot fail to admire them, or to regret them when they give place to the true Gothic clustered pier, and to the crocketed capitals of the later and more properly Gothic carvers, but we recognize them as inheritances which the Frenchman has turned to service. We see that they are not fully developed adjuncts of the aspiring upward-tending style. In England, however, the Byzantine or Anglo-Norman type of base and capital and shaft was promptly discarded with the round-arched style, of which it was an integral part. Thereafter the Gothic clustered pier was the usual English form, and, so far as mouldings and carvings are concerned, each successive phase of English Gothic art matured in a leisurely and complete manner, full of national individuality.

Indeed, French mouldings are always most simple, and throughout the Gothic periods their range of variation was small. Until the downward course was well marked, a square stone with large circular beads cut on the arrises was, for instance, the nearly universal vault, rib, and arch moulding of France. But as the chisel displaced the axe in the shaping of stone, England became incomparably rich in mouldings. As in no other country, their large, broad masses succeed each other on arch and vault rib, on label and jamb, often interspersed with foliation or tooth ornament, and often depending only on the light and shadow of their carefully composed waves and hollows and fillets and projections. So expert did the Englishman become that in Early English work even the capitals and bases are round and formed wholly of moulded annular work, — a

fashion peculiarly English, and never adopted to any extent in France. Even on an important cathedral like Salisbury sculpture is wholly absent, and mouldings on arch, base, and capital form the main enrichment.

Except during this Early English period of moulded capitals, however, foliage was used throughout the Middle Ages in both France and England for decoration. For long the ancient classic Corinthian capital furnished the *motif* for French Gothic carving, and when its details gradually freed themselves from this noble restraint, and supported the square abaci on vigorous leaf-decorated crockets, they struck perhaps the highest note that Gothic foliage carving ever reached. With later periods came a closer imitation of natural forms, and in France a thin and straggling style of both carving and moulding. In England, that recasting of Romanesque forms which was common in France never greatly prevailed. The English carvers, without imitating nature, yet from first to last seized upon its spirit, and through all the periods of English Gothic carved foliage is full of energy, elegance, and vigor, and in its graceful curves and the masses of its trefoil leafage has all the essence of plant life. Although the English figure sculpture never made any approach to the almost classic figures of Chartres and Amiens, yet its foliage was, as a rule, more free and flowing, better massed and less naturalistic, than any but the earliest and finest of French work.

Again, French vaulting, except where the exigencies of the chevet complicated it, was as simple as the mouldings of the arches that inclosed it. But in England a simple scheme of vault ribs was by degrees enriched with subdividing ribs, and the intersections of these ribs were decorated with carved bosses, while the vault surfaces were covered with fanlike tracery, until the design of these elaborate ceilings became, in England far more than in any other country, an important and splendid part of the decorative and constructive scheme.

It would seem, then, that in many details, in his carving, in his vaulting, in his mouldings, the Englishman caught the Gothic spirit at least equally with the Frenchman. Still, as we study the great English church, we find that the clerestory windows rarely occupy the entire space from pier to pier; that the flying buttresses are neither essential nor very frequent; that the vaults are largely supported by thick walls and shallow buttresses, and often spring from a wall instead of from strongly marked piers; and we shall probably come to agree with Professor Moore that such a church is, in a way, merely the earlier Romanesque structure with pointed-arch details. It is in no sense the same organism as the huge French skeleton. In that, with clear mechanical skill, the slender piers that carry the vaults are firmly marked inside and outside; the entire space between the piers is occupied by a traceried window, and the thrust of the vault ribs is carried in a visible manner from the well-marked piers, over aisle and chapel, to the great outer buttress, which in turn is loaded to security by lofty masses of pinnacle.

The close and accurate study of these Gothic churches is of surprisingly recent date. It is not so very long since men thought them barbarous, uncouth, and not worthy of serious study. Such were the days when whitewash and lack of care wrought more destruction than Puritan and Roundhead, or than Father Time himself. Sir Walter Scott was among the earliest to sing the praises of the Gothic minster. His idea seems to have been that the lines of these lofty arches were modeled upon forest forms.

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

To Sir Walter Scott succeeded Dr.

Whewell, Mr. Willis, Mr. Paley, and others. The origin of Gothic art is found by one in natural forms; by another, in an appreciation for the aspiring forms of the pointed arch, introduced by Crusaders who had become familiar with it in Sicily and the East; and by yet another in a development from Roman art. Mr. Freeman, in 1849, defines the one grand principle of Gothic art as "an upward tendency of the whole building and of its minutest details; in a word, the vertical principle, which, when fully carried out, renders a Gothic cathedral one harmonious whole." In 1860 and 1870, Sir Gilbert Scott and M. Viollet-le-Duc were attributing the origin and introduction of Gothic to structural necessities, to the difficulty of vaulting irregular spaces, and to facility of construction. Recently, a Harvard professor has, in his scholarly work, thrown a new and clear light on this subject. He admits that all these influences may have been at work in the development of Gothic building; he agrees with M. Viollet-le-Duc that its actual origin was in France, and that it was due to constructive needs; but he points out that a brilliantly conceived framework of pier and vault, of buttress and pinnacle, was thus gradually perfected; that this constructive combination contained the most essential spirit of Gothic art; and that, furthermore, in France alone is to be found the perfect result of these fundamental principles. Professor Moore shows us that while England and other countries may boast of national features or peculiar beauties, of the Gothic spirit manifested in certain details, yet in France alone do we find the whole structure of a cathedral one fully organized and visible framework, which the wealth of applied ornament only serves to emphasize.

But let us gain a closer view of a French church, and, as is the wont of travelers, hasten from our inn to the cathedral. From a distance we see it o'ertopping the steep-roofed town. Its walls consist of piers alternating with huge traceried windows. This slender masonry is steadied by the arches of the countless flying buttresses. They cross the low aisles in giant leaps, and carry the thrust of the vaulted stone ceilings to the surrounding buttresses, which, firmly weighted by the lofty crocketed pinnacles, stand like a row of guardian sentinels around the building. At the east end these splendid scaffoldings radiate around the circular apsis and span the chapels which skirt it. Far above them and over the crossing of nave and transept, the lofty *flèche*, that "transparent fretwork which seems to bend to the west wind," decked with pinnacles and statues, its silver-white lead brightened by faded color and gold, shoots into the blue, and bears its cross three hundred and sixty feet nearer to heaven's vault than the gazer on the pavement below.

The bishop's palace is hard by, a dignified but ascetic-looking abode, and the dwellings of the old town climb upon and cling to the sides of the church. There is no green lawn, no quiet close, no cosy dwelling for the priests, joined to this great serious structure, but from the stone-paved place, where white-capped *bonnes* and red-trousered soldiers now gossip and chatter, broad steps lead to the platform before the three cavernous portals of the cathedral.

And how gloriously peopled are these triumphal arches! With native skill joined evidently to an observation of the antique, the naïve sculptors have crowded the stonework with representations of the virtues, the signs of the zodiac, the handicrafts, and the employments of the seasons. Here we find Adam and Eve, the wise and foolish virgins, the Magi, the Apostles, while in the centre is portrayed the Last Judgment and Christ bearing the Gospels. Above all this, ranks of angels and seraphim fill the retreating arches, so that at every door these glorious celestial choirs meet over your head as you enter the church. Above

the crocketed gables and serried pinnacles of these porches stand the statues of Judah's kings, and over them story upon story of arcades rise around the great rose window to the pointed gable, and to the tops of the two towers that await spires which will never crown them. Crockets and leafage, statue and bas-relief, gargoyle and pinnacle, are scattered over this gorgeous façade in sufficient abundance to furnish two or three such fronts as that of the Somersetshire cathedral, and all is in key with the great doorways and the majestic scaffold of buttresses. All is simple, masculine, confident. Everywhere you recognize technical skill and brilliant execution. There is nothing tentative or simply picturesque.

It is Sunday, and the vast nave is thronged with ardent worshipers, bowed in solemn adoration before the mysteries of the mass. Around the entrances and in secluded aisles there is stir and movement. People come and go with utter absence of self-consciousness. The city-dressed son escorts his country-clad parents. Little children patter about the doorways in their clattering wooden shoes, and offer each other holy water with their finger-tips. All is done with healthy, unaffected simplicity and directness. On other days than Sunday it is much the same. Just as humble dwellings cluster against the walls of these great French churches, so distinctions of poverty and wealth have no place in this meeting-ground for all classes. Riches and poverty no longer count. The tawdry shrine, the ignorance that prompts it, the begging at the doors, are but incidents of the scene. The serious and vital subjects are those portrayed in the carvings of the doorways. Life and death, hell and heaven, the last judgment, virtue and vice, — these are the great themes as they were when the cathedral was built. To the intense French mind the grand and the majestic appealed more than the picturesque, and hence the splendor of these lofty naves and arches, of these high pointed gables and these serried ranks of stately sculpture.

The Gothic architecture of France had its birth amid struggles for civil liberty. Human ambitions and civic pride, perhaps, quite as much as religious feeling, inspired the builders, as king and bishop and people thus asserted themselves against the power of monk or of abbey, and city vied with city in raising each a loftier and more glorious shrine than the other. But no such feelings stirred the Englishman. He seems to have had the single wish to make his temples worthy and beautiful. It may be partly for this reason that the distinguishing and precious qualities of English work are found in quiet beauty of detail and in picturesqueness of general composition; while those of the French are the results of consummate constructive skill, joined to majestic, ambitious, brilliant, and spirited work in the arts of design.

Thus far we have been speaking mainly of cathedral churches, but before we close this comparison let us for a moment leave the cathedrals, and consider the smaller churches. In them we find that those in the French villages and the lesser ones in the French towns are not rural but urban in character, and that, in a smaller way, they imitate and copy the methods and the detail of the neighboring great city churches. The round-arched semi-Byzantine churches of Auvergne, the Romanesque churches of Provence, the domed churches of the Périgord, and the Gothic churches of the Isle of France all imitate the methods and the detail found in neighboring cities, and nowhere is one sensible of attempts to link the architecture to the scenery. In all these churches stone vaulting prevails. Even when the stone vaults do not exist, the structure is generally prepared for them. Gothic architecture, as we have seen, meant to the Frenchman a complete system of vaulting ribs and arched vault surfaces, of flying buttress and pinnacle-loaded pier,

and this is found with more or less completeness throughout even the smaller French churches. If one of them fails in these monumental characteristics, it is because of poverty or through decay.

In England, however, the rural church fits the country, and not the city, and it called out the best of the poetry and feeling that there was in her mediæval designers. In place of stone vaults we find rich oak ceilings with carved trusses and beams. As there are no vaults to prop up, the flying buttress scarcely appears, and the simple buttress only strengthens the walls or resists the sway of the clanging bells. But how graceful are the spires that crown the villages of Northamptonshire, how stately the towers, capped with lacelike parapets and bracketed pinnacles, that terminate the churches of Somersetshire; and everywhere all over England are found those innumerable short, stumpy towers, with battlemented tops and buttressed corners, which blend so charmingly with the yews of the churchyard, with the oaks and beeches of the parks, and with the undulating meadows and waving cornfields of a rustic landscape. If the English cathedral seems to be adapted with difficulty to the uses of Protestant worship, the same cannot be said of the parish church. Around this centres, if not exactly the life of the neighborhood, at least its sentiment and its affections, while in death the squire and his family lie beneath its monuments, and the rude forefathers of the village sleep in its shadow. The little country church has much the same qualities as the old English country house, and the two are the unique architectural possessions of England, equaled nowhere else in variety of design, in the concord between structure and site, and in gracious outline and grouping. So numerous and conspicuous are they that the traveler finds it hard to believe they do not occupy the whole field. With surprise we meet the vigorous, rude-voiced, self-asserting Salvation Army preaching at the village crosses, and discover that dissent flourishes, and remember that disestablishment is not an impossibility.

In by far the larger part of the English churches the detail one now sees is late and of the Perpendicular period. While the Early English and Decorated periods had national peculiarities, they were cousins of similar work across the Channel, but Perpendicular Gothic was a distinctly English growth. At Winchester it is vastly impressive; in the small churches it is frequent and picturesque. But while Gothic thus spent its last forces in England upon somewhat mechanical and unimaginative lines, France gave rein to fantasy, and with overflowing license covered her latest buildings with Flamboyant detail.

A beautiful product is this Flamboyant work, whether it appears in the flowing bars of window tracery and the flaming rays of the great roses, or whether it covers with its dainty tabernacle work the deep recesses of porches, or whether it rises in stone pinnacle or oak canopy to a forest network of buttress and crocket and finial that rivals the intricacies of woodland branches. You feel that the work of the thirteenth century satisfies reason and better deserves the student's attention, but still your eyes delight in this fairylike construction and these fanciful creations. If you try to sketch this work, you respect still more the poetic genius that invented it and the art that carried it to perfection. Before the lacelike portals of St. Maclou and the intricate convolutions of the "crown of Normandy" and the wonderful gables of the Courts of Justice in Rouen, you recognize that the farthest bound has been reached, — that the end has come. But only a philosopher could bring himself to say that Gothic architecture thus met its fate in a sad decline. The artist feels rather that in its latest hours, when its work was done, it yielded itself wholly to romantic fancy; that, with

a fairy touch, it spent itself upon flaring crocket and interwoven moulding, upon tangled snarls of miniature buttress and complicated pinnacle, upon a sylvan growth of window tracery and panel work; and that in this brilliant, fiery burst of flaming beauty the end of mediæval architecture was indeed glorious.

Robert Swain Peabody.

A POET'S YORKSHIRE HAUNTS.

WHOEVER knows Whitby, in the North Riding, merely at second-hand knows it, of course, by the old associations that so often have the effect of making the past the only apparently real thing in England, the present simply a necessary starting-point for excursions into it. No fitter place than Whitby can be found for setting out on those backward journeys of the mind, in comparison with which length of mile is but a slight affair, yet which are so exhilaratingly free from bodily effort or physical drawback. Here is the cliff from which Cædmon looked up at the stars or out over the sea, while he sang of their creation. From this same eventful cliff thought as naturally also travels back to the Saxon abbess, Hilda, whose cloisters had vanished before the present ruin first took form in stone. St. Hilda's fame pervades the little modern town itself, either in the name of shop or terrace, or wherever on a vender's stall the small, headless fossil ammonites recall the legend of her pious work. Yet with a history that fascinates every reader of Bede, and an acre of soil second to none in sacredness to the lover of English literature, the Whitby of to-day is not precisely as other quaint towns which take their atmosphere from minster or abbey alone, and where the shades that are to be met in the spirit are all cowled or mitred. Within the past decade, the hilly town and even the abbey church itself have gained some fresh memories which the tourist zealous for associations will not be likely to overlook.

The particular local habitation from which these memories diverge is not to be found in a conspicuous quarter of the fashionable West Cliff, nor even in one of the wide new streets, with cheerful rows of bay-windowed houses, leading inland from the cliff. Instead, the visitor who wishes to find the modest lodgings in which James Russell Lowell spent several weeks of each of his last summers in England, and of the last but one of his life, must turn out of the long main street of the town, where, to the right going cliffward, an opening, not far from the top of the hill, leads by the length of a few dozen yards into a short, narrow street. Facing the approach through the opening is a stable, with its yard on the left. Opposite the stable-yard stands the house in question. The situation and the first view of the diminutive row, or "terrace," of which the house is a part, combine to make one of those unpleasantly chilling impressions to which the heated imagination of an ardent sightseer may be especially susceptible. To dissipate the chill, it is only necessary to take note of the inoffensiveness of the details which have caused it. The stable-yard, with its compact wall and round stone well in the middle, no less than the back yards of the lodging-houses that flank it on the left, is kept in scrupulous English trimness and neatness. Not only is there no offense in these homely surroundings themselves, but they are the means of giving the house its uniquely open outlook. Every one who has taken pleasure in those of Mr. Lowell's published letters that are

dated from Whitby knows what the distant view is from his windows there. Between them and the soaring East Cliff the space is clear and open. In full view on the top of the cliff is the impressive group of lofty roofless abbey, massive low-roofed parish church, and downward-sloping graveyard, with the tall tombstones crowding one upon another, — all wearing in Mr. Lowell's allusions to them the heightened glow which even the most poetical objects take from their passage through a poet's mind.

Within doors, the house has no salient features that contradict the modest promise of its exterior, smallness, plainness, and colorlessness being everywhere the rule. The two rooms on the entrance floor were used by Mr. Lowell as sitting and dining rooms. They are not provided with the convenience of a door opening *en suite* through the partition wall; to get from one to the other, it is necessary to pass along the cramped and not too well-lighted hallway, with a treacherous step lurking midway in the floor between the two doors. From the window of the back room the only prospect is a high brick wall inclosing a small bit of paved yard, where the fishwomen thrust their wares through the gate, with shrill variations to the tune of "two-a-penny." But the condition of the tiny yard is always such as to prove to the eye the pleasure it may get from the brightness and brilliancy of cleanliness sole and simple. Polished black horsehair covering still holds its own on the principal pieces of furniture in the front room, where there are easy-chairs in plenty, though there is no danger that their use will lead to sybaritic habits of resting after the day's exercise. There is not a suspicion of South Kensington sentiment in any of the numerous ornaments and "antimacassars," while cushions and curtains are equally innocent of an acquaintance with Liberty fabrics or artistic revivals; nevertheless, there is to be found a full measure of the ease and comfort — born, one believes, of privacy and orderly quiet — that help to make the indefinable and apparently inimitable charm of the English sitting-room.

Whatever the imagination may be able to glean from the cold record of rooms and furnishings, it is of little interest compared with the recollections of the two occupants of the house, who, after their first British shyness and defiance of the stranger have worn off, can be won to the pleasantest reminiscences of their distinguished lodger. Mr. Lowell, in his turn, has said his appreciative word of them in several of his letters. In writing to them as well as of them, it is true, he would persist in a slight misspelling of their name, which they pronounce to have been "very wrong of him indeed." But his peace on this score was made by his interest in the unusual name itself, and by his whimsical identification of it with a venerable Italian original, famous in science, through which the dropping of the second *l* from the Yorkshire "Gallilee" was justified. Of the number of letters which preceded or followed his visits here, only one now remains in the hands of these landladies, and it, unfortunately, is shorn of its signature. The name has gone to swell one of those collections which are responsible for so many breaches of decorum on the part of their owners, contributions to which are part of the price celebrities now pay for their fame. The intact letter itself is interesting merely as it serves to show how considerately a request for a small service is put. A remark on the courteousness of its tone brings its owners at once to the point. The writer's thoughtfulness for others is a theme on which, once started, one in particular of these Puritan-bred sisters grows warm. A test for the value that may be set on qualities of character is supplied by one of her comments. "You could see he was a great man!" she will exclaim with conviction, after describing the gentleness of manner, the unselfish care to avoid a

need for attendance, and the gratitude with which Mr. Lowell rewarded her pains to please him.

Her judgment of Mr. Lowell is naturally helped out by observations of different kinds. Whitby has become a cosmopolitan though eminently select watering-place, and visitors to Wellington Terrace, when he was there, were of course frequent. Sometimes there were guests at dinner in the small back room, which, as their names are recalled one by one, seems to expand into vistas larger than the compass of its walls. In the eyes of the positive little person — an innate Yankee of Yorkshire blood — whose duty it was to change the courses on these occasions, literary men as such have no glamour at all. Her acquaintance includes a number, and her North Country vocabulary has terms wherewith to dispose of them briefly. But there is neither reservation nor qualification in the tone in which she says of the conclusion of a certain discussion, listened to between times in the serving, "I never forgot it." It had wound up in a round-robin agreement, according to which each person present was to say by what he should best like to be remembered. The host spoke last, and the sentence in which his admiring hearer puts him on record is, "By kindly acts and helpful deeds."

She recalls many sadder sayings as well, — allusions to age or feebleness, made sometimes to her in the long August twilight, while from the open window the sombre abbey was still to be seen looming against the clear eastern sky, above the darkened graveyard. It is easy to see that books and solitary meditation must have occupied many of Mr. Lowell's hours near the window from which all the changes of hour and weather on the weird cliff might so easily be watched. Two of the volumes he was in the habit of using may still be seen in the house. They are now brought forth from some hiding-place only as a favor to the discreet visitor, but in happier summers were always loaned to him. They bear the title "A History of Whitby and Streoneshall Abbey; with a statistical survey of the vicinity to the distance of twenty-five miles: By the Rev. George Young," and the year 1817 is the date of their printing. The small bit of paper between two yellowing pages of one volume is said to be where Mr. Lowell put and left it. Whether this be the case or not, the passage it marks is worthy of note for its own sake. It relates to St. Hilda's management of her nuns. "The pious abbess not only labored to enlighten their minds, but to improve their hearts and regulate their conduct. She pressed upon them the exercise of every grace, and the practice of every virtue: above all, she earnestly inculcated that true Christian love which excludes selfishness, and is attended by humility and a contempt of the world. In her monastery, as in the primitive church, there were none rich and none poor; for they had all things in common, and no one challenged anything as his own."

Any one who sees the bright, friendly Whitby of to-day will easily understand the attraction which draws a visitor to it year after year. The "brave cliffs," as Mr. Henry James has aptly called them, — blond, many-tinted, soft sand cliffs, — face the sea breezes above a broad beach, gay in summer, at low tide, with bevies of sunbonneted children, who paddle barelegged in the shallow pools, or enjoy exhilarating rides on phlegmatic donkeys. The harbor has all the intricate confusion of mast and sail, of dark hull, clear reflection, and rippling water surface, that provides numberless pictures in the crude; the quay and the fishing quarter show a bewilderingly picturesque succession of leaning roofs, slanting balconies, lines of flying clothes hung out to dry, bright window gardens and deep shadows, with wreaths of blue smoke curling softly upwards over all. The atmosphere contains a mixture of sea and moorland air, bracing to nerves and muscles alike.

The situation gives the key to many of the coastward and inland beauties of the shire. Aislabie Moor, one of the nearest and loveliest of these, will seem like a place revisited, to any one who keeps in memory Mr. Lowell's description of his own visit there, of the fascination of its heather and bees, its clear sunshine and keen-scented air. From the height of the moor the tall abbey on the coast is seen in dwindled but still conspicuous grandeur. As one wanders still further on and up towards the old British "cairn" on the steep summit of Egton Moor, one may, if one has the fancy, test the verisimilitude of some of Mr. Lowell's comments on certain Yorkshire characteristics. Nothing more is needed than to strike up an acquaintance with some of the tow-headed youngsters, who are sure to be found playing bareheaded among the heather, in order to gain proof conclusive that "'sir' and 'ma'am' are only half-hardy exotics here." One party of pedestrians was content to accept the truth of Mr. Lowell's dictum that "the manners and ways of the people are much like those of New England" on the evidence supplied by an old man in a garden on the edge of the moor. He was gathering white strawberries in a basket, and brought them to the garden gate in response to a request to buy. The measure he gave in return for a few pence was an overflowing one; his plain, unvarnished instruction to the recipient, embarrassed by their quantity, was to hand some of them "to the woman there."

Next in order of nearness after Aislabie, in the circlet of easily accessible points, comes Rigg Mill. Here the tourist used to the spaciousness and comparative monotony of New World scenery will once more wonder at the quick transitions, the sudden leaps from scene to scene, that nature, in the picturesque shires of England, makes within limits so circumscribed. Breadth of horizon plays no part in the attractions of Rigg Mill. Wildness of heather and bracken and rock there is not, nor even noisy rush of water. The streamlet flows along cheerfully, but with low voice. The big mill-wheel ceased its turning and splashing a long while ago, long enough for the great wooden circumference to have reached just the ideal of ornamental decrepitude. The dell itself is a soft, serene spot that may win the fancy, but can never take by storm an eye on the lookout for large and florid effects of size and color. Turf and flowers and vines have the graceful trimness, the restrained abundance, that are attained only where climate fosters luxuriance but never rankness of growth. Rugged, gnarled, and wind-bent trees shut in this tiny vale on all sides. They stand on the hilltops like ancient sentinels guarding mill and granary, which, tempered in their turn with the infinite mellowness of age, show no trace of the spick-and-span newness that often clashes, in man's work, with the venerable work of nature. There is a table on the turf before the door of the mill, and all the simple requisites for the function that cheers the waning of the afternoon in this land of lingering sunset are always in readiness. Tea taken here with congenial spirits, after the pleasant fatigue of the walk, was one of Mr. Lowell's familiar summer habits, his comment on the broad Yorkshire spoken by the old couple living in the mill being that it delighted him; perhaps partly by distant kinship to Hosea Biglow his dialect.

The gap in mention by name of the companions who came here with Mr. Lowell may easily be filled in from records left in another place. If one decides to go from Whitby to this ancient spot, called by right of legendary association Robin Hood's Bay, he may envy, before he arrives, the qualities of a goat or a fly. The village is built in a cove of the bay, at the base of a declivity so steep that the descent, after leaving the railway station on the level ground above, is in the nature of a climb

rather than a walk. But when one can finally look back and see the cliff rising perpendicularly overhead, instead of falling away beneath the feet, one finds one's self in a tiny fishing-port that leaves surprise and admiration not a moment's breathing-space. Compactness and solidity of structure are the principles which have given its small dwellings their sound and shapely old age; irregularity and diversity of plan, the accidents which lend them their fascinating picturesqueness. To find another such combination, outside of Yorkshire, of orderly preservation and artistic confusion of building, one would have to travel far and wide. The panes of the small windows shine with a brightness dear to the soul of the housewife who is able to boast her best china, her Sunday gown, and her family Bible with a respectable list of births and burials on its fly-leaves. The stone-flagged thoroughfares, of a width that should be measured by inches, turn and twist and wind in conflicting directions between houses that stand at every possible angle to, or directly above and beneath, one another. Here and there a small, sweet-smelling garden has been squeezed into some odd angle, and two or three tenacious apple-trees spread their roots under the flags, and throw their gnarled, leafy branches from window to window.

The timeworn pathways of "Bay," like the still more venerable proverbial roads, all lead to one terminus, — in this case the sea. The inn is perched above the sea on a boldly jutting rock. It is a comfortable little house, full of homely dignity and convenience. An unsuspected attraction, which discovers itself with a sort of melodramatic suddenness, is the roofless balcony, or railed *loggia*, that opens out from the coffee-room over the water. Here is the very heart of the beauty of Bay. The bold headlands that inclose its harbor are seen, on either side, projecting into the sea in all their fineness of outline and color. The summits of their red-brown rocky sides are clothed by vivid green turf, which, bare of tree or shrub, runs inland to the towering moorland beyond. At the base of the cliffs, the water, broken near at hand into foam by an occasional reef, stretches away indefinitely. Along the shore, fishermen in blue blouses are busy casting nets or setting their clumsy craft in order. Overhead, behind the white sea-front of the inn, the little town rises in tiers, not incomparable to the "little town by river or seashore" that was emptied of its folk one "pious morn." On this attractive balcony thin bread and butter and no less excellent tea may be disposed of; then any one who wishes to enjoy the pleasures of association on the spot must go into the kitchen, across the hall from the coffee-room, and beg the landlady for the loan of her disused visitors' book. Among its crumpled and frayed pages are two that amply reward search. The first bears the date Sunday, August 18, '87, and opposite the date is the name "George du Maurier." Then follows, in varying handwriting, this list of names: "Henry James, Boston; Emma du Maurier, Hampstead; J. R. Lowell, U. S. A.; Phœbe G. Smalley, Boston, U. S. A.; Eleanor Smalley, London; Evelyn Smalley, U. S. A.; Phillips Smalley, Cambridge, U. S. A.; Sylvia Jocelyn Burn du Maurier (Hoch!)." The second page, of similar interest, is dated August 30, '88. The autographic collection here is headed "J. R. Lowell, Cambridge, U. S. A." Next in order come "Thos. Hughes, Chester, England; Fanny Hughes, Whitby."

In Yorkshire, along the coast, there is seldom a day when it forgets to rain. This, however, is no reason for staying indoors, since it almost always clears off brilliantly between whiles. So long as a shower lasts, high hedgerows, those on the side of the road from which the rain does not come, give a most hospitable shelter. There is beside — as holiday-makers to the manner born, in that part of

the world, very well know — one appreciable advantage to be gained from getting caught out in the rain ; namely, the excuse that is furnished for taking refuge in cottage kitchens, and making the acquaintance of the country folk at their own firesides. It is on this ground, also, that a good, brisk downpour is to be regarded in the light of an opportunity, during an expedition to Runswick, another village that hangs like a gull's-nest to the cliffs. How the large-framed Runswick fishermen manage to accommodate themselves to the minute dimensions of their cottages is a problem of measurement that never becomes clear to the mind. The amount of comfort that may be extracted from one of their small open fires is, on the contrary, a quantity capable of practical demonstration. The grate is not large enough to contain more than a handful or two of coals, but over it always hangs a kettle ready for brewing at a moment's notice, while a miniature bake-oven flanks it on one side, and a small tank filled with hot water on the other. The warmth and brightness that issue from the open bars are enough in themselves to give cheer to a dull day ; but what with the flower-pots on the broad sill of the window, the china cupboard in the corner, and the soft voice of the fisherman's wife who does the honors of the room, it will be strange if one does not envy the environment of the lodgers who have installed themselves in her best room across the scrap of a hallway. Besides Runswick, one must, to make the cycle of Whitby excursions in any wise complete, also see "Falling Foss," which is reached only by one of what Mr. Lowell has called the "shy footpaths." His own longer expedition to Rievaulx Abbey has been described by his companion, Mr. Henry James, as charmingly as befits the theme.

It may safely be said, however, that, no matter how charming the excursion, when he comes back from it the tourist will always feel fresh pleasure at the sight of Whitby. Not only has her bold situation a perennial attraction, but her variety of interests is inexhaustible. Her leading photographer, Sutcliffe, is an artist in his profession ; the purveyor of cakes and confections across the road is another in hers ; the man who sells mushrooms and gooseberries and damsons from a handcart beside the pavement is just the sort of person whose further acquaintance one will wish for before dealings with him have come to an end ; while a veritable *rara avis* of antiquity dealers is to be met with in a spot withdrawn from the bustle of summer shoppers. This queen of her class lives on the hill that overhangs the harbor, and sets out her wares in a handsome lower window which gives only a hint of the wealth in the rooms above. A tour of inspection involves no necessary financial difficulties ; for the mistress of the place loves her Delft and Wedgwood, her Spode and old Nankeen, for their intrinsic interest, and will accept admiration of them in lieu of pounds, shillings, and pence. She keeps a keen eye on the treasures of the potter's art stowed away in dressers and cupboards of farmhouses and sailors' cottages, and knows just when to descend on their owners, silver in hand. She has an eye to London auctions as well, and probably can estimate with the best what an object will fetch in Wardour Street. There is, of course, the famous jet to be seen everywhere, in all stages of its transformation, from the uncouth lump to the carved and polished ornament. And there is the human interest of the quays, where the fishing-people unload and repack their draughts. But above all, there are always the cliff-tops, grassy and spacious and breezy. Any one who watches from them the panorama of sky and sea will have the key to Mr. Lowell's saying, "There is not a corner of England that has not its special charm, and the freaks of the atmosphere interest me more than any novel I ever read."

Eugenia Skelding.

GODFREY'S COVE.

NEAR YORK HARBOR, MAINE.

These downs that sink and swell across the land, —
Soft fields suffused with yellow mistiness, —
These pastures growing greener to the strand,
The willows with their whispered cadences,
The rocky sculpture of the waves and skies,
The clear, cool waters prisoned peacefully,
Are prophets all of what beyond them lies, —
The infinitely changeful, changeless sea.

O Soul, thy multitudinous happenings,
The trivial events of nights and days,
The griefs that darken and the hopes that shine,
The pleasant places and the stormy ways,
Are hints and heralds of eternal things,
Inflowings from the tide of the Divine!

John Hall Ingham.

THE POLITICAL AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE OF A FRENCH "MAÇON."

In a former paper I have related the rough up-bringing of a French building operative, who yet was heir to an ancestral property of which the acquisition dated back for centuries. Nothing, I think, came out more vividly in the picture than the strength of the family feeling. At seventeen the lad takes upon himself part of the burden of the family debt, and his main concern in after-life is to pay it off. We left that debt reduced in 1842 to one thousand francs. He tells us it was not entirely paid off till 1848.

Other sides of the writer's career have now to be shown. It will be remembered that his father was a strong Bonapartist. It was the Emperor's son whom he would have wished to see proclaimed in 1830. By 1834 the younger Nadaud was already a republican, and, being a better scholar than his fellow-workmen, used every morning to be asked to read aloud in the wineshop the Populaire, a communistic paper edited by Cabet. A young medical student noticed one morning that he read with energy, and complimented him. "It was the first time that a *bourgeois* shook me by the hand, and I own that I felt much flattered." The student asked him if he would join the then well-known Société des Droits de l'Homme, a secret political society, and he was enthusiastically admitted a member in one of its sections, together with two working-men friends. He found himself here in company with educated and well-mannered men, and this stimulated his desire to learn. When he opened his classes, as described in the previous paper, the book which he first selected for class-reading was Lamennais's Paroles d'un Croyant, a work nearly forgotten now,

but which exercised an immense influence at the time. From 1838 to 1848 he bought "the most revolutionary" papers and pamphlets to read to his pupils. "I taught them to love the republic, and to look upon that form of government as being alone capable of gradually lifting the people to the level of the other classes of society, from the moral point of view and from that of political and social rights." He made parade of his republicanism, wearing the obnoxious Phrygian cap, proclaiming his views at the wineshop where he took his meals. Already in 1842, as he discovered more than thirty years later, his movements were reported to the police as those of a "dangerous man," and the record was consigned to a *dossier* (register of documents relating to a suspicious person), which was from thenceforth regularly continued. He had the honor, as he also discovered on another occasion, of a similar dossier in his department. Still, he was getting on, earning one hundred and fifty francs a month for an eighteen months' engagement, which was almost the maximum pay of a *maître compagnon*, and he was able eventually to send for his wife. Meanwhile he was becoming acquainted with the leading Socialists and Communists of the day, Cabet in particular, on whose behalf he, with some other workmen, went on deputation to Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Pierre Leroux, to obtain support for the Populaire.[1]

All this time Louis Philippe's government was carrying on its insane policy of repression, gagging the press, suppressing public meetings, at last forbidding political dinners. One day when Nadaud was working on the *mairie* of the Pantheon, he saw the troops of the line occupy the *place* on one side, the national guard on the other. Some political movement was evidently going on, and work was at once suspended. At two P. M. the colonel of the national guard received tidings of the king's abdication. The revolution of 1848 had taken place.

After the republic had been proclaimed, Nadaud was surprised to find that those workmen who had till then been most indifferent to their rights and liberties had become suddenly so exacting that no measure taken by the provisional government could satisfy them. Instead of spending their evenings in the clubs, many took to meeting in the open air, and there, before long, the malcontents began to put forward Louis Napoleon as their chief. Nadaud now began to feel himself at issue with the mere revolutionists by whom he was surrounded. They had the republic, they had universal suffrage; he would have been satisfied with consolidating these two great conquests, and would fain have concentrated his whole energies on questions of association. Meanwhile a national assembly had to be elected, and a meeting of Creusois was to be held at the Sorbonne for the choice of departmental candidates to the "Constituent Assembly." He went straight from work, in his working dress. A crowd of young men, "skipping about like grasshoppers," had come up from the Creuse to offer themselves as candidates. He listened to them, and they seemed to him "as parrots trying to amuse the gallery." By a sudden impulse — never having spoken in public before — he rose from one of the back benches of the amphitheatre and asked to speak. His voice was strong, and when he had to repeat the request it was in a louder tone yet. "Turn him out!" cried some. "To the tribune!" called others; and the tribune he reached at

[1] Cabet, a man of very ordinary capacity, was nevertheless one of sterling character and great kindliness. Nadaud has told me that he took great pains to correct not only faults of speech, but faults of manner, in the workingmen whom he befriended, and, for instance, would teach them how to take off their hats, how to come into a room, would send them out to wipe their boots on the mat if they had not done so, etc.; and all this was done in such a kindly, fatherly way as never to give offense.

last. He spoke at once against the last representative (Émile de Girardin), and against all the young candidates, so prodigal of promises, who had just been heard. At the conclusion of his speech, which was frequently applauded, a well-dressed young man, whom he had never seen (a working tailor), proposed him for a candidate, and he was accepted. He failed, however, at the election, and, after speaking at two meetings, returned to Paris, where he found his place taken, but had it restored to him a month later.

A terrible commercial stagnation had soon followed on the revolution, and Bonapartists found easy recruits amongst famished men; nay, the crowds of miscellaneous workers or idlers which poured forth daily from the national workshops, Nadaud declares, would have torn in pieces any one who should have uttered any other cry than that of "Vive Napoléon!" He was himself named a delegate to the Labor Commission for the study of industrial questions, presided over by Louis Blanc, but, owing to his occupations, does not appear to have attended as delegate any meeting after the first. He took part in the founding of a coöperative association in his own trade, which for years stood at the head of the French productive associations. But the year had been an expensive one. His wife had had a severe illness which was to cost her her life. He had intended to start for America, to join Cabet's colony, with the second band of Icarians. On the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, however, he was pressed by his workingmen friends to stand for its successor, the Legislative Assembly, and, notwithstanding a trick sought to be played off upon him by the reactionists, of setting up as a dummy candidate another Nadaud (not Martin), he received, one morning, while at work, a letter directed "Citoyen Nadaud, Représentant du Peuple."

He sat in the Assembly from 1849 to the *coup d'état*, spoke frequently, sometimes for hours at a time, and was complimented by men like Jules Favre and Michel de Bourges. He took part in an abortive protest (meant to be something more) against French intervention in Italy. At the prorogation of 1851, the air being full already of rumors as to an impending coup d'état, he went to his department, and, in spite of the enmity of the prefect, was received everywhere with cries of "Vive Nadaud, notre maçon!" More than this, Émile de Girardin, the most influential of French journalists, had put forward the idea of a workingman as President of the republic for the elections of 1852, and Nadaud's name was foremost among those of the workingmen representatives; so that as early as September, 1850, a squib was published on the subject in a reactionary journal. On the other hand, the President, in his struggle against the Assembly, had struck a shrewd blow in his own favor through the reëstablishment of universal suffrage. From this time forth many workingmen among Nadaud's friends began to say that the President was better than the Assembly, and many who had been in the habit of coming to him kept away. Shortly after midnight, on the morning of the 2d of December, when he had scarcely dropped asleep, his *concierge* woke him up, and he found in his room a *commissaire de police* and four strapping *sergents de ville*. He was told at first that he was only to be taken to the house of the police officer; but this was a trick. As soon as he had stepped into the cab that stood in waiting, he found that he was being taken to the prison of Mazas. The yard of the prison was already filled with hackney coaches which had brought other prisoners. Thiers and the ultra-republican Greppo were brought in while Nadaud was waiting in the office. For nineteen days he remained at Mazas in solitary confinement, but after three days obtained books, and made acquaintance with Guizot's two works on the History of Civilization in Europe and in France, the perusal of which was of

advantage to him years after, during his career as a teacher. Better days came when he was transferred to Sainte-Pélagie. All the representatives who had been arrested were placed in the left wing of the prison, groups of several in a large room. The room he occupied contained, besides friends of his own, political opponents, such as Duvergier de Hauranne and General Leydet. Their days were quiet, and "as agreeable as possible." Friends were allowed to come to see them, and supply them with provisions, even beyond their wants. Relations of brotherly esteem grew up between monarchists and republicans. Nadaud was even offered by General Leydet a sum of one thousand francs, subscribed for him by the latter's friends, which he refused, saying that he could always earn his living by his trade. One morning the prisoners received a copy of the official paper, which informed Nadaud that he and sixty-five other republican representatives were exiles for life. Nadaud took a passport for Belgium, and the clerk who handed it over to him offered him a letter to a Brussels architect.

At Brussels he seemed to himself to be in the corridors of the Palais Bourbon, where the Assembly had sat, so many former colleagues and friends did he find there. He went into lodgings with one who was both a colleague and a friend, Agricol Perdiguier, nicknamed "Avignonnais-la-Vertu," a joiner, and one of the chief writers in the workingman's paper, L'Atelier, whose Livre du Compagnonnage is often spoken of by George Sand, and had more effect, according to Nadaud, in moralizing French workmen than all the laws and penalties of the Louis Philippe *régime*. Perdiguier was the cook, and so economical was he that their expenses rarely exceeded a franc a day each. On the other hand, Nadaud found that wages in his trade were very low in Brussels, not exceeding two and a quarter or two and a half francs a day, and a great public meeting, organized by the Brussels workmen in honor of the exiles, at which he was chosen to return thanks in their names, soon led to his being driven away. On the morrow of the meeting he was ordered to present himself to the burgomaster, who made him understand that he must leave Brussels. Victor Schœlcher and another received the same notice, and all three were sent to Antwerp, where for the first time Nadaud saw the sea. But here also, on inquiry, he found wages in the building trade very low, though somewhat higher than at Brussels, — three francs a day. On learning (January, 1852) from Louis Blanc, then in England, and to whom he had written, that he could earn more than double this amount (five shillings) in London, and that Louis Blanc had already spoken about him to Mr. Pickard,[1] manager of a then existing North London Working Builders' Association (founded in connection with the Christian Socialist movement of the time), he crossed the Channel (at the cost of dreadful seasickness) to the country which was to be his home for eighteen years.

The day after his arrival his future employer (who, alas, went to the bad eventually, both morally and pecuniarily) called upon him, and it was settled that he should begin work three days later. He did not yet speak a word of English, and Louis Blanc not only got him an interpreter, in the person of a boy of thirteen or fourteen, but himself took him, the first day, to the building yard at Islington where he was to work. The rain was pouring down in torrents; the roads in the neighborhood of the yard were almost impracticable for foot-passengers, and poor little Louis Blanc sank so deep in the mud, tearing himself out of one rut only to tumble into another, that his sturdy companion hardly knew whether to laugh or to urge him to go no farther. Nadaud soon made friends, particularly with two worthy Irishmen, who

[1] Louis Blanc had been put in relation with Mr. Pickard by the late Mr. Vansittart Neale.

came every day to fetch him from his lodgings, and bought and cooked his dinner for him. He did not find the English plasterer's work as fatiguing as that of the Parisian, and, as the result of four years' experience, considers that English workmen in the trade do not work as hard as those of Paris. But it may be questioned whether this impression was not in consequence of the far better nourishment and generally healthier conditions of life of the worker in England.

Finding thus work at once, Nadaud escaped the "great miseries" that for some time crushed the greater part of the refugees. More than this, indeed: the London building operatives having subscribed to a fund for his support, he declined it, and handed over the amount collected to a general fund established by his countrymen, out of which twelve francs a week were paid for more than three years to every poor French refugee, and he was able to continue subscribing to this fund without ever drawing upon its resources. But the old divisions subsisted, and the refugees split into three groups, one headed by Ledru Rollin, another by Félix Pyat, the third (to which Nadaud himself belonged) by Louis Blanc. Years after, when he had the opportunity of looking over his police dossier, he found reports sent in by false brethren of most of the meetings of refugees which he had attended in London. Of course, the letters which the refugees wrote to their friends in France were opened, and their contents noted.

It was at this time that I first knew Nadaud, a short, sturdy man, with an open countenance and a pleasant smile, who looked you straight in the face, and could evidently hold his own whenever it was needful. I was struck by the enormous size and strength of his wrists, not knowing then that he had broken them both, as related in my previous paper; the result being to increase the power of his grip, though at the cost of its suppleness.

After working in London or its neighborhood, — at one time on two houses built for my friend Tom Hughes and myself at Wimbledon by the North London Builders' Association, — and afterwards in Kent, the building trade becoming very slack in the south at the beginning of the Crimean war, he went to Manchester, where there was more work going on, and where he obtained employment through an Alsatian friend, though he was somewhat coolly received by the men. Here he found himself for the first time in the midst of a dense manufacturing population, and was a witness of a great strike at Preston. Never, he says, can he forget the sight of men coming in for four consecutive hours, laden with long sacks filled with copper money, which they emptied on the floor, when the contents were distributed among the destined recipients, most of whom, though famished, received their portion with a laugh. He was also invited (with Louis Blanc) to a meeting of a so-called Labor Parliament in Manchester, and was introduced by the Chartist leader, Ernest Jones (whom he miscalls "Ernest John"). He now became anxious to see more of industrial England: visited Sheffield, Leeds, the Wigan collieries, Liverpool; crossed over to Dublin; went to Greenock and Glasgow, where he was amazed at the sight of the "vast lighted furnaces streaming forth true flames of hell," whilst "men, bare to the waist, struck blow after blow on the anvil." He pushed on as far as Loch Lomond, then visited Edinburgh, and returned to London by boat; having spent his last copper, but feeling himself "another man" after his four months' tour.

He had, however, a bad time to pass after his return, work being very slack; he took a contract to build two small houses, and found at the end that he had earned less money than his workmen. Some of his friends urged him to become a French teacher, and one of them — a pleasant and able man named Barrère, whom I have known personally — gave him two months' training, and at the close of this

time found for him a place at a small private school at Brighton. The pay was very poor, — sixteen pounds a year, with board and lodging, — but the treatment he received was friendly; the sea air restored his health, which had been failing; he had leisure for self-improvement. At the end of nine months a better place was found for him at Putney, near London, at forty-eight pounds a year; and though the school was given up after a few months, he simply passed from it, on the same terms, to another at Ealing, kept by a brother-in-law of his late chief. The work was harder, but he still found leisure for study in the evenings, and gained sufficient proficiency in English to give a lecture in the local institute. He was here eighteen months, and left only to take the place of a refugee friend and former colleague at a great school at Wimbledon, chiefly preparatory for the services, where he remained (1858–70) till his return to France, receiving at first eighty pounds a year. I myself was living at Wimbledon, and it was then that I was able really to appreciate the simplicity and sincerity as well as the strength of Nadaud's character. He was a very successful teacher, owing to the unstinted pains he took with his pupils, and, what is most rare for a French master in an English school, he was popular, being often chosen as umpire at cricket or football. So well were his services appreciated that when his name was included in the imperial amnesty, in 1859, and he informed his employers that he wished to go to France for some weeks and to leave the question of his return an open one, they offered to raise his salary to one hundred and sixty pounds a year if he returned.

He did return. His idea had been to join the Association des Maçons, now in full prosperity. But there was no inclination to receive him. The association was patronized by the Emperor's ministers, by imperial princes. The spirit of 1848 had avowedly altogether died out. Years were still to elapse before the fall of the empire. In the mean while (this detail is not to be found in the book) he began after some years to be pressed with invitations to stand again for the Creuse, where his election, he was told, would be a dead certainty. Only an oath to take, as a necessary condition. The temptation was great; not a few republicans succumbed to it. But he resisted, and has told me since how glad he was to have done so. He began now a history of the working classes in England, spending all available leisure at the British Museum Library. The book was published in 1872.

At last the downfall of the empire came. Then Nadaud threw up his professor's place and returned to France. Friends took him to Gambetta, who at once handed him his nomination as prefect of the Creuse. Here his one preoccupation was to save all unnecessary expenditure, and to send as many men as possible to the war. He has told me how, when he took possession of the *préfecture*, and a tall liveried major-domo came to take his orders for dinner and ask how many covers were to be laid, he replied that he did not want any dinner cooked for him, and meant to have all his meals from the restaurant, and proceeded to get rid of cook, major-domo, and every servant that could be dispensed with, whilst his meals were supplied to him at the rate of one franc seventy-five centimes each. His secretary was a now well-known French diplomat, Camille Barrère, son of his old friend. Nadaud resigned his place on Gambetta's retirement, and returned to Paris on the outbreak of the Commune, believing that the Versailles Assembly intended to restore the monarchy. After the Commune, he became member of the Paris Municipal Council, and carried several important proposals; held (1872–73) a series of "conferences," on historical and industrial subjects, to a public which sometimes numbered two thousand persons, more than twenty deputies often attending; and in 1876 he was elected member

for Bourganeuf, though by a small majority. In his first speech (May 16) he asked for a credit of 100,000 francs (which was granted) for sending workingmen delegates to the Philadelphia Exposition. He took part chiefly in the promotion of measures of social importance, such as the extension of railways, the improvement of prison discipline, industrial education, the reduction of the hours of labor, old-age pensions, sanitary improvements, compensation to workmen for accidents, the relief of the poor, public works, the water supply of Paris. He avowed himself a free-trader, in opposition to the dominant protectionism. Although it is to be observed that his name was never mentioned for the presidency of the republic, as it had been in 1849, however better fitted he might be for the office through the ripening of experience and self-improvement, he received a testimony of the esteem of his colleagues by being elected, without any solicitation, one of the *questeurs* of the Chamber, and retained the post for eight years.[1] As such, he occupied at the Palais Bourbon the apartments formerly assigned to Prince Napoleon. He was very happy here, working in the library of the Chamber, and scarcely ever leaving the precincts of the palace, although on one occasion he recrossed the Channel with a deputation, and found himself, with his colleagues, invited to a dinner at the Mansion House. At the elections of 1889, however, he failed to be reëlected, obtaining only 3908 votes as against 4120 given to the successful candidate. Accusations were brought against him that he was receiving a pension of 1080 francs a year as a victim of the coup d'état, that he had voted for the increase of taxation, for the Tonquin war, etc. The report made to the Chamber on the election completely exonerated him as to the first accusation, showing that he had never touched his pension for himself, but had always shared it amongst twenty old men of his neighborhood in the Creuse. That he had been a partisan of colonial expansion was not to be denied. Since then he has lived in his own country and his own house, troubled only with deafness and failing sight. He was operated on some years ago for cataract in one eye ; but the other is also affected, and a journey which he took to Paris in his eightieth year to have it operated on was in vain, the surgeons refusing to make the attempt, on account of his age. He might probably have been reëlected in 1893, but declined to stand.

There remains to be said that, besides the Mémoires de Léonard and the Histoire des Classes Ouvrières en Angleterre, a work containing mistakes in detail, but bearing witness of a remarkable insight into the general development of events, Nadaud has published a volume of speeches and Six Mois de Préfecture, an account of his experiences as prefect.

I have not dwelt upon the passages in the Mémoires which here and there are repugnant to me, as the glorification of Robespierre, or the unmeasured enmity toward the Church, — personified, of course, for Nadaud, in that of Rome, — an enmity which sometimes reaches a distinctly anti-religious tone. But if I have failed to convey to the reader the idea of a strong, fearless, upright, kindly, and so far as his lights go entirely just man, the fault is my own.

Let me conclude with a few words taken from the last page of the Mémoires, which apply as fully to the working classes of England or of America as to those of Continental Europe : —

"The most imperative of all duties for the people is less to occupy itself in pulling to pieces the faults of its adversaries than to seek to correct its own."

J. M. Ludlow.

[1] I do not know if there is anything answering to this office in America ; there is certainly nothing in England. The nearest approach to it would probably be the position of the clerk of the House of Commons, if this were held by a member.

A WOMAN'S LUNCHEON.

Mrs. Chester Rex, hostess, assisted by her daughter Isabel, a girl of twenty-eight. The guests (invited to meet Miss Walton, just returned from a long residence abroad) are: —

Mrs. Loring, a woman of seventy.

Mrs. Teresa Brinton Munn, an ardent believer in and worker for the cause of the New Womanhood.

Mrs. Cleveland Coxe, very fashionable.

Ethel, her daughter, in her third season.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith, very rich.

Miss Ogden-Smith, an heiress, very plain, but a social success.

Mrs. John Rex, a young matron.

Mrs. Van Cott, a novelist.

Miss Craven, a Fellow of Victoria College and a Ph. D.

Miss Synnott, a piquant-looking girl, a clever writer.

Mabel Synnott, her sister, a débutante, and the beauty of the season.

The table is round; the decorations are carnations and violets. Each married woman has a bunch of violets, and each unmarried woman a bunch of carnations.

Admiring comments are buzzed round the table as the guests take their places.

1. *Grape Fruit.*

Mrs. Rex. Isabel tells me that my choice of flowers is tame and old-fashioned; that the flower of the New Woman is the orchid.

Miss Walton. An orchid never seems to me a flower at all, — a sort of cross between a flower and a butterfly.

Mrs. Loring. In my day women used to be compared to roses.

Miss Synnott. But we modern women are orchids. I like that. Next to a mushroom, an orchid has a look of mystery, of being perhaps deadly and poisonous. Yes, we are orchids. But all the same, Mrs. Rex, I prefer your Dresden china effect.

Mrs. Rex. You will observe that I have given all of you who are not married the carnations, which, as they say in Italy, are for good luck. We matrons have the violets.

Mrs. Van Cott. Which are typical of our giving out most perfume when most crushed.

Miss Walton. You seem to make no distinction between us spinsters, dear Mrs. Rex, whether we are eighteen or a hundred.

Miss Rex. Here is Jack's wife, just twenty, and she has a bunch of violets. Age makes no difference. Either a woman is married or she is not married. The moment she has crossed the Rubicon, she has crossed the Rubicon.

Mrs. Van Cott. Some man said of matrimony that it was a state into which all who were outside longed to enter, while all who were inside longed to be out. Somehow we women never make those little jokes about our condition.

Mrs. Teresa Brinton Munn. They would mean too much.

Miss Rex. Now, Teresa, do you intend to suggest that we girls are all longing to be married? I protest.

Mrs. John Rex. Do you mean that we married women are all longing to be maids? *I* protest.

Miss Walton. We women mix up our personal emotions with our theories of life, and cannot speak with the ease and finesse of men on certain subjects. For example, a bachelor of my age might declare, in joke or earnest, that he had an inextinguishable desire for matrimony, but not so a woman.

Teresa. Simply because woman's whole habit of thought and expression has so long been regulated by a very complicated and insincere formula, according to what appeared proper and correct. Now that we are finding a freer outlet for our personal opinions, feelings, cravings —

Miss Synnott. We shall all, no doubt, be declaring that we might, could, would, and should be married at once.

Mrs. Coxe. But really, Teresa, don't you think there is some fundamental spiritual difference between the sexes? I fancy girls are still girls, and will go on being girls in spite of all the new creeds about woman's place in the world.

Mrs. John Rex. I hope so. I adore girls. My only objection to marrying Jack was that I could not be both a girl and a married woman. And I observe nowadays, with some humility, a certain condescension in the manner of girls. "Of course, you poor thing, you can't do it!" they seem to say. I am so grateful, dear Mrs. Rex, when you set us all down at one table at once, and make no difference between girls and matrons.

Mrs. Loring. So am I. I have an undying curiosity about you young people, — what you say, what you do. I know that I lag superfluous in a world which has outgrown me, that perhaps I am a bore to the generation which is presently to wear my diamonds and lace and spend my money; but I still feel that it is an unkind fashion to build up any wall between the young and the old.

Mrs. Coxe. I confess I never quite approve of too much being done in the way of rosebud luncheons and dinners for débutantes. Yet it is the fashion to set aside all other claims for them.

Mrs. Rex. Not in this house. What a girl's coming-out means is simply that she is admitted on equal terms to the society of her betters.

Mabel Synnott. I feel it, I realize it.

Mrs. Rex. I do not consider society, so to speak, society at all unless it includes women of every age. I delight in girls, I love my contemporaries, but I particularly adore old women.

Mrs. Loring. Oh, thank you, thank you. I'm quite unique here, and you may all say nice things of me. We have all been young, but you have not yet been old.

2. *Bouillon.*

Miss Walton. I assure you, I feel a veritable Rip Van Winkle, returning to a world of novelty and surprise which has outgrown me.

Teresa. You must know, Miss Walton, I never go out to mere luncheons, and I came to-day to find out what impressions you have gathered in your return to America.

Miss Walton. Do not ask me for any clear impressions yet. Everything so far is surmise, conjecture, bewildered observation. For example, when you say you never go out to a "mere" luncheon, I am not sure what you mean.

Teresa. I mean that I never go out for amusement. I enjoy society, but it dissipates an incalculable amount of valuable time. I have to divide up my days very carefully, in order to get through the duties I have appointed to myself and the work that others lay out for me to do. I go to my desk punctually at a quarter past eight o'clock each morning, glance through my correspondence, next for two hours dictate letters and papers to my secretary, which she takes down in shorthand, and afterwards type-writes. By eleven or twelve I see the people who are waiting to consult me; then I am ready for the actual work of the day.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. When she has already accomplished more in one morning than I find time to do in a month!

Miss Walton. Pray go on, Mrs. Munn, and tell me how you occupy yourself until bedtime.

Teresa. I attend committee meetings; I am president of a woman's club; and there are often meetings where I preside, — at least sit on the platform.

Ethel Coxe. She often addresses meetings herself.

Teresa. There are so many important questions to be agitated.

Miss Walton. Female suffrage?

Teresa. Of course, first and foremost everything which concerns the full enfranchisement of woman; but besides, the questions of water filtration, street-cleaning, school boards, nominations for mayor and city council.

Miss Walton. Although I hardly venture to offer a compliment, a cat may look even at a king, and say, "How wonderfully in earnest, not to say energetic, your majesty has grown since I saw you last!"

Teresa. You must, I am sure, see with one glance that American women have gained in seriousness, in high purpose, since you went abroad.

Miss Walton. In old days, it seems to me, *ennui* used to be rather the fashionable complaint. To be bored by things in general was considered rather the correct tone.

Miss Synnott. Nowadays, instead of being bored, we bore.

Miss Walton. When I went abroad to live, everybody envied me for being able to get away from America. Since I have come back, everybody pities me for having lived in Europe so long that I am, so to speak, *dépaysée*, out of touch with America.

Miss Synnott. Oh, we love to go to Europe still; only formerly we used to go for ideas, stimulus, occupation; now we go for intellectual rest.

Mrs. Rex. That is right, Miss Synnott, brush up our wits a little with your sarcasm. But actually, Miss Walton, we have grown patriotic.

Miss Synnott. Yes, formerly we used to be a little ashamed of America, like the woman who explained she was so high-toned that when she went to visit her relations she was obliged to sit down and weep because they had no manners.

3. *Lobster en Coquilles, Sauce Tartare.*

Mrs. Coxe. Since we rummaged up our genealogies to find out whether we could be Colonial Dames, and brought out our silver candlesticks and our grandmothers' brocades, we have plucked up a spirit, and stand by our country, its history, and our pedigrees.

Miss Walton. Yes, I have perceived that notable change. You have discovered America.

Teresa. The American woman has discovered herself; she is finding her relations to her surroundings, to the events of past, present, and future. She no longer ignores the great events of the world. She is interested in public affairs, in good administration of government, in purity of politics. Our young girls, instead of being taken up with balls and germans, are absorbed in cleansing and uplifting the world.

Mrs. Coxe. Here is my little Ethel, who belongs to nine clubs and is on eleven committees.

Ethel. Isabel far surpasses me, Miss Walton, and she has the delightful talent not only of doing more all day and doing it better than any other woman, but of going to balls at night and beating all the society girls at their own game.

Teresa (with admiration). The New Woman is not one-sided. She is a complete microcosm.

Mrs. Rex. The dear girls do pick up and assimilate all the new ideas with the most astonishing ease.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. They read everything; they understand everything. Nothing daunts them, — they undertake everything.

Miss Synnott. Oh, don't we! Somebody said of a scientific man that he would create a new continent, to carry out a theory, as easily as a cook made a pancake.

Teresa. Women are raising the general average of truth, cleanliness, and purity day by day.

Mrs. Rex. We used to be taught the beauty of self-abnegation: that it was the duty of a woman to put up with everything uncomplainingly; that to be a woman was to learn how sublime a thing it was to suffer and be strong.

Teresa. The first lesson the New Woman had to learn was how to complain. She does not bear a grievance silently: she writes letters about it to the papers; she sets all the members of her club talking about it; she calls a meeting; they

discuss it, they pass resolutions, they petition, — they leave the men no peace. No, what the modern woman insists on, dear Mrs. Rex, is how sublime a thing it is to make things go right. She does not attempt to serve two masters, to acknowledge a higher and a lower law of action.

Mrs. Rex. We older women feel our banks; not she. She overflows, carries everything along with her. She approaches life so differently from the way we were taught to do; ideas which startle us she can handle with a real scientific knowledge of the subject.

Mrs. Van Cott. Still I do feel like saying, "Be clever, be clever, by all means be clever; but, my dear New Woman, be not too clever! Leave yourself just a few illusions."

Miss Walton. I would n't flatter the New Womanhood too much. It may become puffed up with incense. Don't you remember Voltaire's story of the grand vizier who was afflicted with such inordinate vanity that his master, the king of Babylon, ordered him to be set upon a throne, and a grand chorus to stand before him and sing, —

"Ah, combien monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!"

And when the chorus got out of breath, the lords and chamberlains took up the refrain, —

"Ah, combien monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!"

The New Woman ought to beg everybody to wait until she has accomplished some of the miracles predicted of her.

Teresa. But she has, dear Miss Walton. I assure you she has accomplished wonders.

Mrs. Loring. But what I claim, Teresa, is that we have always been accomplishing wonders ever since the beginning of the world. I will confess that when people first began to talk about the New Woman, her profound learning, her degrees, her professions, her public speeches, I was inspired with some awe of her superior wisdom, her higher education, her fine-spun sense of duty. I said to myself that my day and the day of such as I was past and gone; that I must give way to fitter survivors. Then, just as I was about to retire from society, the fashion of sleeves like barrels and skirts like umbrellas came in, and I perceived that women had not changed to any alarming extent; that no matter how many clubs they belonged to, or how many hard questions they could answer at a pinch, radically they were just the same, identical, sweet, silly, charming, clever creatures I had known and loved for seventy years.

4. *Hors d'Œuvres.*

Miss Synnott. Frances Power Cobbe says she believes in her sex until she sees a fashion-plate.

Miss Rex. Nevertheless, I insist that if we were the dowdies we used to be we could n't venture to do half we do. The sleeves and the furbelows and the stiff skirts are our wings and tail feathers, so to speak; they enable us to fly gracefully. I sometimes wonder if Redfern did not chiefly contrive the modern woman. For it is he who gives us *chic*, just the natty, jaunty, half-defiant air which makes us piquant to ourselves. I am ready to confess that when I look in the glass at my hat, jacket, and skirt, I receive a high moral support and feel my energies revive. Even Teresa, the strong-minded Teresa, gets her things from Redfern.

Teresa. Of course one would prefer never to think of clothes at all.

Miss Walton. It does seem as if woman could not change to any surprising degree until the question of her good looks is eliminated.

Miss Craven (with peculiar energy). Eliminate the question of good looks, and the solution of every feminine problem becomes easy at once.

Mrs. Coxe. I think, Miss Craven, if the question of good looks were eliminated, the feminine problem would be difficult indeed.

Mrs. Rex. Increasingly difficult.

Mrs. Loring. Impossible.

5. *Sweetbreads; Green Peas.*

Mrs. Van Cott. The necessity of preserving her good looks has always been a large part of the bondage of woman. I fancy that the new movement might gain dignity and consistency, if all who belonged to it were to adopt a sort of uniform.

Miss Craven. I agree with you.

Miss Synnott. Bifurcated skirts?

Mrs. Van Cott. Not necessarily. Look at trained nurses, look at sisterhoods, at the Salvation Army. Their dress is not only the badge of their calling, but it gives clear meaning to the ideas they profess, and sanctity to the work they undertake.

Mabel. And it is very becoming.

Ethel. Oh, Mabel, don't let yourself be carried away by any such ideas. The men laugh at us now, but they admire us; they would laugh at us, and not admire us, if we tried to set ourselves apart. And I find that when I go to the Settlement and the Guild, when I visit the sick, everybody, boys and girls, old men and old women, admire me the more for being pretty and fashionable. They delight in the swish and flare of my skirts and the balloon-like circumference of my sleeves.

Teresa. A woman should use all her talents. Did you see Henrietta Coan Brown yesterday?

Ethel. See her? I blushed for her.

Miss Rex (explaining to Miss Walton). Poor Henrietta never had in all her life the leisure and repose of mind to dress herself properly. Her hooks never quite catch, and, being always in a hurry, she goes straight through her sleeves.

Mrs. Van Cott. She is so earnest she is carried beyond those futile strivings; she has no feeble self-consciousness; does not, I am certain, ever wake up in the middle of the night, as I do, in a cold perspiration, at the thought that she has possibly made herself absurd.

Miss Synnott. I wonder if Miss Caroline Weeks does.

Mrs. Rex. Oh, did you see her at the Friday Club?

Mrs. Van Cott. No, but I can imagine her, — all black satin, and a regular lace exhibition hung over it.

Miss Synnott. There was a great deal of lace in Miss Weeks's family, Miss Walton, and she inherited it.

Mrs. Coxe. Also, no doubt, the unique bracelet.

Miss Rex. And the arms. You must understand, Miss Walton, that, like Madame de Staël, Miss Weeks possesses one beauty: her arms are always *en évidence.*

Miss Synnott. Even at midday there is a hint of them. Her sleeves fall off at the elbow. She wears long gloves.

Ethel. And the bracelet, quite a gorgeous thing, set with — What is it set with? Can they be diamonds?

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. They may be her family diamonds. I should call them moonstones.

Ethel. At any rate, the bracelet with those priceless gems is always clasped midway between her wrist and elbow, and she plays with it.

Miss Ogden-Smith. In a pretty, girlish way, as if she were sixteen years old.

Teresa. Caroline Weeks has her absurdities, but she is always effective, and helps to give any cause she undertakes the *cachet* of elegance. I find her useful as a sort of link between the fashionable woman of old family and the New Womanhood.

Mabel. The living link.

6. *Croquettes.*

Teresa. A little individuality in dress may add charm to private life, but, actually, the tailor-made gown is an important factor in social evolution. Hitherto, the Western woman has been impeded in everything she undertook by her clothes, just as a Chinese woman is crippled by her feet. She could not go out if it were wet, if it were dusty, if it were hot, if it

were cold, because her dress never suited the weather. Then her whole life was absorbed in making the useless, ill-fitting things, or having them tried on; in winter she was preparing for spring, in spring for summer, and so round the circle. Nowadays, she is born, as it were, ready-made; she steps forth, like Minerva, armed and equipped for battle. Her housekeeping is no longer a makeshift, but a science. She can put on her bonnet when she dresses for breakfast, set forth at nine o'clock, lunch at her club, and stay out till dinner-time.

Mrs. Van Cott. Why not until bedtime, and then let herself in decently and quietly with a latch-key?

Teresa. Of course she can do so, if she wishes; she is no longer hampered by foolish terrors and conventions.

Mrs. Loring. But my chief grievance against your superior modern woman is that she is always out. Thank Heaven, I have two friends who are chronic invalids, or I should never have a chance to go and tell anybody my news.

Mrs. Coxe. The other day, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop a card at Mrs. James Wise's door; and when the man said she was at home, and ushered me into the room where she was sitting with her feet on the fender, reading a novel, I was quite taken aback. I really thought there must have been a death in the family.

Mrs. Van Cott. Was it Lady Ashburton who said she wished her husband had two wives, and then she would let the second wife stay at home and work, while she went out and enjoyed herself, and came back and amused the second by telling her all about it? One needs that sort of thing.

Miss Walton. I wish I were rich, I wish I could take a house: then you could all find me sitting before the fire, with my feet on the fender, ready to see my friends.

Miss Synnott. Nobody would come. I have tried it. It is of no use fighting against the stream of tendency. The modern woman has no inclination to sit down with you in front of the fire, with her feet on the fender; she has no time to do anything except to go out. In a week you would do just as the rest of us do.

Mrs. Rex. You see, Miss Walton, there are so many charities, lectures, club meetings, classes, afternoons, that, as Teresa says, we cannot afford time or strength to be merely friendly and sociable.

Mrs. John Rex. Jack says the girls are so wrapped up in their fads of all sorts, it is driving all the best fellows into athletics.

Ethel. Oh, we do not venture to think of vying with football as an attraction.

Mabel. We are not so presumptuous.

Teresa. Let the men console themselves with football. We used to be the football ourselves.

Mrs. Van Cott. Men have always some sham solution of the feminine problem. They have been explaining all their faults by our follies since the beginning of the world.

Mrs. Loring. But young men do find girls nowadays too dreadfully serious. Only last night I was telling a nice fellow he ought to marry, and he said he was looking for a wife who was n't "viewy."

Miss Rex. Find me a girl who is n't "viewy," and you will find a girl who is not worth a man's loving. The best of us are impetuous idealists.

Miss Synnott. All bent on reforming something; and no doubt the reason young men run away from us is that they are afraid of being reformed themselves.

Mrs. Coxe. I confess I have some sympathy for the men. I myself love to go and sit down for an hour with some dear woman who is as comfortable as an old shoe; who has no fad, no hobby, no quarrel with the universe; who simply accepts the every-day facts

of existence and makes the most of them.

Mrs. Loring. In my day the men had n't so many clubs, and they ran after girls instead of running away from them. They loved to dance, they fell in love irresistibly; unless I had at least three offers the day after a ball, I was sure some other girl had outshone me.

Mabel. Oh, dear Mrs. Loring, I want to say it — but I don't dare —

Mrs. Loring. I give you absolution. Go on.

Mabel. What a dreadful flirt you must have been!

Mrs. Loring. I hope I was, my dear. When I was of your age, a girl had to be something of a coquette in self-defense.

Mrs. Rex. You see we expected to fall in love and marry; we did not put ourselves in antagonism to love and marriage. We were taught not to intrude too much of our individuality upon society. If a girl looked pretty and held her tongue, she did enough.

Mrs. Coxe. We were not pulled this way and that by contrary ideas; we did not stop to think whether our life offered us the best chance of development.

Mrs. Loring. We did not aspire to development. We simply wanted a happy life all of a piece.

Miss Craven. Did you find it?

Mrs. Loring. More than you bright critical girls ever will.

Miss Synnott. It is lucky that humanitarianism or social science offers an alternative to taking the veil.

7. *Pâtés.*

Teresa. Miss Synnott will have her little joke. The fact is that social evolution has finally reached woman, drawn her into the arena, and put her into rivalry with man. She says to him, not, "Admire me, make love to me, marry and support me," but, "You have more than your fair share of rights. Give me mine!"

Miss Rex. I hate to have it said even in joke that our fads are taken up as an alternative to matrimony, or in rivalry with men. What I feel is that women are at last awakening to the injustice of a scheme of things whereby only the happiness of a few is secured, and the others take their chances. The sentiment of humanity condemned slavery, and that was gotten rid of at any cost; and now the sentiment of humanity is condemning poverty, and more and more we are so heartbroken by the thought of the wrong and evil which poverty brings along with it that the question of individual comfort, of individual happiness, seems something to be postponed until poverty is cured.

Miss Craven. This sensitiveness to the pain of humanity, indeed to the pain of every sentient being, is increasing; still, there are people going hungry in this very city, while here are we, who ate breakfast a few hours ago, now enjoying a most delicious luncheon; we shall go on to two, three, or four places between now and six o'clock, where we shall be offered ices, muffins, sandwiches, tea, and chocolate; then we shall dine, and not a few of us may probably take an elaborate supper at midnight.

Miss Rex. That is what I say, that poverty is to be gotten rid of at any cost.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith (plaintively, as if personally addressed). I give to everything. I am willing to do anything the right sort of person advises. There is no day I do not fill out a check or two. As for Mr. Ogden-Smith, he is munificent.

Miss Synnott. There are drawbacks to being Dives even in this world.

Miss Ogden-Smith. And everybody is so sure that Dives has no chance in the next, it seems to them no particular injustice if his torments begin before their appointed time.

Miss Walton. When Dickens wrote Bleak House, Mrs. Jellyby was considered an amusing caricature, just the type of woman to be avoided. It seems rather odd that she is at last being brought

to the front as the typical modern woman.

Teresa. I cannot admit it. We neglect no home duties.

Mrs. Coxe. I 'm sure I do. I neglect everything.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. And so do I.

Miss Walton. Mrs. Jellyby was in advance of her day. Nowadays civilization has caught up with women's expanding energies.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. Everything, as Mrs. Munn says, can be bought ready-made, and there are kindergartens.

Teresa. I cannot admit that Mrs. Jellyby —

Miss Synnott. Oh yes, Dickens possessed

"the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,"

and actually invented the modern woman.

8. *Petites Timbales.*

Teresa (with energy). The real enemies to woman's advance are to be found in her own sex. Of course I know that a cause which cannot stand being laughed at is too feeble to live; but believe me, my dear Miss Walton, in spite of wit, satire, paradox, a great natural force is working through the New Womanhood, and if any of us refuse to acknowledge it, it is because mankind has always refused to acknowledge the miracle which takes place before its eyes.

Mrs. Rex. It startles me sometimes when I find that my own private tastes and prepossessions seem more important than the future welfare of the whole sex.

Miss Synnott. I too have to confess that my antagonism to woman's emancipation is largely a matter of whim and caprice. If I long to ride a bicycle, the moment I see a certain pet aversion of mine astride one I feel it to be a violation of every feminine instinct.

Ethel. Now I love to dare and do; I like to float on the rising wave.

Miss Synnott. But the rising wave is so frothy with sham idealism; you have to be associated with women who simply love agitation, noise, self-display; who like to jump over barriers for the notoriety of the thing; who want something new, something hitherto untried, be it another husband, or a new religion, hypnotism, spiritualism, Buddhism.

Teresa. You must love and pity and take in the aspirations of all women, good or bad, wise or foolish. You must realize that they are all your sisters; that the whole sex is developing from the chaotic conditions in which it has existed until now; that the fact of your dislikings has nothing to do with an evolution which is working itself out irresistibly.

Miss Synnott. I feel helpless when people talk about evolution, but I do not believe that the general scheme of things provides for any development out of normal conditions. And does not the old deep-seated centripetal instinct of woman for a merging of her life in that of her husband and children rest on a really more scientific basis of natural and spiritual law than the centrifugal force which you describe as carrying her off into wildly erratic orbits?

Teresa. There is a centrifugal law just as there is a centripetal.

Miss Craven. Woman has hitherto accepted a fable man has imposed upon her; she has been under the witchery of the ideal the poets have held up; she has been flattered, and has conceded everything for the sake of harmonizing with pretty fictions, has sold her birthright for the sake of being petted and beloved.

Mrs. John Rex. Is n't that better than throwing away a pearl richer than all our tribe? After you have evolved and developed all that is sweet and womanly out of existence, what remains? If we are n't just women, what are we? I confess I object quite decidedly to being developed, if it is to separate me from Jack.

9. *Sorbet à la Romaine.*

Miss Rex. Is not that delightful? Is not that the irrepressible feminine instinct? It reminds me of the new engagement.

Teresa. Cora Bellamy's? You know I never gossip, but I had wondered that no one had alluded to it.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. Cora Bellamy engaged? To whom?

Mrs. Coxe. Well, after that, nobody need despair.

Mrs. Rex. Of course to some man in Washington!

Miss Synnott. Let us trust, some far-off attaché, Russian, Turkish, Japanese.

Mrs. Van Cott. They have tried New York, they have tried Philadelphia, Bar Harbor, Newport, and Lenox, without result; they have taken three trips to Europe, and one to the East. When Mrs. Bellamy told me they were to winter in Washington —

Ethel. I wondered at their being back so early. I saw Cora in the street yesterday.

Mabel. So did I, looking positively ancient in that sage-green thing, every line straight up and down, and not a particle of flare.

Miss Ogden-Smith. I spoke to her, and she seemed a little out of spirits.

Mrs. John Rex (as if with a sensation of relief). Perhaps she is not engaged, after all.

Teresa. I assure you, I could n't have invented it if I had tried. Cora is engaged, and not to a stranger, but to somebody in town, whom you all know.

Mabel. Surely not to Frank Bellamy?

Ethel. Frank Bellamy! Oh, impossible!

Miss Rex (laughing). Quite impossible. We know where Frank Bellamy was last night at one o'clock, do we not, mamma?

Miss Ogden-Smith. Oh, tell us, tell us!

Miss Rex. It would n't be fair.

Mabel. Everything is fair in love or war. We want to know where Frank was last night at one o'clock. Young men need to be looked after.

Mrs. Rex. I assure you, we looked after Frank up and down, and right and left. Not that he was our first object. You see I was chaperoning a very charming girl, and she vanished. You know what a huge house Mrs. Clark's is; well, this charming girl vanished, flatly vanished out of sight.

Mabel. I see, and Frank Bellamy also.

Mrs. Rex. I did not think at first of that coincidence. I suspected old oak chests, some place of solitary confinement, not *solitude à deux*. I said to Mrs. Clark, "I cannot think where Ethel is!"

Ethel. Oh, oh!

Mabel and Miss Ogden-Smith. Ah, ah, ah!

Mrs. Rex (correcting herself). Yes, I said to Mrs. Clark, "I cannot think where one of my charges is. I have looked everywhere for her." Mrs. Clark smiled, and returned, "Do you happen to see Frank Bellamy anywhere?" "No," I answered, startled. "Then," she explained, "you might happen to look in the window nook on the staircase."

Miss Rex. Accordingly we looked, and I agree with Ethel that it is quite impossible that Frank is engaged to his cousin Cora.

Ethel. We were only talking about —

Mrs. Loring. My dear, you began by saying it was impossible.

Teresa. Quite impossible. Guess again.

Miss Rex. Is it Dupont-Smith?

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. I will vouch for its not being Dupont.

Mrs. Coxe. He may have been in the hunt, but it was a case where the tiger hunted the man, not the man the tiger.

Miss Synnott. How droll to call Cora a tiger! But what is the use of exhausting ourselves in conjectures! Whoever it is, Mrs. Munn, we will accept him like the dew from heaven after the long agony of drought and longing.

Teresa. John Tucker Green.

Miss Rex. John Tucker Green? I never heard of him.

Mabel. Oh yes, you saw him constantly at Bar Harbor. His mother calls him "Collie;" I don't know why.

Miss Rex (pointedly to Miss Synnott). Oh, *your* faithful shepherd dog.

Miss Synnott. Yes, my collie, or Cora's, which is not exactly the same thing. "'T was mine, 't is hers, and has been slave to thousands!"

Miss Rex. Indeed, no; he was yours, you trained him, you made him. I remember the first time I ever saw him, all legs and arms; bright, no doubt, but —

Miss Synnott. I do hate to see a bright man whose bad manners are in his way. Besides, it was very dull last summer at Bar Harbor.

Miss Rex. For other people, who had only to look on, — not for you, surely; for him it seemed exciting in the extreme.

Miss Synnott. But you see he has transferred his affections.

Miss Rex. Let us hope so.

Ethel. I wonder how she managed it.

Miss Synnott. I? How I managed it?

Ethel. Oh, we know very well how you manage such things. I meant, how Cora induced him to fall in love with her.

Miss Synnott. Who ever said he was in love with Cora?

Miss Ogden-Smith. Yes, I noticed she seemed not in high spirits.

Mabel. It must be a painful check to high spirits to be engaged to Collie Green.

10. *Suprême de Volaille.*

Miss Rex. But nobody has asked about the new engagement I alluded to.

Miss Synnott. What? Another? How can I endure these successive blows?

Mabel. Perhaps this is Frank Bellamy's —

Miss Rex. Not quite yet. I shall give no names; I shall leave them to your imagination to fill up. This is the story. There is a club, no matter where; it is not one of the clubs which get into the papers. It exists solely for the satisfaction of twenty girls who try to carry zeal and truth into whatever they undertake, be it visiting the slums or reading one of Ibsen's plays. They discuss everything that comes in their way, and particularly they discuss the novels, of which there seem to be so many nowadays, that touch on delicate and essential questions of life and of art. Now, the other night the subject came up of a certain book which you have all read.

Miss Synnott. Name, name!

Miss Rex. Well, say it was Heavenly Twins. At least it was a book which set several of the more serious girls to talking about the grim tragical mistake girls might make in marrying; they spoke of men's ideas, their freedom, their license, their insisting, "One law for me, and another for you," and so on; and one of them became just a little bitter against the dominant sex. Well, all at once, one very pretty girl, who had been listening, with eyes growing bigger and bigger, and cheeks redder and redder, and lips wider and wider apart, jumped up, and said, "I don't know what other girls' experience may have been, but I have a dear father and three brothers whom I love and respect with all my heart, and I cannot stay any longer to listen to such horrible insinuations against men." And she walked straight out of the room and out of the house, although her carriage was not ordered until an hour later, and the streets were deep in slush.

11. *Asperges en Branche; Caille et Salade; Fagots de Fromage.*

Mrs. Loring. Oh, what a dear girl!

Miss Synnott. What happened afterwards? An engagement, you say?

Miss Rex. Before dinner-time next day, two men had offered themselves, and she had accepted one.

Miss Synnott. Was it a coincidence? Or had anybody told?

Miss Rex. Who could have told? Yet I heard of a third man's saying he was just about to propose to her, if the others had not been ahead of him.

Miss Synnott. Of course I know whom you mean.

Mrs. Loring. I wish I did. I would go to her and say, My dear, I love you. I like a girl to be loyal. I don't think loyalty can be safely left out of a woman's heart, soul, and intellect. It is not only a good old-fashioned motive of thought and action, but it has a thousand times more to do with a girl's real happiness and usefulness than any clear-eyed analysis and speculation. After living for seventy odd years, I should say that a woman was better off for loving and believing blindly, even if she were disappointed, than in beginning with a spirit of skepticism and doubt, and an entire absence of illusion.

Teresa. I cannot agree with you. I cannot agree with you at all, Mrs. Loring!

Mrs. Loring. Man is a creature who can love only what belongs to him, what looks up to him, what he can guard.

Ethel. Woman ought to be a creature who can love only what belongs to her, what she can look up to, what will protect and cherish her.

Mrs. Loring. I see, my dear, you know all about it. The world will go on the next thousand years the way it has gone on the last thousand years, in spite of a few little earthquakes and avalanches.

Mrs. Rex. Every generation has a new language of its own, I suppose, and the writers make use of it. But the new books do startle one.

Mrs. Coxe. I have not read any of them. My mother used to decide what I might be permitted to read, and now my daughters choose my books for me.

12. *Fraises Glaces.*

Ethel. We do rather insist that mamma shall stick to Miss Austen and Cranford, as a rule. After all, one likes to know that one's axis is turning round safely.

Mrs. Loring. I rather like these girls, Miss Walton, in spite of the books they read and the ideas they profess.

Miss Walton. I admire them; they are absolutely sublime to my perceptions. After they have turned the world upside down a little more, I should like to come back and see what sort of a place they have made it.

Mrs. Loring. Heaven defend me from seeing! Of course, society — that is, society in any real sense of the term — will be out of the question. Indeed, it is already.

Miss Walton. There are too many people, you mean.

Mrs. Loring. What people call society to-day has become a mere matter of coaching-parties, of dressing, of sitting at tables, — a fashion of offering attractive novelties. Real society, man's best invention —

Miss Walton. Was it not a woman's invention?

Mrs. Loring. Oh no; women may pile the fagots, but men bring the fire. Man is the social animal. Don't you know most women like to carry about little bits of tatting, or crochet, or embroidery, as a defense against sheer idleness? But take half a dozen men, and they are contented to sit idle for hours, with only their brains active, as the talk leaps from topic to topic, and each opens a chapter in his memory, and brings out some striking experience, some characteristic anecdote.

Miss Ogden-Smith. But, dear Mrs. Loring, none of us ever sew, or crochet, or do tatting, and I cannot even embroider.

Mrs. Loring. All the worse for you, my dear. Life will be just so much the more dull for you.

Teresa. You would n't surely have these highly educated girls —

Mrs. Loring. I am an old woman, and must have my say; and I tell you that

when you all come into the fullest intelligence, you will find that the three really interesting things of life are, that human beings are born, marry, and die; that we grow up in families, have friends, lovers, husbands, children; that the real fillip of existence, the stimulating charm, the ever renewed cordial, come from these simple elementary facts; that they occasion the talk, the wit, the fun, the absurdities, the follies, the heartaches, which make life worth having. Oh, you unlucky people who have to live bustling and rushing on into the dreary twentieth century! I see you all now surreptitiously looking at your watches. You each have to go somewhere else.

Teresa. Yes, indeed, much as one regrets to break up this pleasant reunion. I am obliged to be at the Club exactly at a quarter past three.

Mrs. Rex. Coffee shall be served at once. Isabel, too, has something on hand.

Miss Rex. Only a private concert, where I have to play a very unimportant part.

Ethel. I wish we could go, but the historical tableaux have to be rehearsed, and mamma and I are in for it until dinner-time.

Mrs. Ogden-Smith. I have five teas before me, — to meet certain people, so that a card will not do.

Mrs. Van Cott. None of you speak of the lecture at Mrs. Kelsey's; but, alas, I have promised to be there.

Miss Craven. It is I who am to lecture, alas.

Miss Synnott. Ah, unhappy ones! I am simply going home to read a novel, quietly, until dinner-time; are n't you, Mabel?

Mabel. No, dear — I — promised — to go to walk.

Coffee is brought. Each takes a cup in great haste, and the guests make their adieux.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

FOURTH PAPER.

To many people the word "autograph" means nothing more than the signature of a man more or less eminent. A collection of autographs they regard as only a collection of signatures, and for signatures they care nothing at all. Nevertheless, the mere name of a great man, written with that right hand which for many a long year served him so well, may raise thoughts in us such as naturally pass through the mind as we wander through Westminster Abbey. I often think that the last place whither a man should wish his friends to go, when their thoughts dwell not unkindly on his memory, would be his grave. On it his mind, so long as it is in a healthy state, never meditates: "Homo liber de nulla re minus quam de morte cogitat." Still less has the man whose soul the truth has made free thought of the place of his burial. Not round his grave, not in a country churchyard or a town cemetery, would a scholar's spirit willingly hover. In his study, among his beloved books, we might indeed fancy it dwelling. In his name, not as it has been carved by the stone-mason, but as it stands written by his own living hand, something of his old self is still seen. So strongly does the mere handwriting sometimes bring before me those who have long mouldered in the dust that there are some signatures which I could not bear to keep in my collection, such horror would they excite. I could never look at the name of

Philip II., or Mary, — Bloody Mary, I mean, — or Alva, or Torquemada, or Charles IX. without a shudder, as I recalled the awful sufferings to which, by the few letters traced by each of those cruel wretches, so many a noble spirit had been consigned. Their graves I could pass by with cold indifference, or, if my feelings were at all aroused, with a certain sense of exultation that at last the world had been rid of them forever.

To the bare autographs of famous men, when unsupported by anything interesting in what is written, we may apply the old saying, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." A showman, it is said, who was exhibiting a panorama of Egypt, described the pyramids as having been built by several eminent persons long since deceased. Much the same description would be given by an ignorant fellow who glanced over a collection of signatures of men, however famous they might have been. But let it be set before a man whose mind has been made full by reading: what associations are at once aroused, what chains of memory are at once woven! How rich a stream of anecdotes would have flowed forth over it from Macaulay's lips, each one beginning with, "Don't you remember?" as if he did not for one moment doubt that his listener's memory was as vast as his own. An old publisher told me that Macaulay called at his father's office one day, to talk over the publication of Horace Walpole's letters. He came, he said, merely to express his regret that he could not himself edit them. The publisher begged him to sit down, but he refused, saying that he had an engagement which would not allow him to stay. In spite of his haste he began to speak of Walpole and his times, and then, leaning on the back of a chair, which his listener in vain kept urging him to put to its proper use, for nearly two hours he heaped anecdote on anecdote, and criticism on criticism. We are none of us Macaulays; nevertheless, a collector of autographs who has something of a literary turn — without such a turn, to collect them is ridiculous — can clothe these scraps of handwriting with some semblance of life by illustrations drawn from a wide range of reading.

If I were a professor of English literature in a university, from time to time I would select a scholarly letter full of names, quotations, and allusions, which I would set the members of my class, each in the best way he could, to edit. Such a task continued term after term would do much towards making the real student acquainted with books. While his indolent companions would have turned to biographical dictionaries, and would have gathered only what was already collected, he would have gone to original sources. Many a time he would have gone in vain; but in those cases he would have got his reward, like the old man's sons who dug up the field in the hope of finding the hidden treasure. Even a mere set of signatures might be made the centre of an interesting study. Round the names, for instance, of the worthies of Boston, what anecdotes, what varied judgments passed on them by friend and foe alike, might be made to cluster! I take pleasure sometimes in bringing together names in odd contrast. Thus I have the signature of Alexis de Tocqueville. This I set by a letter of Louis Blanc, and I recall the passage in which De Tocqueville describes the wild scene in the Constituent Assembly, when, on May 15, 1848, the mob broke in upon the sitting, and swarmed over the floor of the House. From his bench he watched Louis Blanc carried up and down in triumph on the shoulders of some of the rioters. "Ils le tenaient par ses petites jambes au-dessus de leurs têtes; je le vis qui faisait de vains efforts pour leur échapper, il se repliait et se tordait de tous les côtés sans pouvoir glisser d'entre leurs mains, tout en parlant d'une voix étranglée et stridente; il me faisait l'effet d'un serpent auquel on pince

la queue. On le posa enfin sur un banc au-dessous du mien. Je l'entendis qui criait : 'Mes amis, le droit que vous venez de conquérir . . .' Le reste de ses paroles se perdit dans le bruit."

Louis Blanc's letter, of no interest in itself, is dated "Le 6 Mars, 1870," and ends, "Je vous serre la main." Late in May or early in June of the following year, the young man whose hand the old Socialist had thus grasped in the spirit came to my house. He found me sitting by an open window. How well I recall the quiet, sunny look of the meadows and the deep shadow of the trees, that fine summer afternoon! It all imprinted itself on my memory through the strong contrast into which it was suddenly brought, when my unexpected visitor began to describe the scenes of violence through which he had just passed. He had been rash enough to take part in the mad rising of the Commune. When the troops forced their way into Paris, he had found a hiding-place in a house close to the Luxembourg, where many of the insurgents were imprisoned. Day after day he had heard the volleys with which his comrades were swept out of the world. Every hour he feared his turn would come. He had been saved by an Englishman, who brought him a suit of English-made clothes, a large umbrella such as every Englishman is supposed to carry, a Bradshaw's Continental Guide, and a pair of dark spectacles. Fortunately, he spoke our language with perfect ease. Thus equipped, furnished with his friend's passport and accompanied by a genuine John Bull, the night before he came to see me he had passed undiscovered, first at the railway station at Paris, and next on the quay at Boulogne, through a long double line of watchful detectives. He chattered away in English as carelessly as he could, and was not unsparing of that ejaculation which was one of the two words that Dumas's Mousquetaire had been able to retain in his memory: "D'Artagnan dit au patron, *Come.* C'était, avec *Goddam,* tout ce qu'il avait pu retenir de la langue anglaise."

Brougham and Macaulay meet quietly enough in my collection, who in life never met with friendly feeling. Of Macaulay I have nothing but the fragment of a letter with the signature. Of Brougham I have two letters, neither of any interest, — one unsigned, the other signed H. B. When, on being made Lord Chancellor, he was raised to the peerage, he did not, according to the invariable custom, drop his Christian name in his signature. He wished, perhaps, to show the unwillingness with which he left the House of Commons, the scene of his triumphs and his strength. I once had in my hands a letter written by him, in which he furnished one more instance, where instances are so common, that the extremes of skepticism and credulity are often found in the same mind. The extent of his skepticism I learnt from an old man to whom he said, "You Unitarians swallow the whole bull, and stick at the two horns." His credulity he showed by asking a friend to make some inquiries about a quack who advertised the discovery of a secret by which life could be prolonged to a hundred years. "I do not suppose," Brougham wrote, "there is anything in it, but it might be worth while to inquire." Perhaps his credulity was a sign that dotage was setting in, for it was in his old age that he wrote. In the Correspondence of Macvey Napier, the second editor of the Edinburgh Review, Brougham and Macaulay are brought together in comical contrast. Brougham, as every one knows, was one of the founders of the Review; Macaulay raised it to the full height of its splendid fame. Each man, without the slightest reserve, confided to his friend the editor his hatred and his contempt of his brother contributor. "As for Brougham," wrote Macaulay, "he has reached that happy point at which it is equally impossible for him to gain character or to lose it." "Macaulay," wrote Brougham, "is ab-

solutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared. I have seen people come in from Holland House breathless and knocked up, and able to say nothing but, 'Oh dear! oh mercy!' 'What 's the matter?' being asked. 'Oh, Macaulay!' Then every one said, 'That accounts for it, — you 're lucky to be alive.'" Sydney Smith, that other founder and pillar of the great Review, in the character he drew of Mackintosh has, no doubt, a sly hit at Macaulay. "Mackintosh's memory," he wrote, "vast and prodigious as it was, he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected." Emerson, who, unlike Sydney Smith, was a good listener, discovered none of this oppression when he met Macaulay. "He is," he wrote, "the king of diners-out. I do not know when I have seen such wonderful vivacity. He has the strength of ten men, immense memory, fun, fire, learning, politics, manners, and pride, and talks all the time in a steady torrent. You would say he is the best type of England." Brougham's manners are thus described by Ticknor, who met him and two bishops at Lord Fitzwilliam's dinner-table: "I never saw anybody so rude in respectable society in my life. Some laughed, some looked sober about it, but all thought it was outrageous." Miss Martineau had also met him at dinner. "He talked excessively fast," she wrote, "and ate fast and prodigiously, stretching out his long arm for any dish he had a mind to, and getting hold of the largest spoons which would dispatch the most work in the shortest time."

Between Macaulay's somewhat slovenly signature and a fragment of a letter which contains no more words than, "Farewell, dear children. From your loving father, John Bright," I like to place Palmerston's name, in that strong, bold handwriting so characteristic of the man. "Of all English statesmen," writes Sir George Trevelyan, "Macaulay liked him the best." In the House of Commons Palmerston once made an insolent attack on John Bright, who was striving to keep England out of the madness of the Crimean war. He sneered at him as "the honorable and reverend gentleman." "For the first and last time in his life Macaulay had nothing to say for his hero." A correspondent of the Daily News, who had known Bright well, wrote on his death: "There was one great Englishman of whom I never heard Mr. Bright say a good word, — Lord Palmerston. Antagonism to Lord Palmerston and to the Palmerstonian policy at home and abroad was one of the most rooted sentiments in his heart."

To the man and his policy Cobden was as much opposed as Bright. On March 23, 1858, he wrote: "During my experience, the higher classes never stood so high in relative social and political rank, as compared with other classes, as at present. The middle classes have been content with the very crumbs from their table. The more contempt a man like Palmerston (as intense an aristocrat at heart as any of them) heaped on them, the louder they cheered him." Mr. John Morley, writing of Mr. Gladstone, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Palmerston's ministry, says: "It is true that to one powerful member of the Cabinet its military policy, now and after, was as abhorrent as it was to Cobden himself, who wrestled with his conscience by day and by night as to the morality of his position, and who only escaped from his own reprobation by the hope that in a balance of evils he had chosen the course which led to the less of them."

Here then we have four statesmen, all men of high character, strong judgment, and extraordinary ability, all nearly of the same age, all belonging to the Liberal party, passing judgment on a contemporary whose career they had the fullest opportunity of studying. Who can won-

der that Plutarch's and Shakespeare's Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," is placed by Dante with Judas Iscariot in the lowest pit of hell, and that the characters of Cæsar and Cicero are still one of the cockpits of history, when he finds that our great historian's hero among the statesmen of his own time was a man whom Bright and Cobden abhorred, and under whom Gladstone served with a troubled conscience? The judgment of Englishmen has slowly swung round, and Macaulay's hero is a hero no longer. When we reflect on this fallen idol, we may well be excused if at times a fear steals over us lest the foundations of the noble monuments which the historian has raised to William of Orange and the Earl of Chatham are laid, not on rock, but on sand.

In striking contrast with this group of men, all gifted, in addition to their other qualities, with strong common sense, is the Socialist and enthusiast, Robert Owen. In his autograph letter there is nothing worth quoting. In the year 1828, Charles Knight, the publisher and author, thus wrote about him to one of my uncles: "Owen has been in town with a grand new scheme for the Mexican government giving him a *Sovereignty* — the province of Texas — for a small coöperative experiment! He wants Cuba and Canada for the same object. He has been drawing up a memorial about the Texas affair, and swears he shall do the job." His Brook Farm he did indeed plan on a most glorious scale. Daniel Webster's vast, wild, illimitable Texas was too small for this earthly paradise. About this time, Rowland Hill, who had not yet turned his thoughts towards postal reform, was eager to found a coöperative community. Owen urged him to take part with him in establishing one in America. I do not know whether the whole of Texas was dangled before his eyes; enough was shown him to make him look upon the scheme as visionary. A small English parish would have been to him what Texas, Canada, and Cuba were to Owen. He almost succeeded in getting hold of one where he would have founded his "social community." Unfortunately, in the middle of the village stood a public house which was not for sale. There cannot be a public house among the many mansions even of an earthly paradise, and so this English forerunner of Brook Farm came to nothing.

Owen had tried to win over Miss Martineau to his views. "Having," she writes, "still strong hopes of Prince Metternich for a convert, he might well have hopes of me. His certainty that we might make life a heaven, and his hallucinations that we are going to do so immediately, under his guidance, have caused his wisdom to be overlooked in his absurdity." He once told my father of a scheme he had for remodeling all the towns of the world. Henceforth all mankind was to live in parallelograms. So convinced was he of the vast merits of his plan that he assured my father that within three years of its publication London would be a desert, the whole population having migrated, east, west, south, and north, to suburban parallelograms. Southey coupled him with Clarkson, the Garrison of West Indian emancipation, and Bell, the advocate of a new system of popular education. "Such men," he says, "are not only eminently useful, but eminently happy also; they live in an atmosphere of their own, which must be more like that of the third heaven than of this everyday earth in which we toil and moil."

It is a long stride from Robert Owen, with his wild scheme for Texas, Canada, and Cuba, to Ismail Pacha, who for a brief space managed to add to his dominions a vast district of Central Africa. General Gordon, to whom the autograph note in my collection was written by the Khedive, had all Owen's simplicity and benevolence, and much of his enthusiasm, with the addition — the strange addition to such an assemblage of qualities — of the strongest common sense. The

Khedive's note, written on thick paper, adorned with his monogram in gilt surmounted by a gilt crown, is brief. It was, no doubt, a New Year's greeting sent from Cairo to the Soudan. He wrote : —

La favorite, le 4 *janvier*, 1880.

recevez, mon cher Gordon Pacha, l'expression de ma haute estime et de toute mon amitié. Ismail.

La Favorite was, I think, one of the Khedive's palaces.

A far worthier ruler than this Khedive was Benito Juarez, President of the Mexican republic, Indian or half-caste though he was. His signature was given me many years ago by the son of a wealthy merchant of Mexico, who, in the frequent revolutions, had escaped plunder by the supplies which he always furnished to the needs of all parties alike when their side was down. He found it far cheaper, he told me, to support the needy than to bribe the powerful. So uncertain was the tenure of office, so great and sudden were the blows of fortune, that, even if gratitude were silent, prudence protected him from being plundered by men who at the next turn of the wheel might be reduced from splendor to beggary. In those days there was not a single bank in Mexico ; checks and bank-notes were unknown, payments being always made in specie. For the requirements of foreign trade there was a constant transmission of silver dollars between the capital and the port. The safe conveyance of this treasure was secured by a guard of soldiers. My friend the merchant once lamented to me the loss of a large sum. It was no corporal or sergeant who proved faithless, nor even a lieutenant or a captain ; a general turned brigand and decamped with the dollars.

From the Mexican President I turn to the first President of the United States. In my earliest childhood my father instilled into me such a veneration of that great man that, when I was a schoolboy of the age of eight or nine, I once angered my little comrades by crying out, "I wish I was an American, for then I should be a countryman of George Washington!" It has long been enough for me to be an Englishman. This autograph is nothing more than an order for payment, but it is all in Washington's hand, and is the more interesting as it was written in the last year of his life. It runs as follows : —

Mount Vernon, *May* 16*th*, 1799

The Cashier of the Office of Discount & Deposit, Baltimore, Will please pay E^m^ Greetham Esq^r^ or bearer the sum of Three Hundred & Seventy one dollars Nineteen cents and chg the same to My Acct.

G^E^ [1] Washington.

$371\frac{19}{100}$ Dolls.

In my collection, by the side of this autograph, I always keep one of the stamps which George III. and his worthless ministers, supported by a Parliament which far more represented the king than the people, attempted to force on the American colonies. On the top of the face of the stamp is printed "America," with the legend "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense" round a crown, and "ii S. vi P." below. In the middle is a small metal plate. On the reverse, which is covered with gum, are the letters "G. R." on each side of a crown, and the numbers 3 and 178. This stamp, with a few others, was found either in the London post-office or in the stamp-office (I forget which), and was given by Sir Rowland Hill to my father. The Stamp Act was carried after "the most languid debate" Edmund Burke had ever heard. Hume wrote to a friend, soon after Parliament met, "I think there is all the probability that this will prove a quiet session, and there is a general tranquillity established in Europe, so that we

[1] I am not sure what the letter is that follows G, if indeed it is a letter, and not a flourish.

have nothing to do but cultivate letters." Nothing at this time disturbed the mind of the philosopher but "the mad and wicked rage of the English against the Scots," which was likely, he feared, to lessen the reputation of his history. "There has been nothing of note in Parliament," said Horace Walpole the same year, "but one slight day on the American taxes." Six weeks later, he wrote: "I don't remember the day when I was reduced to complain, in winter and Parliament-tide, of having nothing to say. There has not been an event, from a debate to a wedding, capable of making a paragraph. Such calms," he added, with what now looks like prophetic insight, "often forerun storms." The silly young king was so little aware of the mischief he was doing that, in the speech with which he prorogued Parliament, he described the session as "this season of tranquillity." The House of Lords, however, had not been careless of the tranquillity of America. On March 6 of the year when the Stamp Act was passed the keeper of the Sun Tavern in the Strand was summoned to their bar, and examined about an exhibition in his house of two Indian warriors. He assured their lordships "that they had had their meals regularly, and drank nothing stronger than small beer." The House resolved "that the bringing from America any of the Indians who are under his Majesty's protection, without proper authority for so doing, may tend to give great dissatisfaction to the Indian nations, and be of dangerous consequence to his Majesty's subjects residing in the colonies." When, eight or nine years later, Lord Chesterfield's Letters were published, the following passage was suppressed: "The repeal of the Stamp Act was carried in both Houses by the ministers, against the king's declared inclinations, which is a case that has seldom happened, and I believe seldom will happen." It is a curious fact that the editor had not the courage to print these words.

If George III. did his best to crush patriots in America, he pensioned one in Europe. I have a long letter written by the Corsican hero, Pascal Paoli, who lived in England for nearly forty years on a noble pension from the crown. In the king's eyes he had atoned for the guilt of fighting for liberty by fighting against the French. The French, in their turn, who crushed the rising liberties of the Corsicans, on the other side of the Atlantic supported the young American commonwealth. Rousseau, in his anger at their invasion of Corsica, wrote of the French, "S'ils savaient un homme libre à l'autre bout du monde, je crois qu'ils y iraient pour le seul plaisir de l'exterminer." It was not as friends of freedom, but as enemies of England, that they supported the United States. Individual Frenchmen, such as La Fayette, were inspired, no doubt, by a love of liberty, just as, a few years earlier, individual Englishmen had been inspired by the same love to send a supply of arms to Paoli. When I was in Corsica I was shown Paoli's house, with its window shutters lined with thick layers of cork to keep out the bullets of assassins. He never mastered our tongue, as his letter shows. That he did not speak it much more correctly than he wrote it we can see by the following record, by Miss Burney, of the account he gave her of Boswell's visit to him in Corsica: "He came to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him; but I was of the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my minte he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say. Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh! he is a very good man; I love him indeed; so cheerful, so gay, so pleasant! but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry."

The date of the letter is not given, but

it must have been written soon after the battle of the Nile: —

My Dear Miss Mainard, — Much indebted, indeed, to Miss Jones for having made an apology with you for my seemingly neglect to answer the letters you honored me with since a long time.

The pain I feel to write, or read since that time I got the contagious disease which our victory in egypt brought over to england, a melancholy truth it is that every time the europeans go to any of the three quarters of the Globe with an hostile force, by sad merited penance they come back with some malady which continues incurable for along period of time. I consulted many Physicians — oculists in vain, the obstinacy of my complaint has baffled all their skill and ointments. I cannot read two pages of a book or write a letter without feeling such a pressure in my Eyes which obliges me to stop for a quarter of an hour. I hope it wont be so now, as I hope this answer to your last letters may dissipate the injurious doubt you seem to have entertained that I would have forgot the many obligations I owe to kindness and friendship you had for me in so many occasions when I was at Clifton, where without your kind assistance I never would have been acquainted with the beaties of the country about, or with the persons of the best sort and caracters. Among those I shall always be proud of the acquaintance of the worthy Colonnel [illegible] to whom I pray you to make agreable my best compliments. My dear you have a write to call yourself my *niece* with our commons friends, as with them speaking of you I have always used the very same appellation. Very seldom I ride on the Coach upon the Pavement nor can I walk at such a distance as St. James Street; but after what you hint me of the Pictures of M^rs^ Right, I will go there though I am unacquainted, but your name shall be my passport. If I get admittance I shall feel sadly the imperfection of my sight. I am not a judge of Pictures, but I could have said something about those which form a great deal of the merit of M^r^ Wright. In my country the mountains are very conspicuous and very little inferiors to [illegible] or if you please to call it with his ancient name [illegible], or the highest of the Alps —

M^rs^ Rich was but a child when I frequented the house of her worthy mother, nevertheless I am vastly proud for the remembrance she entertains of me, and hope you will be so good by to make her agreable my respectful returns of compliments. I don't doubt She and Daughters have inherited the talents of mind and the charming of the conversation of M^rs^ Draper, and dont wonder that they are the first rate Constellations among the Beaty of Clifton. Our acquaintance if he succeed to emancipate his country will have a singular place in the temple of fame, if unsuccessful will hav a [illegible] of the sincere Lovers of Liberty [illegible] of the scriblers of the Day. Adieu my dear Neice read if [illegible] thy servant.

De P.

I have in my collection two or three poems and letters of Mrs. Hemans, addressed to Paoli's niece by adoption, Miss Maynard, of Clifton. On one occasion she sends her friend her inscription for the Waterloo Column. With a feeling of modesty rarely found in a poet, she does not think it right to inflict both poetry and postage on her correspondent. Above the address of her letter she has written, "Three sheets. Post paid." Below there is marked in red ink, no doubt by the postmaster, "P^d^ 2 s. 9. d." Two shillings and ninepence would certainly have been a heavy price to pay for such lines as the following, even though they are in the poet's autograph: —

"Soldier! whose eyes this trophied stone survey
Graced with the tale of England's proudest day;

Here, at the shrine whose deathless records tell
In freedom's battle how the valiant fell;
Here be thy vows of patriotism poured,
Here to thy country consecrate the sword."

Our grandmothers greatly admired Mrs. Hemans, almost adored her. To our grandfathers she was not quite so dear. There were not a few among them who would have agreed with Sir Walter Scott when he wrote, "Mrs. Hemans is somewhat too poetical for my taste, — too many flowers, I mean, and too little fruit, — but that may be the cynical criticism of an elderly gentleman."

In one of her letters, dated "Daventry, 5th March," she says: "I am constantly wishing that some fortunate occurrence would transport us into your part of the world; the people here (with the exception I have just mentioned) are remarkably inhospitable, and from what I have seen of them, however earnestly I may wish for society, I certainly cannot consider it as any deprivation not to be welcomed into *theirs*. You know that the society at St. Asaph is by no means distinguished for its intelligence, but I can assure you it is in every respect far superior to that of Daventry."

Falstaff's red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry seems to invest this little country town with something of an hospitable air; but perhaps his red nose and hospitality were strictly personal and professional. Of the bishop's palace at St. Asaph, Johnson, who had visited it many years earlier, wrote, "They have a library, and design a room." It would seem that the bishop, though he had books, had no place in which to keep them. It is not, therefore, surprising that in Mrs. Hemans's time "St. Asaph was by no means distinguished for its intelligence." It had once boasted of a great deal of intelligence in William Lloyd, one of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower by James II. Of him a brother bishop said that "he had the most learning in ready cash of any he ever knew." But "times and seasons they must change," and red-nosed innkeepers and quick-witted and learned bishops alike must "pass away."

The following letter I received from Mr. John Forster in acknowledgment of some notes I had sent him on his Life of Oliver Goldsmith. The engravings were two portraits of that great patriot Sir John Eliot, who died a lingering death in the Tower, a victim of the cruelty of Charles I. One of the pictures, taken on the eve of his imprisonment, represents him in full health; the other, painted a few days before his death, shows a body wasted with disease and suffering. In midwinter he had written to John Hampden, "My lodgings are removed, and I am now where candle-light may be suffered, but scarce fire." "To the end that a likeness might be preserved of him in the condition to which he had been brought by his imprisonment, he sent for a painter to the Tower. He was to paint him exactly as he was; his friends, so long denied access to him, were to see again the familiar face as the last few months had changed it; and his family were to keep the picture on the walls at Port Eliot 'as a perpetual memorial of his hatred of tyranny.' So the tradition has been preserved from generation to generation of his descendants." His son petitioned the king for leave to lay his father to rest among his dead ancestors. "Whereto was answered, at the foot of the petition, 'Lett Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the Churche of that parish where he dyed.' And so he was buried in the Tower." When I remember Eliot's sufferings and death, I rejoice in the thought that not many years were to pass by before it was seen that it was no lying vision which had passed before the eyes of the great Puritan poet when he uttered the stern threat, —

"That two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON W.
8th *April*, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR, — Thank you for the list, which contains what will be useful to me.

As to Boswell I do not think that any one has done him greater justice than myself. Certainly no one has more honestly endeavoured to do it — but I hardly think I shall agree in the kind of estimate of him which you hint at.

The Saturday Review was good enough to discover lately that I was not a Boswell — and I somehow felt it to be a compliment even from that quarter.

Yet I would rather have his book than any other single work published in these last two centuries.

The engravings are gone to-day to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly, and perhaps you will kindly send for them as soon as you conv^ly can.

Very truly yours,
JOHN FORSTER.

B. HILL, ESQ.

I wonder what has become of the million and more copies of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy which were scattered over England and America? Of one copy, finely bound in best morocco, I can tell the fate. It had been given to my wife, on leaving school, by one of her companions; for in those days of the world's innocence young ladies adored the mild Tupper. One idle morning, discovering this handsome volume on a bookshelf, I held a secret court of justice, and condemned it to much the same end as befell Don Quixote's books of chivalry. I had constituted myself sheriff and executioner as well as judge and jury; so I heated the poker red-hot, and bored the pages through. The covers I left uninjured. I then restored the book to its proper place, where it slumbered peacefully for some months, or perhaps years. A day came at last when our first-born, having taken it down to use it as a brick in building a house, brought it, with awe-stricken eyes, to her mother. In my undergraduate days I once heard Mr. Swinburne mock his brother bard by playfully maintaining that he had seen a book advertised with the title The Poet, the Proverbialist, and the Philosopher, or Selections from the Writings of Solomon, Shakespeare, and Martin F. Tupper. Of such a selection and such a title Tupper would have been quite capable. In a free rendering of "Non omnis moriar" he joins himself with Horace and Shakespeare, as all three destined to immortality. A slight but amusing instance of his vanity was told me by a friend of mine, who was taking part in the election of the representatives to Parliament of the University of Oxford. Tupper, who had come up to vote, with an air of importance had given in his name. The official, not catching it, asked him to repeat it. With great dignity, but yet with a certain plaintive tone, as if such a question should not have had to be put to so famous a man, he deliberately said, "Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet." Of the vanity shown in the following letter his was not a solitary instance: a poetess, who had not mastered enough of her art to count on her fingers the number of feet in her verses, was convinced, like him, that Gordon, beset as he was in Khartoum, would be cheered by her poetry, if only I could manage to break through the blockade and transmit it to him. Tupper wrote as follows: —

UNDERHILL, CINTRA PARK,
UPPER NORWOOD,
Sep. 9, 1884.

DEAR SIR, — I am deep in your most interesting "autotype" of the great and good Gordon, and commend you heartily for your wise and true book. In proof that I am fully of your mind as to the hero I send you enclosed my latest stave in his honour (having written several, published in the Globe, Morning Post, etc.), and if by possibility you can

get one of these to reach him at Khartoum it might help to cheer him.

I would give you other staves of mine about Gordon, but I cannot lay hands on them; if you care to see them I could perhaps tell you the newspaper dates when they appeared.

Believe me to be
Truly your well-wisher,
MARTIN F. TUPPER.

G. B. HILL, ESQ.

In my undergraduate days, a friendly band of young pre-Raphaelite painters, as a work of love, covered the walls of the new debating-room of the Oxford Union Society with frescoes, and the ceiling with a graceful pattern. The leaders among these enthusiasts were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Arthur Hughes, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and Valentine Prinsep. Unhappily, they began to paint when the walls were not thoroughly dry; before many years had gone by the frescoes were almost ruined by the dampness. Rossetti left his work incomplete. Throughout his life it far too frequently happened that he did not finish even the pictures for which he was paid, if he had received the money in advance. That which had been begun in enthusiasm was little likely to bind him fast. The undergraduates were not satisfied with an imperfect panel, and, in their simplicity, hired a man to complete the great painter's work. In one of the patterns on the ceiling Rossetti had drawn a comical likeness of William Morris. It was so inconspicuous that it was little likely to be discovered by any chance observer. I often pointed it out to my friends, till a summer vacation came when the undergraduates had the whole ceiling repainted, with as much indifference as if the original work had been done by a set of oil-and-color men.

In June, 1858, I rowed down the Thames from Oxford to a village on the outskirts of London, in company with Mr. Morris and another friend. With the improvidence of youth, by the time we reached Henley we had spent all our money. One of the three had a watch-chain, on which he raised enough to enable us, with close economy, to continue our voyage. The weather was unusually hot. I have not forgotten the longing glances cast on a large basket of strawberries at Henley, and on many a tavern on the bank as we rowed by, as effectually constrained as ever was Ulysses not to listen to their siren call. It was through no earthly paradise that the young poet and artist and his companions passed on the afternoon of their last day. When we reached the landing-stage where we were to leave our boat, our common stock of money amounted to just one penny. We were still seven or eight miles from our destination; but by neither train nor omnibus would our empty pockets allow us to travel, so we hired a cab, the fare of which we could pay when we reached our friends. We were, I well remember, in some alarm lest we should have to pass through a toll-gate. Though these gates were common enough in those days, our road, happily, lay clear of them. At last we arrived at one of the old houses in Red Lion Square, where Rossetti and Burne-Jones occupied the first story.[1] At night five mattresses were spread on the carpetless floor, and there I slept amidst painters and poets.

The following undated letter was written by Rossetti soon after the publication of the illustrated edition of Tennyson's Poems. "Ned" is Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Tuesday.

DEAR ——: And how goes it with you? And are you going it still at your picture?

You know our little Exhibition opens here on Monday, and I want much to send the *Blue Closet*, as every one so ad-

[1] It was the story above the ground floor; in America it is more properly called the second.

vises. Could you get at it *at once* for me, and have it sent to London by *Friday* — to 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square? Will you now? Do. I am going to send several others but I hardly know which yet.

Would you believe — but you will easily — that *The Seven Towers* is not done yet? However perhaps it may be at Russell Place still. I 've got rid of its *black* stage I hope, and should have done it long ago, had it not been for interruptions, chiefly about this Exhibition. Nor have I done anything else. Should n't I like to come to Oxford, — and ain't I seedy! but I must touch up drawings now till Monday. *Friday* is the hanging day — so *Blue Closet* should be there by then.

You know no doubt of Ned's ups and downs. I hope he 's getting round — not in the wombat sense however — that seems far off indeed.

Let me hear from you.

Yours affectionately

D. G. Rossetti.

Have you seen the Tennyson? I loathes mine.

"I loathes" was, if I remember rightly, a common saying of Rossetti's. Perhaps he had found it in some novel of the time.

The following letter was written to my father, a schoolmaster, by Lytton Bulwer, who was looking out for a school for his little son, the late Lord Lytton. What answer my father sent I do not know; at all events, the boy was not put under his care. A century earlier, the Earl of Chesterfield had spared no pains in training his son for the career for which Bulwer destined his boy, but he had worse material to deal with. Young Stanhope rose to no higher post than that of envoy at the court of Dresden, while Lord Lytton, little more than thirty years after the date of his father's letter, had gained the highest prize open to English diplomatists. He was our ambassador to the French republic. I offered to send him his father's letter when he was in Paris, thinking that he might care to use it in writing his life. The reply which he sent I subjoin.

Sir, — . . . May I further ask — 1st supposing a boy enter at the age of nine, with good abilities and an inclination towards study, — able to read, write and construe the easier French writers with some fluency, but ignorant of the rudiments of Latin — what will probably be his progress in the Classics and general attainments at the age of 12? And secondly at what age would you propose that he should learn to speak the principal modern languages — i. e. French, German, and Italian?

I may as well perhaps add in explanation of my own pertinacity on this last head, that I contemplate for this young pupil the career of Diplomacy — in which to speak French almost as a native is an absolute essential — and an accurate and fluent mastery of the other languages highly desirable.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yr obliged Sert.

E. Lytton Bulwer.

Post Office, Cheltenham,
Nov. 2, 1841.

Bulwer, it may be noticed, in writing "honor" followed the American, and not the ordinary English spelling of that word.

British Embassy, Paris,
*Oct*er 4, 1873.

Sir, — Pray pardon my delay, occasioned by a heavy pressure of official business, in acknowledging the receipt of yr letter of the 20th ult. I am much obliged by yr considerate offer to allow me to look at the letter therein referred to as having been written by my father to yours. If you have no objection to forward it to the above address I will return it to you as soon as I have read it.

Yrs truly, Lytton.

I have a touching memorial of a Polish exile who had escaped from his country after the unsuccessful rising of 1830. My father sought by preference his French masters among these unhappy men. One of them made the boys a farewell address at the prize-giving before the Christmas holidays. "And forever remember the banished Pole" were the last words I heard from my teacher. They touched me as a child, and, though it is nearly fifty years since I heard them, they touch me still. To an invitation to a dance he sent the following answer: —

"'Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?'
(L. Byron.)

"Miss —— and Mr. —— will have the kindness to excuse Bryzinski's absence at the evening party, since his wounds after leaving his home are not yet healed, and the view of enlivened company might cause him, by recalling the past, still greater pain under which he is continually labouring. All destroying time will perhaps calm his mournful heart, and then he will be able to share gayety of others, whereas now his sadness might be unpleasant and diminish the liveliness of enjoying company."

More than thirty years later my father received from him a far happier letter. He was no longer eating the bitter bread of exile. An amnesty had allowed him to return to his home.

George Birkbeck Hill.

THRIFT.

It was that moment in the end of March when the firm Canadian snow roads suddenly change their surface, and become a chain of miniature rivers and lakes, interspersed by islands and bogs.

A young priest had started out of the city of Montreal to walk to the suburb of Point St. Charles. He was in great haste, so he kilted up his long black petticoats, and hopped and skipped at a brisk pace. The hard problems of life had not yet assailed him; he had that set of the shoulders that belongs to a good conscience and an easy mind; his face was rosy-cheeked and serene.

Behind him lay the hillside city, with its gray towers and spires and snow-clad mountain. All along his way, budding maple-trees swayed their branches over his head; on the twigs of some there was the scarlet moss of opening flowers, some were tipped with red buds, and some were gray. The March wind was surging through them; the March clouds were flying overhead, — light gray clouds, with no rain in them, veil of mist above veil, and each filmy web traveling at a pace of its own. The road began as a street, crossed railway tracks and a canal, ran between fields, and again was bordered by houses. The houses were of brick or stone, poor and ugly; the snow in the fields was sodden with water; the road —

"I wish that the holy prophet Elijah would come to this Jordan with his mantle," thought the priest to himself, "or Joshua, or Moses."

These were pious thoughts, and he skipped and splashed and waded along conscientiously. He had been sent on an errand, and had to return to discharge a still more important duty in the same afternoon.

This suburb consisted chiefly of workmen's houses and factories, but there were some ambitious-looking terraces. The priest stopped at a brick dwelling of fair size; it had an aspect of flaunting respectability. Lintel and casements

were shining with varnish, cheap starched curtains decked every window. When the priest had rung a bell which jingled inside, the door was opened by a young woman. She was not a servant; her dress was furbelowed, and her hair was most elaborately dressed; she was, moreover, evidently Protestant. She held the door, and surveyed the visitor with an air that was meant to show easy independence of manner, but was in fact insolent.

The priest had a slip of paper in his hand and referred to it. "Mrs. O'Brien?" he asked.

"I 'm not Mrs. O'Brien," she replied, looking at something which interested her in the street.

A loud voice, belonging as it seemed to a middle-aged woman, made itself heard. "Louisy, if it 's a Cath'lic priest, take him right in to your gran'ma; it 's him she 's expecting."

A moment's stare of surprise and contempt, and the young woman led the way through a gay and cheaply furnished parlor, past the door of a best bedroom which stood open to show the frills on the pillows, into a room in the back wing. She opened the door with a jerk, and stared again as the priest passed her. She was a handsome girl; the young priest did not like to be despised; within his heart he sighed, and said a short prayer for the virtue of patience.

He entered a room that had nothing of the attempt at elegance of the front part of the house; plain as a cottage kitchen, it was warm and comfortable withal. A large bed with patchwork quilt stood in a corner, and in an iron stove logs crackled and sparked. The air was hot and dry, but the priest, being accustomed to the atmosphere of stoves, did not mind it; indeed, he noticed nothing but the room's one inmate, who from the first moment compelled his whole attention.

In a wooden armchair, dressed in a black petticoat and a scarlet bedgown, sat a strong old woman. Weakness was there as well, certainly, for she could not leave her chair, and the palsy of excitement was shaking her head; but the one idea conveyed to the eye in every wrinkle of the aged face and hands, in every line of the bowed figure, was strength. One brown, toil-worn hand held the head of a thick walking-stick, which she rested on the floor, well in front of her, as if about to rise and walk forward. Her brown face, nose and chin strongly defined, was stretched forward as the visitor entered; her eyes, black and commanding, carried with them something of that authoritative spell that is commonly attributed to a commanding mind. Great physical size or power this woman apparently had never had, but she looked the very embodiment of a superior strength.

"Shut the door; shut the door behind ye." These were the first words that the youthful confessor heard; and then, as he advanced, "You 're young," she said, peering into his face. Without a moment's intermission further orders were given him: "Be seated, be seated. Take a chair by the fire, and put up your wet feet. It is from Father Macleod, of St. Patrick's Church, that ye 've come?"

The young man, whose boots were well soaked with ice-water, was not loath to put them up on the edge of the stove. It was not at all his idea of a priestly visit to a woman who had represented herself as dying, but it is a large part of wisdom to take things as they come, until it is necessary to interfere.

"You wrote, I think, to Father Macleod, saying that as the priests of this parish are French, and you speak English" —

She seemed to be hurried into the midst of what she had to say by some current of excitement that pushed her onward, as a hurricane compels the speed of bodies that fly before it.

"'T was Father Maloney — him that

had St. Patrick's before Father Macleod — who married me; so I just thought, before I died, I 'd let one of ye know a thing concerning that marriage that I 've never told to mortal soul. Sit ye still and keep your feet to the fire; there 's no need for a young man like you to be taking your death with the wet because I 've a thing to say to ye."

"You are not a Catholic now?" said he, raising his eyebrows with intelligence as he glanced at a Bible and hymn-book that lay on the floor beside her.

He was not unaccustomed to meeting perverts; it was impossible to have any intense emotion about so frequent an occurrence; her manner of treating him had already made clear that religious help was not the object of this appointed interview. He had had a long walk, and the hot air of the room made him somewhat sleepy; if it had not been for the fever and excitement of her mind, he might not have picked up more than the main facts of the information she gave. As it was, his attention wandered for some minutes from the words that came from the palsied lips. It did not wander from her; he was thinking who she might be, and whether she was really about to die or not, and whether he had not better ask Father Macleod to come and see her himself. This last thought indicated that she impressed him as a person of more importance and interest than had been supposed when he had been sent to hear what she had to say.

All the time, fired by a resolution to tell a tale for the first and last time, the old woman, steadying as much as she might her shaking head, and leaning forward to look at the priest with bleared yet flashing eyes, was pouring out words whose articulation was often indistinct. Her hand upon her staff was constantly moving, as if she were going to rise and walk; her body seemed about to spring forward with the impulse of her thoughts; the very folds of the scarlet bedgown were instinct with excitement.

The priest's attention returned to her words.

"Yes, marry, and marry, and marry, — that 's what you priests, in my young days, were forever preaching to us poor folk. It was our duty to multiply and fill the new land with good Cath'lics. Father Maloney, that was his doctrine, and me a young girl, just come out from the old country with my parents and six children younger than me. Had n't I had enough of young children to nurse, and me wanting to begin life in a new place respectable, and get up a bit in the world? Oh yes; but Father Maloney, he was on the lookout for a wife for Terry O'Brien. He was a widow man with five little helpless things, and drunk most of the time was Terry, and with no spirit in him to do better. Oh, but what did that matter to Father Maloney, when it was the good of the Church he was looking for, wanting O'Brien's family looked after? O'Brien was a good, kind fellow, so Father Maloney said, and you 'll never hear me say a word against that. So Father Maloney got round my mother and my father and me, and married me to O'Brien; and the first year I had a baby, and the second year I had another, so on and so on, and there 's not a soul in this world can say but that I did well by the five that were in the house when I came to it.

"Oh, house! D' ye think it was one house he kept over our heads? No, but we moved from one room to another, not paying the rent. Well, and what sort of a training could the children get? Father Maloney, he talked fine about bringing them up for the Church. Did he come in and wash them when I was abed? Did he put clothes on their backs? No, and fine and angry he was when I told him that that was what he ought to have done! Oh, but Father Maloney and I went at it up and down many a day; for when I was wore out with the anger inside me, I 'd go and tell him what I thought of the marriage

he 'd made, and in a passion he 'd get at a poor thing like me teaching him duty!

"Not that I was ever more than half sorry for the marriage myself, because of O'Brien's children, poor things, that he had before I came to them; likely young ones they were, too, and handsome. What would they have done if I had n't been there to put them out of the way when O'Brien was drunk and knocking them round, or to put a bit of stuff together to keep them from nakedness?

"'Well,' said Father Maloney to me, 'why is n't it to O'Brien that you talk with your scolding tongue?' Faix, and what good was it to speak to O'Brien, I 'd like to know? Did you ever try to cut water with a knife, or to hurt a feather-bed by striking at it with your fist? A nice good-natured man was Terry O'Brien, — I 'll never say that he was n't that, except when he was drunk, which was most of the time; but he 'd no more backbone to him than a worm. That was the sort of husband Father Maloney married me to!

"The children kept a-coming till we 'd nine of them, — that 's with the five I found ready to hand, — and the elder ones getting up and needing to be set out in the world; and what prospect was there for them? What could I do for them, me always with an infant in my arms? Yet 't was me, and no other, that gave them the bit and sup they had, for I went out to work; but how could I save anything to fit decent clothes on them, and it was n't much work I could do, what with the babies always coming, and sick and ailing they were half the time. The Sisters would come from the convent to give me charity. 'T was precious little they gave, and lectured me, too, for not being more submiss'! And I did n't want their charity; I wanted to get up in the world. I 'd wanted that before I was married, and now I wanted it for the children. Likely girls the two eldest were, and the boy just beginning to go the way of his father; but he had ten times more spirit in him."

She came to a sudden stop, and breathed hard; the strong old face was still stretched out to the priest in her eagerness; the staff was swaying to and fro beneath the tremulous hand. She had poured out her words so quickly that there was in his own chest a feeling of answering breathlessness, yet he still sat regarding her placidly, with the serenity of healthy youth.

She did not give him long rest. "What did I see around me?" she demanded. "I saw people that had begun life no better than myself getting up and getting up, having a shop, maybe, or sending their children to the Normal School to learn to be teachers, or getting them into this business or that, and mine with never so much as knowing how to read, for they had n't the shoes to put on. And I had n't it in me to better them and myself. I knew I 'd be strong if it was n't for the babies, and I knew too that I 'd do a kinder thing for each child I had to strangle it at its birth than to bring it on to know nothing and be nothing but a poor wretched thing like Terry O'Brien himself."

At the word "strangle" the young priest took his feet from the ledge in front of the fire and changed his easy attitude, sitting up straight and looking severe.

"It 's not that I blamed O'Brien overmuch; he 'd just had the same sort of bringing-up himself, and his father before him, and when he was sober a very nice man he was; it was spiritiness he lacked; but if he 'd had more spiritiness, he 'd have been a wickeder man, for what is there to give a man sense in a rearing like that? If he 'd been a wickeder man, I 'd have had more fear to do with him the thing I did. But he was just a good sort of creature, without sense enough to keep steady, or to know what the children were wanting; not a notion he had n't but that they 'd got all

they needed, and I had it in me to better them. Will ye dare to say that I had n't?

"After Terry O'Brien went, I had them all set out in the world, married or put to work with the best, and they 've got ahead. All but O'Brien's eldest son, every one of them have got ahead of things. I could n't put the spirit into him as I could into the littler ones and into the girls. Well, but he 's the only black sheep of the seven; for two of them died. All that 's living but him are doing well, doing well," — she nodded her head in triumph, — "and their children doing better than them, as ought to be. Some of them are ladies and gentlemen, real quality. Oh, ye need n't think I don't know the difference!" Some thought expressed in the priest's face had evidently made its way with lightning speed to her brain. "My daughter that lives here is all well enough, and her girl handsome and able to make her way, but I tell you there 's some of my grandchildren that 's as much above her in the world as she is above poor Terry O'Brien, — young people that speak soft when they come to see their poor old granny, and read books. Oh, I know the difference! Oh, I know very well! Not but what my daughter here is well-to-do, and there 's not one of them all but has a respect for me." She nodded again triumphantly, and her eyes flashed. "They know, they know very well how I set them out in the world. And they come back for advice to me, old as I am, and see that I want for nothing. I 've been a good mother to them, and a good mother makes good children, and grandchildren too."

There was another pause, in which she breathed hard. The priest grasped the point of the story. He asked, "What became of O'Brien?"

"I drowned him."

The priest stood up in a rigid and clerical attitude.

"I tell you I drowned him."

She had changed her position to suit his, and with the supreme excitement of telling what she had never told there seemed to come to her the power to sit erect. Her eagerness was not that of self-vindication; it was the feverish exaltation with which old age glories over bygone achievement.

"I 'd never have thought of it if it had n't been O'Brien himself that put it into my head. But the children had a dog; 't was little enough they had to play with, and the beast was useful in his way, too, for he could mind the baby at times. But he took to ailing, — like enough it was from want of food; and I was for nursing him up a bit and bringing him round, but O'Brien said that he 'd put him into the canal. 'T was one Sunday that he was at home sober, for when he was drunk I could handle him so that he could n't do much harm. So says I, 'And why is he to be put in the canal?'

"Says he, 'Because he 's doing no good here.'

"So says I, 'Let the poor beast live, for he does no harm.'

"Then says he, 'But it 's harm he does taking the children's meat and their place by the fire.'

"And says I, 'Are ye not afraid to hurry an innocent creature into the next world?' For the dog had that sense he was like one of the children to me.

"Then said Terry O'Brien, for he had a wit of his own, 'And if he 's an innocent creature, he 'll fare well where he goes.'

"Then said I, 'He 's done his sins like the rest of us, no doubt.'

"Then says he, 'The sooner he 's put where he can do no more, the better.'

"So with that he put a string round the poor thing's neck, and took him away to where there was holes in the ice of the canal, just as there is to-day, for it was the same season of the year; and the children all cried, and thinks I to myself, 'If it was the dog that was going to put their father into the water,

they would cry less,' for he had a peevish temper in drink, which was most of the time.

"So then I knew what I would do. 'T was for the sake of the children that were crying about me that I did it; and I looked up to the sky, and I said to God and the holy saints that for Terry O'Brien and his children 't was the best deed I could do; and the words that we said about the poor beast rang in my head, for they fitted to O'Brien himself, every one of them.

"So you see it was just the time when the ice was still thick on the water, — six inches thick, maybe; but where anything had happened to break it, the edges were melting into large holes. And the next night, when it was late and dark, I went to the tavern myself to fetch O'Brien home.

"He was just in that state that he could walk, but he had n't the sense of a child, and we came by the canal, for there 's a road along it all winter long; but there were places where, if you went off the road, you fell in, and there were placards up saying to take care, but Terry O'Brien had n't the sense to remember them. I led him to the edge, and then I came on without him. He was too drunk to feel the pain of the gasping. So I went home.

"There was n't a creature lived near for a mile then, and in the morning I gave out that I was afraid he 'd got drowned, so they broke the ice and took him up. And I had a little money laid by, and I buried him well. There was just one person that grieved for Terry O'Brien. Many 's the day I grieved for him, for I was accustomed to have him about me, and I missed him, like, and I wore blacks, as a widow should, and I said in my heart, 'Terry, wherever ye may be, I have done the best deed for you and your children; for if you were innocent, you have gone to a better place, and if it were sin to live as you did, the less of it you have on your soul the better for you; and as for the children, poor lambs, I can give them a start in the world, now I am rid of you.' That 's what I said in my heart to O'Brien at first when I grieved for him; and then the years passed, and I worked too hard to be thinking of him.

"And now when I sit here facing the death for myself, and can look out of my windows there back and see the canal, I say to Terry again, as if I was coming face to face with him, that I did the best deed that I could do for him and his. I broke with the Cath'lic Church long ago, for I could n't go to confess; and many 's the year that I never thought of religion. But now that I 'm going to die, I try to read the books my daughter's minister gives me, and I look to God and say that I 've sins on my soul, but the drowning of O'Brien, as far as I know right from wrong, is n't one of them."

The young priest had an idea that the occasion demanded some strong form of speech, but precisely what he did not know. "Woman," he said, "what have you told me this for?"

The strength of her excitement was subsiding. In its wane the afflictions of her age seemed to be let loose upon her again. Her words came more thickly, her gaunt frame trembled more, but not for one moment did her eye flinch before his youthful severity.

"I hear that you priests are at it yet. Marry, and marry, and marry, — that 's what ye teach the poor folks that will do your bidding, in order that the new country may be filled with Cath'lics; and I thought, before I died, I 'd just let ye know how one such marriage turned out; and, as he did n't come himself, you may go home and tell Father Macleod that, God helping me, I have told you the truth."

The next day an elderly priest approached the door of the same house. His hair was gray, his shoulders were bent, his face was furrowed with those

benign lines which tell that the pain which has graven them is that sympathy which accepts as its own the sorrows of others. Father Macleod had come far, because he had a word to say, a word of pity and of sympathy, that he hoped might yet touch an unrepentant heart, and which he felt was due to this wandering soul from the Church he represented, whether repentance should be the result or not.

When he rang the bell, it was not the young girl, but her mother, who answered the door. Her face, which told of ordinary comfort and good cheer, bore marks of recent tears.

"Do you know," asked the Father curiously, "what statement it was that your mother communicated to my friend who was here yesterday?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Your mother was yesterday in her usual health and sound mind?" he interrogated gently.

"She was indeed, sir," and she wiped a tear.

"I should like to see your mother," persisted he; "but first, are you in distress?"

"She had a stroke in the night, sir; she 's lying easy now, but she knows no one, and the doctor says she 'll never hear, or see, or speak again."

The old man sighed deeply.

"If I may make so bold, sir, will you tell me what business it was my mother had with the young man yesterday, or with yourself?"

"It is not well that I should tell you," he replied; and he went away.

L. Dougall.

MARS.

IV. OASES.

Suggestive of irrigation as the strange network of lines that covers the surface of Mars appears to be, the suggestion takes on more definite shape yet with the last addition to our knowledge of the planet's surface detail, — the recognition of a singularly correlated system of spots.

The canals, as we have seen, show a remarkable attachment to their kind. Not content with such casual meetings as chance would afford them in the course of their long careers, they make a point of rendezvousing as often and in as great numbers as possible. Indeed, the ingenuity with which they manage to combine unswerving rectitude with meetings by the way grows more and more marvelous, the more one studies it. The meeting-places, or junctions, evidently possess an attraction for the canals. The crossings, in fact, seem to be the end and aim of the whole system; the canals, but means to that end. So much is at once inferable from the great intrinsic improbability that such crossings can be due to chance.

The inference receives, apparently, striking verification from a something which turns out to exist at these junctions. This something shows itself as a round or ovate spot. To such spot, planted there in the midst of the desert, do the neighboring canals converge.

Dotted all over the reddish-ochre ground of the great desert stretches of the planet, the so-called continents of Mars, are an innumerable number of dark circular or ovate spots. They appear, furthermore, always in intimate association with the canals. They constitute so many hubs to which the canals make

spokes. These spots, together with the canals that lead to them, are the only markings to be seen anywhere on the continental regions. Otherwise the great reddish-ochre areas are absolutely bare; of that pale fire-opal hue which marks our own deserts seen from far.

That these two things, straight lines and roundish spots, should, with our present telescopic means, be the sole markings to appear on the vast desert regions of the planet is suggestive in itself.

Another significant fact as to the character of either marking is the manifest association of the two. In spite of the great number of the spots, not one of them stands isolate. There is not a single instance of a spot that is not connected by a canal to the rest of the dark areas. This remarkable inability to stand alone shows that the spots and the canals are not unrelated phenomena, for were there no tie between them they must occasionally exist apart.

Nor is this all. There is, apparently, no spot that is not joined to the rest of the system, not only by a canal, but by more than one; for though some spots, such as the Fountain of Youth, have appeared at first to be provided with but a single canal connection, later observation has revealed concurrence in the case. The spots are, therefore, not only part and parcel of the canal system, but terminal phenomena of the same.

They are, generally speaking, more difficult features to see than the canals. In consequence, they have been among the most recent details to be made out upon the planet's surface. It was not until 1892, at Arequipa, that they were seen in anything like their real numbers. Of them, indeed, are the forty lakes found by Professor W. H. Pickering. This year, at Flagstaff, still others have been discovered, to detection of their character, as I think.

In the first place, as I have said, there appears to be no spot that has not two or more canals running to it; in the second place, I find, reversely, that apparently no canal junction is without its spot. Such association is a most tell-tale circumstance. I believe the rule to have no exception. The more prominent junctions all show spots; and with regard to the less conspicuous ones, it is to be remembered that, as the canals are more easy to make out than the spots, the relative invisibility of the latter is to be expected. From which it would seem that the spots are fundamental features of the junctions, and that for a junction to be spotless is, from its very nature, an impossibility.

Next to their regularity of position is to be remarked their regularity of form. Their typical shape seems to be circular; for the better the atmosphere, the rounder they look. Under poor seeing they show as irregular patches smooching the disc, much as the canals themselves show as streaks; the spots differing from the canals in being thicker and not so long. As the seeing improves, the patches differentiate themselves into round dots and connecting lines. Such is the shape of the spots associated with single canals; that is, canals not double. In the case of the double canals, the spots look like rectangles with the corners rounded off. One of the most striking of all of them is the Trivium Charontis, which is nearly square.

Now it will be noticed that these shapes are as unnatural as they are definite, and that they all agree in one peculiarity: they are all convex, not concave, to the entering canals. They are not, therefore, mere enlargements of the canals, due to natural causes; for were the spots enlargements of the canals at their crossing points they should be more or less star-shaped, or concave to the canals, whereas they are round, or roundish rectangles, — that is, convex to the same. Such convexity negatives, at the outset, their being purely natural outgrowths of the canals.

The majority of the spots are from

120 to 150 miles in diameter; thus presenting a certain uniformity in size as well as in shape. There are some smaller ones, not more than 75 miles across, or less.

To the spot category belong all the markings other than canals to be seen anywhere on the continental deserts of the planet, from the great Lake of the Sun, which is 540 miles long by 300 miles broad, to the tiny Fountain of Youth, which is barely distinguishable as a dot. That all are fundamentally of a kind is hinted at by their shape and emphasized by their character, a point to which we shall come in a moment.

To this end, we will start with an account of where and how they begin to show; for, like the canals, they are not permanent markings, but temporary phenomena. It is in the region about the Solis Lacus that they appear first. The Solis Lacus, or Lake of the Sun, is perhaps the most striking marking on Mars. It is an oval spot in lat. 28° S., with its greater diameter nearly perpendicular to the meridians, and encircled by an elliptical ring of reddish-ochre land, which in turn is bordered on the south by the blue-green regions of the south temperate zone. The whole configuration is such as to simulate a gigantic eye which uncannily turns round upon one as the planet slowly revolves. It is so conspicuous a feature of the disc that it has been recognized for a great many years. The resemblance to an eye is further borne out by a cordon of canals that surround it on the north. Upon this cordon, composed chiefly of the Araxes and the Agathodæmon, are beaded a number of spots, two of them, the Phœnix and the Tithonus lakes, being conspicuously prominent. Closer scrutiny reveals several more of the same sort, only smaller. These are all interconnected by a network of canals. Now just as it is in this region that the canals first show, so likewise is it here that the spots first make their appearance.

Although it was here that at this last opposition the spots were first seen, it was not here that their character and purpose became apparent. It was not until later in the season, when the Eumenides-Orcus began to give evidence of being yet more peculiarly beaded, that the true nature of the spots suggested itself.

The Eumenides-Orcus is a very long and important canal, connecting the Phœnix Lake with the Trivium Charontis. It is so long, 3540 miles from one end of it to the other, that although it starts in lat. 16° N., and ends in lat. 12° S., it belts the disc not many degrees inclined to the equator. For a great distance it runs parallel to the northern coast of the Sea of the Sirens. From this coast several canals strike down to it; some stopping at it, others continuing on down the disc. Especially is the western end of the sea, called the Gulf of the Titans, a point of departure for canals; no less than six of them, and doubtless more, leaving the gulf in variously radiating directions. At the place where these canals severally cross the Eumenides-Orcus, I began in November to see spots. I also saw others along the Pyriphlegethon, an important canal leading in a more northerly direction from the Phœnix Lake; along the Gigas, a great canal running from the Gulf of the Titans all the way to the Lake of the Moon; and along other canals in the same region. I then noticed that the spots to the north of the Solis Lacus region had darkened, since August, relatively to the more southern ones. In short, I became aware both of a great increase in the number of spots, and of an increase in tint in the spots previously seen.

It was apparent that the spots were part and parcel of the canal system, and that in the matter of varying visibility they took after the canals, — chronologically, very closely after them; for a comparison of the two leads me to be-

lieve that the spots make their appearance subsequent, although but little subsequent, to the canals which conduct to them.

Furthermore, the spots, like the canals, grow in conspicuousness with time. Now when we consider that nothing, practically, has changed between us and them in the interval; that there has been no symptom of cloud or other obscuration, before or after, over the place where they eventually appear, we are led to the conclusion that, like the canals, they grow.

Indeed, in the history of their development the two features seem quite similar. Both grow, and both follow the same order and method in their growth. Both are affected by one progressive change that sweeps over the face of the planet from the pole to the equator, and then from the equator toward the other pole. In the case of the southern hemisphere, it is, as we have just seen, the most southern spots, like the most southern canals, that appear first after the melting of the polar snows. Then gradually others begin to show farther and farther north. The quickening of the spots, like the quickening of the canals, is a seasonal affair. But there is more in it than this. It takes place in a manner to imply that something more immediate than the change in the seasons is concerned in it; immediate not in time, but in relation to the result. A comparison of the behavior of three spots — the Phœnix Lake, the spot at the junction of the Iris and the Gigas, at the upper extremity of Ceraunius, and a spot where the Steropes, a newly found canal, and the Nilus meet — will serve to point out what this something is. The Phœnix Lake lies in lat. 17° S., the upper Ceraunius in lat. 12° N., and the spot on the Steropes in lat. 28° N. In August of last year, the first of these markings was very conspicuous, the second but moderately so, while the third was barely discernible. By November, the Phœnix Lake had become less salient, Ceraunius relatively more so, and the spot on the Steropes nearly as evident as Ceraunius had formerly been. In the Martian calendar, the August observation corresponded to our 20th of June, the November one to our 1st of August, of the southern hemisphere; or to our 20th of December and 1st of February, respectively, of the northern one. All three spots were practically within the equatorial regions. Now, on earth, no such marked progression in seasonal change occurs within the tropics. With us, it is to all intents and purposes equally green there the year through. On Mars it is not. Clearly, some more definite factor than the seasons enters into the matter upon our neighbor world.

That this factor is water seems, from the behavior of the blue-green areas generally, to be pretty certain. But just as the so-called seas are undoubtedly not seas, nor the canals waterways, so the spots are not lakes. Their mode of growth, so far as it may be discerned, confirms this conclusion. Apparently, it is not so much by an increase in size as by a deepening in tint that they gradually become recognizable. They start, it would seem, as big as they are to be, but faint in tone, premonitory shades of their future selves. They then proceed to substantialize by darkening in tint throughout. Now, to deepen thus in color with one consent all over would be a peculiar thing for a lake to do. For had the lake appreciable depth to start with, it should always be visible; and had it not, its bed would have to be phenomenally level to permit of its being all flooded at once. If, however, the spots be not bodies of water, but areas of verdure, their deepening in tint throughout is perfectly explicable, since the darkening would be the natural result of a simultaneous growth of vegetation. This inference is further borne out by the fact that to the spot class belong unquestionably those larger oval markings of which the Lake of the Sun is the most conspicuous

example. For both are associated in precisely the same manner with the canal system. Each spot is a centre of canal connections in exactly the way in which the Solis Lacus or the Phœnix Lake itself is. But the light coming from the Solis Lacus and the Phœnix Lake showed, in Professor W. H. Pickering's observations, no sign of polarization such as a sheet of water should show, and such as the polar sea actually did show.

When we put all these phenomena together, — the presence of the spots at the junctions of the canals, their strangely systematic shapes, their seasonal darkening, and last, but not least, the resemblance of the great continental regions of Mars to the deserts of the earth, — a solution of their character suggests itself at once: to wit, that they are oases in the midst of that desert, and not wholly innocent of design; for, in number, position, shape, and behavior, the oases turn out as typical and peculiar a feature of Mars as the canals themselves.

Each phenomenon is highly suggestive considered alone, but each acquires still greater significance from its association with the other; for here in the oases we have an end and object for the existence of canals, and the most natural one in the world, namely, that the canals are constructed for the express purpose of fertilizing the oases. Thus the mysterious rendezvousing of the canals at these special points is at once explicable. The canals rendezvous so entirely in defiance of the doctrine of chances because they were constructed to that end. They are not purely natural developments, but cases of assisted nature, just as they look to be at first sight. This, at least, is the only explanation that fully accounts for the facts. Of course all such evidence of design may be purely fortuitous, with about as much probability, as it has happily been put, as that a chance collection of numbers should take the form of the multiplication table.

In addition to this general dovetailing of detail to one conclusion is to be noticed the strangely economic character of both the canals and the oases in the matter of form. That the lines should follow arcs of great circles, whatever their direction, is as unnatural from a natural standpoint as it would be natural from an artificial one; for the arc of a great circle is the shortest distance from one point upon the surface of a sphere to another. It would, therefore, if topographically possible, be the course to take to conduct water, with the least expenditure of time or trouble, from the one to the other.

The circular shape of the oases is as directly economic as is the straightness of the canals; for the circle is the figure which incloses the maximum area for the minimum average distance from its centre to any point situated within it. In consequence, if a certain amount of country were to be irrigated, intelligence would suggest the circular form in preference to all others, in order thus to cover the greatest space with the least labor. In the case of the double canals, the same labor-saving intent would lead as instantly to a rounded rectangle.

Even more markedly unnatural is another phenomenon of this most phenomenal system, of which almost every one has heard, and which almost nobody has seen, — the double canals.

To see them, however, all that is needed is a sufficiently steady air, a sufficiently attentive observer, and the suitable season of the Martian year. When these conditions are observed, the sight may be seen without difficulty, and is every whit as strange as Schiaparelli, who first saw it, has described it.

So far as the observer is concerned, what occurs is this: Upon a part of the disc where up to that time a single canal has been visible, of a sudden, some night, in place of the single canal appear twin canals, — as like, indeed, as twins, if not more so, similar both in character and in inclination, running side by side the

whole length of the original canal, usually for upwards of a thousand miles, of the same size throughout, and absolutely parallel to each other. The pair may best be likened to the twin rails of a railroad track. The regularity of the thing is startling.

In good air the phenomenon is quite unmistakable. The two lines are as distinct and as distinctly parallel as possible. No draughtsman could draw them better. They are thoroughly Martian in their mathematical precision. At the very first glance, they convey, like all the other details of the canal system, the appearance of artificiality. It may be well to state this here definitely, for the benefit of such as, without having seen the canals, indulge in criticism about them. No one who has seen the canals well — and the well is all-important for bringing out the characteristics that give the stamp of artificiality, the straightness and fineness of the lines — would ever have any doubt as to their seeming artificial, however he might choose to blind himself to the consequences. An element akin to the comic enters criticism based not upon what the critics have seen, but upon what they have not. Books are reviewed without being read, to prevent prejudice; but it is rash to carry the same admirable broad-mindedness into scientific subjects.

In detail the doubles vary, chiefly, it would seem, in the distance the twin lines lie apart. In the widest I have seen, the Ganges, six degrees separate the two; in the narrowest, the Phison, four degrees and a quarter, — not a very great difference between the extremes. Four degrees and a quarter on Mars amount to 156 miles; six degrees, to 220. These, then, are the distances between the centres of the twin canals. Each canal seems a little less than a degree wide, or about 30 miles in the narrower instances; in the broader, a little more than a degree, or about 45 miles. Between the two lines, in the cases where the gemination, as it is called, is complete, lies reddish-ochre ground similar to the rest of the surface of the bright regions. Deducting the two half-widths of the bordering canals, we have, therefore, from 120 to 175 miles of clear country between the paralleling lines.

The gemination of a canal is a phenomenon individual to the particular canal. Each canal differs from its neighbor not only in the distance the lines lie apart, but in the time at which the duplication occurs. The event seems to depend both upon general seasonal laws governing all the duplications, and upon causes intrinsic to the canal itself. Within limits, each canal doubles at its own good time and after its own fashion. For example, although it seems to be a rule that north and south canals double before east and west ones, nevertheless, of two north and south lines, one will double, the other will not, synchronously with a doubling running east and west; the same is true of those running at any other inclination.

Now this shows that the duplication is not an optical illusion at this end of the line; for, by any double refraction here, all the lines running in the same direction over the disc should be similarly affected, which they are not. On the contrary, there will be, say, two cases of doubling in quite different directions coexistent with several single canals.

Nor is there any probability of its being a case of double refraction at the other end of the line, — that is, in the atmosphere of Mars; for in that case it is hard to see why all the lines should not be affected, to say nothing of the fact that, to render such double refraction possible, we must call upon a noumenon to help us out, as we know of no substance capable of the quality upon so huge a scale. Furthermore, what is cogent to the observer, though of no particular weight with his hearers, the phenomenon has no look of double refraction. It looks to be, what it undoubtedly is, a double existence.

Strengthening this conclusion is the mode of development of the doubling. This appears to take place in two ways, although it is possible that the two are but different instances of one and the same process. Of the first kind, during this last opposition, the Ganges was an example.

The Ganges was in an interesting protoplasmic condition during the whole of last summer. About to multiply by fission, it was not at first evident how this would take place. Hints of gemination were visible when I first looked at it in August. It showed then as a very broad but not dark swath of dusky color, of nearly uniform width from one extremity to the other, with sides suggestively even throughout. It is probable that they were then, as afterward, parallel, and that the slight convergence apparent at the bottom was due simply to foreshortening. The swath ran thus N. N. W. all the way from the Gulf of the Dawn to the Lake of the Moon. By moments of better seeing its two sides showed darker than its middle; that is, it was already double in embryo, with a dusky middle-ground between the twin lines.

In October the doubling had sensibly progressed. The double visions were more frequent, and the ground between the twin lines had grown lighter. By November the doubling was unmistakable, and the mid-clarification had become nearly complete. It is to be remarked that the doubling did not involve the Fons Juventæ and the canal leading to it, both of which lay well to the right of the Ganges. The space included between the East and West Ganges was very wide, some six degrees. The canals themselves were, so far as could be seen, quite similar, and about a degree, or 37 miles wide. Both started in the Gulf of the Dawn, and ran down to the lower Lake of the Moon, one entering each side of the lake, or oasis. Two thirds of the way down both similarly touched the sides of another oasis, an upper Lacus Lunæ. The whole length of each was 1200 miles.

Except for fleeting suspicions of gemination, and for possible doublings like the parallelism of the Styx and the Hades, the next canal to show double was the Nectar, which was so seen by Mr. Douglass on October 4, and under still better seeing, a few minutes later, the doubling was detected by him extending straight across the Solis Lacus. In the Solis Lacus this was evidently a case of mid-clarification. What occurred in the Nectar seems more allied to the second class of manifestations, such as happened later with the Euphrates and the Phison.

Glimpses of a dual state in these canals were caught during the summer and autumn, but it was not till the November presentation of the region that they came out unmistakably twinned. On the 18th of that month, just as the twilight was fading away, the air being very still and the definition exceptional, so soon as the sunset tremors subsided, the Euphrates and its neighbor the Phison showed beautifully doubled, exactly like two great railroad tracks with bright ground between, each set extending down the disc for a distance of 1600 miles.

After that evening, whenever the seeing was good enough, they continued to present the same appearance. Now with them no process of midway clarification, such as had taken place in the Ganges, had previously made itself manifest. They had indeed not been very well defined before duplication occurred, but apparently sufficiently so not to hide such broadening had it taken place; for though the twin canals were not as far apart as the two Ganges, they were quite comparably distant, being, instead of six, about four and a quarter degrees from each other. Evidently, the process was, in the case of the Euphrates at least, under way in October, and even earlier, but was not well seen because the twin canals were not yet dark enough.

There seem, I may remark parentheti-

cally, to be two other double canals in the region between the Syrtis Major and the Sabæus Sinus, one to the east of the Phison, and another between the Phison and the Euphrates, both debouching at the same points as the Phison and the Euphrates themselves.

On the 19th of November I suspected duplication in the Typhon, another canal in the same region. It looked to be double, with dusky ground between.

On the 21st I similarly suspected the Jamuna and the Nilokeras. Both looked broad and dusky, with very ill-defined condensation at the sides. But the seeing was not superlative. On the 22d I brought my observations to an end, in consequence of having to return East.

Exactly what takes place, therefore, in this curious process of doubling I cannot pretend to say. It has been suggested that a progressive ripening of vegetation from the centre to the edges might cause a broad swath of green to become seemingly two. There are facts, however, that do not tally with this view. For example, the Ganges was always broad, but fainter, not narrower, earlier in the season. The Phison, on the other hand, went through no such process. Indeed, we are here very much in the dark, certainly very far off from what does take place in Martian canal gemination. Perhaps we may learn considerably more about it at the next opposition. At this the tendril end of our knowledge of our neighbor we cannot expect hard wood.

To return now from these outposts of investigation to our main subject matter. We have seen what shows at one end of the canals, their inner end, namely, the oases. But it seems that there is also something exceptional at the other. At the mouth of each canal, at the edge of the so-called seas, appears a curious dark spot of the form of a half-filled angle; the sort of a mark with which one checks items on a list. Its form is singularly appropriate, according to mundane ideas, for it appears before the canal itself is visible, as if to mark the spot where the canal will eventually be. It lies in the so-called seas, and looks to be of the same color as they, but deeper in tint.

All the canals that debouch into the dark regions are provided with these terminal triangles, except those that lead out of long estuaries, like the Nilosyrtis, the Hiddekel, the Gehon, and so forth. The double canals are provided with twin triangles. That the triangular patches are phenomena connected with the canals is evident from the fact that they never appear elsewhere. What exact purpose they serve is not so clear, but it would seem to be that of reservoirs or relay stations for the water before it enters the canals; what we see, upon this supposition, being not the station or reservoir itself, but the specially fertile area round it.

That, in addition to being in a way oases themselves, they serve some such purpose as the above is further hinted at by two facts: first, that whereas the oases develop, apparently, after the canals leading to them, the triangular spots develop before the canals that lead out of them; second, Mr. Douglass finds that it is in them that the canals in the dark regions terminate. They are the end of the one system at the same time that they are the beginning of the other. They would, therefore, seem to be way-stations of some sort on the road taken by the water from the polar cap to the equator.

Paralleling in appearance the oases in the bright regions are round spots that occur at the junctions of the canals in the dark ones. Speaking figuratively, these are the heads of the nails in the coffin of the idea that the seas are seas; since, if the blue-green color came from water, there could not be permanent darker dots upon it connected by equally dark streaks. Speaking unfiguratively, this shows that the whole system of canals and specially fertilized spots is not confined to the deserts, but extends in a

modified form over the areas of more or less vegetation.

One of these specially fertile spots, situated upon the borderland betwixt the dark and the light regions, has a picturesque history. It lies at the head of the Margaritifer Sinus, or Pearl-Bearing Gulf, so named some years ago by Schiaparelli; the name having been given by him to the gulf quite fortuitously. But it turns out that the gulf was prophetically named, for there in it is this round spot which makes terminus to a short canal connecting it with the lower end of the western Sabæus Sinus, and probably also terminus to a long canal coming from the Chrysorrhoas, across both branches of the Ganges. Diving into the depths of space has thus brought up the pearl from the bottom of the gulf.

We thus perceive that the blue-green areas are subjected to the same engineering system as the bright ones. In short, no part of the planet is allowed to escape from the all-pervasive trigonometric spirit. If this be Nature's doing, she certainly runs her mathematics into the ground.

To review, now, the chain of reasoning by which we have been led to regard it probable that upon the surface of Mars we see the effects of local intelligence: we find, in the first place, that the broad physical conditions of the planet are not antagonistic to some form of life; secondly, that there is an apparent dearth of water upon the planet's surface, and therefore, if beings of sufficient intelligence inhabited it, they would have to resort to irrigation to support life; thirdly, that there turns out to be a network of markings covering the disc precisely counterparting what a system of irrigation would look like; and, lastly, that there is a set of spots placed where we should expect to find the lands thus artificially fertilized, and behaving as such constructed oases should. All this, of course, may be a set of coincidences, signifying nothing; but the probability seems the other way. As to details of explanation, any we may adopt will undoubtedly be found, on closer acquaintance, to vary from the actual Martian state of things; for any Martian life must differ markedly from our own.

The fundamental fact in the matter is the dearth of water. If we keep this in mind, we shall see that many of the objections that spontaneously arise answer themselves. The supposed Herculean task of constructing such canals disappears at once; for if the canals be dug for irrigation purposes, it is evident that what we see and call, by ellipsis, the canal is not really the canal at all, but the strip of fertilized land bordering it, — the thread of water in the midst of it, the canal itself, being far too small to be perceptible. In the case of an irrigation canal seen at a distance, it is always the strip of verdure, not the canal, that is visible, as we see in looking from afar upon irrigated country on the earth.

Startling as the outcome of these observations may appear at first, in truth there is nothing startling about it whatever. Such possibility has been quite on the cards ever since the existence of Mars itself was recognized by the Chaldean shepherds, or whoever the still more primeval astronomers may have been. Its strangeness is a purely subjective phenomenon, arising from the instinctive reluctance of man to admit the possibility of peers. Such would be comic were it not the inevitable consequence of the constitution of the universe. To be shy of anything resembling himself is part and parcel of man's own individuality. Like the savage who fears nothing so much as a strange man, like Crusoe who grows pale at the sight of footprints not his own, the civilized thinker instinctively turns from the thought of mind other than the one he himself knows. To admit into his conception of the cosmos other finite minds as factors has in it something of the weird. Any hypothesis to explain the

facts, no matter how improbable or even palpably absurd it be, is better than this. Snowcaps of solid carbonic acid gas, a planet cracked in a positively monomaniacal manner, meteors ploughing tracks across its surface with such mathematical precision that they must have been educated to the performance, and so forth and so on, in hypotheses each more astounding than its predecessor, commend themselves to man, if only by such means he may escape the admission of anything approaching his kind. Surely all this is puerile, and should be outgrown as speedily as possible. It is simply an instinct like any other, the projection of the instinct of self-preservation. We ought, therefore, to rise above it, and, where probability points to other things, boldly accept the fact provisionally, as we should the presence of oxygen, or iron, or anything else. Let us not cheat ourselves with words. Conservatism sounds finely, and covers any amount of ignorance and fear.

We must be just as careful not to run to the other extreme, and draw deductions of purely local outgrowth. To talk of Martian beings is not to mean Martian men. Just as the probabilities point to the one, so do they point away from the other. Even on this earth man is of the nature of an accident. He is the survival of by no means the highest physical organism. He is not even a high form of mammal. Mind has been his making. For aught we can see, some lizard or batrachian might just as well have popped into his place in the race, and been now the dominant creature of this earth. Under different physical circumstances he would have been certain to do so. Amid the physical surroundings that exist on Mars, we may be practically sure other organisms have been evolved which would strike us as exquisitely grotesque. What manner of beings they may be we have no data to conceive.

How diverse, however, they doubtless are from us will appear from such definite deduction as we are able to make from the physical differences between Mars and our earth. For example, the mere difference of gravity on the surface of the two planets is much more far-reaching in its effects than might at first be thought. Gravity on the surface of Mars is only a little more than one third what it is on the surface of the earth. This would work in two ways to very different conditions of existence from those to which we are accustomed. To begin with, three times as much work, as for example in digging a canal, could be done by the same expenditure of muscular force. If we were transported to Mars, we should be pleasingly surprised to find all our manual labor suddenly lightened threefold. But, indirectly, there might result a yet greater gain to our capabilities; for if Nature chose, she could afford there to build her inhabitants on three times the scale she does on earth, without their ever finding it out except by interplanetary comparison.

As we all know, a very large man is much more unwieldy than a very small one. An elephant refuses to hop like a flea; not because he considers it undignified to do so, but simply because he cannot take the step. If we could, we should all jump straight across the street, instead of painfully paddling through the mud. Our inability to do so depends partly on the size of the earth, and partly on the size of our own bodies, but not at all on what it at first seems entirely to depend on, the size of the street.

To see this, let us consider the very simplest case, that of standing erect. To this every-day feat opposes itself the weight of the body simply, a thing of three dimensions, height, breadth, and thickness, while the ability to accomplish it resides in the cross-section of the muscles of the knee, a thing of only two dimensions, breadth and thickness. Consequently, a person half as large again as another has about twice the supporting capacity of that other, but about three times as much to support. Standing

therefore tires him out more quickly. If his size were to go on increasing, he would at last reach a stature at which he would no longer be able to stand at all, but would have to lie down. You shall see the same effect in quite inanimate objects. Take two cylinders of paraffine wax, one made into an ordinary candle, the other into a gigantic facsimile of one, and then stand both upon their bases. To the small one nothing happens. The big one, however, begins to settle, the base actually made viscous by the pressure of the weight above.

Now apply this principle to a possible inhabitant of Mars, and suppose him to be constructed three times as large as a human being in every dimension. If he were on earth, he would weigh twenty-seven times as much as the human being, but on the surface of Mars, since gravity there is only about one third of what it is here, he would weigh but nine times as much. The cross-section of his muscles would be nine times as great. Therefore the ratio of his supporting power to the weight he must support would be the same as ours. Consequently, he would be able to stand with no more fatigue than we experience. Now consider the work he might be able to do. His muscles, having length, breadth, and thickness, would all be twenty-seven times as effective as ours. He would prove twenty-seven times as strong as we, and could accomplish twenty-seven times as much. But he would further work upon what required, owing to decreased gravity, but one third the effort to overcome. His effective force, therefore, would be eighty-one times as great as man's, whether in digging canals or in other bodily occupation. As gravity on the surface of Mars is really a little more than one third that at the surface of the earth, the true ratio is not eighty-one, but about fifty; that is, a Martian would be, physically, fifty-fold more efficient than a man.

As the reader will observe, there is nothing problematical about this deduction whatever. It expresses an abstract ratio of physical capabilities which must exist between the two planets, quite irrespective of whether there be denizens on either, or how other conditions may further affect their forms.

Something more we may deduce about the characteristics of possible Martians, dependent upon Mars itself, a result of the age of the world they would live in.

A planet may in a very real sense be said to have a life of its own, of which what we call life may or may not be a detail. It is born, has its fiery youth, its sober middle age, its palsied senility, and ends at last in cold incapability of further change, its death. The speed with which it runs through its gamut of change depends upon its size; for the larger the body, the longer it takes to cool, and with it loss of heat means loss of life. It takes longer to cool because, as we saw in a previous paper, it has relatively more inside than outside, and it is through its outside that its inside cools. Now, inasmuch as time and space are not, as some philosophers have from their too mundane standpoint supposed, forms of our intellect, but essential attributes of the universe, the time taken by any process affects the character of the process itself, as does also the size of the body undergoing it. The changes brought about in a large planet by its cooling are not, therefore, the same as those brought about in a small one. Physically, chemically, and, to our present end, organically, the two results are quite diverse. So different, indeed, are they that unless the planet have at least a certain size it will never produce what we call life, meaning our particular chain of changes or closely allied forms of it, at all. As we saw in the case of atmosphere, it will lack even the premise to such conclusion.

Whatever the particular planet's line of development, however, in its own line it proceeds to greater and greater degrees of evolution, till the process is arrested by the planet's death, as above

described. The point of development attained is, as regards its capabilities, precisely measured by the planet's own age, since the one is but a symptom of the other.

Now, in the special case of Mars, we have before us the spectacle of an old world, a world well on in years, a world much older relatively than the earth, halfway between it and the end we see so sadly typified by our moon, a body now practically past possibility of change. To so much about his age Mars bears evidence on his face. He shows unmistakable signs of being old. What we know would follow advancing planetary years is legible there. His continents are all smoothed down; his oceans have all dried up. If he ever had a *jeunesse orageuse*, it has long since been forgotten. Although called after the most turbulent of the gods, he is, and probably always has been, one of the most peaceful of the heavenly bodies. His name is a sad misnomer; indeed, the ancients seem to have been singularly unfortunate in their choice of planetary cognomens. With Mars so peaceful, Jupiter so young, and Venus bashfully dropped in cloud, the planets' names accord but ill with their temperaments.

Mars being thus old himself, we know that evolution on his surface must be similarly advanced. This only informs us of its condition relative to the planet's capabilities. Of its actual state our data are not definite enough to furnish much deduction. But from the fact that our own development has been comparatively a recent thing, and that a long time would be needed to bring even Mars to his present geological condition, we may judge any life he may support to be not only relatively, but really, more advanced than our own.

From the little we can see, such appears to be the case. The evidence of handicraft, if such it be, points to a highly intelligent mind behind it. Irrigation, unscientifically conducted, would not give us such truly wonderful mathematical fitness in the several parts to the whole as we there behold. A mind of no mean order would seem to have presided over the system we see, — a mind certainly of considerably more comprehensiveness than that which presides over the various departments of our own public works. Party politics, at all events, have had no part in them; for the system is planet wide. Quite possibly, such Martian folk are possessed of inventions of which we have not dreamed, and with them electrophones and kinetoscopes are things of a bygone past, preserved with veneration in museums as relics of the clumsy contrivances of the simple childhood of their kind. Certainly, what we see hints at the existence of beings who are in advance of, not behind us, in the race of life.

For answers to such problems we must look to the future. That Mars seems to be inhabited is not the last, but the first word on the subject. More important than the mere fact of the existence of living beings there is the question of what they may be like. Whether we ourselves shall live to learn this cannot, of course, be foretold. One thing, however, we can do, and that speedily: look at things from a standpoint raised above our local point of view; free our minds at least from the shackles that of necessity tether our bodies; recognize the possibility of others in the same light that we do the certainty of ourselves. That we are the sum and substance of the capabilities of the cosmos is something so preposterous as to be exquisitely comic. We pride ourselves upon being men of the world, forgetting that this is but objectionable singularity, unless we are in some wise men of more worlds than one. For after all, we are but a link in a chain. Man is merely this earth's highest production up to date. That he in any sense gauges the possibilities of the universe is humorous. He does not, as we can easily foresee, even gauge those

of this planet. He has been steadily bettering from an immemorial past, and will apparently continue to improve through an incalculable future. Still less does he gauge the universe about him. He merely typifies in an imperfect way what is going on elsewhere, and what, to a mathematical certainty, is in some corners of the cosmos indefinitely excelled.

If astronomy teaches anything, it teaches that man is but a detail in the evolution of the universe, and that resemblant though diverse details are inevitably to be expected in the host of orbs around him. He learns that though he will probably never find his double anywhere, he is destined to discover any number of cousins scattered through space.

Percival Lowell.

PRESIDENT POLK'S DIARY.

In the Lenox Library of New York city may be seen the literary relics of the late George Bancroft, which that institution purchased in 1893 from the executors of his estate, after Congress had delayed action upon their offer of the whole undivided collection to the United States government at an appraised value of $75,000, under a provision of the historian's will. The price paid privately was nearly ten thousand dollars more than that asked from the public; the entire collection numbering, in books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, about twenty thousand volumes.

Among the richest treasures of this collection, as well as its latest important accession during Mr. Bancroft's life, should be reckoned the private papers and correspondence of President James K. Polk; or rather, we should say, typewritten copies of the original manuscripts, which were prepared under the venerable author's immediate supervision, and bound up, after careful verification, in handsome volumes of half turkey morocco with gilt-letter titles. Mr. Bancroft, as the last survivor of a Cabinet and an administration whose policy was in many respects profound and far-reaching, suddenly conceived, at the age of eighty-six, the purpose of making an authentic and complete narrative of that political term; and accordingly, after writing to Nashville in April, 1887, he visited Mr. Polk's widow, and obtained full permission to take to his own home the mass of papers which had remained undisturbed as the ex-President left them at his death, nearly forty years earlier, and to make such use of them as he might deem fit. The scholar pursued his task with ardor, so far as to prepare and arrange the desired materials, a labor most congenial and easy to one of his long experience; he felt the first glow of this new literary undertaking, which was sure to bring hidden testimony to light. But his remarkable intellect and trained habits of industry were not equal, at so late an age, to the creative task of composition; his health declined, and on the 17th of January, 1891, he died. This final service of our historical sage in the interest of American past politics was a distinct and valuable one, but it was that of compiler, rather than of historian. He has, however, left on record the impressions made on his own mind by the perusal of the manuscript. "Polk's character shines out in these papers," he writes, "just exactly as the man was, — prudent, far-sighted, bold, exceeding any Democrat of his day in his undeviatingly correct exposition of Democratic principles."

Unquestionably, the chief historical value of the Polk collection consists in the twenty-four volumes of Mr. Polk's Diary, kept during nearly the whole term of his presidency; each volume averaging about a hundred type-written pages in the large octavo which Mr. Bancroft used. It must be a surprise to most of our fellow-countrymen to learn that another President besides John Quincy Adams kept an extensive journal while in office; and especially that an Executive so absorbed in difficult details as Mr. Polk should have found time to record his impressions from day to day at such great length, and with so obvious a determination to be exact and comprehensive. Such an enterprise steadily pursued, and with no full opportunity to change or suppress what at the time was written, reveals not only facts essential to a correct understanding of public actions, but, more unconsciously, the mental cast and political bias of the writer. Like his more erudite predecessor, Polk cherished — and probably with greater zeal — the purpose of vindicating some day his secret political motives and his public relations with other men; but his premature death, very soon after his four years' term had expired, left the Diary unrevised as its own expositor, an inner fountain of information unadorned. No two Presidents could have been more at the antipodes than were Polk and John Quincy Adams in political affiliations and designs. Yet each, after his peculiar fashion, was honest, inflexible in purpose, and pursuant of the country's good; and both have revealed views singularly alike — the one as a scholar, the other as a sage and sensible observer — of the selfish, ignoble, and antagonistic influences which surge about the citadel of national patronage, and beset each supreme occupant of the White House.

President Polk has stated the circumstances under which he commenced his Diary. On the 26th of August, 1845, he held with his Secretary of State, James Buchanan, an important conversation over the Oregon troubles, which he reduced at once to writing; and after reflecting upon this narrative in his own solitude, he determined to open a diary at once and continue the plan. Next day he procured a blank book, with this purpose in view, and began his entries regularly, concluding to make them longer or shorter as convenience and the events worth recording might determine. The conversation of August 26, however, he did not again transcribe, but left the written sheets separate, beginning his book on the 27th. The journal thus commenced he continued from day to day for the remainder of his remarkable term, which lasted from March 4, 1845, to March 4, 1849. Leaving office, feeble and in failing health, on the latter date, he died in the middle of the following June.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Polk's official course in despoiling Mexico for the aggrandizement of his own country, one cannot read this Diary carefully without an increased respect for his simple and sturdy traits of character, his inflexible honesty in financial concerns, and the pertinacious zeal and strong sagacity which characterized his whole presidential career. Making all due allowance for any personal selfishness which might color his narrative, we now perceive clearly that he was the framer of that public policy which he carried into so successful execution, and that instead of being led (as many might have imagined) by the more famous statesmen of his administration and party who surrounded him, he in reality led and shaped his own executive course; disclosing in advance to his familiar Cabinet such part as he thought best to make known, while concealing the rest. Both Bancroft and Buchanan, of his official advisers, have left on record, since his death, incidental tributes to his greatness as an administrator and unifier of executive action; both admitting in effect his superior force

of will and comprehension of the best practical methods for attaining his far-reaching ends. On the other hand, while the Diary shows that Mr. Polk held the one Secretary in high esteem, it is plain that he appreciated the many weaknesses of the other, with whom he had frequent differences of opinion, which in these secret pages elicit his own sharp comment. In fact, the Secretary of State, whom he repeatedly overruled, felt, for the first sixteen months, at least, of this executive term, so much dissatisfied with various features of Polk's policy, and in particular, like others of Pennsylvania, so discontented with the famous low tariff measure which Polk was bent upon carrying, that in the summer of 1846 he arranged definitely to retire from the Cabinet, to accept a Middle State vacancy on the supreme bench, which the President promised him, though with an overruling discretion deferring the appointment until the new tariff act was out of jeopardy at the Capitol, when Buchanan himself at last concluded to remain where he was. Buchanan's presidential aspirations, notwithstanding a condition exacted by the President from all who entered the administration that they should cease to aspire so long as they sat at his council board, annoyed him much as time went on. "He is selfish," says the Diary in March, 1848, "and controlled so much by wishes for his own advancement that I cannot trust his advice on a public question; yet it is hazardous to dismiss, and I have borne with him." And on another occasion Polk records, after repeatedly finding his Secretary timid, over-anxious, and disposed too much to forestall overtures from others which the administration knew were due and were sure to come, "Mr. Buchanan is an able man, but is in small matters without judgment, and sometimes acts like an old maid."

All hasty diarists are likely to repeat themselves; and no idea does Mr. Polk's Diary repeat so frequently as that of disgust with the constant pressure for office which our chief magistrate encounters. It is the same phase of human nature which John Quincy Adams beheld with a like antipathy, though with a more dogged determination not to yield to such importunity. President Polk delineates his tormentors in the shape of callers at the White House as they may still be seen: some to seek office, others to beg money, and others still to pay, or profess to pay, their respects. "A year gone," records the Diary, March 4, 1846, "and the pressure for office has not abated. Will this pressure never cease? I most sincerely wish that I had no offices to bestow. If I had not, it would add much to the happiness and comfort of my position. As it is, I have no office to bestow without turning out better men than a large majority of those who seek their places." Again in September is his loathing expressed at this "constant stream of persons seeking office and begging money." "Almost the whole of my embarrassment in administering the government," he writes in May, 1847, "grows out of the public patronage which it is my duty to dispense." But the pressure of these "loafers for office" lasted his whole term; even "females" (as he expresses himself) seeking personal interviews and pleading "for their worthless relatives." During the summer of 1848, at a time when there were no existing offices to bestow, the President was besieged by applicants, simply because Congress was going to pass a bill for creating a board of commissioners upon Mexican claims, which might or might not meet the executive approval; and so greatly were the places sought in advance of their creation that one woman pleaded for her husband as a commissioner, shedding tears freely, and distressing the President with a story of their poverty and great need of an office; while another person — a man with whom Mr. Polk had once served in Congress — occupied more than an hour

in soliciting a place upon the board, "if the bill should pass." "I had," adds the diarist, "no idea of appointing him, and yet I could not avoid hearing him without rudeness." Even after the presidential election of 1848, in which Polk's own party candidate was defeated by the Whigs, the pressure upon this Democratic President continued strong, under the apparent conviction that the incoming Executive, General Taylor, was not likely to make many removals. "The herd of office-seekers," observes Mr. Polk at this late stage, "are the most unprincipled persons in the country. As a mass they are governed by no principle." And professing to be Democrats under him, he expected them to go *vice versa* under his Whig successor, whom many of them had helped elect. "The patronage," he finally adds, shortly before leaving office, "will, from the day any President enters upon his duties, weaken his administration."

Judge Mason, of the Cabinet, told the President in April, 1848, of one office-seeker whose papers were filed at his department without specifying any particular office. The Secretary asked him what office he wanted. "I am a good hand at making treaties," he replied, "and as some are to be made soon, I should like to serve as a minister abroad."

The constant interference of members of Congress in these matters of patronage was another source of annoyance upon which Mr. Polk made frequent comment. "Members of Congress," he writes, "attach great importance to petty offices, and assume their right to make the appointments in their own States, thereby joining issue with heads of the departments in such matters." He was much annoyed when a prominent member of the House, who had already declined the mission to Russia, pursued him for an appointment to the court of France, not only in writing, but in person at the White House, and face to face, most persistently; and when, after much urging, the President yielded to his wishes, and the Senate rejected the appointment, this person grew angry because Polk promptly sent in another name, and he soon drifted into a semi-hostile position towards the administration. Two other members of the House, at the time the Mexican war was declared, desired appointments as military paymasters, under a new bill which they had done much to frame and push through Congress; but appointments trenching so closely upon the prohibition of the Constitution the President refused to make. Again and again did legislators at the Capitol oppose the Executive's wishes, or treat the highest incumbent with personal incivility over some quarrel of patronage. "Patronage is injurious to a President," was Polk's decided opinion, as he secretly expressed himself, and this partly because legislators did not stand by the consequences of their own recommendations. "Members of Congress," writes the President, December 16, 1846, "and others high in society make representations for friends on which I cannot rely, and lead me constantly into error. When I act upon the information which they give me, and make a mistake, they leave me to bear the responsibility, and never have the manliness to assume it for themselves." And yet few American Executives had seen greater experience than Polk in congressional life, or proved more capable, while at the other end of the avenue, of managing our national legislature so as to achieve their most cherished plans.

John Quincy Adams, while detesting Polk's political principles and his narrow conceptions of party infallibility, does justice to his unquestionable capacity for toilsome work and indefatigable industry. The same habits which made this son of Tennessee so conspicuous in dispatching legislative business while chairman of the Ways and Means committee or Speaker of the House insured his successful career as President. Failing

though he was in health during these four consummate years, he did not hesitate to put his shoulder to the wheel whenever the work of the departments got into deep mire. This was partly because he distrusted others, and felt constantly disposed to keep all executive details, foreign or domestic, great or small, under his personal control. With the unexpected burdens thrown upon his administration by the Mexican war, he soon found his Secretary of the Treasury quite overworked, and in danger of death; and the President, sending him away for recuperation, took an active hand in the financial guidance of the government, at the same time aiding his Secretary of War, who also was taken sick. General Scott he disliked greatly, as the ranking military officer, and found his presence at Washington so embarrassing that he resolved to send him off; and he strongly suspected that the detailed chiefs of the quartermaster and commissary divisions were hostile to his Mexican policy. Some of these subordinates (so he writes) "appear to be indifferent to our contest, and merely go through their ordinary routine." On general principle, too, he felt disposed to check such lesser chiefs. "Bureau officers," he writes in November, 1848, "whose duty it is to prepare estimates, are always in favor of large appropriations. They are not responsible to the public, but to the Executive, and must be watched and controlled in these respects." After the adjournment of the long session of Congress, in August of the same year, Polk, who had not been three miles away from the White House (as he relates) for more than thirteen months, took a brief vacation trip for his health to the mineral springs of Pennsylvania, and was back again in ten days; attending to his duties at the capital in the hottest summer weather, receiving important secret dispatches from abroad, and in fact conducting the government for a whole month without the aid of his Cabinet, who were mostly away. "So familiar am I," he records at this time, "with all the principles and details of the administration that I have no difficulty in doing so;" and he declared that he found himself better acquainted with the work than his subordinates themselves. But he confessed to himself, while thus engaged, that he found the presidency no bed of roses. "No President," he writes at the close of this year, "who performs his duty faithfully and conscientiously can have any leisure. If he entrusts the details and smaller matters to subordinates, constant errors will occur. I prefer to supervise the whole operations of the government myself, rather than entrust the public business to subordinates; and this makes my duties very great."

Mr. Polk had much of Old Hickory's dislike of financial monopolists. While looking after the Treasury during Secretary Walker's absence, at the time of the Mexican war, he was greatly worried over what seemed to him a criminal abuse of official power, whereby a draft for two million dollars for prospective disbursements in the quartermaster-general's bureau had been lodged with private bankers, to be checked out as might become needful. To one of his own simple integrity in money matters, defalcation appeared imminent; but the Secretary exculpated himself from misconduct, and assured the President that the banking credit behind the draft was strong and adequate. Still probing into the transaction, the President found that confidential favors in the way of a special deposit were part of the consideration upon which our war loans had been negotiated; and others of the Cabinet coming to the rescue of their associate, and declaring such an arrangement legal in their opinion, the matter appears to have finally rested.

In various other respects our eleventh President bore strong resemblance to his immortal fellow-townsman, as the disciple to the master, the less to the greater. With the qualities of civilian and legis-

lator, instead of warrior or forceful leader of the mass, he had nevertheless a corresponding tenacity of purpose within the circumscription of strict party lines. Andrew Jackson was his great patron and exemplar, and from that idolized Democrat of the Democracy came doubtless the chief inspiration of his own foreign policy; though Jackson died too soon after this new administration came into power to influence it greatly in particulars. Polk's affection and veneration for the general appear, however, in various letters copied among these papers; and Jackson wrote frequently from the Hermitage in confidence, being overrun with applications for office, not a few of which he pressed upon the new Executive with characteristic comment. We here see injected into the tale of his own bodily ailments some sensible political counsel as against the "Whiggs" and those "who run with the hare and cry with the hounds;" and Polk took strongly to heart the language of one letter which he sometimes quoted afterwards, — to take principle for his guide and make the public good his end, "stearing clear of the intrigues and machinations of political clikes." Indeed, the new President of the Democracy valued so greatly the good will of his early predecessor, though not always free to follow his advice, that upon Jackson's death, in June, 1845, he sought eagerly a last letter written him, to show to incipient enemies that their cordial relation had continued to the close. This letter appears to have been mislaid, in the midst of household confusion at Nashville, and political treachery was suspected, until, after much anxious inquiry, it reached Washington with a suitable explanation. To Polk's dismay, however, the hero's dying communication proved unsuitable for publication, since the burden of it was, in all friendly confidence, to denounce Polk's chosen Secretary of the Treasury, whom Jackson much disliked, and to guide the chief Executive into a train of inquiry regarding this man and a former government official, also stigmatized by the writer as dishonest, which might elicit certain facts and blow them both "sky-high." Some interesting accounts of Jackson's last hours and funeral are contained among the Polk papers; and it appears that in the last simple service at the Hermitage the hymn given out (most inappropriate to the exit of such a character) began, —

"What timorous worms we mortals are!"

Within the horizon of his mental vision President Polk was singularly clear-sighted and sensible; but he was hemmed in by partisan and religious prejudices which limited the range of his comprehension. His private and public writings alike afford full proof of this. In his Diary, the Whigs he persisted in styling "Federalists," until the political strength of that party with the people, and the genial influence of Henry Clay, who paid him a notable visit on returning to the Senate, won his fair respect as the canvass of 1848 approached. He records his disbelief in judges of opposition tendency who might become "Federalists" upon the bench in their construction of the law. Office-holders under Tyler's administration who claimed that they had been conservative Democrats found no favor with him; and when the Mexican war broke out, though he candidly admitted that Whigs must have some of the military appointments, his repugnance for Winfield Scott as the major-general commanding proved inveterate, and he began disparaging Zachary Taylor as soon as the latter's renown attracted those opposed to the party in power. More and more did he convince himself, as Taylor's star rose, that this favorite of the Whigs was without soldierly qualities except as a fighter; and he refused to allow a salute to be fired, on the news of Buena Vista. While trying earnestly, moreover, to assuage the factional quarrels of his party in New York State, he pressed constantly the

idea that principle and public good were bound up in the continuous success of the Democracy. In religion he showed, as a Presbyterian, the same rigid and inflexible adherence to his faith; being devout and devoted to public worship, decent not to fail in attendance upon the congressional funerals at Washington, of which there were many; and so much of a rigid Sabbatarian withal that he repeatedly recorded his regrets when forced to transact public business on Sunday, though some of the most crafty work of his whole term was dispatched on that day. With something, perhaps, of religious fervor, he seemed imbued with the idea that he led God's chosen people; whatever possessions his fellow-countrymen might appear to covet he was ready to go for, and fetch, with little scruple for the ownership of others. Like the great Jackson, he felt that "might makes right" in national policy, and was ready to despoil our Spanish-American neighbors, who were trying, in their own poor way, to emulate our example of self-government.

Polk's deficient ideality blinded him to some of the inevitable results of such a spoliation in debasing American character and engendering strife; and the gradual alienation of Democratic leaders from his support during the Mexican war he ascribed, possibly too closely, to personal grievances. In the sectional struggle for partitioning our conquered domains between slavery and freedom he could see nothing but "a wicked and senseless agitation," of which selfish statesmen were seeking to make a hobby. His lost political friendships he imputed unhesitatingly and altogether to political disappointments. Calhoun, he recalled, had been dissatisfied "ever since I did not retain him in the Cabinet." Benton, whom he certainly tried most assiduously to please, was uncivil to him, and threatening "from the day I appointed a court-martial on Frémont," his son-in-law; and he says, not untruly, that Benton "is apt to think that nothing is properly done that he is not previously consulted about." Van Buren took early offense, he thought, because the new President would not let him make the selection of a Cabinet. "I have preserved," he writes, "his most extraordinary letter to me on that subject, making no reply to it; and I have since had no direct correspondence except to frank him two annual messages, and to receive his acknowledgment." Van Buren's acceptance of the Free-Soil nomination for President in 1848 against the regular Democratic candidate moved Polk greatly. "He is the most fallen man I have ever known," records the chief magistrate in his Diary; and he promptly removed Van Buren's personal friend from the district attorneyship in New York, appointing another in his place.

Mr. Polk's wife, who was a devout religious worshiper like himself, and whose decided views of social decorum strongly impressed the White House entertainments of her day, seems to have shared in some of her husband's personal dislikes, with that redoubled intensity to which many good wives incline. Her antipathy to the Van Buren family was shown in her bearing towards the ex-President's son, familiarly styled "Prince John." Her husband relates his amusement at finding that she had on two or three occasions countermanded his own order directing this schismatic Democrat to be invited to a White House dinner, and that on one occasion she burned a dinner ticket which the President had requested his private secretary to send him. The reason she assigned was that John Van Buren had not called on her; but we may question whether this was the only one.

In the presidential canvass of 1848, when for the first time our national elections were held on the same day throughout the Union, under an act of Congress, Mr. Polk felt strongly interested on behalf of the regular Democratic ticket.

Lewis Cass, the party candidate, was a personal friend, considerate enough to show his letter of acceptance, and modify it upon President Polk's advice; particularly on the point of announcing that if elected he would carry out his policy according to the convention platform, a pledge which Mr. Polk thought inexpedient as a rule. Over the successorship itself Polk had maintained a strict neutrality; inflexibly refusing to run for a second term, or to allow the use of his name before the convention, though many urged him to do so. He passed many sick days during this campaign, and had much apart from the political contest to worry him. But disastrously as the election turned out for his party, he gained in composure and spirit when all was over, and his own public work was substantially done. He felt proud to think that, after all, he had finished the Mexican war successfully before his retirement, and had commenced reducing the public debt besides; that he would leave office with foreign relations everywhere at peace, and no troubles to transmit. Towards the New York "Barnburners," or Free-Soil Democrats, his resentment was implacable; and when his Secretary of State, always bent on conciliating the doubtful elements, selected a Rochester newspaper of that party, soon after election day, to publish the laws of the United States for a year, he sternly countermanded the choice, refusing to allow the patronage of public printing to any press which had not approved his administration. Buchanan, unable to satisfy him by alleging that this newspaper had been moderate in its opposition, put upon the President the whole responsibility of revoking this appointment, and Polk accepted it; the Secretary drew up a letter stating that this revocation was at the President's special request, and the President permitted it to be sent.

Mr. Polk has recorded with evident relish and good nature whatever signs of civility and popular respect he observed during the last few weeks that he occupied the White House. Hundreds of callers greeted him in the East Room at a January reception, and he walked through the parlors, delighted, with the famous Mrs. Madison on his arm. He thought it worth while to write out in his Diary a recipe for presidential handshaking, which he gave to some of his friends orally about this time: "If a man surrendered his arm to be shaken by one horizontally, by another perpendicularly, and by another with a strong grip, he could not fail to suffer severely from it; but if he would shake and not be shaken, grip and not be gripped, taking care always to squeeze the hand of his adversary as hard as the adversary squeezed him, he would suffer no inconvenience from it. I can generally anticipate a strong grip from a strong man; and I then take advantage of him by being quicker than he, and seizing him by the tip of his fingers." "I stated this playfully," he adds, "but it is all true."

When his chosen successor reached Washington, in February, 1849, the administration naturally felt some embarrassment, for the President's treatment of Zachary Taylor during the Mexican war had given the latter great offense. The two had never met in person, and Buchanan, over-anxious as usual, would have strained official etiquette in the endeavor to reconcile them. But Polk stood properly upon his executive dignity, which was far better, and waited for what was due him. Nor did he lose by doing so; for Taylor, bred to military habits, considerate and kind-hearted, paid his ceremonial visit to the White House in company with political friends; and Polk, reciprocating the courtesy, gave his fellow-Southerner an elaborate dinner party, which was attended by all the Cabinet officers with their wives, and many eminent men of both parties. "All went off in the best style," says the Diary, "and not the slightest allusion was made to political subjects."

Finally, on the 3d of March, our Democratic President closed his work by visiting the Capitol to sign bills during the last night session of Congress. He carried with him a carefully written veto message on internal improvements, to use if needful; but no bill of that character passed, — possibly, one might surmise, to his own regret, for he made record that he considered that unused message one of the ablest papers he had ever prepared.

Vice-President Dallas, who served through this whole four years' term, eulogizes Mr. Polk as plain, unaffected, affable, and kind in his personal deportment, with a consistent simplicity of life and purity of manners; as temperate but not unsocial, industrious but accessible. Concerning Polk's secretive disposition and quiet persistency in his plans, more might have been added. But Dallas says very justly, "He left nothing unfinished; what he attempted he did." That Polk desired to be well remembered by posterity appears from his will; for, being childless, he devised his estate in successive interests to the worthiest who should bear the name of Polk. But this singular provision was lately set aside in the Tennessee courts, soon after the widow's death, as void for perpetuity, and the property passed absolutely to his legal heirs, — a new instance, among the many which our present age supplies, of the vanity of testamentary wishes.

In another article I shall consider President Polk's public policy and achievements, as illustrated and made clear by his private papers.

James Schouler.

"LIKE A STAR."

No spirit have I, when the moon is full,
To run to greet it on the round earth's edge;
Nor, when the spring has mantled every hedge
With all the marvel and the miracle
Of blade, and leaf, and blossom white as wool,
Am I the first to cry aloud. All still,
When others shout, I lie upon the hill,
Beholding, maniple on maniple,
The ranks unfold, — leaf, blossom, beast, and bird;
Yet in my heart a high priest chants his praise,
Not less devout because it is not heard
Of men who pass me on the public ways.
I have no song, — no, not a single bar, —
But my soul, sleepless, gazes like a star.

James Herbert Morse.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XIV.

THE most meagre intelligence came to me from the outer world. I no longer saw Gabord; he had suddenly been withdrawn and a new jailer substituted, and the sentinels outside my door and beneath the window of my cell refused all information. For months I had no news whatever of Alixe or of those affairs nearest my heart. I heard nothing of Doltaire, little of Bigot, and there was no sign of Voban. I think my guards saw and felt that I was determined to get away, if I could. Sometimes I could see my new jailer studying me, as if my plans were a puzzle to his brain. At first he used regularly to try the bars of the window, and search the wall as though he thought my devices might be found there.

Scarrat and Flavelle, the guards at my door, set too high a price on their favors, and they talked seldom, and then with brutal jests and ribaldry, of matters in the town which were not vital to me. Yet once or twice, from things they said, I came to know that all was not well between Bigot and Doltaire on one hand, and Doltaire and the Governor on the other. I imagined that Doltaire had set the Governor and the Intendant scheming against him because of his adherence to the cause of neither, and his power to render the plans of either of no avail when he chose, as in my case. Vaudreuil's vanity was injured, and besides, he counted Doltaire too strong a friend of Bigot's. Bigot, I doubted not, found in Madame Cournal's liking for Doltaire all sorts of things of which he never would have dreamed; for there is no such potent devilry in this world as the jealousy of such a sort of man over a woman whose vanity and cupidity are the springs of her affections. Doltaire's imprisonment in a room of the Intendance was not so mysterious as suggestive. I foresaw a strife, a complication of intrigues, and internal enmities which would be, as they were, the ruin of New France. I saw, in imagination, the English army at the gates of Quebec, and those who sat in the seats of the mighty, sworn to personal enmities, — Vaudreuil through vanity, Bigot through cupidity, Doltaire by the innate malice of his nature, — sacrificing the country; the scarlet body of British power moving down upon a dishonored city, never to take its foot from that sword of France which fell there on the soil of the New World.

But there was another factor in the situation which I have not dwelt on before. Over a year earlier, when war was being carried into Prussia by Austria and France, and against England, the ally of Prussia, the French Minister of War, D'Argenson, had, by the grace of La Pompadour, sent General the Marquis de Montcalm to Canada, to protect the colony with a small army. From the first, Montcalm, fiery, impetuous, and honorable, was at variance with Vaudreuil, who, though honest himself, had never dared to make open stand against Bigot. When Montcalm came, practically taking the military command out of the hands of the Governor, Vaudreuil developed a singular jealous spirit against the General. It began to express itself about the time I was thrown into the citadel dungeon, and I knew from what Alixe had told me, and from the gossip of the soldiers, that there was a more open show of disagreement now.

The Governor, seeing how ill it was

to be at variance with both Montcalm and Bigot, presently began to covet a reconciliation with the latter. To this Bigot was by no means averse, for his own position had danger. His followers and confederates, Cournal, Marin, Cadet, and Rigaud, were robbing the King with a daring and effrontery which must ultimately bring ruin. This he knew, but it was his plan to hold on for a time longer, and then to retire before the axe fell, with an immense fortune. Therefore, about the time set for my execution, he began to close with the overtures of the Governor, and presently the two formed a confederacy against the Marquis de Montcalm. Into it they tried to draw Doltaire, and were surprised to find that he stood them off as to anything more than outward show of friendliness.

Truth was, Doltaire, who had no sordid feeling in him, loathed alike the cupidity of Bigot and the incompetency of the Governor, and respected Montcalm for his honor, and reproached him for his rashness. From first to last, he was, without show of it, the best friend Montcalm had in the province; and though he held aloof from bringing punishment to Bigot, he despised him and his friends, and was not slow to make that plain. D'Argenson made inquiry of Doltaire when Montcalm's honest criticisms were sent to France in cipher, and Doltaire returned the reply that Bigot was the only man who could serve Canada efficiently in this crisis; that he had abounding fertility of resource, a clear head, a strong will, and great administrative faculty. This was all he would say, save that when the war was over other matters might be conned. Meanwhile France must pay liberally for the Intendant's services.

Through a friend in France, Bigot came to know that his affairs were moving to a crisis, and saw that it would be wise to retire; but he loved the very air of crisis, and Madame Cournal, anxious to keep him in Canada, encouraged him in his natural feeling to stand or fall with the colony. He never showed aught but a bold and confident face to the public, and was in all regards the most conspicuous figure in New France. When, in 1757, Montcalm took Oswego from the English, Bigot threw open his palace to the populace for two days' feasting, and every night during the war he entertained lavishly, though the people went hungry, and their own corn, bought for the King, was sold back to them at absurd prices.

As the Governor and the Intendant grew together in friendship, Vaudreuil sinking past disapproval in present selfish necessity, they quietly combined against Doltaire as against Montcalm. Yet at this very time Doltaire was living in the Intendance, and, as he had told Alixe, not without some personal danger. He had before been offered rooms at the Château St. Louis; but these he would not take, for he could not bear to be within touch of the Governor's vanity and timidity. He would of preference have stayed in the Intendance had he known that pitfalls and traps were at every footstep. Danger gave a piquancy to his existence. I think he did not greatly value Madame Cournal's admiration of himself; but when it drove Bigot to retaliation, his imagination got an impulse, and he entered upon a conflict which ran parallel with the war, and with that delicate antagonism which Alixe waged against him, long undiscovered by himself.

At my wits' ends for news, at last I begged my jailer to convey a message for me to the Governor, asking that the barber be let come to me. The next day an answer arrived in the person of Voban himself, accompanied by the jailer. For a time there was little speech between us, but as he tended me we talked. We could do so with safety, for Voban knew English; and though he spoke it brokenly, he had freedom in it, and the jailer knew no word of it. At first the fel-

low blustered, but I waved him off. He was a man of better education than Gabord, but of inferior judgment and shrewdness. He made no trial thereafter to interrupt our talk, but sat and drummed upon a stool with his keys, or loitered at the window, or now and again thrust his hand into my pockets, as if to see if weapons were concealed in them.

"Voban," said I, "what has happened since I saw you at the Intendance? Tell me first of Mademoiselle. You have nothing from her for me?"

"Nothing," he answered. "There is no time. A soldier come an hour ago with an order from the Governor, and I must go all at once. So I come as you see. But as for the Mademoiselle, she is well. Voilà, there is no one like her in New France. I do not know all, as you can guess, but they say she can do what she will at the Château. It is a wonder to see her drive. A month ago, a droll thing come to pass. She is driving on the ice with Mademoiselle Lotbinière and her brother Charles. M'sieu' Charles, he have the reins. Soon, ver' quick, the horses start with all their might. M'sieu' saw and pull, but they go the faster. Like that for a mile or so; then Mademoiselle remember there is a great crack in the ice a mile farther on, and beyond the ice is weak and rotten, for there the curren' is ver' strongest. She see that M'sieu' Charles, he can do nothing, so she reach and take the reins. The horses go on; it make no diff'rence at first. But she begin to talk to them so soft, and to pull ver' steady, and at last she get them shaping to the shore. She have the reins wound on her hands, and people on the shore, they watch. Little on little the horses pull up, and stop at last not a hunder' feet from the great crack and the rotten ice. Then she turn them round and drive them home.

"You should hear the people cheer as she drive up Mountain Street. The Bishop stand at the window of his palace and make the sacred gesture at her as she pass, and M'sieu'" — he looked at the jailer and paused — "M'sieu' the gentleman we do not love, he stand in the street with his cap off for two minutes as she come, and after she go by, and say a grand compliment to her, so that her face go pale. He get frozen ears for his pains — that was a cold day. Well, at night there was a grand dinner at the Intendance, and afterwards a ball in the splendid room which that man" (he meant Bigot: I shall use names when quoting him further, that he may be better understood) "built for the poor people of the land for to dance down their sorrows. So you can guess I would be there — happy. Ah yes, so happy! I go and stand in the great gallery above the hall of dance, with crowd of people, and look down at the grand folk.

"One man come to me and say, 'Ah, Voban, is it you here? Who would think it!' — like that. Another, he come and say, 'Voban, he cannot keep away from the Intendance. Who does he come to look for? But no, she is not here — no.' And again, another, 'Why should not Voban be here? One man has not enough bread to eat, and Bigot steals his corn. Another hungers for a wife to sit by his fire, and Bigot takes the maid, and Voban stuffs his mouth with humble pie like the rest. Chut! shall not Bigot have his fill?' And yet another, and voilà, she was a woman, she say, 'Look at the Intendant down there with Madame. And M'sieu' Cournal, he also is there. What does M'sieu' Cournal care? No, not at all. The rich man, what he care, if he has gold? Virtue! ha, ha! what is that in your wife if you have gold for it? Nothing. See his hand at the Intendant's arm. See how M'sieu' Doltaire look at them, and then up here at us. What is it in his mind, you think? Eh? You think he say to himself, A wife all to himself is the poor man's one luxury? Eh? Ah, M'sieu' Doltaire, you are right, you are right. You catch

up my child from its basket in the market-place one day, and you shake it ver' soft, an' you say, "Madame, I will stake the last year of my life that I can put my finger on the father of this child." And when I laugh in his face, he say again, "And if he thought he was n't its father, he would cut out the liver of the other — eh?" And I laugh, and say, "My Jacques would follow him to hell to do it." Then he say, Voban, he say to me, "That is the difference between you and us. We only kill men who meddle with our mistresses." Ah, that M'sieu' Doltaire, he put a louis in the hand of my babe, and he not even kiss me on the cheek. Pshaw! Jacques would sell him fifty kisses for fifty louis. But sell me, or a child of me? Well, Voban, you can guess! Pah, barber, if you do not care what he did to the poor Mathilde, there are other maids in St. Roch.'"

Voban paused a moment, then added quietly, "How you think I bear it all? With a smile? No, I hear with my ears open and my heart close tight. Do they think they can teach me? Do they guess I sit down and hear all without a cry from my throat or a will in my body? Ah, M'sieu' le Capitaine, it is you who know. You saw what I would have go to do before the day of the Great Birth. You saw if I am coward — if I not take the sword when it was at my throat without a whine. No, m'sieu', I can wait. There is a time for everything. At first I am all in a muddle, I not know what to do; but by and by it all come to me, and you shall see one day what I wait for. Yes, you shall see. I look down on that people dancing there, quiet and still, and I hear some laugh at me, and now and then some one say a good word to me that make me shut my hands tight, so the tears not come to my eyes. But I felt alone — so much alone. The world does not want a sad man. In my shop I try to laugh as of old, and I am not sour or heavy, but I can see men do not say droll things to me as once back time. No, I am not as I was. What am I to do? There is but one way. What is great to one man is not to another. What kills the one does not kill the other. Take away from some people one thing, and they will not care; from others that same, and there is nothing to live for, except just to live, and because a man does not like death."

He paused. "You are right, Voban," I said. "Go on."

He was silent again for a time, and then he moved his hand in a helpless sort of way across his forehead. It had become deeply lined and wrinkled all in a couple of years. His temples were sunken, his cheeks hollow, and his face was full of those shadows which lend a sort of tragedy to even the humblest and least distinguished countenance. His eyes had a restlessness, anon an intense steadiness almost uncanny, and his thin, long fingers had a stealthiness of motion, a soft swiftness, which struck me strangely. I never saw a man so changed. He was like a vessel wrested from its moorings; like some craft, filled with explosives, set loose along a shore lined with fishing-smacks, which might come foul of one, and blow the company of men and boats into the air. As he stood there, his face half turned to me for a moment, this came to my mind, and I said to him, "Voban, you look like some wicked gun which would blow us all to pieces."

He wheeled, and came to me so swiftly that I shrank back in my chair with alarm, his action was so sudden, and, peering into my face, he said, glancing, as I thought, anxiously at the jailer, "Blow — blow — how blow us all to pieces, m'sieu'?" He eyed me with suspicion, and I could see that he felt like some hurt animal among its captors, ready to fight, yet not knowing from what point danger would come. Something pregnant in what I said had struck home, yet I could not guess then what it was, though afterwards it came to me with great force and vividness.

"I meant nothing, Voban," answered I, "save that you look dangerous."

I half put out my hand to touch his arm in a friendly way, but I saw that the jailer was watching, and I did not. Voban felt what I was about to do, and his face instantly softened, and his bloodshot eyes gave me a look of gratitude. Then he said: —

"I will tell you what happen next. I know the palace very well, and when I see the Intendant and M'sieu' Doltaire and others leave the ballroom I knew that they go to the chamber which they call 'la Chambre de la Joie,' to play at cards. So I steal away out of the crowd into a passage which, as it seem, go nowhere, and come quick, all at once, to a bare wall. But I know the way. In one corner of the passage I press a spring, and a little panel open. I crawl through and close it behind. Then I feel my way along the dark corner till I come to another panel. This I open, and I see light. You ask how I can do this? Well, I tell you. There is the valet of Bigot, he is my friend. You not guess who it is? No? It is a man whose crime in France I know. He was afraid when he saw me here, but I say to him, 'No, I will not speak — never;' and he is all my friend just when I most need. Eh, voilà, I see light, as I said, and I push aside heavy curtains ver' little, and there is la Chambre de la Joie below.

"I look below, and there they all are, the Intendant and the rest, sitting down to the tables. There was Capitaine Lancy, M'sieu' Cadet, M'sieu' Cournal, M'sieu' le Chevalier de Levis, and M'sieu' le Générale, le Marquis de Montcalm. I am astonish to see him there, the great general, in his grand coat of blue and gold and red, and laces *très beau* at his throat, with a fine jewel. Ah, he is not ver' high on his feet, but he has an eye all fire, and a laugh come quick to his lips, and he speak ver' *galant*, but he never let them, Messieurs Cadet, Marin, Lancy, and the rest, be thick friends with him. They do not clap their hands on his shoulder *comme le bon camarade — non.*

"Well, they sit down to play, and soon there is much noise and laughing, and then sometimes a silence, and then again the noise, and you can see one snuff a candle with the points of two rapiers, or hear a sword jangle at a chair, or listen to some one sing ver' soft a song as he hold a good hand of cards, or the ring of louis on the table, or the sound of glass as it break on the floor. And once a young gentleman — alas! he is so young — he get up from his chair, and cry out, 'All is lost! I go to die!' and he raise a pistol to his head; but M'sieu' Doltaire catch his hand, and say quite soft and gentle, 'No, no, *mon enfant*, enough of making fun of us. Here is the hundred louis I borrow of you yesterday. Take your vengeance.' The lad sit down slow, looking ver' strange at M'sieu' Doltaire. And it is true, he took his revenge out of M'sieu' Cadet, for he won — I saw it — three hundred louis. Then M'sieu' Doltaire lean over to him and say, 'M'sieu', you will carry for me a message to the citadel for M'sieu' Ramesay, the Commandant.' Ah, it was a sight to see M'sieu' Cadet's face, going this way and that. But it was no use: the young gentleman pocket his louis, and go away with a letter from M'sieu' Doltaire. But M'sieu' Doltaire, he laugh in the face of M'sieu' Cadet, and say ver' pleasant, 'That is a servant of the King, m'sieu', who live by his sword alone. Why should civilians be so greedy? Come, play, M'sieu' Cadet. If M'sieu' the General will play with me, we two will see what we can do with you and his Excellency the Intendant.'

"They sit just beneath me, and I hear all what is said, I see all the looks of them, every card that is played. M'sieu' le General have not play yet, but watch M'sieu' Doltaire and the Intendant at the cards. With a smile he now sit down. Then M'sieu' Doltaire, he say, 'M'sieu' Cadet, let us have no

misunderstanding — let us be commercial.' He take out his watch. 'I have two hours to spare; are you dispose to play for that time only? To the moment we will rise, and there shall be no question of satisfaction, no discontent anywhere — eh, shall it be so, if M'sieu' the General can spare the time also?' It is agree that the General play for one hour and go, and that M'sieu' Doltaire and the Intendant play for the rest of the time.

"They begin, and I hide there and watch. The time go ver' fast, and my breath catch in my throat to see how great the stakes they play for. I hear M'sieu' Doltaire say at last, with a smile, taking out his watch, 'M'sieu' the General, your time is up, and you take with you twenty thousan' francs.'

"The General, he smile and wave his hand, as if sorry to take so much from M'sieu' Cadet and the Intendant. M'sieu' Cadet sit dark, and speak nothing at first, but at last he get up and turn on his heel and walk away, leaving what he lose on the table. M'sieu' the General bow also, and go from the room. Then M'sieu' Doltaire and the Intendant play. One by one the other players stop, and come and watch these. Something get into the two gentlemen, for both are pale, and the face of the Intendant all of spots, and his little round eyes like specks of red fire; but M'sieu' Doltaire's face, it is still and his brows bent over, and now and then he make a little laughing out of his lips. All at once I hear him say, 'Double the stakes, your Excellency!' The Intendant look up sharp and say, 'What! Two hunder' thousan' francs!' — as if M'sieu' Doltaire could not pay such a sum like that. M'sieu' Doltaire smile ver' wicked, and answer, 'Make it three hunder' thousan' francs, your Excellency.' It is so still in la Chambre de la Joie that all you hear for a minute was the fat Monsieur Varin breathe like a hog, and the rattle of a spur as some one slide a foot on the floor.

"The Intendant look blank; then he nod his head for answer, and each write on a piece of paper. As they begin, M'sieu' Doltaire take out his watch and lay it on the table, and the Intendant do the same, and they both look at the time. The watch of the Intendant is all jewels. 'Will you not add the watches to the stake?' say M'sieu' Doltaire. The Intendant look, and shrug a shoulder, and shake his head for no, and M'sieu' Doltaire smile in a sly way, so that the Intendant's teeth show at his lips and his eyes almost close, he is so angry.

"Just this minute I hear a low noise behind me, and then some one give a little cry. I turn quick and see Madame Cournal. She stretch her hand, and touch my lips, and motion me not to stir. I look down again, and I see that M'sieu' Doltaire look up to the place where I am, for he hear that sound, I think — I not know sure. But he say once more, 'The watch, the watch, your Excellency! I have a fancy for yours!' I feel Madame breathe hard beside me, but I not like to look at her. I am not afraid of men, but a woman — ah, it make me shiver. She will betray me, I think. All at once I feel her hand at my belt, then at my pocket, to see if I have a weapon; for the thought come to her that I am there to kill Bigot. But I raise my hands and say, 'No,' ver' quiet, and she nod her head all right.

"The Intendant wave his hand at M'sieu' Doltaire to say he would not stake the watch, for I know it is one Madame give him, and then they begin to play. No one stir. The cards go out *flip, flip*, on the table, and with a little soft scrape in the hands, and I hear Bigot's hound munch a bone. All at once M'sieu' Doltaire throw down his cards, and say, 'Mine, Bigot! Three hunder' thousan' francs, and the time is up!' The other get from his chair, and say, 'How would you have pay if you had lost, Doltaire?' And M'sieu' answer, 'From the coffers of the King, like you,

Bigot.' His tone is odd. I feel Madame's breath go hard. Bigot turn round and say to the others, 'Will you take your way to the great hall, messieurs, and M'sieu' Doltaire and I will follow. We have some private conf'rence.' They all turn away, all but M'sieu' Cournal, and leave the room, whispering. 'I will join you soon, Cournal,' say his Excellency. M'sieu' Cournal not go, for he have been drinking, and something stubborn get into him. But the Intendant order him rough, and he go. I can hear Madame gnash her teeth sof' beside me.

"When the door close, the Intendant turn to M'sieu' Doltaire and say, 'What is the end for which you play?' M'sieu' Doltaire make a light motion of his hand, and answer, 'For three hunder' thousan' francs.' 'And to pay, m'sieu', how to pay if you have lost?' M'sieu' Doltaire lay his hand on his sword soft. 'From the King's coffers, as I say; he owes me more than he has paid. But not like you, Bigot. I have earned, this way and that, all that I might ever get from the King's coffers — even this three hunder' thousan' francs, ten times told. But you, Bigot — tush! why should we make bubbles of words?' The Intendant get white in the face, but there are spots on it like on a late apple of an old tree. 'You go too far, Doltaire,' he say. 'You have hint before my officers and my friends that I make free with the King's coffers.' M'sieu' answer, 'You should see no such hints, if your palms were not musty.' 'How know you,' ask the Intendant, 'that my hands are musty from the King's coffers?' M'sieu' arrange his laces, and say light, 'As easy from the must as I tell how time passes in your nights by the ticking of this trinket here.' He raise his sword and touch the Intendant's watch on the table.

"I never hear such silence as there is for a minute, and then the Intendant say, 'You have gone one step too far. The must on my hands, seen through your eyes, is no matter, but when you must the name of a lady there is but one end. You understan', m'sieu', there is but one end.' M'sieu' laugh. 'The sword, you mean? Eh? No, no, I will not fight with you. I am not here to rid the King of so excellent an officer, however large fee he force for his services.' 'And I tell you,' say the Intendant, 'that I will not have you cast a slight upon a lady.' Madame beside me start up, and whisper, 'If you betray me, you shall die. If you be still, I too will say nothing.' But then a thing happen. Another voice sound from below, and there, coming from behind a great screen of oak wood, is M'sieu' Cournal, his face all red with wine, his hand on his sword. 'Bah!' he say, coming forward — 'bah! I will speak for Madame. I will speak. I have been silent long enough.' He come between the two, and, raising his sword, he strike the timepiece and smash it. 'Ha! ha!' he say, wild with drink, 'I have you both here alone.' He snap his fingers under the Intendant's nose. 'It is time I protect my wife's name from you, and by God, I will do it!' At that M'sieu' Doltaire laugh, and Cournal turn to him, and say, 'Bâtard!' The Intendant have out his sword, and he roar in a hoarse voice, 'Dog, you shall die!' But M'sieu' Doltaire strike up his sword, and face the drunken man. 'No, leave that to me. The King's cause goes shipwreck; we can't change helmsman now. Think — scandal and your disgrace!' Then he make a pass at M'sieu' Cournal, who parry quick. Another, and he prick his shoulder. Another, and then Madame beside me, as I spring back, throw aside the curtains, and cry out, 'No, m'sieu'! no! For shame!'

"I kneel in a corner behind the curtains, and wait and listen. There is not a sound for a moment; then I hear a laugh from M'sieu' Cournal, such a laugh as make me sick — loud, and full of

what you call not care and the devil. Madame speak down at them. 'Ah,' she say, 'it is so fine a sport to drag a woman's name in the mire!' Her voice is full of spirit, and she look beautiful — beautiful. I never guess how a woman like that look; so full of pride, and to speak like you could think knives sing as they strike steel — sharp and cold. 'I came to see how gentlemen look at play, and they end in brawling over a lady!'

"M'sieu' Doltaire speak to her, and they all put up their swords, and M'sieu' Cournal sit down at a table, and he stare and stare up at the balcony, and make a motion now and then with his hand. M'sieu' Doltaire say to her, 'Madame, you must excuse our entertainment; we did not know we had an audience so distinguished.' At that she say, 'As scene-shifter and prompter, M'sieu' Doltaire, you have a gift. Your Excellency,' she say to the Intendant, 'I will wait for you at the top of the great staircase, if you will be so good as to take me to the ballroom.' The Intendant and M'sieu' Doltaire bow, and turn towards the door, and M'sieu' Cournal scowl, and make as if to follow; but Madame speak down at him, 'M'sieu' Argand' — like that! and he turn back, and sit down. I think she forget me, I keep so still. The others bow and scrape, and leave the room, and the two are alone — alone, for what am I? What if a dog hear great people speak! No, it is no matter!

"There is all still for a little while, and I watch her face as she lean over the rail and look down at him; it is like stone, like stone that aches, and her eyes stare and stare at him. He look up at her and scowl; then he laugh, with a toss of the finger, and sit down. All at once he put his hand on his sword, and gnash his teeth.

"Then she speak down to him, her voice ver' quiet. 'Argand,' she say, 'you are more a man drunk than sober. Argand,' she go on, 'years ago, they said you were a brave man; you fight well, you do good work for the King, your name goes with a sweet sound to Versailles. You had only your sword and my poor fortune and me then — that is all; but you were a man. You had ambition, so had I. What can a woman do? You had your sword, your country, the King's service. I had beauty; I wanted power — ah yes, power, that was the thing. But I was young and a fool; you were older. You talked fine things then, but you had a base heart, so much baser than mine. . . . I might have been a good woman. I was a fool, and weak, and vain, but you were base — so base — coward and betrayer, you!'

"At that M'sieu' start up and snatch at his sword, and speak out between his teeth: 'By God, I will kill you to-night!' She smile cold and hard, and say, 'No, no, you will not; it is too late for killing; that should have been done before. You sold your right to kill long ago, Argand Cournal. You have been close friends with the man who gave me power, and you gold.' Then she get fierce. 'Who gave you gold before he gave me power, traitor!' Like that she speak. 'Do you never think of what you have lost?' Then she break out in a laugh. 'Pah! Listen: if there must be killing, why not be the great Roman — drunk!' Then she laugh so hard a laugh, and turn away, and go quick by me and not see me. She step into the dark, and he sit down in the chair, and look straight in front of him. I do not stir, and after a minute she come back soft, and peep down, her face all differen'. 'Argand! Argand!' she say ver' tender and low, 'if — if — if' — like that. But just then he see the broken watch on the floor, and he stoop, with a laugh, and pick up the pieces; then he get a candle and look on the floor everywhere for the jewels, and he pick them up, and put them away one by one in his purse like a miser. He keep on looking, and once the fire of the candle burn his

beard, and he swear, and she stare and stare at him. He sit down at the table, and look at the jewels and laugh to himself. Then she draw herself up, and shake, and put her hands to her eyes, and 'C'est fini! c'est fini!' she whisper, and that is all.

"When she is gone, after a little time he change — ah, he change much. He go to a bottle and pour out a great bowl of wine, and then another, and he drink them both, and he begin to walk up and down the floor. He sway now and then, but he keep on for a long time. Once a servant come, but he wave him away, and he scowl and talk to himself, and shut the doors and lock them. Then he walk on and on. At last he sit down, and he face me. In front of him are candles, and he stare between them, and stare and stare. I sit and watch, and I feel a pity. I hear him say, 'Antoinette! Antoinette! My dear Antoinette! We are lost forever, my Antoinette!' Then he take the purse from his pocket, and throw it up to the balcony where I am. 'Pretty sins,' he say, 'follow the sinner!' It lie there, and it have sprung open, and I can see the jewels shine, but I not touch it — no. Well, he sit there long — long, and his face get gray and his cheeks all hollow.

"I hear a clock strike *one! two! three! four!* Once some one come and try the door, but go away again, and he never stir; he is like a dead man. At last I fall asleep. When I wake up, he still sit there, but his head lie in his arms. I look round. Ah, it is not a fine sight — no. The candles burn so low, and there is a smell of wick, and the grease run here and there down the great candlesticks. Upon the floor, this place and that, is a card, and pieces of paper, and a scarf, and a broken glass, and something that shine by a small table. This is a picture in a little gold frame. On all the tables stand glasses, some full, and some empty of wine. And just as the dawn come in through the tall windows, a cat crawl out from somewhere, all ver' thin and shy, and walk across the floor; it make the room look so much alone. At last it come and move against M'sieu's legs, and he lift his head and look down at it, and nod, and say something which I not hear. After that he get up, and pull himself together with a shake, and walk down the room. Then he see the little gold picture on the floor, and he pick it up and look at it, and walk again. 'Poor fool!' he say, and look at the picture again. 'Poor fool! Will he curse her some day — a child with a face like that? Ah!' And he throw the picture down — some young officer drop it. Then he walk away to the doors, unlock them, and go out. Soon I steal away through the panels, and out of the palace ver' quiet, and go home. But I can see that room in my mind."

Here my jailer was impatient, but I persuaded him to quiet, and questioned Voban of Alixe.

"Ma'm'selle — ah yes," he said, "I see her with M'sieu' Doltaire at the palace, but not for long, no, but for a little while, for there are many who talk with her. I see her ten days ago, and she say to me, 'Voban, if there is ever way to reach Captain Stobo, fail me not. Have I not care for Mathilde?' she say, with tears in her eyes. That was all, but, m'sieu', there is no one like her, no one in the world!"

Again the jailer hurried Voban; and indeed he had stretched out his task with me most leisurely, and now there was no excuse for him to remain longer; so I gave him a message to Alixe, and managed to slip into his hand a letter, or transcript from my journal which I had kept from time to time, in the hope that I might be able to send it to her. Then he left me, and I sat and thought upon the strange events of the evening which he had described to me. That he was bent on mischief I felt sure, but how it would come, what were his plans, I could

not guess. Then suddenly there flashed into my mind my words to him, "blow us all to pieces," and his consternation and strange eagerness. It came to me all at once: he meant to blow up the Intendance. When? And how? It seemed absurd to think of it. Yet — yet — The grim humor of the thing possessed me, and I sat back and laughed heartily.

In the midst of my mirth the cell door opened and let in Doltaire.

XV.

I started from my seat; we bowed, and, stretching out a hand to the fire, Doltaire said, "Ah, my Captain, we meet too seldom. Let me see: five months — ah yes, nearly five months. Believe me, I have not breakfasted so heartily since. You are looking older — older. Solitude to the active mind is not to be endured alone — no."

"Monsieur Doltaire is the surgeon to my solitude," said I.

"H'm!" he answered, "a jail surgeon merely. And that brings me to a point, monsieur. I have had letters from France. The Grande Marquise, — I may as well be frank with you, — womanlike, yearns violently for those silly letters which you hold. She would sell our France for them. There is a chance for you who would serve your country so. Serve it, and yourself — and me. We have no news yet as to your doom, but be sure it is certain. La Pompadour knows all, and if you are stubborn, twenty deaths were too few. I can save you little longer, even were it my will so to do. For myself, the great lady girds at me for being so poor an agent. You, monsieur," — he smiled quaintly, — "will agree that I have been persistent and — intelligent."

"So much so," rejoined I, "as to be intrusive."

He smiled again. "If La Pompadour could hear you, she would understand why I prefer the live amusing lion to the dead dog. When you are gone, I shall be inconsolable. I am a born inquisitor."

"You were born for better things than this," I answered.

He took a seat and mused for a moment. "For larger things, you mean," was his reply. "Perhaps — perhaps. I have one gift of the strong man — I am inexorable when I make for my end. As a general, I would pour men into the maw of death as corn into the hopper, if that would build a bridge to my end. You call to mind how those Spaniards conquered the Mexique city which was all canals like Venice? They filled the waterways with shattered houses and the bodies of their enemies, as they fought their way to Montezuma's palace. So I would know not pity if I had a great cause. In anything vital I would have success at all cost, and to get, destroy as I went — if I were a great man."

I thought for a moment with horror of his pursuit of my dear Alixe. "I am your hunter," had been his words to her, and I knew not what had happened in all these months. Yet I swore to myself she would not stir from her allegiance, though ten Doltaires were set upon her. It was the horror of the pursuit that sickened me.

"If you were a great man, you should have the best prerogative of greatness," I said quietly.

"And what is that? Some excellent moral, I doubt not," was his rejoinder.

"Mercy," I replied.

"Tush!" he retorted, "mercy is for the fireside, not for the throne. In great causes, what is a screw of tyranny here, a bolt of oppression there, or a few thousand lives!" He suddenly got to his feet, and, looking into the distance, made a swift motion of his hand, his eyes half closed, his brows brooding and firm. "I should look beyond the moment, the year, or the generation. Why fret because the hour of death comes sooner

than we looked for? In the movement of the ponderous car, some honest folk must be crushed by the wicked wheels. No, no, in large affairs there must be no thought of the detail of misery, else what should be done in the world! He who is the strongest shall survive, and he alone. It is all conflict — all. For when conflict ceases, and those who could and should be great spend their time chasing butterflies among the fountains, comes miasma and their doom. Mercy? Mercy? No, no: for none but the poor and sick and overridden, in time of peace; in time of war, mercy for none, pity nowhere, till the joybells ring the great man home."

"But mercy to women always," said I, "in war or peace."

He withdrew his eyes as if from a distant prospect, and they dropped to the stove, where I had corn parching. He nodded, as if amused, but did not answer at once, and taking from my hand the feather with which I stirred the corn, softly whisked some off for himself, and smiled at the remaining kernels as they danced upon the hot iron. After a little while he said, "Women? Women should have all that men can give them. Beautiful things should adorn them; no man should set his hand in cruelty on a woman — after she is his. Before — before? Woman is willful, and sometimes we wring her heart that we may afterwards comfort it."

"Methinks your views have somewhat changed," I answered. "I mind when you talked less sweetly."

He shrugged a shoulder. "That man is lost who keeps one mind concerning woman. I will trust the chastity of no woman, yet I will trust her virtue — if I have her heart. They are a foolish tribe, and all are vulnerable in their vanity. They are of consequence to man, of no consequence in state matters. When they meddle there, we have La Pompadour and war with England, and Captain Stobo in the Bastile of New France."

"You come from a court, monsieur, which believes in nothing, not even in itself."

"I come from a court," he rejoined, "which has made a gospel of artifice, of frivolity a creed; buying the toys for folly with the savings of the poor. His most Christian Majesty has set the fashion of continual silliness and universal love. He begets children in the peasant's oven and in the chamber of Charlemagne alike. And we are all good subjects of the King. We are brilliant, exquisite, brave, and naughty; and for us there is no to-morrow."

"Nor for France," I suggested.

He laughed, as he rolled a kernel of parched corn on his tongue. "Tut, tut! that is another thing. We are the fashion of an hour, but France is a fact as stubborn as the natures of you English; for beyond stubbornness and your Shakespeare you have little. Down among the moles, in the peasants' huts, the spirit of France never changes — it is always the same; it is for all time. You English, nor all others, you cannot blow out that candle which is the spirit of France. I remember of the Abbé Bobon preaching once upon the words, 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord;' well, the spirit of France is the candle of Europe, and you English will be its screen against the blowing out, though in spasms of stupidity you flaunt the extinguisher. You — you have no imagination, no passion, no temperament, no poetry. Yet I am wrong. The one thing you have" —

He broke off, nodding his head in amusement. "Yes, you have, but it is a secret. You English are the true lovers, we French the true poets; and I will tell you why. You are a race of comrades, the French of gentlemen; you cleave to a thing, we to an idea; you love a woman best when she is near, we when she is away; you make a romance of marriage, we of intrigue; you feed upon yourselves, we upon the world; you have fever in your blood, we in our brains;

you believe the world was made in seven days, we have no God; you would fight for the seven days, we would fight for the danseuse on a bonbon box. The world will say 'fie!' at us and love us; it will respect you and hate you. That is the law and the gospel," he added, smiling.

"Perfect respect casteth out love," said I ironically, though his musings interested me, and I felt behind them all the strange irresponsibility of his nature; knew him to be admirable in his reflections and abominable in his actions.

He waved his fingers in approval. "By the Lord, but you are pungent now and then!" he said; "cabined here you are less material. By the time you are chastened unto heaven you will be too companionable to lose."

"When is that hour of completed chastening?" I asked.

"Never," he said, "if you will oblige me with those letters."

"For a man of genius you discern but slowly," retorted I.

"Discern your amazing stubbornness?" he asked. "Why should you play at martyr, when your talent is commercial? You have no gifts for martyrdom but wooden tenacity. Pshaw! the leech has that. You mistake your calling."

"And you yours," I sent back at him. "This is a poor game you play, and losing it you lose all. La Pompadour will pay according to the goods you bring."

He answered with an amusing candor: "Why, yes, you are partly in the right. But when La Pompadour and I come to our final reckoning, when it is a question who can topple ruins round the King quickest, his mistress or his 'cousin,' there will be tales to tell."

He got up, and walked to and fro in the cell, musing, and his face grew dark and darker. "Your Monmouth was a fool," he said. "He struck from the boundaries; the blow should fall in the very chambers of the King." He put a finger musingly upon his lip. "I see — I see how it could be done. Full of danger, but brilliant, brilliant and bold! Yes, yes . . . yes!" Then all at once he seemed to come out of a dream, and laughed ironically. "There it is," he said; "there is my case. I have the idea, but I will not strike; it is not worth the doing unless I 'm driven to it. We are brave enough, we idlers," he went on; "we die with an air — artifice, artifice! . . . Yet of late I have had dreams. Now that is not well. It is foolish to dream, and I had long since ceased to do so. But somehow all the mad fancies of my youth come back. This dream will go, it will not last; it is — my fate, my doom," he added lightly, "or what you will."

I knew, alas, too well where his thoughts were hanging, and I loathed him anew; for, as he hinted, his was a passion, not a deep abiding love. His will was not stronger than the general turpitude of his nature. As if he had divined my thought, he said, "My will is stronger than any passion that I have; I can never plead weakness in the day of my judgment. I am deliberate. When I choose evil it is because I love it. I could be an anchorite; I am — what you will."

"You are a conscienceless villain, monsieur."

"Who salves not his soul," he added, with a dry smile, "and who will play his game out as he began; who repents nor ever will repent of anything; who sees for him and you some interesting moments yet. Let me make one now," and he drew from his pocket a packet. He smiled hatefully as he handed it to me, and said, "Some books which Monsieur once lent Mademoiselle Duvarney — poems, I believe. Mademoiselle found them yesterday, and desired me to fetch them to you; and I obliged her. I had the pleasure of glancing through the books before she rolled them up. She bade me say that Monsieur might find them useful in his captivity. She has a tender heart — even to the worst of criminals."

I felt a strange churning in my throat, but with composure I took the books, and said, "Mademoiselle Duvarney chooses distinguished messengers."

"It is a distinction to aid her in her charities," he replied.

I could not at all conceive what was meant. The packet hung in my hands like lead. There was a mystery I could not solve. I would not for an instant think what he meant to convey by a look — that her choice of him to carry back my gift to her was a final repulse of past advances I had made to her, a corrective to my romantic memories. I would not believe that, not for one fleeting second. Perhaps, I said to myself, it was a ruse of this scoundrel. But again, I put that from me, for I did not think he would stoop to little meannesses, no matter how vile he was in great things. I assumed indifference to the matter, laying the packet down upon my couch, and saying to him, "You will convey my thanks to Mademoiselle Duvarney for these books, whose chief value lies in the honorable housing they have had."

He smiled provokingly; no doubt he was thinking that my studied compliment smelt of the oil of solitude. "And add — shall I — your compliments that they should have their airing at the hands of Monsieur Doltaire?"

"I shall pay those compliments to Monsieur Doltaire himself one day," I replied.

He waved his fingers. "The sentiments of one of the poems were commendable, fanciful. I remember — I remember" — he put a finger to his lip — "let me see." He stepped towards the packet, but I made a sign of interference, — how grateful was I of this afterwards! — and he drew back courteously. "Ah well," he said, "I have a fair memory; I can, I think, recall the morsel. It impressed me. I could not think the author an Englishman. It runs thus," and with admirable grace he recited the words: —

"O flower of all the world, O flower of all!
The garden where thou dwellest is so fair,
Thou art so goodly and so queenly tall,
Thy sweetness scatters sweetness everywhere,
O flower of all!

"O flower of all the years, O flower of all!
A day beside thee is a day of days;
Thy voice is softer than the throstle's call,
There is not song enough to sing thy praise,
O flower of all!

"O flower of all the years, O flower of all!
I seek thee in thy garden, and I dare
To love thee; and though my deserts be small,
Thou art the only flower I would wear,
O flower of all!"

"Now that," he said, "is the romantic, almost the Arcadian spirit. We have lost it, but it lingers like some rare scent in the folds of lace. It is also but perfect artifice, yet so is the lingering perfume. When it hung in the flower it was lost after a day's life, but when gathered and distilled into an essence it becomes, through artifice, an abiding sweetness. So with your song there. It is the spirit of devotion, gathered, it may be, from a thousand flowers, and made into an essence, which is offered to one only. It is not the worship of this one, but the worship of a thousand distilled at last to one delicate liturgy. So much for sentiment," he continued. "Upon my soul, Captain Stobo, you are a boon. I love to have you caged. I shall watch your distressed career to its close with deep scrutiny. You and I are wholly different, but you are interesting. You never could be great. Pardon the egotism, but it is truth. Your brain works heavily, you are too tenacious of your conscience, you are a blunderer. You will always sow, and others will reap."

I waved my hand in deprecation, for I was in no mood for further talk, and I made no answer. He smiled at me, and said, "Well, since you doubt my theories, let us come, as your Shakespeare says, to Hecuba. . . . If you will come with me," he added, as he opened my cell door, and motioned me courte-

ously to go outside. I drew back, and he said, "There is no need to hesitate; I go to show you merely what will interest you."

We passed in silence through the corridors, two sentinels attending, and at last came into a large square room, wherein stood three men with hands tied over their heads against the wall, their faces twitching with pain. I drew back in astonishment, for there, standing before them, were Gabord and another soldier. Doltaire ordered from the room the soldier with Gabord, and my two sentinels, and motioned me to one of two chairs set in the middle of the floor.

Presently his face became hard and cruel, and he said to the tortured prisoners, "You will need to speak the truth, and promptly. I have an order to do with you what I will, and I will do it without pause. Hear me. Three nights ago, as Mademoiselle Duvarney was returning from the house of a friend living near the Intendance, she was set upon by you. A cloak was thrown over her head, she was carried to a carriage, where two of you got inside with her. Some gentlemen and myself were coming that way. We heard the lady's cries, and two gave chase to the carriage, while one followed the others. By the help of soldier Gabord here you all were captured. You have hung where you are for two days, and now I shall have you whipped. When that is done, you shall tell your story. If you do not speak truth, you shall be whipped again, and then hung. Ladies shall have safety from rogues like you."

Alixe's danger told in these concise words made me, I am sure, turn pale; but Doltaire did not see it, he was engaged with the prisoners. As I thought and wondered, four soldiers were brought in, and the men were made ready for the whipping. In vain they pleaded they would tell their story at once. Doltaire would not listen; the whipping first, and their story after. Soon their backs were bared, their faces were turned to the wall, and, as Gabord with harsh voice counted, the lashes were mercilessly laid on. There was a horrible fascination in watching the skin corrugate under the lashes, rippling away in red and purple blotches, the grooves in the flesh crossing and recrossing, the raw misery spreading from the hips to the shoulders. Now and again Doltaire drew out a box and took a pinch of snuff, and once, coolly and curiously, he walked up to the most stalwart prisoner and felt his pulse, then to the weakest, whose limbs and body had stiffened as though dead. "*Ninety-seven! Ninety-eight! Ninety-nine!*" growled Gabord, and then came Doltaire's voice, quiet and clear: "*Stop!* Now fetch some brandy." The prisoners were loosened, and Doltaire spoke sharply to a soldier who was roughly pulling one man's shirt over the excoriated back. Brandy was given by Gabord, and the prisoners stood, a most pitiful sight, silent, sick, numb, the weakest livid.

"Now tell your story," said Doltaire to the weakest.

The man, with broken voice and breath catching, said that they had erred. They had been hired to kidnap Madame Cournal, not Mademoiselle Duvarney.

Doltaire's eyes flashed. "I see, I see," he said aside to me. "The wretch speaks truth."

"Who was your master?" he asked of the sturdiest of the villains; and he was told that Monsieur Cournal had engaged them. To the question what was to be done with Madame Cournal, another answered that she was to be waylaid as she was coming from the Intendance, kidnapped, and hurried to a nunnery to be imprisoned for life.

Doltaire sat for a moment, looking at the men in silence. "You are not to hang," he said at last; "but ten days hence, when you have had one hundred lashes more, you shall go free. Fifty for you," he continued to the weakest of them.

"Not fifty nor one!" was the reply, and, being unbound, the prisoner snatched something from a bench near; there was a flash of steel, and he came huddling in a heap on the floor, muttering a malediction on the world.

"There was some bravery in that," said Doltaire, looking at the dead man. "If he has friends, hand over the body to them. This matter must not be spoken of — at your peril," he added sternly. "Give them food and brandy."

Then he accompanied me to my cell, and opened the door. I passed in, and he was about going without a word, when on a sudden his old nonchalance came back, and he said, "I promised you a matter of interest. You have had it. Gather philosophy from this: you may with impunity buy anything from a knave and fool except his nuptial bed. He throws the money in your face some day."

So saying he plunged in thought again, and left me.

Gilbert Parker.

THE WRONGS OF THE JURYMAN.

THE jury is a part of our judicial system, established among us by the traditions of the past and by our descent from Anglo-Saxon stock, and also because of the general recognition by the people of its value, not alone as an ancient institution, but as a safeguard of our liberties, our possessions, and our lives. An English author has said that the whole establishment of king, lords, and commons, and of the statutes of the realm, has only one great object, and that is to bring twelve men into the jury-box.

It is interesting to observe how much more favorably jury trials are regarded in our Eastern and older States than in those of the West. Throughout New England, the right to a jury is everywhere recognized, as is true also of the Middle and of the older Southern States. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the system has been established from the very beginning; and in the debates of the Convention of 1788 we find that the most earnest arguments against the Federal Constitution were based upon the fear that it denied trial by jury. It is worthy of notice, too, that the first draught of the Constitution of Massachusetts provided for jury trial, in maritime as well as in civil causes. It is true that the legislature has tried repeatedly to restrict jury trials, though without avail in most instances. It began by providing that both parties could waive the right by written agreement; and then, finding this provision did not diminish the number to any large extent, it enacted that it must be claimed within a limited time, under which restriction we now practice. The effect, however, remains about the same, as litigants so generally make the claim that while, in Suffolk County, there is ordinarily only a single session of the Superior Court (the trial court of the Commonwealth) for the hearing of causes without a jury, and that sitting but three hours and a half a day, there are four or more sessions of the same court for jury causes, sitting during the whole day.

In some of the Southern States there is a curious restriction, springing undoubtedly from the wish of the legislature to lessen taxes; as, for example, in Texas, not only must there be the claim, but the claimant must make a deposit of a fixed sum for the payment of the jurymen. This is the law in Michigan and Wyoming, also.

In the Western States, provision is made frequently for the rendering of a

verdict by a less number than the whole panel; for instance, in Washington and Utah, nine or more in civil causes. But in the settled and more wealthy portions of the Union unanimity is always required; and this is considered to be of so much value that recently, when in the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York it was proposed to make possible the giving of a verdict in civil causes by a less number than all, the suggestion was opposed vigorously by the most eminent lawyers. They were right. In practice it is found that the dissent of one of the jurymen forces the remainder to consider and hear his opinion, and prevents their treating it with contempt and indifference, as they might do if they could bring in a verdict without him. Inasmuch as he has an absolute veto on their action, they must convince him or yield to him. However inexpedient such a provision might seem if this were a new matter, it works exceedingly well, and the number of failures on the part of the twelve jurymen to agree upon the verdict, one way or the other, is extremely small.

The inconsistency in practice upon this subject, however, is most remarkable. A solemn oath is administered to the juryman that he will determine his verdict only upon the testimony and the instruction of the court. Moreover, it is a matter of general recognition and experience that the dissenting juryman usually is the stronger man, with the better reasons on his side. Nevertheless, if he hold faithfully to his oath and to his conscience, and persist in not agreeing with the majority, because he is not convinced and does not consider the proposed verdict right and proper, he becomes a marked man, and means are found quickly to oust him from further service. There is more than one instance known of careful and upright men, exactly of the kind required for jury service, who have been rendered extremely uncomfortable in the performance of their duties, and finally driven therefrom, because they would not look lightly upon the oaths of office which they had taken.

In other respects, also, the juryman is subjected to petty annoyances, altogether inconsistent with the important place which he holds in the administration of justice, unworthy of a free and civilized people, and without other support than tradition from circumstances and times unlike our own. Why, for example, should he be secluded from ordinary intercourse with the world, while performing that part of his duties as a citizen which is comprised in jury service?

Several of the States are much in advance of Massachusetts in this regard. It is a matter of discretion in Kansas and Louisiana whether jurymen shall separate during the trial and after the cause is submitted to them, and usually they are allowed so to do. In West Virginia and in the Indian Territory they are kept together in criminal causes after the matter has been submitted to their decision, but in civil causes they separate temporarily at night and for their meals. In Connecticut, jurymen are seldom kept together continuously for any length of time after a cause has been submitted to them, in either civil or criminal matters. This subject was presented to the highest court in the State, by motion on the part of a prisoner, who had been found guilty on an indictment for murder, for an arrest of judgment on the ground that after the cause was committed to them the jury were not confined under the custody of an officer appointed by the court until they had agreed upon a verdict, but were immediately permitted to separate and go to their respective places of abode, and did not meet again until the next morning, when they agreed on and brought in a verdict of guilty. In giving the opinion of the court, the chief justice said, "As to the objection that the jury were permitted to separate before they agreed upon a verdict, it may be said that such has been the universal practice in this

State, and the practice has been sanctioned by usage in this court." In North Carolina, the jurymen may separate at their own will, except in capital causes, when the consent of the prisoner is necessary. In Indiana, whenever a cause is submitted finally to a jury, they may decide in court or retire for deliberation. If they retire, they are allowed to separate temporarily and at their meals. So also in Illinois. In Mississippi, the jurymen may separate in all civil causes and in trials for misdemeanors, though upon demand by either party they are kept together; but this demand is not often made. In Texas, the jurymen are not kept apart in civil causes, but are in criminal causes from the beginning. In Arkansas, the jurymen are allowed to separate for meals and sleep, from the time of impaneling until the verdict, in the United States courts, but not as a matter of right in the state courts. In Alabama, the statute does not require jurymen to be kept together in civil causes nor in minor criminal causes; but the judge, upon request of both parties, may in his discretion keep the jurymen together, after the cause has been submitted to them, until they have agreed upon a verdict or have been discharged.

It would be difficult to give a good and sufficient reason why jurymen should be treated with suspicion, and deprived of the ordinary privileges which are given as a matter of course to other people. The present practice in Great Britain, and in most portions of the United States, is, practically, to say to them, "You are weak and untrustworthy men, and in order to preserve you from temptation we must shut you up." This is not a practice conducive to strength and manliness, nor is it an efficient barrier against corruption, since, if this be intended, a dishonest juryman can be seen before the charge of the judge, or even before the trial shall begin. Many subjects of dispute go to referees, and frequently the investigation of an insolvent's affairs, or the determination what settlement shall be made with him, is left by his creditors to a committee; and in neither of these cases would any one think of asking to seclude the referees and the committee men until after they had come to a conclusion. They would look upon it, and rightly, as an insult to their honor and integrity to propose so to do; and yet these same men, called to similar duties under the statutes as jurymen, and for the decision of questions no more important, are subjected to this unworthy suspicion and distrust. It has been learned in the administration of schools, and learned slowly and after long trial of the opposite course, that it is far better and more efficient to trust to the manliness and honor of the scholars than to seek to compel discipline by minute and restrictive regulations. We may expect stronger and better jurymen when we come to treat them as if we had some confidence in their uprightness and honesty.

This seclusion from the outside world is at times inhuman. In a recent cause, the wife of one of the jurymen became suddenly ill during the progress of the trial, and this juryman was not permitted to see her before her death, and in fact might not have had opportunity to look upon her remains before burial, had not a verdict been reached before the burial took place. It is not strange that men look with aversion upon jury service, and will resort to every possible expedient rather than submit, even during a limited period, to be cut off from all knowledge of affairs of the outside world, and especially of what affects their families.

Again, jurymen are not permitted regular hours of employment; and while ordinarily they are released at the adjournment of the sitting for the day, it frequently happens that they are kept late into the night, and sometimes until the following day. This uncertainty makes another of the valid objections to a citi-

zen's submitting himself to jury service. In all other employments we may count with some certainty upon stated hours, but here a man does not know, when he leaves his home in the morning, whether he can return at the close of the day, or at some later hour. While of course it may happen in any vocation that one may be called upon, unexpectedly, to give extra hours, he ought not, in the public service at least, to be placed habitually in a position where he can make no engagements with reasonable expectation of ability to meet them. In the State of Connecticut, jurymen serve no longer than the other officers of the court, and at the close of the sitting, if they have not agreed upon a verdict, they go from the jury-room to their homes, as other men do, and return to the room the next morning to take the matter before them again into consideration, exactly as the judges themselves do. There is no more reason why jurymen should be kept in continuous session until the termination of a matter entrusted to them than there is for the keeping of other people in such a situation. These same men deal differently with other affairs in life. They consult together, and, when the time comes, they separate, and come together again; and were it not that a different method has been established among us by usage, we should take the same course in the decision of controversies which have reached the courts that we follow without question in the decision of other controversies wherein suit has not begun.

A more irksome grievance than the seclusion from the outside world is the treatment of jurymen in reference to food and sleep. After a matter has been committed to them to determine upon their verdict, no one of them can know how long he will be kept without food and without sleep. Nearly always they are permitted to have their meals, though often at irregular hours; but frequently they are kept late into the night, and sometimes all of the night, in a room where there is no provision whatever for sleep. The only excuse ever offered therefor is that by this means jurymen can be brought to agree. The people, however, have gone to the expense of the maintenance of courts not for the purpose of starving or coercing jurymen into an agreement, nor for the dispatch of business, but for the administration of justice, and that the truth may be ascertained, and wrong detected and punished. Many a man has been made seriously ill by the want of food and sleep, and by the breaking-up of his accustomed routine of life; and there is no necessity to expose any one to these risks. It is worth consideration and trial, at least, to discover whether men who now shrink from jury service would not be willing to perform this duty if they knew they would not be exposed to these unnecessary hardships.

In olden times the courts went even further in the effort to secure verdicts from unwilling jurymen. Bishop Burnet tells of a jury in his time who were shut up a whole day and night, and those who were for acquittal yielded only to the fury of the remainder, so that they might save their lives, and not die from starvation. In the case of Alice Lisle, the jury twice brought her in "not guilty," and the lord chief justice threatened them, so that, overcome with fear, the third time they brought her in "guilty," and she was executed. In the Throckmorton cause, the jury deliberated several hours, and returned into court with a verdict of "not guilty." Thereupon the lord chief justice remonstrated with them in a violent tone, and committed them to prison. Four were discharged on humbly admitting that they had done wrong, but the remaining eight were dragged before the Star Chamber and dealt with severely. In a Quaker cause the jury disagreed, and the judge said to one of them, "You are the cause of this faction, and I shall set a mark upon you." He sent

them back to reconsider their verdict, and when, after considerable time, they returned to the court-room, not bringing in a verdict acceptable to the court, they were told, "You shall not be dismissed until we have a verdict which the court will accept, and you shall be locked up without meat, fire, drink, or tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the court. We shall have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it." They finally brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and each man was fined forty marks, and imprisoned until the fine was paid.

It is not possible now to use jurymen so barbarously, but there is no difference in principle between coercing them into agreement, under the old practice, and, under the present practice, of depriving them of food and sleep, with the result often that the strongest stomach instead of the wisest head carries the day. Indeed, in some respects the old practice was the more humane, since in those days it was possible to add to the panel a sufficient number until twelve men were found to agree upon the same conclusion; while now, if one differs from the rest, he must either assent to a verdict against his own conscience, or suffer from want of food or rest.

We are a patient people, and permit many things to go on, which have no support from reason or conscience, simply because they have been, until some striking instance brings the whole subject forcibly to our attention. Then the abuse comes to an end. So will it be with this matter of jury service. It is not the fault of our judges that these inhumanities remain in practice. In fact, it is owing to them that so many alleviations have already been introduced and adopted. It is necessary that the judges shall proceed slowly and cautiously in making changes, but we cannot doubt that they would welcome the passage of acts by the legislature which would extend to jurymen the same considerate and humane treatment that is given to all men when called upon for other like public service.

There is much complaint of the quality of our jurymen, and especially in cities, a good deal of which I believe to be without sufficient foundation, and it will be worth a trial to learn whether we might not cause a decided improvement if we should make jury service easier. For it is not strange that men should look with aversion upon this service, and be possessed of a most earnest desire to escape it, when they are exposed to trials like these. In following his ordinary vocation, one grows used to regular hours for work and for food and for sleep. It is no light thing to break in suddenly upon these. For no other duty in life, either public or private, except of course in case of war or extreme urgency, should we think of compelling men to sit hour after hour, without food, in a close room, filled perhaps with tobacco smoke, so that their hunger or inability to go longer without rest will drive them to an agreement. It is not consistent with our high civilization to contemplate an agreement obtained in this way; and were it not that we have become used to it as something of daily occurrence, we should look upon it as barbarous, and a custom to be found only among savage peoples. Let us treat jurymen as reasonable men, with the ordinary privileges of obtaining their food at the usual hours, and giving no more time to their duties in court than other officers of the law are required to give, and some of the objections in the minds of business men to jury service will have been removed.

Harvey N. Shepard.

THE NEW ART CRITICISM.

In discussing the recent developments of what is variously called the "new art criticism," "Morellianism," and "scientific connoisseurship," I shall be obliged to limit myself to the criticism of Italian painting during the Renaissance, although it is of course evident that the principles which apply to the study of one branch of art apply in the main to all. What I have to say will be comprised in the answers to the following questions: What are the requisites of helpful art criticism? Wherein has the old criticism failed, that a new should be necessary? In what sense is the criticism we are to discuss new? And to what does it lead?

What are the requisites of helpful art criticism? The two requisites — taking the power of expression for granted — are, obviously, that the critic should know his subject, and that he should feel it. First, as to knowing. There are two ways of approaching any art of the past: the one, the study of documents about it; the other, the study of the works of art themselves. A sound criticism would naturally combine the two, but, unfortunately, the writers on Renaissance art, who still exercise the greatest authority, emphasize only the first and less important, assuming that the essential thing to know is, not the picture, but the written or printed document concerning it; which is as much to the point as saying that the essential thing about a dinner is the grocer's and butcher's bills for the raw materials. I am far from denying that these things have a value; my contention is that for the person whose interest in Italian pictures is artistic, not merely archæological or technical, the work of art is the first and most necessary object of study. And when can the critic be said to be really proficient in his chosen line of work? Not, I venture to say, until he is able to distinguish not only school from school, and master from master within the school, but master from pupil and imitator, and even imitator from imitator; in short, until he can classify Italian paintings with the accuracy of a botanist in classifying plants.

Now, the point of having the critic know his subject to the minutest details is, not that he should drag the public after him into his laboratory, or compel them to gaze at every specimen in his herbarium. On the contrary. One great use of his knowledge is to warn the public away from what is insignificant and poor. There were quite as many bad painters in the Renaissance as there are nowadays, and when the work they left is indiscriminately classed along with that of the great masters, as happens in most galleries, it is more than probable that before coming to a real masterpiece the æsthetic capacities of the sightseer have been exhausted in the endeavor to discover non-existent beauties in mere rubbish masquerading under famous names. How many tourists wear themselves out in vain endeavors to enjoy what their catalogues and Baedekers tell them are Leonardos or Giorgiones, but which really are the productions of tenth-rate painters, like Marco d'Oggione or Girolamo Santa-Croce! Modest but sincere people, in such cases, are puzzled, distressed, doubtful; they waste time trying to appreciate, give it up in despair, and then go browsing about on their own account, generally missing a great deal that is good, but at any rate enjoying honestly what they do enjoy. Humble but less analytical people deceive themselves into mechanical raptures at the sight of certain names. Impatient sightseers, after a few disappointments, give up the "old masters" as beyond them, the arrogant roundly declaring them humbugs. Mildly stupid people

betake themselves to the literary interpretation of the pictures; while the duller sort are content with identifying the different saints and the Biblical or allegorical episodes represented. The truly helpful art criticism would begin with classifying the pictures correctly, so that no one would any longer run the risk of wasting time and emotion in this manner. This classification, however, can be done only after a thorough acquaintance, not with the documents about the pictures, but with the pictures themselves. My own ideal of the genuine art critic is that he should have sufficient experience and memory to carry constantly and clearly in mind all the pictures in all the European collections (and especially all the pictures in the public and private galleries, and in the many thousands of churches in Italy itself), ranged not only under the names of their painters, but also under the precise epoch in the artist's career when they were executed. A young Titian is almost as different from an old Titian, for example, as Giorgione from Tintoretto!

Complete and accurate knowledge, then, is one of the requisites of helpful art criticism. And now as to feeling. We already have critics of Renaissance art who have undoubtedly felt. I do not speak of the ordinary gushing writers, but of two, to mention only English, profound in feeling and supreme in expression, — Mr. Ruskin and the late Walter Pater. I have noticed that the first effect upon the student of a plunge into modern scientific connoisseurship is invariably to throw him into a rage when these names are brought up. "Ruskin! who cannot tell the difference between an original Giotto and an imitation!" "Pater! who does not know a Giorgione from a Cariano, or a Botticelli from a Raffaellino del Garbo!" He is apt to think that the exposure of such glaring errors as these forever condemns the critics who are capable of committing them. But the longer one dwells in the arid deserts of mere connoisseurship, the more one longs for those oases of genuine feeling about the work of art — even misnamed! — which are after all the solace of the journey. Both these writers *felt* the Renaissance. Mr. Ruskin, who was always protesting against it, felt it, so to speak, *à rebours*, for he is to be fully understood only in connection with the so-called Oxford movement, the revival of mediæval religion among cultivated people, which led them to Gothic art, and made them feel an instinctive antagonism toward the Renaissance, with its frank paganism and its avowed worship of reason and force. But the very violence of Mr. Ruskin's invective proves his appreciation of the potency of the thing he inveighed against. And then, when he forgets his prejudices, how divinely he can write of Tintoretto and Giorgione (even though his artists be not identical with the Tintoretto and Giorgione of modern connoisseurship)! Yet his books are safe reading only for the experienced critic, who, having traveled the long path for himself, is proof against even Ruskin's eloquence when he is called on to admire second-rate Giottesque imitations as the flower of Florentine art.

With Pater the case is different. Far from being in a state of protest against the tendencies of the Renaissance, he was so thoroughly its child that he almost succeeded in creating it anew. Possessing the vital gift of the critic, the power of sympathetic emotional interpretation, he has wrapped that age in poetry and magic, and has made it glow again with life for us. But the ideal critic must add to innate capacities a store of accurate and personal knowledge, and Mr. Pater, one of the greatest of innate appreciators, often failed of his effect because he had not trained his eye to fine discriminations. One asks in front of some of his Giorgiones and Botticellis, "Is it possible that a man who takes this daub for a supreme artistic expression of the

Renaissance can have anything worth saying about the epoch?" And thus Pater's Renaissance remains a book to read, not in Italy, but in England or America; for it is after all only his idea of the period, a delightful subjective affair, not very close to the real Renaissance. It is great as a work of imagination, but less successful as a critical reconstruction of the art of another time: and it is of art criticism we are now speaking, not of works of imagination.

Enough has been said already to indicate the answer to our second question: Wherein has the old criticism failed, that a new should be necessary? Its failure has been just that lack of discriminating knowledge which makes it impossible for the real appreciator, when he does come, whether as writer or as mere sightseer, to avoid wasting time and strength upon worthless things, and missing much that is valuable. For, revolutionary as the statement may sound, it is a fact that a large proportion of Italian pictures in public galleries — and still more in private collections — are misnamed. I may be pardoned for quoting in defense of my position Sir Henry Layard's remarks in his preface to the English translation of Morelli's book upon the Borghese and Doria galleries. Speaking of the ignorance and carelessness of twenty years ago, he says: "It is difficult to conceive what this ignorance was, and in some instances still is. Spurious works and manifest copies were ascribed to the greatest masters. No distinction was made between the different schools of painting. Pictures whose authors would have been evident to the merest connoisseur were attributed to painters with whom, in manner, they had no connection whatever, and who belonged to entirely different schools. The student sought in vain for instruction, and the public were only misled. The directors of some of the galleries were shamed by Morelli's exposures into making changes, and his remonstrances have led to improvement; but the confusion and ignorance which still prevail may be judged of by published catalogues, and by the manner in which the pictures are in some places exhibited; as, for instance, in the Correr Museum at Venice, where highly interesting works of the old masters are jumbled up with productions of the last and present century of the vulgarest and most commonplace description, hung on a level with the eye, whilst those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are, in Academy phrase, 'skied' and beyond the reach of examination." It is true, as the writer says, that during the last twenty years some little change for the better has been made. The pictures in the Brera at Milan, Morelli's own town, are almost perfectly named, while the Dresden, Munich, Parma, and Vienna galleries follow not very far behind, and Berlin and the Borghese gallery in Rome betray at any rate a consciousness of the existence of modern scientific criticism. The National Gallery has adopted a British "compromise" between tradition and science, but the great galleries of Paris, Madrid, Florence, Venice, and Rome, and the smaller provincial galleries almost everywhere, still wallow in the mistakes of the old connoisseurship, when every fat woman or youth in romantic costume was a Giorgione, every gray-haired man a Tintoretto, every long-nosed, smiling lady a Leonardo, and every athlete a Michelangelo.

Turning from the galleries, let us trace briefly the outline of what has been written about Italian painting. Vasari, who, with his lively gossip about the artists, has been aptly called "the last of the Italian *novellieri*," still remains the most generally entertaining. But no one dreams of taking him as a serious or an accurate guide, nor is his work much of an aid to the understanding or enjoyment of Italian art. Even Milanesi's edition, where an attempt has been made to correct the more glaring inaccuracies of Vasari's *al fresco* journalism, does not help very

much, for the editor is not himself a critic of anything but documents, an archivist. Three centuries passed before Renaissance art received a really serious treatment. Burckhardt's Cicerone, first printed in the fifties, contains in germ most of the important leading ideas about the art of that epoch, and it is profoundly thoughtful and suggestive. But accurate scholarship was impossible, and was by Burckhardt himself scarcely attempted. The monumental work by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, published some years later, was, it is true, undertaken in the more scientific spirit; but without photographs for comparison, and without the present but then nonexistent network of railways in Italy that enable the student to visit and revisit the spots where native art is best to be seen, precision was not to be looked for. As an *à peu près* classification of Italian pictures there is little to say against their writings, except that they contain no cultural ideas.

It was inevitable that, with the improvement in such mechanical aids as photography and railways, the scientific methods which, in part unconsciously to these authors, underlay the whole of their work should in other hands become refined with practice. Knowledge cannot stop at the à peu près, and the criticism we are to discuss is "new" (to answer the third of our questions) in the sense of substituting the knowledge, growing more and more exact, of a developing science for the groping attempts of an immature one. The next important publications (for we speak only of original work, and not of compilations) were Morelli's articles upon the Borghese gallery, which he printed in German, twenty years ago, under the assumed name of Lermolieff; following them up by treatises upon the Doria, Munich, Dresden, and Berlin galleries. Morelli, the pupil and companion of Agassiz, had the great advantage of careful training in the physical sciences, and the habits he thus acquired stood him in good stead when he turned to the study of art. He was the first to work out in any detail the laws that had been implicit in every classification of pictures. He has often been called the Darwin of art criticism, for he was the first to set himself resolutely against the haphazard or "inspiration" theory of genius, and to prove that art follows certain fixed laws of evolution, from which the individual artist can no more escape than the individual animal can escape from its genus and species. He traced with the minute care of a Darwin the derivation of one artist from another, the gradual modification of his forms, and the "survivals" of inheritance. His method, however, although scientific, was purely empirical, and, so to say, unconscious. By dint of years of patient comparison he hit upon the fact that certain peculiarities, such as the shape of hand or ear, the way of drawing the hair, the system of drapery, the manner of constructing the human figure, details of the landscape, and so forth, tend to remain essentially the same throughout the artist's entire career, and tend furthermore to be themselves but a development or modification of the forms and types handed down to him by his master. Tests of authorship such as these, which Morelli used empirically, without seeking to explain them, enabled him to effect a revolution in the commonly accepted classifications. From famous painters he took away the mass of inferior imitations that had dimmed their glory, and gave to others the credit which was due to their real achievements. At the same time, he traced hitherto unguessed connections between artist and artist, assigning to each one his proper place in the history of the development of his school.

A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon Morelli and his method, the bitterest attacks coming, naturally, from the gallery directors whom he so severely criticised. It is hard, however, to un-

derstand why public opinion does not force the galleries to keep abreast of the latest information regarding the objects entrusted for common use to their care. Such galleries should, of course, be treated like natural history museums, as a branch of the national education, the department set apart for the enlightenment of public taste, and accuracy should be as strictly demanded in the one case as in the other. To pass off inferior trash as the work of great masters is not to elevate, but to coarsen the sensibilities of those who go to look. It may sometimes have a fatal influence even upon artists themselves, as may be seen in the case of the dominant school of French painters at the beginning of this century, who were led by the misattributions in the Louvre to model themselves upon Giulio Romano's cold, coarse, and empty classicism, and his harsh scheme of color, under the impression that they were following Raphael. In the same way, the influence of the false Botticellis may be traced in a section of modern English painting led by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and brought up in the rear by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Perhaps the indifference of the public is due to the same thing which has caused "Morellianism" to be so ridiculed among non-professionals, namely, the prevalence of the theory that art is a miracle, and cannot be narrowed within the compass of scientific laws. People cling to this belief all the more tenaciously as their faith in other miracles disappears, and the critic who proposes to introduce science and law into this last haunt of superstition is regarded with contempt as a paradox-monger, or with suspicion and hatred as a perpetrator of sacrilege. "If you care to be descended from a monkey, you may!" was the little boy's protest against his playmate's Darwinism, twenty years ago. "If you like to have your art an affair of hands and ears and draperies, you may!" the opponents of Darwinism in art say to us to-day. But the new science is winning its way in spite of opposition, and has already reached almost at a bound the honorable place which archæology has for many years enjoyed.

Morelli, however, laid himself open to attack not only by the scrappiness of his work, — for he never wrote a complete study of any one school, or even of any one artist, — but still more by making no attempt to explain the empirical method by means of which he attained his results. But science can no more stand still at the purely empirical, if there is any hope of going deeper, than it can stand still at the à peu près. Morelli left to his disciples and followers the task of accounting for his empiricism. The explanation has been in part attempted by Mr. Bernhard Berenson, whose recent monograph upon the Venetian painter, Lorenzo Lotto, marks a distinct advance in criticism. I do not propose to summarize this work, which has already been reviewed in The Atlantic, but I shall endeavor to point out the general tendencies of the new art criticism, of which Mr. Berenson is the chief exponent, and to answer the last of the questions I asked at the beginning, To what does this criticism lead?

Starting from Morelli's empirical discovery that certain details tend to remain fixed throughout the artist's work, and are therefore the best clue to the authorship of any given picture, the new criticism has asked itself the question, Why these details rather than any others? The answer conducts directly to the laws which govern the development of an artist, *the laws of habit and attention.* The fact that the ultimate aim of the new criticism is the psychological reconstruction of the artistic personality of the artist by means of these laws leads me to characterize, as I have done elsewhere,[1] this form of criticism as the psychological criticism, in opposition to the old forms. It differs radi-

[1] Gazette des Beaux Arts, May, 1895.

cally from the gossip of Vasari and all anecdotal writers; from the document hunting of Vasari's editor, Milanesi, and of nearly all German critics; from the mere connoisseurship of Morelli and most of his followers; and, finally, from the subjective criticism of such authors as Michelet and Ruskin on the one hand, who make the work of art an excuse for brilliant writing of all sorts, or as Walter Pater on the other hand, who attempted to express in independent art forms the complex sensations which the work of art produced in himself.

The psychological criticism begins, then, where Morelli left off, with the much-ridiculed hands and ears and folds of drapery. It explains their remaining the same throughout the artist's career by the fact that these details are less liable to attract the attention either of the artist or of his patron, and are thus more likely to be done by rote; in other words, that the habits a young painter acquires are likely to continue unchanged in all those points where no fresh effort of observation is needed. Such points would naturally be those of least importance to the expression of the picture. So little, indeed, does the shape of the ear matter to most people that it is rare to find even to-day one who is able to recall the ears of his own intimate friends. Obviously, there was, in the earlier time, small incentive to the painter to alter his habitual way of drawing this feature. The same probably held true in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in regard to the hands, although they now receive rather more attention. Folds of drapery, again, require so little fresh observation on the part of the artist that even now, in the Champ de Mars, it is possible to amuse one's self by deserting the catalogue, and tracing out alone the work of a given artist and his pupils by the similarity in their treatment of drapery. The landscape background, likewise, particularly among Italian painters, who rarely treated landscape as anything but a subordinate accompaniment to their figures, tended to retain its fixed character. We all know, for example, Leonardo's strange rocks, and Perugino's soft valleys. I might thus go on to enumerate a score of details which tend to become fixed artistic habits, owing to the fact that no fresh effort of attention is required for their execution. Habits, indeed, incline to set themselves up even where we should naturally expect the artist to make in each case a fresh effort to observe: as in the shape of the head (compare Giorgione's invariable dome-shaped cranium); the type of the face, as in Francia or Rubens; and even the expression of the countenance, which we find serene and glowing in almost all the portraits of Giorgione and the young Titian, mysteriously smiling in Leonardo and his followers, arrogant and overbearing in the Pollaiuoli, lumpish and unintelligent in Lorenzo di Credi and Licinio. But habits do not end at these external peculiarities. The truth is that every work of art is a compromise between the painter's fresh observation and his already acquired habits of seeing and registering his vision, a struggle between objective reality and old habits of visualization and execution. No one can say that the world he sees is the mathematical resultant of the rays that strike on his retina. We see the world as we are taught to see it, and this is no less true of the artist. His master, besides giving him certain habits of execution, directs his attention to one set of facts, and trains him to visualize in one way rather than in another.

This law, which I have been obliged to explain very briefly, gives the new criticism the necessary method for its task of reconstructing the artistic personality of the painter. Before each successive work of an artist it asks two questions: What habits — and from whom acquired — does this picture betray? and What power does it reveal on the part of the artist to react against

habits, to observe for himself, interpret the world afresh, and express what has never found expression before? The answer to the first question involves a knowledge of the painter's predecessors, and enough acquaintance with history to determine the probability of likenesses being the result of mere coincidence or of actual contact. In estimating an artist, we must first know how much in his work is due to his antecedents and environment, and how much to his own genius. If he simply continues, even though he develops, the traditions of the man who first influenced him, — in other words, if his development is purely organic, — we cannot regard him as an innovator or a creator. If, on the contrary, he can react against his teachers, cast off their traditions and the habits they gave him, and can pick and choose from the whole of art those forms which best serve his purpose, he becomes one of two things, a great genius or an eclectic, a Michelangelo or a Burne-Jones, as the quality of his talent permits. Or he may be like Donatello, a man who has scarcely any morphological connection with the art which preceded him, himself a primary source of art forms. On the other hand, the artist may absorb into himself all the best elements of the art of his own immediate predecessors, and combine them into something new, as did Giorgione and Raphael. In any case, the first task of the new criticism is to make every effort to find out exactly what were the special artistic influences brought to bear upon an artist, so that it may see in what relation he stands toward these influences.

But this is not the only problem that presents itself. Before being able to appreciate the originality of the contribution made by any one artist, before his personality can be clearly defined, the whole matter of his relation to his environment remains to be considered. Much loose talk prevails on this subject; some denying altogether the influence of environment upon an artist, and others scarcely allowing for anything but environment in producing him. All this is due to a misunderstanding. The real issue is, whether the individual artist uses his environment as his subject, or whether his environment uses him as its mirror, mouthpiece, or echo. The greatest artist is the one who has his environment so completely under control that he can reveal its secrets, interpret its movements, and symbolize its dominant moods. Such artists are rare, and in Italy it would be hard to mention others than Donatello, Michelangelo, and Leonardo. After them come the more exterior artists, among whom Raphael and Giorgione hold the highest rank, who mirror rather than interpret their environment; and these are divided into grades according as they mirror clearly or dimly, faithfully or with distortion. Finally come those artists who are mere echoes of their environment, who only mimic what greater men have done; and these are ranked according to the value of the artist they repeat and the quality of their imitation. Sometimes the echo is faint and indistinct, indeed, and it is when critics confound these faint echoes with really great art, as the pre-Morellian critics continually did, that our ideas of the epoch become hopelessly confused. Yet, relegated to their proper place, even these painters are not without interest to one who studies the work of art as a document in the history of civilization.

Having found out what the artist owed to his teachers, in what way he assimilated the past, and how he stood related to his environment, the ground is cleared for the analysis of his own personal share in the product, whether as creator, combiner, or mere follower, whether as interpreter, mirror, or humble echo. Yet even so intimate a knowledge of the artist leaves the important question of the meaning of his work unanswered. Here also, as in the matter of environment, opinion oscillates between

two extremes. There are those who uphold the contention that every jot and tittle of a picture was intended by the artist to convey a statable idea. This is the great Ruskinian aberration, which has called forth the opposite extreme of denying to the artist all intention of conveying any direct and distinct meaning at all, or of having any other purpose than to create something "beautiful." Here, as before, no one law can be laid down to fit every artist. It is true that some had no intellectual intention of any sort, while others had very definite ones. Only a minute study of the individual painter's works will reveal into which of these two general categories he falls. Even when it is once decided that an artist probably had some definite meaning, some intellectual or emotional purpose, criticism must allow for the inadequacy of his powers of expression, owing to those habits of visualization and execution already discussed, which prevent him from seeing clearly and reproducing faithfully. Yet here a further question remains to be settled, — whether the artist in his works gives a transcript of life, or expresses an ideal. To determine this, as thorough a knowledge as possible of the history of the time is requisite, for which the student must have recourse to contemporary political history, sociology, philosophy, and literature.

Having thus analyzed, one by one, the factors that go to make up the artistic personality of an artist, and his relation to his predecessors, his fellow-craftsmen, and his epoch, we are at last brought face to face with the great masters of a past time, freed from the confusions and misinterpretations of the old criticism. A great artist of any kind is nothing but a great personality using a given artistic medium to convey its impressions of the universe. But poets and musicians cannot impart to us, as painters can, the visible images of things as they appear to them, and we are therefore free to charge their poetry or their music with our own images and emotions to a degree not possible where, as in pictures, we have the artist's ideas and feelings actually visualized before our eyes. This gives peculiar value to painting as a document in the autobiography of the race, and it is this which makes the new criticism, in its attempt to edit this important document correctly, of such immense service to general culture. We have no other source of information about the past which is so great an aid to the reconstruction of its mental life. Just as literature shows us the world of ideas in which an epoch was living, so painting actually transports us to the world of visual imagery which corresponded to these ideas. The effort of the new criticism, then, is to lead us to those works of art which are really significant, and to tell us whether they mirror or interpret the epoch, whether they express its actualities or portray its ideals, and thus to prepare us to get from them all the enjoyment and all the inspiration possible to our temperaments.

Mary Logan.

DR. FURNESS'S SHAKESPEARE.

The tenth volume of Dr. Horace Howard Furness's New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare [1] is devoted to A Midsummer Night's Dream, or, as the title always appears upon the pages of the book, A Midsommer Nights Dreame. The

[1] *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. X. A Midsommer Nights Dreame. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1895.

tenth volume treats of the ninth play; for, in the noble series, which now covers Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, The Tempest, and finally this comedy of fairydom, two full octavos are given to the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Between the small world of specialists who greedily appropriate what is printed upon their subjects, as if the matter concerned themselves alone, and the great world of men to whom both the subject and the treatment are alike unimportant, there is sometimes a sort of friction, when a rare textbook appears, — a tone of exclusive satisfaction in the one jarring upon a sense of frank indifference in the other. There should be no such dissonance because of the publication of these volumes. Like the poet himself, this edition of his plays is not for the few, but for the many; it is "not of an age, but for all time," — if one in our speedy day may reckon as endless that long century or two within which no other Variorum of Shakespeare will be needed or desired. The last Variorum of the great dramatist was fifty years old when Dr. Furness began to print; and his work garners all that has the permanence of worth in the edition of 1821 and in preceding texts and comments, as well as all the best that the fruitful half-century between Malone and our own day has brought forth. The indications are plain that there is now to be a suspension in the productiveness of the commentators and editors, and that the twentieth century will have leisure for the consumption and digestion of the vast mass of accumulated Shakespearean lore. The sonnets will, perhaps, still furnish a good field for labor, since it may well be that Mr. Tyler's remarkable volume has not exhausted the possibilities of investigation among those poems where, with the "key" of the sonnet form, "Shakespeare unlocked his heart." But it is not credible that many very important additions will for a long time be made to the present emendations and explanations of the text of the plays; and it also seems unlikely that criticisms and comments characterized by both value and novelty will be nearly as numerous in the future as they have been in the past.

Dr. Furness's Variorum offers Shakespeare's plays in a shape which appeals not only to the scholar and the specialist, but to every man and every woman who has any feeling for the beauty and humanness of the dramatist's text, any sense of the distinction and might of his genius. The reader may, if he have the heart so to do, skip the brilliant illuminating preface wherein Dr. Furness has considered text and text-writers, and presented his own playfully poetical theory of the movement of the action; proceeding to the comedy itself, he shall, if he chooses, make no account of the varied texts which may be substituted for the chief one before him; he may absorb as much or as little as he likes of the notes, which at the bottom of every page discuss, and as a rule elucidate, the obscurities of every obscure line; and when he has finished Puck's epilogue, he may stop short and refuse to glance at the sequent hundred pages of Appendix, which treat of "the text," "the date of composition" of the play, "the source of the plot," then present the best criticisms, English, American, and German, upon the drama and its personages, and finally deal with "notable performances" and questions of "costume." Even the man who has contrived thus to refrain from sharing the treasure-trove of the editor may exult in the thought that he has read the most fanciful play ever written in any language, and that through the clear and eye-sustaining typography of this edition he has made himself acquainted with the text of the great First Folio, and, consciously or not, has bumped his mind against the haphazard proof-reader and the ear-informed type-setter of the year of our Lord 1623.

The value of the edition to all those who care to study the plays of Shakespeare with any deliberation is incalculable. The patience and cunning of the most patient and skillful of hands, the acuteness of the keenest of eyes, the sensibility of the most delicate and highly cultivated of ears, the judgment of a mind exceptionally strong and apt and sympathetic to deal with the thousand difficulties and subtilties of the language and the thought, — all these Dr. Furness has employed for many strenuous months, that for the student the varied crookednesses of the text may be made straight, the many rough places plain; that the taste of the careful reader may be refined and delighted; that the scholar may be qualified to deal with the drama in every particular of its letter, and yet taught to grow in the higher knowledge and appreciation of its spirit. And only they who have in their own persons made the experiment have any adequate conception of the difference which the existence or non-existence of a Furness Variorum makes to the ordinary student of Shakespeare in the comfort, celerity, and certainty with which his questions may be answered and his doubts resolved.

In this volume, as in the four immediately preceding it, Dr. Furness has adopted the text of the First Folio, "reproducing it," as he says, "with all the exactitude in his power." This text was printed from Roberts's unregistered quarto, published in 1600, which itself followed Fisher's first or registered quarto, correcting some of the errors and improving the stage directions of that first edition, which had "the better text," but "inferior typography." The editor's comment, in his admirable preface, upon these "theoretically three texts, but virtually one text," is as entertaining as it is shrewd and instructive. He shows our very eyes how and why the compositors of the First Folio blundered. For instance, the artisan who set up Act III. Scene I. of the comedy blindly and deafly turned the close of one of Titania's speeches into a stage direction, and then displayed his superior intelligence by altering the sequent lines in order to meet the difficulty which he himself had created. The result in the First Folio's text was this: —

Titania. And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an aerie spirit go.
Enter PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDE-SEEDE, *and foure fairies.*
Fairies. Ready: and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

"Had the Folio been our only text," says Dr. Furness, "there would have been much shedding of Christian, and I fear it must be added unchristian ink;" for who and where are the eight fairies who have now been evolved out of Shakespeare's original four? But by the help of the rough little quartos we are enabled to defy the super-ingenious compositor of the Folio, and to make up our text into the piquant fragments with which all Shakespeareans are now familiar, to wit: —

Titania. And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! Mustard Seed!
Enter Four Fairies.
Fair. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

From this form of the last line there is but a step to its subdivision, and the distribution of its several bits each to one of Titania's little henchmen in the modes adopted by Rowe and White and modern editors generally.

The matter of misprints is very interestingly treated by Dr. Furness, and especially noteworthy are his illustrations of the errors made by compositors who set up "by the ear from direction instead of by the eye from manuscript." We have it upon the authority of Conrad Zeltner, a learned printer of the seventeenth century, that it was customary to employ a reader to read aloud to the compositors, who set the types from dic-

tation, not seeing the copy. When the workmen were ignorant, this method was sure to produce many errors. Dr. Furness cites from the quarto text of this comedy several examples of such blundering through the ear. Thus "Dian's bud *o'er* Cupid's flower" is changed to "Dian's bud *or* Cupid's flower;" and "When the Wolf *behowls* the Moon" is shorn of its peculiar picturesqueness, and weakened into "When the Wolf *beholds* the moon." "The absorption of consonants" through careless reading or hearing is discussed with great ability, and many undoubted examples are given. An original suggestion of Dr. Furness with regard to a difficult passage in another play may well be quoted in full: "The same absorption occurs, I think, in a line in The Merchant of Venice. Shylock's meaning has greatly puzzled editors and critics where he says to the Duke at the beginning of the trial: 'I 'll not answer that: But say it is my humour, Is it answered?' Thus read, the reply is little short of self-contradiction. Shylock says he will not answer, and yet asks the Duke if he is answered. Grant that the conjunction *to* was heard by the compositor in the final *t* of 'But,' and we have the full phrase 'I 'll not answer that but *to* say it is my humour;' that is, 'I 'll answer that no further than to say it is my humour. Is it answered?'"

Wisely does Dr. Furness lay down as the editor's surest guide in the criticism of texts, "Durior lectio preferenda est." In lucid and eloquent phrase he remarks of the matter of emendations that most readers of Shakespeare have but a faint conception of "the exquisite nicety demanded at the present day in emending Shakespeare's text, — a nicety of judgment, a nicety of knowledge of Elizabethan literature, a nicety of ear, which alone bars all foreigners from the task, and, beyond all, a thorough mastery of Shakespeare's style and ways of thinking, which alone should bar all the rest of us." And after this utterance of a real scholar's modesty, he goes on to say that the great harvests of valuable suggestion have already been reaped, and "the gleaning in this kind must now be of the very scantiest; at the present day those who know the most venture the least." All of which is true and finely put. But the grateful follower of the Furness Variorum, in this volume as in its predecessors, will not allow himself to forget with what lucidity, simplicity, and force Dr. Furness habitually sums up the case, after a long citation of the conflicting opinions of divers emenders, and gives his own quiet adhesions to one or another, often making some valuable addition thereto or variation thereof out of his own wit and learning.

The passage from the preface just now quoted in part cites the names of the masters of the textual criticism of Shakespeare. And it is worth while to pause for a moment, and see who they are whose judgments have best endured the hard sifting of the years. It is worth while, and it is also not very difficult. Nearly all Shakespeareans are now aware of the sharp-eyed shrewdness and ingenuity of Capell, whose edition is a hundred and thirty years old; of Alexander Pope's frequent, ignorant recklessness and occasional brilliancy in guessing; of Richard Grant White's audacities, inaccuracies, and startling felicities; of Dyce's scholarly indecisions and fine delicacies; of W. A. Wright's ripe scholarship and judicial temper. But even at the risk of emphasizing what perhaps needs no new emphasis, the writer ventures to add his small note to the full chorus of praise with which all Shakespeareans now greet the name of Lewis Theobald, whose first edition of Shakespeare was printed in 1733; of Theobald, — *clarum et venerabile nomen!* — that most subtile, sensitive, sympathetic, and intuitive commentator, with the help of whose finely attuned ears and dexterous but reverent hands the corrupted texts of the dramas were often cleansed,

and Shakespeare's own phrase discovered and reinstated. To Mr. John Churton Collins and his article The Porson of Shakesperean Criticism, printed in the Quarterly Review, the world owes the ringing and triumphant vindication of this man, whose fame was long obscured by Pope's dark and envious malevolence. His supreme achievement, the most brilliant conjectural emendation ever suggested of the text of an English writer, ought always to be associated with his name. For it was Theobald who proposed to substitute, in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff, for the unmeaning blindness of the folio line, "and a table of greenfield," the memorable words, "and a' babbled of green fields," which has long been accepted as the true and most characteristically Shakespearean phrase. This was his greatest single achievement; but it was only one of scores which testify to his extraordinary ability. The text of the comedy before us repeatedly bears witness to his fruitful skill, as for instance in the substitution of "counsels sweet" for the two final words of Hermia's line in the quartos and folios,

> "Emptying our bosoms of their counsel swelled;"

and a little later in the same speech, the change of the old text,

> "To seeke new friends and strange companions,"

into

> "To seek new friends and stranger companies."

Dr. Furness was always intolerant of the Dryasdusts; and he is even more impatient with them when they awkwardly gambol or brawl within the elf-haunted dales and forests of this comedy than he was in his first volume with their clumsy intrusions into "Juliet's moonlit bower." The writer ventures to utter a meek regret that our master in Shakespearean criticism is quite indifferent to questions about the dates of the compositions of the dramas and many such matters, which may be of some if not of prime importance, and that he pitches together the various speculations upon several of these minor subjects with frankly impartial contemptuousness, as who should say, "An you will have any of them, choose." But it is conceded that the point is not of great value. When anything is in hand which Dr. Furness regards as bearing directly or indirectly upon "some necessary question of the play," he is all alertness and devotion. Indeed, it is the exceptional largeness of his mind which, with his profound sensibility to the poetical value of the text, has given him his peculiar power as a commentator. His sense of proportion never forsakes him, and his wit often makes a quick cut of some foolish little knot which was "too intrinse" for the peeking criticasters to unloose. His humor, also, constantly waters the pages of the volume and refreshes the more arid wastes of notes, as for example in his delicious discussion of Halpin's laborious explanation of Oberon's most famous speech. And, apropos, it is interesting to observe that poor, lumbering, blundering, earnest, prosaic Bishop Warburton seems in a fair way to come out triumphant as to the "mermaid on a dolphin's back." The twenty-five lines of Oberon beginning, "My gentle Puck, come hither," have caused "more voluminous speculation than any other twenty-five lines of Shakespeare," says Dr. Furness. He humorously discredits Halpin's stuff, which Gerald Massey solemnly accepts, and rejects in sum and detail, except as to Queen Elizabeth, the historic allegory which makes the following assignment of *dramatis personarum* in the passage: —

"The fair Vestal" or "cold Moon," Queen Elizabeth; "Cupid all armed," the Earl of Leicester; "The Earth," the Countess of Sheffield; "A little Western flower," Lettice Knollys, wife of the Earl of Essex.

"Possibly," says the editor, the emi-

nent writers who do not even allude to Mr. Halpin "were repelled by the cruel conclusion that it was not a flower, but Lettice Knollys, that was to be squeezed in Titania's eyes." But the allusion to the queen in the "fair Vestal" is not to be questioned; and, with all the numerous critics' elaborated contempt of Warburton before his eyes, Dr. Furness perhaps implies his hesitating acceptance of the judicious Hunter's hearty acceptance of the bishop's much-sniffed-at theory. Mary, Queen of Scots, her fascinations and the disasters she wrought among the high nobility, might well be symbolized by a mermaid or siren, uttering "such dulcet and harmonious breath" that "the rude sea grew civil at her song," and "certain stars shot madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's music." Shakespeare might with prudence have chanced the passage when the play was performed. The allusion is veiled, and, in the general loyal clamor and excitement of the audience which presently greeted the mention of the "fair Vestal throned by the West," the introductory lines would have been forgotten. Six years later, only two or three years before Elizabeth's death, namely in 1600, the comedy might safely have been printed as an old story.

The point is not new, but Dr. Furness's demonstration is complete that Shakespeare created out of his own fancy the fairy folk whose charms and witcheries fill the moonlit spaces of this dream of a midsummer night. All of them, that is to say, but Puck. There were elves and ouphes, to be sure, before the day of the master poet, "who danced ful oft in many a grene mede," as says Chaucer, until the friars and pardoners exorcised them out of England. Progeny were they of the elves of Germany and Scandinavia, queer, fantastic, eccentric creatures of the tribe of Pouck, the devilkin. But the delicate, dainty, gracious company of little atomies, who are of the court of Oberon and Titania, "spirits of another sort," "finely touched to" finer "issues," are the children of Shakespeare's own pure brain. Even Puck is exalted by Shakespeare out of his old nature, and, merry Hob-goblin at the opening of the play, is almost ethereal by the close of the fifth act.

Three pages of his preface Dr. Furness devotes to working out a gay, ingenious, and gracefully fanciful theory of the duration of the action of the comedy. The excellent Mr. P. A. Daniell, supposed to be the final authority in such matters, finds only three days and nights in the text, and thinks Shakespeare has come short of Theseus's promise by a day, or even more. Dr. Furness says that there are four days in the play, and that they "have but one night;" that "the lovers have quarreled and slept, not through one night, but three nights, and these three nights have been one night." It would be scarcely worth while to antagonize this opinion, except in the arena of a fairy ring, with weapons made of moonbeams or cricket bone. But we must enter an impassioned protest against Dr. Furness's suggestion that Titania wooed Nick Bottom at high noon, humble-bees or no humble-bees. The fairies are all of the night: "with the morning's love" the chief of them may "sport," but only until the day is ready to dawn; they run ever "by the triple Hecate's team, from the presence of the sun, following darkness as a dream;" the garish day knows neither their works nor their loves. Again, with all sobriety, though the passage of the time of the bewildering comedy may be obscure, its moonlight should be luminous. In the first four lines of the play, and in a half line a little later, the magnificent Theseus has wrought all of us much trouble by proclaiming, as the commentators have thought, that it will be four days before "the next new moon." Yet the play is flooded with moonshine; one can "find" it "out" in nearly every scene, as Quince discovered it in his

"calender." May not the explanation be simply this: that Theseus, a soldier and man of affairs, though also unquestionably a person with views about poets, uses "moon" always as equivalent to "month," while his bride, with her sex's natural penchant toward moonlight, employs the word in the usual modern fashion? It is four days before the month of May, which is the next month, or "moon." Even Tennyson, in one of his late poems, calls March the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus." This explanation accepted, all goes well and shiningly. And in that view, Hippolyta's much-queried lines need no change of any sort, and may stand as they stood in both the quartos and all the folios: —

> "Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:
> And then the Moone, like to a silver bowe
> *Now* bent in heaven, shall behold the night
> Of our solemnities."

No occasion then exists to turn "now" into "new," after the fashion of nearly all the critics. The moon is young, says Hippolyta, "now bent in heaven" "like to a silver bow;" ninety-six hours hence it will shine through nearly all our wedding night.

We take our leave of this great book with a renewed feeling of gratitude to the wise and gentle student, of whose scholarship it is the latest, fairest, and ripest fruit. Two words, "In Memoriam," printed upon the third page of every volume of the Furness Variorum since the sixth was issued, are full of pathetic significance. Alas that art should be so long, and life so brief! For Dr. Furness himself all good Shakespeareans will breathe the fervent prayer that, if he shall need so long a time to finish his *magnum opus*, his years may be as those of him who led Israel out of Egypt, and that he may come to their close, "his eye not dimmed," "nor his natural force abated."

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Nature and Travel. Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth, by Sir J. William Dawson. (Harpers.) In eighteen chapters, ranging in subject from World-Making to Alpine and Arctic Plants in Connection with Geological History, this veteran geologist gives what he calls a "closing deliverance on some of the more important questions" of his science. The essays consist of lectures and papers of various kinds, produced at intervals during the author's long career, and revised or partially rewritten to meet modern requirements. The author is a scientist of the old school, with conservative ideas on the glacial theory and evolution, but a single-hearted and enthusiastic student withal. Under the heading The Dawn of Life he chronicles the finding of *Eozoon Canadense* in the Laurentian rocks, a discovery which carried our knowledge of animal life back into the first period of geological history, and which is probably the chief of Sir J. W. Dawson's many claims to distinction. — The words "twenty-seventh thousand" on the title-page of Mrs. William Starr Dana's How to Know the Wild Flowers (Scribners) are sufficient evidence that this book has satisfactorily filled a "long-felt want." This edition ought to become even more popular than the previous one was, for sixty or more flower descriptions have been added, and the number of plates has been increased by nearly a half. The new plates are as excellent as the old, which means that they are very good indeed. — A new and cheaper edition of Thomas Stevens's entertaining narrative, Around the World on a Bicycle, two volumes (Scribners), has been issued. — Birdcraft, a Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game, and Water Birds, by Mabel Osgood Wright.

(Macmillan.) Some books, like some men, should be judged by their purpose rather than by its fulfillment. So judging, we have nothing but praise for this book, for its object — that of interesting people in the birds, and starting them on the way to a knowledge of them — is eminently laudable. In execution, however, it is not a complete success, owing, apparently, to an imperfect training in ornithological science on the part of its author. Thus it is not entirely to be depended upon. For instance, about one fifth of the descriptions of songs of the hundred or more song-birds are absolutely wrong, and many of the other song descriptions are very inadequate, — quite unnecessarily so. In the cases of the so-called songless birds there is often no attempt to describe the notes. Even the loon's remarkable and characteristic call is ignored. A curious slip of the pen credits the family *Scolopacidæ* (sandpipers, snipes, etc.) with having bills "usually many times longer than the head." One would think that "many" must mean at least six or eight, but a reference to Plate IX. Figures 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, and 10, shows that the longest bill represented is not quite twice the length of its owner's head. The text generally has the merit of being original, but its very originality reveals the limits of the author's experience. It also has the fault of sometimes wandering from the subject. The plates, of which ten are colored and five plain, are perhaps one of the excuses for the book's being. They may be as good as could be expected in an inexpensive volume, but they are after all not a very good excuse. — Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America, with Keys to the Species and Descriptions of their Plumages, Nests, and Eggs, their Distribution and Migrations, and a Brief Account of their Haunts and Habits, with Introductory Chapters on the Study of Ornithology, how to Identify Birds, and how to Collect and Preserve Birds, their Nests, and Eggs, by Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator of the Department of Mammalogy and Ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, etc. (Appleton.) This comprehensive title introduces a comprehensive book, in which seven hundred and sixty-six species of birds are described, with a biography of practically every one, yet so compactly put together that the volume is not too large for one's pocket. It is a remarkably well conceived work, admirably carried out. From Mrs. Miller, Miss Merriam, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Brewster, Dr. Dwight, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Torrey, Mr. Chapman has secured biographies of certain species with which they are especially familiar, thus giving the volume a completeness which the work of one man alone can hardly help lacking. The book is enriched with helpful and interesting illustrations, — a colored frontispiece, a color chart, eighteen full-page plates of birds in their natural surroundings, and numerous cuts in the text. An excellent feature is the illustration, for purposes of comparison, of distinctive characters in birds which otherwise resemble each other closely, as of the tails of the two cuckoos. Mr. Chapman is not as happy in describing birds' songs as some of his collaborators, but he is by no means alone among ornithologists in this respect. — Among the Northern Hills, by W. C. Prime (Harpers), is a volume of sketches of life, character, and nature, the scenes of most of which are presumably laid in New Hampshire, though the local coloring is not very strong. Character sketches are in the majority. These are for the most part peacefully pathetic, and there is a certain sweetness and good nature about the book, which is not without charm, though it must be confessed that the author's pen is a little unwieldy. In the one or two nature sketches, Mr. Prime shows us that he truly loves the goddess, though he is not very successful in telling us why. — From a New England Hillside, by William Potts. (Macmillan.) Mr. Potts's pen is as facile as Mr. Prime's is stiff, but we are not sure that he has very much to tell us, after all. His book seems to be the work of a cultivated man who has retired to the country, at peace with the world and enjoying some of the delights of rural life without taking the trouble to put himself into very close touch with nature. The volume contains a series of short talks on many subjects of interest to cultivated people, — philosophy, chickens, art, wild flowers, music, cottage-building, and others. — Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors, by Clarence Moores Weed. (Houghton.) Professor Weed has given us here an interesting and instructive little book, with about sixty illustrations, many of them from pho-

tographs. The insect visitors he talks about are really boarders, or, in the language of the summer hotel, "mealers;" for they pay for their bread and honey by carrying pollen from flower to flower, thus insuring to the plants that cross-fertilization which is so important to the perpetuation of a vigorous stock. The various devices adopted by flowers to attract insects and make use of their services are fascinating subjects for study, and one is almost tempted to credit the plants with intelligence and volition. Mr. Weed is doing a good work, not only in popularizing this interesting branch of botany, but in making new discoveries in a field which is by no means too well worked. The book is as beautiful as it is good. — Recreations in Botany, by Caroline A. Creevey (Harpers), is an interesting little volume, full of information about plants, native and foreign, and well illustrated. Introductory chapters give the beginner preliminary instructions and directions as to collecting and preserving specimens. A few statements here and there lead us to think that the author's point of view is not altogether scientific. "Botany is the easiest of all the sciences, and can be engaged in without a teacher," was evidently written for persons who imagine that botany is the science by which we collect flowers and trace them out in Gray's Manual. And how can any one who has walked with open eyes through the moist woods of New England say that "the tints of fungi are sombre"?

Fiction. Jewish Tales, by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Translated by Harriet Lieber Cohen. (McClurg.) This volume contains twenty-six of Sacher-Masoch's short tales; sketches they might better be called, perhaps, for some of them are little more than brief character studies, while the means employed to produce effects are often of the simplest. The Jew is depicted in many different countries and conditions, but those stories are the most interesting which show him in communities in eastern Europe, where he is so strong numerically that his ancient customs, prejudices, and superstitions have undergone little modification through contact with the outside world. Here, as elsewhere, the author shows an astonishingly intimate knowledge of the life of a people not his own, and his sketches are piquant and lifelike. — The New Moon, by C. E. Raimond. (Appleton.) Passages in the life of a prosperous London doctor, a clever man, who, to his misery, married in early youth a phenomenally (but not impossibly) silly, weak, and superstitious woman, destined speedily to sink into a condition of chronic invalidism. She serves as an effective foil to the self-reliant, sane, and healthy young girl with whom the hero, quite unconsciously at first, falls in love, an affection consciously but innocently returned on her part, in her entire ignorance of the wife's existence. When the inevitable explanation comes, the pair set themselves the task of converting love to friendship, at least in outward expression, and their brief after-history and the tragedy which ends it are told vividly and with a good deal of force and feeling. The story is one of those which, once begun, are swiftly read; though "modern" in tone, it has a less hazy moral atmosphere than many of its compeers, and the author shows originality as well as cleverness. — St. John's Wooing, by M. G. McClelland. (Harpers.) The love-story of a well-born young Englishman, who, while seeking his fortune in Texas, finds there a long-lost, affectionate uncle and his household, and, on a neighboring ranch, a sweetheart. St. John's adventures are recounted in an interesting and agreeable fashion, and both the lover and his lass are natural and sympathetic bits of portraiture. — Ministers of Grace, by Eva Wilder McGlasson. (Harpers.) A summer novelette dealing with the experiences of a little group of men and women brought together at a middle-class seaside resort. The story has an undeniably readable quality, despite the crudeness and occasional exaggeration of some of the character drawing, and the improbability of certain elements in the plot. — A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales, by Henry A. Beers. (Holt.) A group of eight tales, marked by delicacy and a somewhat deliberate subtlety; marked also by an assumption of familiarity of tone which is something like the "By George" of a pious man, more shocking than careless profanity. That is to say, one finds the writer *quâ* writer using free and easy language, and instinctively feels that the freedom and ease are literary properties rather than a natural air. — The Zeit-Geist, by L. Dougall. (Appleton.) Two or three distinct characters, one or two striking incidents, the rest a

somewhat unformulated study of religious movements in the mind of the hero. The author protests that a novel is not made to teach theology, but that religious sentiments and opinions are a legitimate subject of its art. Our question is whether, granting the religious motive in her hero, she has not failed to express the movement of the story in action, and has had recourse to more abstract means by which to disclose character. — The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham, by John Oliver Hobbes. (Appleton.) Brilliant as were some of this author's short sketches and bits of social comedy, her best work is to be found in this her first novel, in spite of its faults of construction and certain exaggerations and improbabilities in characterization and action. We suppose that a large proportion of its readers have tried, with more or less ill success, to find the significance of its title, of which we will only say that Lord Wickenham, an agreeable gentleman of whom we should be glad to know more, has exceedingly little to do with the story. The hero is Simon Warre, who has won a high position as a specialist at an age when most young doctors are in the midst of the painful struggles and small successes of their novitiate. That a very clever man, with the knowledge of the world and of men and women which a distinguished physician needs must have, should have been entrapped into a marriage with a woman like Anne Delaware, whom he does not even love, is a thing nearly incredible. It is quite so that he should not have had the strength to withstand and survive the horror and misery of his brief wedded life. Anne, who is drawn with force and vividness, and often with subtlety, soon reveals herself as a wanton, whose vileness is equaled only by her shallowness, vanity, power of self-deception, and unspeakable vulgarity. It says much for the writer's power that, for the time, she almost persuades us to believe in her tale. For the rest, the style is, as heretofore, easily readable, bright, incisive, epigrammatic. The author handles the odious features of her scheme soberly, and with as little offense as may be ; the regret is in her choice of a subject. — Tryphena in Love, by Walter Raymond. (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York.) A charming idyl, in which pleasant realism and delicate humor are happily combined with graceful fancy and poetic feeling. Considering the predominant traits of the fiction of the day, a tale like this deserves to be received with special gratitude. The Iris Series, of which this is the first issue, is in its make-up far and away the most attractive and artistic of the numerous sets of brief novels now in course of publication, and its initial volume gives warrant for the expectation that it may also compare favorably with any of its compeers in literary quality, a hope not disproved by the second story of the series, A Lost Endeavor, by Guy Boothby, which, though by no means equaling its predecessor as a work of art, will, in constructive skill and sustained interest, rank well amongst prevailing novelettes. It is the history of the ne'er-do-well of a ducal family, dying of consumption on an island in the southern seas, who, receiving a legacy, devotes himself and his money to the rescue of a woman in one respect, at least, a greater outcast than himself. Had the outcome of the tale been less tragic, we fear that the heroine would hardly have benefited by the hero's generosity to the extent intended by him and the writer, the latter's legal knowledge regarding wills being curiously defective. — Tales from the Ægean, by Demetrios Bikélas. Translated by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. (McClurg.) For the English-reading public these tales will probably be interesting chiefly as pictures of contemporary Greek life, — sketches invariably marked by simplicity, naturalness, refinement of feeling, and purity of sentiment. An excellent introduction by Mr. H. A. Huntington gives some biographical facts, together with brief comments on the author's literary work, of which story-writing forms so small a part. — Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby, a Tale of Spoils, by Frances Campbell Sparhawk. (Red-Letter Publishing Co.) A brief story, designed to show the evil influences operating in Washington to undo the work of the civilization of the Indian going on in the reservations under the charge of humane superintendents. The writer is charged with a spirit of righteous indignation. — The Lady and her Tree, a Story of Society, by Charles Stokes Wayne. (The Vortex Co., Philadelphia.) A story based upon artificial life, and with just enough drapery in parts to save it from being ob-

jectionable, but not enough to save it from being cheap. — Sant' Ilario, by F. Marion Crawford, is No. 2 of Macmillan's Novelists' Library. — A Country Sweetheart, by Dora Russell. Globe Library. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) — Sister Gratia (Satan's Simplicity), by C. Edgar Snow. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) — In the Fire of the Forge, a Romance of Old Nuremberg, by Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. In two volumes. (Appleton.) — The Naulahka, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. (Macmillan.)

Poetry and the Drama. Philip Vernon, a Tale in Prose and Verse, by S. Weir Mitchell. (The Century Co.) In fifty fair pages Dr. Mitchell has told a tale of England at the time of the Armada, in which an English earl, supposed drowned in childhood, comes back to England under the charge of a disguised Spanish priest. The disclosure of the truth finally is coincident with the dispersion of the Armada, and Philip comes to his own. There is a fine flavor to the verse, the prose being scarcely more than stage directions, so to speak, and the only thing one misses is what one is looking for in an Elizabethan dramatic sketch, a lyric. — Blue and Gold, by William S. Lord. (The Dial Press, Chicago.) A prettily printed and neatly bound volume of poems that seldom are commonplace, and often rise to genuine beauty. For the most part, however, they are cheerful, bright verses, unstrained and musical, the overflow of a responsive nature. The verses reflective of child life are sympathetic and healthful, and the sonnets indicate a good notion of what a sonnet is. But since one wishes perfection in this form of verse, we wish Mr. Lord would change "will" to "shall" in the fourth line of his otherwise felicitous sonnet to The Sonnet. — A Bank of Violets, Verses by Fanny H. Runnells Poole. (Putnams.) — Sappho, and Other Songs, by L. B. Pemberton. (The Author, Los Angeles, Cal.) — In Woods and Fields, by Augusta Larned. (Putnams.) — Pictures in Verse, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.)

History and Biography. The Southern States of the American Union considered in their Relations to the Constitution of the United States and to the Resulting Union, by J. L. M. Curry. (Putnams.) Special pleading, by a vigorous and skillful pleader, who aims to give the South what he conceives to be its true place in the origin and history of our government, and to shield it from unjust aspersions. The author does not present any new facts, but he reviews the case so clearly from the Southern standpoint, and is generally so moderate and patriotic in tone, that the book merits the attention of Northern readers. — The Making of the Ohio Valley States, 1660–1837, by Samuel Adams Drake. (Scribners.) Like the companion volumes on New England, the Great West, and Virginia and the Middle Colonies, this is history told mainly in episodes and anecdotes. The episodes are so well connected, however, that the book is not merely entertaining; it gives a good outline of the exploration, conquest, and development of the important region lying on both sides of the Ohio River, and extending northward to the Great Lakes. There are many illustrations and small maps; but what are Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh and Fulton's Clermont doing in the Ohio Valley? The reader would gladly exchange such pictures for a good general map of the section with which the book deals. — The Story of the Pilgrims, by Morton Dexter. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.) Originally written for the Scrooby Clubs that were formed among American Congregationalists three or four years ago, some of the chapters in this book have, naturally, a strong denominational flavor. These can be skipped without difficulty, if one pleases; in the others there will be found a careful and well-ordered account of the Pilgrims in England, Holland, and America, with short biographical sketches of their famous leaders, and a few interesting illustrations. — The Last Voyages of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, as related by Himself and his Companions, by Charles Paul MacKie. (McClurg.) This is a narrative of the life of Columbus from the preparations for the second voyage to the time of his death. It has numerous quotations from his letters and from the writings of Las Casas and others, all translated directly from the originals. The author defends the great admiral from the charges of hypocrisy, avarice, and ambition, which Mr. Winsor and some other writers have made against him. The book is an interesting one,

and ought to help the student and general reader to an appreciation of the discoverer's character. — Charles Francis Barnard, a Sketch of his Life and Work, by Francis Tiffany. (Houghton.) A judicious small volume, since the character was a simple one, and its main impression lies in the directness and fidelity with which a sweet and earnest nature followed one or two ways which were straight as an arrow to the mark. Mr. Barnard was a pioneer in a work among the poor which is now an accepted function of the humanitarian church, and the Warren Place Chapel in Boston was long a pillar set up to show the way. Mr. Tiffany has shown excellent judgment in keeping the reader's eye fixed upon the distinctive features of Mr. Barnard's life. — Letters of Celia Thaxter, edited by her Friends, A. F. and R. L. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic who remember Mrs. Fields's recent reminiscences of Mrs. Thaxter, used in this volume as a prefatory note, will welcome a collection of letters which reveal with fine catholicity the characteristics of a woman who easily dominated her work. So rare a nature is best seen when in company with friends, and there was a generous gift of herself which now becomes the gracious possession of others. One of the most delightful parts of the volume is that which contains her eager narrative of experience in travel, and the whole book makes it possible for those who never knew Mrs. Thaxter to add a singularly fine personality to their group of friends. — Oliver Cromwell, a History, comprising a Narrative of his Life, with Extracts from his Letters and Speeches, and an Account of the Political, Religious, and Military Affairs of England during his Time, by Samuel Harden Church. (Putnams.) The distinguishing quality of this work is its exceeding fairness, which makes it unique, we might almost say, among biographies of the Lord Protector, whether from friendly or unfriendly hands. Mr. Church has had access to no new material, but he has studied diligently and with understanding and insight the great body of Cromwellian literature, old and new. Though he has no special grace of style, he writes in a straightforward and unpretentious manner, which noticeably gains both in flexibility and in force as the work goes on. He sympathizes with his hero, as a biographer should, but he never becomes merely an advocate, and his volume can be heartily commended to the intelligent general reader, desirous of getting a clear impression not only of the man, but of the influences and events which moulded him. The author shows a good deal of skill in making selections from those speeches and letters of Cromwell which so vividly depict the man, and stress is justly laid on that aspect of his character too often ignored, the large religious tolerance of his later years, — a tolerance not of his age, and the more remarkable that it was conjoined with the most dogmatic as well as intense personal belief. — Oliver Cromwell, by George H. Clark, D. D. (Harpers.) A new edition of a work which aims to be a vindication rather than a history of its subject. If shadows are somewhat lacking in Dr. Clark's portrait, it is a grateful contrast to the stupid or malignant caricatures that for two centuries usually served as presentments of Oliver, and which the greater knowledge and better wisdom of the historians of the last fifty years have by no means entirely set aside, though we do not think that vulgar, ignorant, and unhistorical misconceptions are now so general as the author seems to imagine. Be that as it may, this volume should prove a useful corrective, written as it is with warmth and enthusiasm, and in an easy-going and rather colloquial style which makes it well adapted for popular reading. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner contributes an excellent and suggestive introduction. — The Inns of Court and Chancery, by W. J. Loftie. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. (Seeley, London; Macmillan, New York.) A new edition, smaller and less expensive, of a book which it is to be hoped will in this form reach a wide circle of readers. Greater even than in Lamb's day, as the world-metropolis grows more crowded, more colossal, are the surprise and delight felt in passing from the Strand or Fleet Street to the ample squares, the college-like cloisters, and the lovely gardens of the Inns of Court and Chancery, where the dull, ocean-like roar of the city which encompasses them melts into a gentle murmur. Author and artist have worked harmoniously together to commemorate the charm and beauty of the places,

"Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers;"

and the history of them, and of their most fa-

mous denizens,is told from the time when the Templars built a great house and church on a meadow sloping down to the Thames. Of architecture Mr. Loftie writes from abundant knowledge, yet not in a style too technical for the general reader. There is reason in his feeling regarding the modern Gothic, which he would term Vandalic, of certain "restorations," and it is to be desired that his earnest plea for the strengthening, not rebuilding, of some things now in peril may not be without its effect on those in authority. — Old European Jewries, by David Philipson, D. D. (The Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) After sketching in outline the condition of the Jews in Europe before the epoch of the Crusades, which may be said to be the beginning of the era of persecution, Dr. Philipson, with some detail, describes the life of the inhabitants of the Ghetto during the centuries of suffering and degradation which followed. He writes with feeling, but with perfect self-restraint, even in discussing the Russian Pale of Settlement, the only remaining Ghetto, whose recent history might well excuse any vehemence of language. He protests earnestly against the formation of "voluntary Ghettos" in our large cities, and depicts in no uncertain language the evils and dangers sure to result therefrom. The volume fitly concludes with an interesting, though too brief study of the Ghetto in literature.

Religion. Selected Essays of James Darmesteter. The translation from the French by Helen B. Jastrow; edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Morris Jastrow, Jr. (Houghton.) The portrait which faces this volume presents a face of singular intellectual sensitiveness, and the Memoir intimates something of the physical disability which attended Darmesteter's short, brilliant career. The personality which thus introduces the group of essays breathes also in their pages. The passionate cry for religious unity based upon the verities of the great Hebrew prophets is noble and pathetic. It is in the utterances of such a man that one learns to feel most keenly the imperfect manifestation of a church which has not yet met the needs of a spirit like Darmesteter's, and also to recognize a fundamental unity which suggests great possibilities of human relationship in religion. — Modern Missions in the East, their Methods, Successes, and Limitations, by Edward A. Lawrence, D. D. (Harpers.) Believing that there is a "science of missions," and hoping to advance it, Dr. Lawrence spent nearly two years in studying the evangelizing work of the Christian church in the Orient. He went alone, at his own expense, carrying letters of recommendation from half a dozen Protestant mission boards and from Roman Catholic functionaries. He watched the everyday work of all the leading denominations, including the Greek and Roman churches, and of several different nationalities. The most important results he embodied in lectures delivered at Andover and New Haven, and now gathered into a volume which shows remarkable clearness and breadth of view, and which bristles with interesting facts and pregnant suggestions. — More distinctly historical is Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson's Protestant Missions, their Rise and Early Progress (Scribners), which contains eleven lectures that were delivered at the Hartford Theological Seminary. About half the book is devoted to the efforts of English, Danish, and Moravian missionaries in North America. — The Jewish Publication Society (Philadelphia) have brought out in a neat brochure Emanuel Deutsch's essay on The Talmud, which, when first published in The Quarterly Review in 1867, made its author, then one of the under-librarians at the British Museum, famous, and still remains an admirable short study.

Education and Works of Scholarship. L'Espurgatoire Seint Patriz of Marie de France, by Thomas Atkinson Jenkins. (Alfred J. Ferris, Philadelphia.) This is a dissertation presented by the author for his degree of Ph. D. at the Johns Hopkins University, and contains an Introduction, in which he treats of the legend in literature, the Latin original, the date of the poem, and other subjects connected with Marie's work; an essay on the language and dialect; the text with variant footnotes; and finally, a body of annotations at the close. It is a satisfaction to know that the younger scholars are devoting themselves to such thorough critical work.—The Hamilton Declamation Quarterly, Vol. I. No. 1 (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), takes its name from the fact that its two editors, Oren Root and Brainard G. Smith, are professors in Hamilton College. Its distinctive feature, besides a fearful and wonderful marking of one piece to intimate the

expression, is the introduction of selections in both prose and verse representative of contemporaneous declamation. — Four Years of Novel Reading, an Account of an Experiment in popularizing the Study of Fiction, edited, with an Introduction, by Richard G. Moulton. (Heath.) Mr. Moulton enforces the doctrine that as fiction is not only a high form of literary art, but the most comprehensive and insistent, it should be the subject of serious study. Then an account is given of an experiment in such study in a University Extension class, and some specimens of criticism are given. We cannot say that these specimens are altogether encouraging as to the results to be reached, though we believe thoroughly in the doctrine.

Science. Sea and Land, Features of Coasts and Oceans, with Special Reference to the Life of Man, by N. S. Shaler. (Scribners.) The geology which Professor Shaler gives us in this interesting book is the science of the earth, not as it was made thousands of years ago, but as it is making itself to-day. There are two chapters on the shores of the sea, — beaches, cliffs, sand-dunes, marshes, surf, etc., — a chapter on the depths of the sea, one on icebergs, and three on harbors, their formation and preservation, their influence on civilization. This introduction of a human and practical interest into the study of geology will open to many readers a new field of observation for vacation days at the seashore. In a book of this kind illustrations are almost indispensable, and those which are presented here are so interesting that one readily forgives the ugliness of the cover. — The Siouan Tribes of the East, by James Mooney; Archeologic Investigations in James and Potomac Valleys, by Gerard Fowke ; and Chinook Texts, by Franz Boas, are publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and, like other issues of the Bureau, are distinct contributions to science, though not altogether to popular science. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) — A new edition has appeared of Th. Ribot's The Diseases of Personality. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) The author has taken occasion to refer to the publications on the subject which have appeared in the ten years succeeding the first issue of his work. — The Source and Mode of Solar Energy throughout the Universe, by I. W. Heysinger. (Lippincott.) It seems that electricity not only good naturedly keeps the trolley cars in motion, but is such a general conductor and motorman of the universe that Emerson builded better than he knew when he told us to hitch our wagon to a star. — The Eye in its Relation to Health, by Chalmer Prentice, M. D. (McClurg.) It is common knowledge that a mechanical correction of abnormal vision removes the near cause of nervous disorders ; but Dr. Prentice makes a further claim, in this interesting little book, to a connection of the eye with some of the phenomena of hypnotism.

Literature and Bibliography. The sixth volume of Defoe's Romances and Narratives, edited by George A. Aitken, and illustrated by J. B. Yeats (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York), is The Life, Adventures, and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton. In the absence of such gentlemen from the activities of the world to-day, the reader may settle himself comfortably to the perusal of this matter-of-fact romance ; but we confess to finding the adventures of Captain Horn, on the whole, more entertaining. — A new edition, apparently, is preparing of Thomas Hardy's writings. At any rate, Far from the Madding Crowd comes to us with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, a map of "Wessex," and a new preface by Hardy. The page is fairly good, but the book is not very well planned for a beautiful library edition. (Harpers.) — Mr. W. M. Griswold, who is his own publisher, and his own speller we may add, has prepared two pamphlets in addition to his other services to bibliography, entitled respectively A Descriptiv List of Novels and Tales dealing with the History of North America, and A Descriptiv List of Novels and Tales dealing with Ancient History. He has arranged his lists in chronological order of subjects, so that one can follow down the ages or the centuries with his fictitious reading. The notes, critical and explanatory, are taken from good authorities. (Cambridge, Mass.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Two Heroes.

In a densely populated district of one of our large cities, a dramatic club has been formed in connection with the work of a college settlement. The cast of one of the first plays presented comprised four boys of American or Irish parentage, and one small negro boy, familiarly known as "Honey." Despite his color, it was soon found that Honey's qualities had won him a place as the leader of them all.

The rehearsals had been faithfully attended, and the night of the performance came. The boys were gathered in the improvised dressing-room, talking of the play with suppressed excitement. Snatches of conversation drifted through the swaying curtains from the crowded room in front, and there was all the delicious expectancy of a professional first night.

I had chosen a simple play dealing with a war incident, as this seemed to appeal strongly to the martial spirit of the cast. While this selection was entirely satisfactory to the players, I had found it was not easy to secure the necessary uniforms to be worn by my miniature soldiery. These difficulties had been overcome, however, and all was in readiness.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for the rising of the curtain Honey appeared, his eyes dancing and his ebony face wreathed in smiles. It did not take long to discover the cause of his glee, for over his ragged clothes he wore a military coat of extraordinary grandeur. The sleeves entirely hid his little black fists, and the gorgeous tails swept the floor as he walked proudly about.

The coat, we found, had been borrowed for the occasion from "the feller who leads the band," and it quite eclipsed any which my ingenuity had contrived for the remainder of the cast. I scented trouble at once. Even to civilian eyes this wonderful coat seemed a bit elaborate for a character which, even by the mysterious evolution of the modern drama, rose only from a village ne'er-do-well to the ranks of a sergeant in the service. I decided, however, to have Honey wear it rather than disappoint him, and I set to work to reduce its ample proportions as much as possible.

This done, I was about to go on with the play, when trouble came from another quarter. The boy who was to play the part of the hero, and whose chief duty it was to appear as the proud victor in the last act, flatly refused to go on. Here was a predicament. The jealous streak in his Celtic nature showed itself, and he would play only on his own terms, — that he should wear the coat. Argument made him ugly, and the only answer to my entreaties was a dogged "I can very well stop your show. I won't go on." Unfortunately I was in the boy's power, and he knew it. I appealed to his pride and to his sense of honor; I threatened and cajoled in vain. Meanwhile the audience waited, impatient at the delay.

Finally I was compelled to recognize defeat. I laid the case before Honey, and asked his help. The suggestion staggered him. Upon hearing it, his eyes filled with tears and his voice shook. He had been strutting about in all his borrowed glory, the picture of pride and happiness. I told him our dilemma, and left him, a grotesque little figure of woe. The gaudy coat covered a true heart, and in it a fierce combat was being waged. He was battling with a boy's natural selfishness strengthened by his intense negro love of finery.

The battle was soon over. He came to me denuded of his gold lace, and with tear-stained face surrendered the coat. Whatever the performance may have seemed from the stage, it was a tragedy behind the scenes.

The sulky hero eagerly accepted the sacrifice, and appeared in all the splendor with which Honey had hoped to dazzle his friends. The play progressed, and I watched Honey closely. There was not a trace of resentment in his manner, and he played his part in a way which won him a second triumph. My interest in the stage hero flagged. The high-sounding sentiments which he uttered did not seem quite his own after the little scene in the dressing-room.

Though the applause was long and loud when the play was over, I could not help feeling that the real hero was the little negro who stood unnoticed at the back of the stage, and smiled at his friend's success.

Yes! — It is one singular advantage of our modern tongues over Latin, to which they all owe so much, that we have plain affirmative and negative particles of answer. The Latin *ita*, the only word Rome had for "yes," or anything like "yes," seems to have been rather a vulgarism, like "that 's so." In fact, the Romans borrowed the Greek affirmative, and wrote it *ne*, so that it must have sounded amazingly negative, just as it does now to hear a modern Greek assent to you by what sounds precisely like "nay, nay." In some Romance languages, the affirmative is still the word for "so," with a stronger accent, just as our negative is the adjective "no" with a stronger accent. But *oui*, *ja*, *yes*, are themselves, and nothing else. Sir Thomas More indeed distinguishes "yea" and "yes" as equivalent to *oui* and *si*. "Yea," be it remarked, has become "yay" rather lately. The Shaker pronunciation, noted by Mr. Scudder as "yee," is only antique, not wrong.

Now, when English has such a crisp, plain, definite word as "yes," why do so many people clip or annihilate it? I am not speaking of the gamin's "yep" or the dude's "yaas," which have become commonplace. But, dear reader, who of course never say anything but "yes," how many of your friends do? Run them over mentally; how many accept your proposals with the dictionary word? Is there not rather an infinity of corrupt substitutes? I have it from a very eminent schoolmaster that his revered predecessor and master, one of the four or five "Arnolds of America," never said anything but "cha." A former secretary of a very important religious organization says "yuss." An eminent business and society man in our city, I am told, says "hess," with a strong effusion of breath.

When poor Queen Caroline came to England, absolutely ignorant of English, the question was raised in society what one word should be taught her to begin with. Most persons were for "yes," but one very accomplished lady advised "no," on the ground that it often stood for "yes." If the English court did not speak with better articulation a hundred years ago than we do now, "no" might be recommended as much more likely to be recognized.

Monsieur de Lesseps. — Ferdinand de Lesseps was not a man of great intellectual calibre. He originated no new idea; he was not even an engineer; he was simply a promoter, though a promoter of the first order, and his services as such terminated in 1869 with the opening of the Suez Canal. All that he did afterwards either might have been done by anybody else, or should not have been done at all. Nevertheless he was a remarkable man, and as an eye-witness of the rise and fall of the Panama Canal Company I shall not soon forget that thick-set, corpulent figure, the piercing eye and ample forehead redeeming a flabby face, those snowy locks, that confident tone, that persuasive voice. In a crowd you would have singled him out, and have asked who he was. I was present, in 1879, at the so-called Congress of Engineers and Geographers, — a transparent farce got up to ratify a foregone conclusion, — at which the Panama scheme was launched; as also at the successive meetings of the company till its collapse in 1888.

Death, especially when preceded by three years of senility and by a conviction for fraud without possibility of self-defense, almost disarms criticism, yet psychology cannot afford to overlook a man memorable for a splendid success and a monster failure. It is, moreover, but fair to the French to testify that they did not follow Lesseps with the infatuation excited one hundred and sixty years earlier by Law in Paris, and by the South Sea Company in London. No, the scheme dragged from the very outset, all the more so as this time there was no Anglophobe stimulus, and as America simply adopted a cold neutrality. The first subscription fell through, for Lesseps, presuming too much on the halo of Suez, had offered no bonuses to financiers or journalists. On a second attempt, liberally subsidizing both, the subscription was not much more than covered, though the prospectus led people to think that the work was actually contracted for at $125,000,000, a figure arbitrarily adopted by Lesseps as being a trifle over the Suez outlay of $120,000,000, albeit even at the Congress the Panama advocates had estimated the cost at $200,000,000. He emphatically declared that the canal would be easier to make and keep up than Suez, and he talked glibly of "disemboweling the Cordilleras up to their summits" as cheaper and better than tunneling through them. When $60,000,000 had been subscribed, he started for the isthmus, which as yet he had never

seen ; and he returned with glowing reports of the geniality of a climate which had permitted him to camp out for weeks, while the Paris newspapers went into (well-paid-for) raptures on the juvenility of the wonderful septuagenarian.

The work then commenced, and the climate speedily vindicated its old reputation by levying blackmail on European lives ; as for the mortality among the navvies, it passed unnoticed. The $60,000,000 was soon exhausted, for an eighth of it had gone in preliminary expenses, — that is to say, in bonuses to promoters, sanctioned by the shareholders at their first meeting without explanation or objection ; and the shares, according to a common French practice, bore interest from date of issue, without waiting for the completion of the canal. A loan of $60,000,000, which should have sufficed for that completion, was likewise absorbed, and loan followed loan at steadily increasing rates of interest ; but the estimate of traffic increased as regularly as the outlay, and the shareholders were assured that as both had been alike underrated, their prospects were unaffected. But in spite of enormous commissions to bankers and lavish payments to journalists, a profound secret at the time, the French public were becoming distrustful, and lottery prizes were used to bait the fish-hook. Yet Lesseps, to all appearance, was as confident as ever. He paid two more visits to the isthmus, on the first of which he was deluded, as has since been divulged, by a spurt of activity, while on the second he succeeded in satisfying foreign delegates as well as himself that great progress had been made. He protested that the canal would be finished by 1889, and he even threatened to prosecute those who, on the faith of American newspapers, asserted that the work had scarcely been more than begun. Little could now be done in Paris — but this was not known at the time — beyond giving hush-money to unscrupulous financiers, and gambling by the company in its own shares to keep up quotations ; but the provinces were almost stormed into taking the debentures. This was the period at which Lesseps went the round of the large towns, accompanied by one of his youngest children, whom he installed on the platform, and to whom he pointed as he appealed to the audience whether he was likely to put his investments for his large family into a rotten concern. This hit never failed to draw down the house. Once, at least, moreover, a telegram from Paris reached him at the very close of the meeting, to announce that the loan had been already covered, whereupon there was a rush of subscribers who discerned a chance of selling out immediately at a premium. Next morning they discovered that they had misunderstood the telegram, and that the subscription lagged. In Paris, too, Lesseps would be waited upon by an interviewer. After discussing things in general he would press a button, and his secretary would appear. "Have I any engagement to-night?" "Yes, you have to start for Bordeaux, for a meeting there to-morrow." "Then telephone to my wife to have dinner punctually at seven, that I may catch the train at nine." The chat was then resumed. Presently Lesseps would pull out his watch. "Excuse my breaking off the conversation, but I am due at the Academy of Sciences at four o'clock to hear a long paper by M. Bertrand." The interviewer — whether he was in the secret or not who shall say? — went back to his office and wrote a glowing account of an octogenarian (for Lesseps was eighty in 1885) who, just before starting on an all-night journey, spent a couple of hours at the Academy, as a sandwich between a day's desk-work and dinner, who after a night in the cars was to address a great meeting, and who was to spend a second night on the railroad in returning to Paris. This also was the period when a young American in Paris would be offered $500 a year if he would merely promise to sing some doggerel verses in praise of Panama at social gatherings of American residents, and when another American would be offered double that sum to write up Panama in transatlantic journals. Lesseps had not the active support of the French government, as in the case of Suez, when the Empress Eugénie showed herself a true cousin by her stanch support ; but though two cabinet ministers — one of them died before the exposure, the other is now expiating his offense — demanded bribes for their consent to lottery loans, he was sent to Berlin in 1887, to invest the French ambassador with the Legion of Honor, and was thus enabled, almost indeed invited, to attempt a Panama propaganda in Germany.

As the volume of debt increased, the interest ate up nearly all that was left by bribery and puffing, and a lottery loan, even baited by bimonthly prizes of $100,000,000 in lieu of interest, was only half taken up, albeit the drawings were guaranteed by an investment in French *rentes*, which left but a small margin for the canal and its vampires. When that margin was absorbed and when a fresh loan failed, bankruptcy became inevitable. Yet to the last Lesseps had had it all his own way at the annual meetings, though, outside, sandwichmen distributed violent pamphlets, and sometimes got to fisticuffs with faithful and indignant shareholders. The crushing articles of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, though of unimpeachable sincerity, also passed unheeded. Lesseps had at the last gasp accepted the system of locks, though originally he had admitted that if there were to be locks Nicaragua was better than Panama. Even when the crash came, he was so blind to the hopelessness of the situation that he applied to Parliament for a three months' postponement of payments. But Parliament, seeing the true state of affairs, declined to intervene, and the firmness of the United States government precluded the French republic from throwing good money after bad by taking over the canal. For several years the aggrieved investors, whose $400,000,000 had disappeared, cherished the hope of a revival of the enterprise. At last a handful of them demanded a prosecution. I need not dwell on the disclosures which ensued, or the suicide of an alleged blackmailer, or the flight of others, the details of how money had been squandered on venal statesmen, fraudulent contractors, and insatiable journalists; on the imprisonment of Lesseps's son for "lobbying;" on the collapse of the main charge through lapse of time. Of all or nearly all this Lesseps was happily unconscious.

He certainly intended to complete the canal. How far and how long he was himself deceived, or how far his Oriental experience led him to make misstatements, on the theory of the end justifying the means, no outsider can tell. Fluent talkers often end by being their own dupes. Lesseps's success, moreover, at Suez, after so many difficulties, had evidently made him confident that at Panama he should "pull through somehow," and his vanity had been adroitly exploited by men who enticed him into a scheme in which, having pocketed their commission, they did not themselves embark. It is sad to think of the genial old man being waylaid by humble shareholders whose provision for old age had disappeared, and who reproached him with his reiterated exhortations to stick to their shares; sadder still to think of the loss of his mental faculties, perhaps occasioned or hastened by the mortification of having brought about the greatest financial fiasco of the century. It is pleasanter to think of him as president of the Geographical Society, as Academician, as driving in the Bois de Boulogne with his young wife and eleven children, or galloping on horseback down the avenue, a tribe of daughters, with hair streaming in the wind, in his train. This was one of the picturesque sights of Paris. Alas that it should have been followed by failure and ignominy!

A Last Look. — It was not at all romantic, but it was not uncharacteristic. The place was that huge, draughty restaurant of the new railway station at Cologne. The hour was toward midnight. No special occasion, so far as I remember, — at least, none local to the great Rhine city, — brought him there. In fact, I think he was in transition from some festival to his own home. As for the railway station (which, by the bye, possesses the poorest *cuisine* and the worst service that one can tolerate in a place so improper to it), — as for the Cologne railway station, it was flaring with its harsh lights, and stirred by the movements of some scattered dozens of passengers on hasty refection intent; men and women coming and going, down-sitting and up-rising, at the long white-covered tables. From outside came the intermittent sounds of luggage-trucks in their deliberate German motion, scraps of official and unofficial talk, the hisses or whistles of locomotives, or the clanking arrival or departure of trains, — at that hour especially of the species which can be termed, without too wide a departure from real traits and pronunciation, the *Snailzug*.

All of a sudden Rubinstein came in. A friend, and some one whom I took to be the friend of the friend, were with him, neither of them very impressive-looking gentlemen, so that Rubinstein's striking figure and rugged face, with the odd look about the eyes, were the more distinguished. Nobody

remarked him as he entered with two companions and looked across at a table of less publicity than most. After a word or two they went to it and sat down, Rubinstein facing my way, as good fortune vouchsafed. The wraps were plentiful, and there was a big, flat parcel in brown paper, that suggested a manuscript score of something. Perhaps, alas for him! it was the offering of some friend yearning for criticism or compliment. I observed that he did not treat it lovingly, or even heedfully, and once he pounded it quite savagely with his empty beer-glass.

But the harsh commonplaces of such surroundings did not detract from the Rubinsteinish dignity. As he sat there, he was a personage, a presence. He was such almost as eminently as on the stage. The corner was a bit Rembrandtish in its chiaroscuro effect on him. Odd shadows came. He was tired, manifestly, and hungry, but, it seemed, not pleased at the idea of eating what he had time to eat (for out went his watch as divers queries over the *menu* passed back and forth between party and waiter), and not at all in good humor. He talked spasmodically, with irritation, upon some subject that was discussed in an undertone by his friends almost uninterruptedly, save for plying fork, knife, and glass. He appeared to have said as much as he felt necessary, and except for occasionally and peremptorily doing what we call "putting in his oar" again, he attended chiefly to his salad, or *Franziskaner*, or whatever other viands. His face wore its least cheerful expression, and now and then, simultaneously with the oaring process referred to, it flashed into anger.

Eavesdropping may be, I hope is, excusable, when we are within earshot of a genius evidently not discussing family matters. Sitting over in my humble place, with a Koelnische Zeitung flaunted in discreet exposition and interest, I — what was it that the judge in Bardell *v.* Pickwick said to one of the ladies testifying at that trial? — "And you listened, I suppose?" To which the witness sharply replied that she had not been eavesdropping, but that the voices had been "very loud, and forced themselves upon her ears." I am brazen, perhaps. I not only listened to every sound from Rubinstein and his little advisory committee (as it seemed), but I wished that the voices really were loud, and would force themselves upon my ears. For I listened in vain, — the conversation would not "carry" so far my way; and after considering, in a manner worthy of the most vulgar and excuseless overhearer, how I might change my seat to good advantage, I gave it up. Twice I heard Rubinstein sharply interject, "Nein!" — followed, alas, by nothing else. This was, perhaps, as a dissent on correction. And that was all I heard of that tripartite confab.

But it was a picture, if not at all a story. I shall never forget the half-weary, half-mournful dignity — now and then angry dignity — of the face in repose, which has suggested now a lion, and now Beethoven, scarcely less leonine. And his eyes, when he opened them wide, even from afar, were unforgettable! Sometimes he leaned his head on his left hand, sometimes he looked furtively about the room. After a while some travelers near me remarked who was the central figure in that little company. It would have been odd if some had not; and finally I heard a waiter observe confidentially to an official, "Das ist ja Herr Anton Rubinstein." But he was not an object of observation at this time and place, and the restaurant was scantily patronized, as just then I was the only close spy of genius, I suspect.

All at once, just when there was a lull in this *séance*, — which I cannot say I overheard, but which I confess without shame to having watched with far more attentiveness than good manners over or within any frontier allows, — a station employee came trotting in, and up to the party he ran. At the same time I heard the in-rolling of a train on its way through the station. Rubinstein caught up his impedimenta in a heap; one of the friends, who was evidently traveling with him, grasped his valise; the other friend, presumably a stay-at-home, paid the bill; the flat paper parcel fell to the floor with a smack and was seized in a trice; and, *presto*, all three betook themselves hastily to the door, with the station aid in swift pilotage. Rubinstein departed last through it, his umbrella catching midway, and his back being visible a second or two later than the rest. Then he was gone, whither I knew not. And it was the last time I saw him. And now we shall none of us, in Cologne, in St. Petersburg, in Paris, in New York, or anywhere else in this mortal world of life, death, and art, ever see him again.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVI. — SEPTEMBER, 1895. — No. CCCCLV.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XVI.

IMMEDIATELY I opened the packet. True enough, the two books of poems I had lent Alixe were there. They were written by one of my masters at the university, a man of singular talents and delicacy of mind, who had never sought fame, his poems being privately printed, and destined only for his few friends, of whom it was my great joy to be one. For though I am of a rough exterior, I have great sympathies for all natural and artistic refinements; nor am I without some small gifts of imagination.

I turned the leaves over quickly, and held the books up, so that anything might drop out; but there was nothing, save the flying leaves, to the eye. I was convinced that there must be a message somewhere in the books; that this was a means of my dear girl to send me news. But was it not most daring, to send it by our mutual enemy; to hoodwink the very man who, by touching a spring, as it were, could overwhelm us both with misery? I held a book open in my hand, beside the stove, thinking and wondering; but presently, glancing down, I saw one poem marked. I thought at first that I had missed it when I searched before, and whether the marking was by my own hand or Alixe's I could not remember. Soon, however, I saw that it was not mine, for it had been done, I found, by a tiny brush, and the color had been put on wet. It flashed upon me that this was a color which showed only when exposed to heat and light — an old ruse, yet serving well enough. But when I looked again at the poem, and read it through, I was still tossed about in my mind. I will give the verses here: —

(*He.*)

"Oh, could I read thy heart, dear maid,
If eyes were thoughts behind,
If in the prism of a tear
Flashed out thy constant mind;

"If from thy lips, the scarlet clasps
Which bind the covers rare
Of thy rich volume, I could know
The story hiding there;

"If I could to thy prisoned heart
Steal by some hidden way,
And at the window-bars look in
Where love doth hide and stay;

"Oh, I would publish forth the tale, —
Yet privately would I, —
Thy book with mine should go to find
One immortality."

(*She.*)

"Why shouldst thou seek the hidden way?
In wisdom thou hadst known
The tale held by the scarlet clasps
Hides in the cover alone."

I read the poem over slowly, the last verse twice or thrice, and then the whole thing came to me. Her message was hid in the covers of the books. At once I

examined them minutely, and I saw that, most deftly indeed, the covers of one book had been taken apart, and filled in with what must be a letter. I lifted carefully the inner paper of the covers, and there was her message, written upon thin, closely pressed paper: —

Dear Robert, — I know not if this will ever reach you, for I am about to try a perilous thing, even to make Monsieur Doltaire my letter-carrier. Bold as it is, I hope to bring it through safely.

You must know that my mother now makes Monsieur Doltaire welcome to our home, for his great talents and persuasion have so worked upon her that she believes him not so black as he is painted. My father, too, is not unmoved by his amazing address and complaisance. He does not proclaim himself of any merits, but rather hints his badness so frankly and with such delicate touches of over-color that he makes an argument for his virtues. And these things are so set off by occasional charities, by his public honesty, — for he is against all the corruption led by the Intendant, — by his skill in conversation, and by his adroit tenacity that he goes much farther with the best folk than you would guess possible. I do not think he often cares to use his arts — he is too indolent; but with my father, my mother, and my sister he has set in motion all his resources.

Robert, all Versailles is here. The genius of that brilliant but flippant and wicked court is here. This Monsieur Doltaire speaks for it. I know not if all courts in the world are the same, but indeed, if so, I am at heart no courtier. I love the sparkle, the sharp play of wit and word, the very touch-and-go of weapons; I am in love with life, and I wish to live to be old, very old, that I will have known it all, from helplessness to helplessness again, that I may miss nothing, even though much be sad to feel and bear. Robert, I should have gone on many years, seeing little, knowing little, I think, if it had not been for you and for your troubles, which are mine, and for this love of ours, builded in the midst of sorrows. Georgette is now as old as when I first came to love you, and you were thrown into the citadel, and yet I am ten years older than she; necessity has made me wise. Ah, if necessity would but make me happy, too, by giving you your liberty, that on these many miseries endured we might set up a sure home. I wonder if you think — if you think of that: a little home away from all these wars, aloof from these vexing times and things.

But there! all too plainly I am showing you my heart. Yet it is so great a comfort to speak on paper to you, in this silence here. Can you guess where is that *here*, Robert? It is not the Château St. Louis — no. It is not the Manor. It is the Château, dear Château Alixe, — my father has called it that, — on the Island of Orleans. You would never have guessed it, would you? I feel so free here, more as I used to do when you knew me at the Manor House, in the good old garden there. Do you remember the hawk you set free, that clear morning? Three days ago I was sick at heart, tired of all the junketings and feastings, and I begged my mother to fetch me here, though it is yet but early spring, and snow is on the ground.

First, you must know that this new Château is built upon, and is joined to, the ruins of an old one, owned long years ago by the Baron of Beaugard, whose strange history you must learn some day, out of the papers we have found here. I begged my father not to tear the old portions of the manor down, but, using the first foundations, put up a house half castle and half manor. Pictures of the old manor were found, and so we have a place that is no patchwork, but a renewal. I made my father give me the old surviving part of the building for my own, and so it is.

It is all set on high ground abutting on the water almost at the point where I am, and I have the river in my sight all day. Now, think yourself in the new building. You come out of a dining-hall, hung all about with horns and weapons and shields and such bravery, go through a dark, narrow passage, and then down a step or two. You open a door, bright light breaks on your eyes; then two steps lower, and you are here with me. You might have gone outside the dining-hall upon a stone terrace, and so have come along to the deep window where I sit so often. You may think of me a-hiding in the curtains, watching you, though you knew it not till you touched the window and I came out quietly, startling you, so that your heart would beat beyond counting!

As I look up towards the window, the thing first in sight is the cage, with the little bird which came to me in the cathedral the morning my brother got lease of life again: you *do* remember — is it not so? It is never from my room, and though I have come here but for a week I muffled the cage well and brought it over; and there the bird swings and sings the long day through. Robert, it may seem strange to you, but I can never look upon it without a feeling that it was no mere accident which sent it to me. It is a close and dear companion, and it alone hears all my secrets — those which I bless myself in thinking you would care to know. I have heaped the window-seats with soft furs, and one of these I prize most rarely. It was a gift — and whose, think you? Even a poor soldier's. You see I have not all friends among the great folk. I often lie upon that soft robe of sable — ay, sable, Master Robert — and think of him who gave it to me. Now I know you are jealous, and I can see your eyes flash up. But you shall at once be soothed. It is no other than Gabord's gift. He is now of the Governor's body-guard, and I think is by no means happy, and would prefer service with the Marquis de Montcalm, who goes not comfortably with the Intendant and the Governor.

One day Gabord came to our house on the ramparts, and, asking for me, blundered out, "Aho, what shall a soldier do with sables? They are for gentles and for wrens to snuggle in. Here comes a Russian county oversea, and goes mad in tavern. Here comes Gabord, and saves county from a ruddy crest for kissing the wrong wench. Then county falls on Gabord's neck, and kisses both his ears, and gives him sables, and crosses oversea again; and so good-by to county and his foolery. And sables shall be Mademoiselle's, if she will have them." He might have sold the thing for many louis, and yet he brought it to me; and he would not go till he had seen me sitting on it, muffling my hands and face in the soft fur.

Robert, in the hour of sore trial this man will help me. We have gone through sad things, you and I, but something tells me there must be sadder still before we come to quiet. I am learning how, in all noise and stir and confusing motions, one must stand still, saving the brain and will for the great moment, fencing one's self about with deep motives.

Just now, as I am writing, I glance at the table where I sit — a small brown table of oak, carved with the name of Félise, Baroness of Beaugard. She sat here; and some day, when you hear her story, you will know why I begged Madame Lotbinière to give it to me in exchange for another, once the King's. Carved, too, beneath her name, are the words, "Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure." It is like a word from out a sanctuary. Perhaps one does not need such things to keep one in believing, but they are like little lights which tell us that the sun is coming, that the day will break.

And now you shall laugh with me at a droll thing Georgette has given me to wipe my pen upon. There are three lit-

tle circles of deerskin and one of ruby velvet, stitched together in the centre. Then, standing on the velvet is a yellow woolen chick, with little eyes of beads, and a little wooden bill stuck in most quaintly, and a head that twists like a weathercock. It has such a piquant silliness of look that I laugh at it most heartily, and I have an almost elfish fun in smearing its downy feathers. I am sure you did not think I could be amused so easily; but indeed I have an eye for the grotesque and droll. It is that which saves me many an hour from gloom, and keeps me spirited abroad, when but for thought of your good I could be dull enough, Heaven knows. You shall see this silly chick one day, humorously ugly and all daubed with ink.

There is a low couch in one corner of the room, and just above hangs a picture of my mother. In another corner is a little shelf of books, among them two which I have studied constantly since you were put in prison — your great Shakespeare, and the writings of one Mr. Addison. I had few means of studying at first, so difficult it seemed, and all the words sounded hard; but there is your countryman, one Lieutenant Stevens of Rogers' Rangers, a prisoner here, as you know, and he has helped me, and is prepared to help you when the time comes for stirring. I teach him French; and though I do not talk of you, he tells me in what esteem you are held in Virginia and in England, and is not slow to praise you on his own account, which makes me gentler towards him when he would come to sentiment in our work together. Why is it, Robert, why is it that men traffic so with their dignity and honesty? Does man think woman all vanity, all silliness, that he feeds her on honey and confections so? I have not met a man in my short life, save yourself, who from the hour of our meeting did not stoop to silliness of some sort. I sometimes ask myself, Am I the cause? Is there an invitation in my eyes, my face, my words? I pass myself back and forth, and I cannot find the reason. I am, indeed, told often that I have no heart, that I am light and cruel, and that I care only for being first among the gay and fashionable. Could they — these foolish folk — see me shut in my chamber, as here, alone with myself, and thinking, thinking, thinking, they would not speak so. But there are some who know better: my father and mother, and these poor friends of ours, Voban, Gabord, Mathilde, and Lucy Lotbinière and Monsieur Doltaire. Lucy has seen me fall a-weeping once or twice, and Monsieur Doltaire has forced me to moments when all that I am came into action, all that God and our love have made me.

In another corner is my spinning-wheel. In its slow buzzing song my troubled thoughts have passed away, and softened reveries come upon me. This spinning-wheel has not been a mere fancy of self-interest, Robert, for I have sent the work of my hands to poor folk here; and when I have seen Mathilde sitting by me, patient yet *distraite*, I have had a heart to do a thousand times more than may be possible. It is most pitiful to see the troubles of the poor; for there are no soft lights of luxury to ease their suffering, and when they fall, they fall so utterly. As Monsieur Doltaire said once to my father, "Break a poor man's sleep with Shame, or let Starvation walk beside him in the field he tills, and you have there both the unpardonable sin and the unpardonable punishment. The poor man must have sleep and bread and housing." My father answered, "What then of La Friponne?" Monsieur laughed at that, then shook his head. "The keeper of this famine-house shall tremble," said he, "and you and I will live to see it."

How slow I tell you all! yet it is a sweet boon to empty out the heart and soul without reserve. Oh, Robert, Robert, you love me, do you not? When you escape you never will give me up?

Nay, nay, you will not! You are of nobler elements than that. You will come back to me, or I will go with you, and in some quiet corner of your land we will sit still and let the world go by, till we have gathered strength again. Tell me that; for sometimes I am weak. I am only a young girl, after all, and I am here apart from the world, alone with my soul and you.

There is a harpsichord in a corner here, just where the soft sun sends in a ribbon of light; and I will play on it for you a pretty song. I wonder if you can hear it? Is it not so that we can sometimes set free our spirits, so that they fly to those we love, and speak with them? I am fain to think it, and I will sing the song. Where I sit at the harpsichord the belt of sunlight will fall across my shoulder, and, looking through the window, I fancy I can see your prison there on the Heights; the silver flag with its gold lilies on the Château St. Louis; the great guns of the citadel; and far off at Beauport the Manor House and garden which you and I know so well, and the Falls of Montmorenci, falling like white flowing hair from the tall cliff. I kneel at my priedieu and say an Ave, and now I sing to you: it is the song of Félise, Baroness of Beaugard, telling of the sad times when all the land was set against her, all save the man who loved her, and how at last she triumphed. Some day, perhaps, I shall be set alone against this whole country, and, like her, I shall not yield my will where my heart cannot follow.

You will care to know of how these months have been spent, and what news of note there is of the fighting between our countries. No matters of great consequence have come to our ears, save that it is thought your navy may descend on Louisburg; that Ticonderoga is also to be set upon, and Quebec to be besieged in the coming summer. From France the news is various. Now, Frederick of Prussia and England defeat the allies, France, Russia, and Austria; now, they, as Monsieur Doltaire says, "send the great Prussian to verses and the megrims." For my own part, I am ever glad to hear that our cause is victorious, and letters that my brother writes me rouse all my ardor for my country. Juste has grown in place and favor, and in his latest letter he says that Monsieur Doltaire's voice has got him much advancement. He also remarks that Monsieur Doltaire has reputation for being one of the most reckless, clever, and cynical men in France. Things that he has said are quoted at ball and rout. Yet the King is angry with him, and La Pompadour's caprice may send him again to the Bastile. These things Juste heard from D'Argenson, Minister of War, through his secretary, with whom he is in friendly commerce.

I pray daily that La Pompadour may recall Monsieur, for his presence here is a menace both to you and to me. He stayed your execution through vanity and a whim; he might hasten on your death from the same cause. Those letters you will never give him, I know. You were tempted once, for my sake; you never will be again. He can do no worse than he has done. Oh, Robert, I fear that man, and I fear no one else in all the world. You may not guess what my life has been since that day your death was stayed by him, since that hour I talked with you in the cell where you now are. But I will do what I never thought to do: I will inclose you here some extracts from my journal, which will disclose to you the secrets of a girl's troubled heart. Some folk might say that I am unmaidenly in this. But I care not, I fear not. I know my heart, and I will bare it before God with any maid in the land, fearing no humiliation.

December 24. I was with Robert today, and told him all that there was time to tell. I let him see what trials I had

had with Monsieur Doltaire, and what were like to come. It hurt me to tell him, yet it would have hurt me more to withhold them. I am hurt whichever way it goes. Monsieur Doltaire rouses the worst parts of me. On the one hand I detest him for his hatred of Robert and for his evil life, yet on the other I must needs admire him for his many graces, — why are not the graces of the wicked horrible? — for his singular abilities, and because, gamester though he may be, he is no public robber. Then, too, the melancholy of his birth and history claims some sympathy. Yet is he so bad, so lost to all responsibility, — that great salvation for man or woman, — that, if one were just, one should look upon his graces with horror, as being the gilded means to evil ends. But sometimes when I listen to him speak, hear the almost piquant sadness of his words, watch the spirit of isolation which, by design or otherwise, shows in him, for the moment I am conscious of a pity or an interest which I flout in wiser hours. This is his art, the potent danger of his personality.

To-night he came, and with many fine phrases wished us a happy day to-morrow, and most deftly worked upon my mother and Georgette by looking round and speaking with a quaint sort of raillery — half pensive, it was — of the peace of this home-life of ours; and indeed, he did it so inimitably that I was not sure how much was false and how much true. Still, I am sure it was but a trick of temperament, a reflection of some bygone hour when he may have felt such things; for it is well known what his orphaned youth was like. I tried most constantly to avoid him to-day, but my mother as constantly made private speech between us easy. At last he had his way, and then I was not sorry; for Georgette was listening to him with more color than she is wont to wear. Oh, God, I would rather see her in her grave than with her hand in his, her sweet life in his power. She is unschooled in the ways of the world, and she never will know it as I now do. How am I sounding all the depths! Can a woman walk the dance with evil, and be no worse for it by and by? Yet for a cause, for a cause! What can I do? I cannot say, "Monsieur Doltaire, you must not speak with me, or talk with me; you are a plague-spot." No, I must even follow this path, let it wander where it will, so it but lead at last to Robert and his safety.

> "Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
> Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Monsieur, having me alone at last, said to me, "I have kept my word as to the little boast: this Captain Stobo still lives."

"You are not greater than I thought," said I.

He professed to see but one meaning in my words, and answered, "It was then mere whim to see me do this thing, a lady's curious mind, eh? In faith, I think your sex are the true scientists: you try experiment for no other reason than to see effect."

"You forget my interest in Captain Stobo," said I, with airy boldness.

He laughed. He was disarmed. How could he think I meant it! "My imagination halts," he rejoined. "Millennium comes when you are interested. And yet," he continued, "it is my one ambition to interest you, and I will do it, or I will say my prayers no more."

> "But how can that be done no more,
> Which ne'er was done before?"

I retorted, railing at him, for I feared to take him seriously.

"There you wrong me," he said. "I am devout; I am a lover of the Scriptures — their beauty haunts me; I go to mass — its dignity affects me; and I have prayed, as in my youth I wrote verses. It is not a matter of morality, but of temperament. A man may be religious, and yet be evil. Satan fell, but he believed and he admired, as the English Milton wisely shows it."

I was most glad that my father came between us at that moment; but before Monsieur left, he said to me, "You have challenged me. Beware: I have begun this chase. Yet I would rather be your follower, rather have your arrow in me, than be your hunter." He said it with a sort of warmth, which I knew was a glow in his senses merely; he was heated with his own eloquence.

"Wait," returned I. "You have heard the story of King Artus?"

He thought a moment. "No, no. I never was a child as other children. I was always comrade to the imps."

"King Artus," said I, "was most fond of hunting." (It is but a legend with its moral, as you know.) "It was forbidden by the priests to hunt while mass was being said. One day, at the lifting of the host, the King, hearing a hound bay, rushed out, and gathered his pack together; but as they went, a whirlwind caught them up into the air, where they continue to this day, following a lonely trail, never resting, and all the game they get is one fly every seventh year. And now, when all on a sudden at night you hear the trees and leaves and the sleepy birds and crickets stir, it is the old King hunting — for the fox he never gets."

Monsieur looked at me with curious intentness. "You have a great gift," he said; "you make your point by allusion. I follow you. But see: *when I am blown into the air I shall not ride alone.* Happiness is the fox we ride to cover, you and I, though we find but a firefly in the end."

"A poor reply," I remarked easily; "not worthy of you."

"As worthy as I am of you," he rejoined; then he kissed my hand. "I will see you at mass to-morrow."

Unconsciously, I rubbed the hand he kissed with my handkerchief.

"I am not to be provoked," he said. "It is much to have you treat my kiss with consequence."

March 25. No news of Robert all this month. Gabord has been away in Montreal. I see Voban only now and then, and he is strange in manner, and can do nothing. Mathilde is better — so still and desolate, yet not wild; but her memory is all gone, all save for that "François Bigot is a devil." Poor soul. Her gift, the little wooden cross, never leaves me. "If you wear that, the ring of fire will never grow in your head," she whispered to me all those months ago. It is a token to keep me humble and watchful, too. To-day, when I went to see her, she laid her hand upon mine and said, "I know where you and I can hide. And there we can hear the mill-wheel and the crying of the grasshoppers, and a wren has a home there — I have seen it. 'Pretty wren, pretty wren,' I said, 'you have a happy home.' It *peeped* at me then, and I said, 'I will give you soft hairs from my head to line your nest with, and when it is cold in the trees you shall come and lie in my breast. You shall be warm there, though you shall not hear my heart beat, for it was stole from me as I slept, my pretty wren,' I said."

So strange it is: Gabord calls me the wren; and Mathilde talks of the wren, "the bird of the good God," as the people say; and it is a wren that sings in my cage, my gift from God that day in the church. But, Mother of God, was ever girl so set about with snares? Was ever girl so hatefully entreated and cajoled? My father has taken anew a strong dislike to Monsieur Doltaire, because of hints that are abroad concerning him and Madame Cournal. I once thought she was much sinned against, but now I am sure she is not to be defended. She is most defiant, though people dare not shut their doors against her. A change seemed to come over her all at once, and over her husband also. He is now gloomy and taciturn, now foolishly gay, yet he is little seen with the Intendant, as before. However it be, Monsieur Doltaire and Bigot are

no longer intimate. What should I care for that, if Monsieur Doltaire had no power, if he were not the door between Robert and me? What care I, indeed, how vile he is, so he but serve my purpose? Let him try my heart and soul and senses as he will; I will one day purify myself of his presence and all this soiling, and find my peace in Robert's arms or in the quiet of a nunnery.

This morning I got up at sunrise, it being the Annunciation of the Virgin, and prepared to go to mass in the chapel of the Ursulines. How peaceful was the world! So still, so still. The smoke came curling up here and there through the sweet air of spring, a snowbird tripped along the white coverlet of the earth before me, and up the Ste. Foye road, before a Calvary, I saw a peasant kneel and say an Ave as he went to market. There was springtime in the sun, in the smell of the air; springtime everywhere but in my heart, which was all winter. I seemed alone — alone — alone. I felt the tears start. But that was for a moment only, I am glad to say, for I got my courage again, as I did the night before when Monsieur Doltaire placed his arm at my waist, and poured into my ears a torrent of protestations.

When he did that, I did not move at first. But I could feel my cheeks go to stone, and something clamp my heart. Yet had ever man such hateful eloquence! There is that in him — oh, shame! oh, shame! — which goes far with a woman. He has the music of passion, and though it be the very accident of life, and is lower than love, it is the poetry of the senses. Alas, alas, that such men are abroad! I spoke most calmly, too, I think, begging him place his merits where they would have better entertainment; but I said hard, cold things at last, when other means availed not, which presently made him turn upon me in another fashion.

His words dropped slowly, with a consummate carefulness, his manner was pointedly courteous, yet there was an underpressure of force, of will, which made me see the danger of my position. He said that I was quite right; that he would wish no privilege of a woman which was not given with a frank eagerness; that to him no woman was worth the having who did not throw her whole nature into the giving. Constancy — that was another matter. But a perfect gift while there was giving at all — that was the way.

"There is something behind all this," he said. "I am not so vain as to think any merits of mine would influence you. But my devotion, my admiration of you, the very force of my passion, should move you. Be you ever so set against me, — and I do not think you are, — you should not be so strong to resist the shock of feeling. I do not know the cause, but I will find it out; and when I do, I shall remove it or be myself removed." He touched my arm with his fingers. "When I touch you like that," he said, "summer riots in my veins. I will not think that this which rouses me so is but power upon one side, and effect upon the other. Something in you called me to you, something in me will wake you yet. *Mon Dieu*, I could wait a score of years for my touch to thrill you as yours does me! And I will — I will."

"You think it suits your honor to force my affections?" I asked; for I dared not say all I wished.

"What is there in this reflecting on my honor?" he answered. "At Versailles, believe me, they would say I strive here for a canonizing. No, no; think me so gallant that I follow you to serve you, to convince you that the way I go is the way your hopes will lie. Honor? To fetch you to the point where you and I should start together on the Appian Way, I would traffic with that, even, and say I did so, and would do so a thousand times, if in the end it put your hand in mine. Who, who can give you what I offer, can offer?

See: I have given myself to a hundred women in my time — but what of me? That which was a candle in a wind, and the light went out. There was no depth, no life, in that; the shadow of a man was there those hundred times. But here, now, the whole man plunges into this sea, and he will reach the lighthouse on the shore, or be broken on the reefs. Look in my eyes, and see the furnace there, and tell me if you think that fire is for cool corners in the gardens at Neuilly or for the Hills of" — He suddenly broke off, and a singular smile followed. "There, there," he said, "I have said enough. It came to me all at once how droll my speech would sound to our people at Versailles. It is an elaborate irony that the occasional virtues of certain men turn and mock them. That is the penalty of being inconsistent. Be saint or imp; it is the only way. But this imp that mocks me relieves you of reply. Yet I have spoken truth, and again and again I will tell it you, till you believe according to my gospel."

How glad I was that he himself lightened the situation! The theatrical turn to this mockery made my part easier to play. I had been driven to despair, but this strange twist in his mood made all smooth for me. "That 'again and again' sounds dreary," said I. "It might almost appear I must some time accept your gospel, to cure you of preaching it, and save me from eternal drowsiness."

We were then most fortunately interrupted. He made his adieus, and I went to my room, brooded till my head ached, then fell a-weeping, and wished myself out of the world, I was so sick and weary. Now and again a hot shudder of shame and misery ran through me, as I thought of Monsieur's words to me. Put them how he would, they sound an insult now, though as he spoke I felt the power of his passion. "If you had lived a thousand years ago, you would have loved a thousand times," he said to me one day. Sometimes I think he spoke truly; I have a nature that responds to all eloquence in life. But I thank God that I have that which keeps me steady in the ebb and flow of all emotions; I have a heart which anchors in one harbor only, a pride which will not be set by.

There, Robert, I have bared my heart to thee. I have hidden nothing. In a few days I shall go back to the city with my mother, and when I can I will send news; and do thou send me news also, if thou canst devise a safe way. Meanwhile, I have written my brother Juste to be magnanimous, and to try for thy freedom. He will not betray me, and he may help us. I have begged him to write to thee a letter of reconcilement.

And now, comrade of my heart, do thou have courage. I also shall be strong as I am ardent. Having written thee, I am cheerful once more; and when again I may, I will open the doors of my heart that thou mayst come in. That heart is thine, Robert. Thy

ALIXE,

who loves thee all her days.

P. S. I have found the names and places of the men who keep the guard beneath thy window. If there is chance for freedom that way, fix the day some time ahead, and I will see what may be done. Voban fears nothing; he will act secretly for me. A.

I read and re-read her letter, and gave myself up for the whole day to reverie. The depth and seriousness of her character, her most singular sincerity, kept me in wonder and admiration. The next day I arranged for my escape, which had been long in planning.

XVII.

I should have tried escape earlier but that it was little use to venture forth

in the harsh winter in a hostile country. But now April had come, and I was keen to make a trial of my fortune. I had been saving food for a long time, little by little, and hiding it in the old knapsack which had held my second suit of clothes. I had used the little stove for parching my food — Indian corn, for which I had professed a fondness to my jailer, and liberally paid for out of funds which had been sent me by George Washington in answer to my letter, and other moneys to a goodly amount in a letter from Governor Dinwiddie. These letters had been carefully written, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, into whose hands they had first come, was gallant enough not to withhold them, though he read them first. But I am sure he ordered extra vigilance over me because of this, and was peremptory and threatening in his orders to my jailer and the sentinels.

Besides Indian corn, the parching of which amused me, I had parched ham and tongue, and bread and cheese, enough, by frugal use, to last me a month at least. I knew it would be a journey of six weeks or more to the nearest English settlement, but if I could get that month's start I should forage for the rest, or take my fate as I found it: I was used to all the twists of fortune now. My knapsack gradually filled, and meanwhile I slowly worked my passage into the open world. There was the chance that my jailer would explore the knapsack; but after a time I lost that fear, for it lay untouched with a blanket in a corner, and I swept and garnished my cell with my own hands.

The true point of danger was the window. There lay my way. It was stoutly barred with iron up and down, and the bars were set in the solid limestone. Soon after I entered this prison, I saw that I must cut a groove in the stone from stanchion to stanchion, and then, by drawing one to the other, make an opening large enough to let my body through. For tools I had only a miserable knife with which I cut my victuals, and the smaller but stouter one which Gabord had not taken from me. There could be no pounding, no chiseling, but only rubbing of the hard stone. So hour after hour I rubbed away, being, however, in constant danger of discovery. My jailer had a trick of sudden entrance, which would have been grotesque if it had not been so serious to me. To provide against the half-flurried inquisition of his eye, I kept near me bread well chewed, and filling the hole with it, I covered it with the sand I had rubbed or the ashes of my pipe. I lived in dread of these entrances, but at last I found that they chanced only within certain hours, and I arranged my times of work accordingly. Once or twice, however, as I worked, I was so impatient with my slow progress that I scratched the stone with some asperity and noise, and was rewarded by hearing my fellow stumbling in the hall; for, in truth, he had as uncertain limbs as ever I saw. He stumbled upon nothing, as you have seen a child trip itself up by tangling of its feet.

The first time that he came, roused by the grating noise as he sat below, he stumbled in the very centre of the cell, and fell upon his knees. I would have laughed if I had dared, but I yawned over the book I had hastily snatched up, and puffed great whiffs from my pipe. I dreaded lest he should go to the window. He started for it, but suddenly made for my couch, and dragged it away, as if looking to find a hole dug beneath it. Still I did not laugh at him, but gravely watched him; and presently he went away. Once again I was foolishly harsh with my tools; but I knew now the time required by him to come upstairs, and I swiftly filled the groove with bread, strewed ashes and sand over it, rubbed all smooth, and was plunged in my copy of Montaigne when he entered. This time he went straight to the window, looked at it, tried the stan-

chions, and then, with an amused attempt at being cunning and hiding his own vigilance, he asked me, with laborious hypocrisy, if I had seen Monsieur Voban pass the window. And so for weeks and weeks we played hide-and-seek with each other.

At last I had nothing to do but sit and wait, for the groove was cut, the bar had room to play. I could not bend it, for it was fast at the top; but when my hour of adventure was come, I would tie a handkerchief round the two bars, and twist it with the piece of hickory used for stirring the fire. Here was my engine of escape, and I waited till April should wind to its close, when I should, in the softer weather, try my fortune outside these walls.

After I received Alixe's letter, I took a day or so to think over my affairs, to decide upon my actions, and then I wrote her a letter, in which I set forth my plan of escape and my hopes for the future. I told her that I was now bound for freedom, and that, if fortune favored me, I should join the forces coming against Quebec, and win her with sword and flame. I bade her be sure that while I lived I should never yield her to another, nor ever falter in my purposes. I did not in the smallest show that I recognized her own fears, or that I saw the struggle she was having against Doltaire's engaging devices. I knew there was the true thing in her, and that would save her. All was with him, place, distinction, elegance, temperament, even the occasional shadows of his wickedness — for woman's mind is curious; yet there was a loyalty in her which grew the stronger, with violence threatening it. But these things may be seen in her deeds. So time went on until one eventful day, even the 30th of April of that year 1758.

It was raining and blowing when I waked, and it ceased not all the day, coming to a hailstorm in the evening. There was much thundering, also, and night drew on, repenting nothing of the day. I felt sure that my guards without would, on such a day, relax their vigilance, nor march back and forth under my window. In the evening I listened, and heard no voices nor any sound of feet, only the pelting rain and the whistling wind. Yet I did not stir till midnight. Then I slung the knapsack in front of me, so that I could force it through the window first, and tying my handkerchief round the iron bars, I screwed it up with my stick. Presently the bars came together, and my way was open. I got my body through by dint of squeezing, and let myself go plump into the mire below. Then I stood still a minute, and listened again.

A light was shining not far away. Drawing near, I saw that it came from a small hut or lean-to. Looking through the cracks, I observed my two gentlemen drowsing in the corner. I was eager for their weapons, but I dared not make the attempt to get them, for they were laid between their legs, the barrels resting against their shoulders. I drew back, and for a moment paused to get my bearings. Then I made for a corner of the yard where the wall was lowest, and, taking a run at it, caught the top, with difficulty scrambled up, and speedily was over and floundering in the mud. I knew well where I was, and at once started off in a northwesterly direction, towards the St. Charles River, making for a certain farmhouse above the town. Yet I took care, though it was dangerous, to travel a street in which was Voban's house. There was no light in the street nor in his house, nor had I seen any one abroad as I came, not even a sentinel.

I knew where was the window of the barber's bedroom, and I tapped upon it softly. Instantly I heard a stir; then there came the sound of flint and steel, then a light, and presently a hand at the window, and a voice asking, "Who's there?"

I gave a quick reply; the light was

put out, the window opened, and Voban stared at me.

"This letter," said I, "to Mademoiselle Duvarney;" and I slipped ten louis into his hand, also.

This he quickly handed back. "Monsieur," said he, "if I take it I would seem to myself a traitor — no — no. But I will give the letter."

Then he asked me in; but I would not, yet begged him, if he could, to have a canoe at my disposal at a point below the Falls of Montmorenci two nights hence.

"Monsieur," said he, "I will do so if I can, but I am watched. I would not pay a sou for my life — no. Yet I will serve you, if there is a way."

Then I told him what I meant to do, and bade him repeat it exactly to Mademoiselle. This he swore to do, and I cordially grasped the good wretch's shoulder, and thanked him with all my heart. I got from him a weapon, also, and again I put gold louis into his hand, and bade him keep it, for I might need his kind offices to spend it for me. To this he consented, and I plunged into the dark again. I had not gone far when I heard footsteps coming, and I drew aside into the corner of a porch. A moment, then the light flashed in full upon me. I had my hand upon the hanger I had got from Voban, and I was ready to strike if there were need, when Gabord's voice broke on my ear, and his hand caught at the short sword by his side.

"It is dickey-bird, aho!" cried he. "Come forth, and home with Gabord." There was exultation in his eye and voice. Here was a chance for him to prove himself against me; he had proved himself for me more than once. "Here was I," added he, "making for Monsieur Voban, that he might come and bleed a sick soldier, when who should come running but our English captain! Come forth, aho!"

"No, Gabord," said I, "I'm bound for freedom." I stepped forth, his hanger poised against me. I was intent to make a desperate fight.

"March on," returned he gruffly, and I could feel the iron in his voice

"But not with you, Gabord. My way lies towards Virginia."

"March on, or dickey-bird's gill goes split!" he threatened.

I did not care to strike the first blow, and I made to go past him. His lantern came down, and he made a catch at my shoulder. I swung back, threw off my cloak and up my weapon. Then we fought. My knapsack troubled me, for it was loose, and kept shifting. Gabord made stroke after stroke, watchful, heavy, offensive, muttering to himself as he struck and parried. There was no hatred in his eyes, but he had the lust of fighting on him, and he was breathing easily, and could have kept this up for hours. As we fought I could hear a clock in a house near strike one. Then a cock crowed. I had received two slight wounds, and I had not touched my enemy. But I was swifter, and I came at him suddenly with a rush, and struck for his left shoulder when I saw my chance. I felt the steel strike the bone. As I did so, he caught my wrist and lunged most fiercely at me, dragging me to him. The blow struck straight at my side, but it went through the knapsack, which had swung loose, and so saved my life; for another instant and I had tripped him down, and he lay bleeding badly.

"Aho! 't was a fair fight, dickey-bird," said he. "Now get you gone. I call for help."

"No, no," I replied, "I cannot leave you so, Gabord. Not till help comes." I stooped and lifted up his head.

"Then you shall go to citadel," said he, feeling for his small trumpet.

"No, no," I answered; "I'll go fetch Voban."

"To bleed me more!" quoth he; and I knew well he was pleased that I did

not leave him. "Nay, kick against yon door. It is Captain Lancy's."

At that moment a window opened, and Lancy's voice was heard. Without a word I seized Gabord's lantern and my cloak, and made away as hard as I could go.

"I 'll have a wing of dickey-bird for lantern there!" roared Gabord, swearing roundly as I ran off with it.

With all my might I hurried, and was soon outside the town, and coming fast to the farmhouse about two miles beyond. Nearing it, I hid the lantern beneath my cloak and made for an outhouse. The door was not locked, and I passed in. There was a loft nearly full of hay, and I crawled up, and dug a hole far down against the side of the building, and climbed in, bringing with me for drink a nest of hen's eggs which I found in a corner. The warmth of the dry hay was comforting, and after caring for my wounds, which I found were but scratches, I had somewhat to eat from my knapsack, drank up two eggs, and then coiled myself for sleep. It was my purpose, if not discovered, to stay where I was two days, and then to make for the point below the Falls of Montmorenci where I hoped to find a canoe of Voban's placing.

When I waked it must have been near noon, so I lay still for a time, listening to the cheerful noise of fowls and cattle in the yard without, and to the clacking of a hen above me. The air smelt very sweet. I also heard my unknowing host, at whose table I had once sat, two years before, talking with his son, who had just come over from Quebec, bringing news of my escape, together with a wonderful story of the fight between Gabord and myself. It had, by his calendar, lasted some three hours, and both of us, in the end, fought as we lay upon the ground. "But presently along comes a cloaked figure, with horses, and he lifts Monsieur the Englishman upon one, and away they ride like the devil towards St. Charles River and Beauport. Gabord was taken to the hospital, and he swore that Englishman would not have got away if stranger had not fetched him a crack with a pistol-butt which sent him dumb and dizzy. And there Monsieur Lancy le Capitaine sleep snug through all until the horses ride away!"

The farmer and his son laughed heartily, with many a "By Gar!" their sole English oath. Then came the news that six thousand livres were offered for me, dead or living, the drums beating far and near to tell the people so.

The farmer gave a long whistle, and in a great bustle set to calling all his family to arm themselves and join with him in this treasure-hunting. I am sure at least a dozen were at the task, searching all about; nor did they neglect the loft where I lay. But I had dug far down, drawing the hay over me as I went, so that they must needs have been keener than they were to have smelt me out. After about three hours' poking about over all the farm, they met again outside this building, and I could hear their gabble plainly. The smallest among them, the piping chore-boy, he was for spitting me without mercy; and the milking-lass would toast me with a hay-fork, that she would, and six thousand livres should set her up forever.

In the midst of their rattling came two soldiers, who ordered them about, and with much blustering began searching here and there, and chucking the maids under the chins, as I could tell by their little bursts of laughter, and the "La M'sieu's!" which trickled through the hay. I am sure that one such little episode saved me. For I heard a soldier just above me poking and tossing hay with uncomfortable vigor. But presently the amorous hunter turned his thoughts elsewhere, and I was left to myself, and to a late breakfast of parched beans and bread and raw eggs, after which I lay and thought; and the sum of the thinking was that I would stay where I was

till the first wave of the hunt had passed. And so I did, cramped, but snug and comfortable, and gaining confidence and courage as I waited.

Near midnight of the second day I came out most secretly from my lurking-place, and faced straight for St. Charles River. Finding it at high water, I plunged in, with my knapsack and cloak on my head, and made my way across, reaching the opposite shore safely. After going two miles or so, I discovered friendly covert in the woods, where, in spite of my cloak and dry cedar boughs wrapped round, I shivered as I lay till morning. When the sun came up, I drew out, that it might dry me; after which I crawled back into my nest and fell into a broken sleep. Many times during the day I heard the horns of my hunters, and more than once voices near me. But I had crawled into the hollow of a half-uprooted stump, and the cedar branches, which had been cut off a day or two before, were a screen. I could see soldiers here and there, armed and greatly swaggering, and faces of peasants and shopkeepers whom I knew.

A function was being made of my escape; it was a hunting-feast, in which women were as eager as their husbands and their brothers. There was something devilish in it, when I came to think of it: a whole town roused and abroad to hunt down one poor fugitive, whose only sin was in themselves a virtue — loyalty to his country. I saw women armed with sickles and iron forks, and lads bearing axes and hickory poles cut to a point like a spear, while blunderbusses were in plenty. Now and again a weapon was fired, and, to watch their motions and peepings, it might have been thought I was a dragon, or that they all were hunting La Jongleuse, their fabled witch, whose villainies, are they not told at every fireside?

Often I shivered violently, and anon I was burning hot; my adventure had given me a chill and fever. Late in the evening of this day, my hunters having drawn off with as little sense as they had hunted me, I edged cautiously down past Beauport and on to the Montmorenci Falls. I came along in safety, and reached a spot near the point where Voban was to hide the boat. The highway ran between. I looked out cautiously. No one was in sight, but then the road went only a little way before there was a turning. I could hear nothing, and so ran out and crossed the road, and pushed for the woods on the banks of the river. I had scarcely got across when I heard a shout, and looking round I saw three horsemen, who instantly spurred towards me. I sprang through the underbrush, and came down roughly into a sort of quarry, spraining my ankle on a pile of stones. I got up quickly; but my ankle hurt me sorely, and I turned sick and dizzy. Limping a little way, I set my back against a tree, and drew my hanger. As I did so, the three gentlemen burst in upon me. They were General Montcalm, a gentleman of the Governor's household, and Doltaire!

"It is no use, dear Captain," said Doltaire. "Be not too adventurous. Yield up your weapon."

General Montcalm eyed me curiously, as the other gentleman talked in low, excited tones; and presently he made a gesture of courtesy, for he saw that I was hurt. Doltaire's face wore a malicious smile; but when he noted how sick I was, he came and offered me his arm, and was constant in courtesy till I was set upon a horse, and, with him and the General riding beside me, came to my new imprisonment. They both forbore to torture me with words, for I was suffering greatly; but they fetched me to the Château St. Louis, followed by a crowd, who hooted at me. Doltaire turned on them at last.

The Governor, whose petty vanity was roused, showed a foolish fury at seeing me, and straightway ordered me to the citadel again.

"It 's useless kicking 'gainst the pricks," said Doltaire to me cynically, as I passed out limping between two soldiers; but I did not reply. In another half-hour of most bitter journeying I found myself in my dungeon. I sank upon the old couch of straw, untouched since I had left it; and when the door shut upon me, desponding, aching in all my body, now feverish and now shivering, my ankle in great pain, I could bear up no longer, and I bowed my head and fell a-weeping like a woman.

XVIII.

Now I am come to a period on which I shall not dwell, nor repeat a tale of suffering greater than that I had yet endured. All the first night of this new imprisonment I tossed on my wretched bed in pain and misery, and when morning came was the most distressed creature in the world. A strange and surly soldier came and went, bringing bread and water; but when I requested that a surgeon be sent me, he replied, with a vile oath, that the devil should be my only surgeon, his hothouse my hospital. Soon he came again, accompanied by another soldier, and set about to put irons on me. With what quietness I could I asked him by whose orders this was done; but he vouchsafed no reply save that I was to "go bound to fires of hell."

"There is no journeying there," I answered; "here is the place itself."

As my reward for that, a cold, hard chain was roughly put round my injured ankle, and it gave me such agony that I turned sick, and a vise seemed working at my heart. But I kept back groaning, for I would not have these varlets catch me quaking.

"I 'll have you grilled for this one day," said I. "You are no men, but butchers. Can you not see my ankle has been sorely hurt?"

"You are for killing," was the gruff reply, "and here 's a taste of it!"

With that he drew the chain with a jerk round the hurt member, so that it brought from me a sharp cry of pain, and drove me to madness. I caught him by the throat, and hurled him back against the wall, and snatching a pistol from his comrade's belt aimed it at his head. I was beside myself with pain, and if he had been further violent I should have shot him without parley. His fellow dared not stir in his defense, for the pistol was trained on him too surely; and so at last the wretch, promising better treatment, crawled to his feet, and made motion for the pistol to be given him. But I would not yield it, telling him it should be guarantee of truce. There was naught for him to do at the moment, for I would have fought them both then, inhuman wretches, till my last breath. If this incident induced action on the Governor's part, or fetched to my dungeon Monsieur Ramesay, the Commandant, or Doltaire, so much the better. If it meant an armed attack by these ruffians later, why, then I would meet them at their worst with no flinching, by God's help. The door closed behind them, and I sank back upon the half-fettered chains, making essay to ease my ankle. Yet I kept my eyes on the door, — they had left the torch behind, — for I would be prepared against surprise.

I must have sat for more than an hour, when there was a noise without, and there entered the Commandant, the Marquis de Montcalm, and the Seigneur Duvarney. The pistol was in my hand, and I did not put it down, but struggled to my feet, and waited for them to speak. I was in no soft mood, and I had a spirit of anger in me which came well near being uncontrollable.

For a moment there was silence, and then the Commandant said, "Your guards have brought me word, Monsieur le Capitaine, that you are violent. You have

resisted them, and have threatened them with their own pistols."

"With one pistol, Monsieur le Commandant," answered I. And then, in bitter words, I told them of my treatment by those rascals, and I showed them how my ankle had been tortured. "I have no fear of death," said I, "nor will I fight against the inevitable, nor be violent in my durance, if I am used humanely; but I will not lie and let dogs bite me with 'I thank you.' Death can come but once, and mine is a matter of state affairs; but if death be the penalty set by the state, it is a damned brutality to make one die a hundred, and yet live — the work of Turks, not Christians. I came here as a hostage; you hold me unjustly, charged with a vile crime, and because, in the fair game of war, I try for escape, resort is had to these villainies. Is it thought to break my spirit by such means? Surely a nation should be engaged in worthier tricks. If you want my life, why, take it and have done, but keep torture for those whose secrets you cannot buy with gold; let gentlemen travel to their graves with decent usage."

There was silence after my passionate words, and the Marquis de Montcalm whispered to the Commandant. The Seigneur Duvarney, to whom I had not yet spoken, nor he to me, stood leaning against the wall, gazing at me seriously and kindly.

Presently Ramesay spoke: "Your guard brought his story to my chamber, and we came at once to see how violent a disabled man could be. It was ordered you should wear chains, but not that you should be maltreated. You are ill. A surgeon shall be sent to you, and this chain shall be taken from your ankle till it is well again. Meanwhile, your guards shall be changed, and we will see that the Governor's orders shall not be abused."

It was all said with some consideration, which I think was due to the Marquis de Montcalm, and there was an instant change in my feelings. I held out the pistol to the Commandant, and he took it. "I cannot hope for justice here," said I, "but men are men, and not dogs, and I ask for human usage till my hour comes and my country is your jailer."

The Marquis smiled, and his gay eyes sparkled. "Some find comfort in daily bread, and some in prophecy," he rejoined. "One should envy your spirit, Captain Stobo."

"Permit me, your Excellency," replied I; "all Englishmen must envy the spirit of the Marquis de Montcalm, though none is envious of his cause."

He bowed gravely. "Causes are good or bad as they are ours or our neighbors'. The lion has a good cause when it goes hunting for its young; the deer has a good cause when it resists the lion's leap upon its fawn."

I did not reply, for I felt a faintness coming; and at that moment the Seigneur Duvarney stepped to me, and put his arm through mine. There came a dizziness, my head sank upon his shoulder, and I felt myself floating away into darkness, while from a great distance came a voice: —

"It had been kinder to have ended it last year."

"He nearly killed your son, Duvarney." This was the voice of the Marquis in a tone of surprise.

"He saved my life, Marquis," was the sorrowful reply. "I have not paid back those forty pistoles, nor ever can, in spite of all."

"Ah, pardon me," was the courteous rejoinder of the Marquis.

That was all I heard, for I had entered the land of complete darkness. When I came to, I found that my foot had been bandaged, there was a torch in the wall, and by my side something in a jug, of which I drank, according to directions in a surgeon's hand on a paper beside it.

I was easier in all my body, yet miserably sick still, and I remained so for a month, now shivering and now burn-

ing, a raking pain in my chest. My couch was filled with fresh straw, but in no other wise was my condition altered from the first time I had entered this place. My new jailer was the jailer of the whole citadel, a man of no feeling that I could see, yet of no violence or cruelty; one whose life was like a wheel, doing the eternal round. He did no more nor less than his orders, and I made no complaint nor asked any favor. No one came to me, no message found its way. I was the friend of darkness, the comrade of the blades of corn still growing as before in the dungeon. But my small mouse came no more; and one day, searching, I found its dried dead body among the corn, in the very spot where the jar of water and the bread had used to stand.

It touched me more than may be thought possible. But indeed, one can reduce life to such simplicities, to so few objects of solicitude, that values alter, and the merely childish become important. "Poor mouse," said I, "you came and went, and went and came, day by day, and the hand that fed you was no longer here, the familiar voice spoke no more. You ran along my couch, but I, the friendly monster, was not there. You hovered at the old feeding-ground, but no crumbs fell, and the last speck was gone. Though there was yet some bread on the top of the jar, its smooth sides defied you, and you could not climb it; and one day in came a soldier, caught up the jar and bread, and carried them away. Too late you tried to follow him, the door closed, and you were left alone to die. Making a final circuit, going to forage for the last time, you drew close into a hollow between these blades of corn, and lay upon your side: and there was an end of it, my little friend."

The days went heavily on, and though at last my cough was easier and my ankle better, I had been shaken sorely by the illness, and these years of trouble, anxiety, and danger had told upon me severely. But the temperance and care of my youth now played a gallant part, and my light was not to be put out by casual blowing. Full three months went by in this fashion, and then, one day, who should step into my dungeon, torch in hand, but Gabord! He raised the light above his head, and looked down at me most quizzically.

"Upon my soul — Gabord!" said I. "I did not kill you, then?"

We had fought, but I had a heart for him as for an old friend. Yet I meant to show no more of that than might happen in our way of banter. I saw by my first look at him that he bore me no enmity.

"Upon your soul and upon your body, you killed not Gabord, dormouse. But it was a dig around a corner, and leeches could not follow. So Gabord sits by, and state affairs go flounder — poom!"

"And what now, quarrelsome Gabord?" I questioned cheerfully.

He shook some keys. "Back again to dickey-bird's cage. 'Look you,' quoth Governor, 'who will guard and bait this prisoner like the man he mauled? Send Gabord to the citadel, and he will hold the gentleman till we have last words from France.' Quoth Gabord, 'Governor speaks true; there shall be holes in Gabord's liver if he bait not prisoner well, and keep him safe till time to truss and skewer.' A lady stands by Governor's chair. 'Do they chain bears when they are baited, soldier?' asked she. 'Why, no, Madame,' said I, 'no more than corner them and have them well inclosed.' Then she touched Governor's arm. 'Great cousin,' quoth she, 'I heard a gossip somewhere that this Englishman is kept in heavy chains, though in a dungeon, as though he were some beast of prey. It is said he is a great villain, but yet he has had the breeding of a gentleman. Is it not shame enough for him to have a solitary dungeon, sleep on straw, be doomed to death, and be baited by his guards, but that he must be chained?' So, so, pipes

wren, and sets her head as she has sung a song you never heard before. There was better piping than shall be heard among the popes in heaven. And wren's eyes fly from Gabord to Governor, from Governor to Gabord. 'Great cousin,' said she, 'you are known for your fine justice and humanity. This poor wretch, whate'er he be, need not be strung in chains. I am thinking of what the wide world will say, cousin,' whistles wren, — was ever such wisdom in a head no bigger than an apple? — 'when they hear of it. I fear it will reflect upon your greatness that so ill-bred revenge be had upon this miserable man.'"

Gabord laughed his soundless laugh, puffing out his cheeks, his round eyes rolling.

"Quoth Governor, quoth he, 'Chains! Chains! 'T was told Ramesay months ago to have them off. I thank you, pretty cousin, for caring for my honor so.' Ho! ho! was ever such a juggling with the truth! 'Then, see,' pipes wren once more, 'see, soldier, that the Governor is obeyed this time. It is by these disobediences he suffers.' And then she looks at me most wise and sweet, and Governor takes her arm and says, 'Come, pretty cousin, I would I had men counselors like thee.' As they pass me, wren puts fingers on her lips to kiss them, and lays them quickly on my arm, and Governor does not see. There 's a tale for dickey-bird, aho!"

"And is that all — all?" I asked, my heart beating hard.

"Ay — is 't not enough?" said he.

He began to loose the chains from me, and soon I was free again to move about in my dark and lonely meadow. I was in a vile condition. The irons had made sores upon my wrists and legs, my limbs now trembled so beneath me that I could scarcely walk, and my head was very light and dizzy at times. Presently Gabord ordered a new bed of straw brought in; and from that hour we returned to our old relations, as if there had not been between us a fight to the death — he the rough, vigilant, kind jailer, I the helpless and docile captive. Of what was going on abroad he would not tell me, and soon I found myself in as ill a state as before. No Voban came to me, no Doltaire, no one at all. I sank into a deep silence, dropped out of a busy world, a morsel of earth slowly coming to Mother Earth again.

A strange apathy began to settle on me. All those resources of my first year's imprisonment had gone, and I was alone: my mouse was dead; there was no history of my life to write, no incident to break the pitiful monotony. I brooded on my position, I thought unnumbered hours upon Alixe, rising to cheerfulness at times, being never gloomy with Gabord, and striving to bear all with my old manner. Yet a shadow had settled on me, all gayety of temper was an effort, and in the long hours of darkness something more powerful than my strength and will conquered me, and I found I could not, as I had done before, give my body an airing through the open doors and lattices of imagination. I did not despair — that was not my nature; but I did not hope. I had asked Gabord to give me a torch, that I might write a letter which I would beg him to bear to Alixe, but he resolutely refused both light and service — according to his stringent orders. Why should I rail? Railing could do no good. I was being broken on the wheel, and I must bear or die. My only hope was Alixe. I knew she would not rest while I lived, but she was only one arrayed against great powers. There was one other hope, but it was faint: that our army would invest Quebec and take it. I had no news of any movement, winter again was here, and it must be five or six months before any action could successfully be taken; for the St. Lawrence was frozen over in winter, and if the city was to be seized it must be from the water, with simultaneous action by land.

I knew the way, the only way, to take the city. At Sillery, just above the town, there was a hollow in the cliffs, up which men, secretly conveyed above the town by water, could climb. At the top was a plateau, smooth and fine as a parade-ground, where battle could be given, or move be made upon the city and citadel, which lay on ground no higher. Then, with the guns playing on the town from the fleet, with forces on the other, the Beauport side, attacking the lower town, where was the Intendant's palace, the great fortress might be taken, and Canada be ours.

This passage up the cliff side at Sillery I had discovered three years before, when, being free to move about, a guard attending, I traveled beyond the city walls. I was with Doltaire at the time. I had met him as I journeyed, and he had joined me, walking up and down the cliff side in conversation. He had the eye of a soldier, and the thing struck him as soon as it did myself. "There," said he, "there is the secret panel into this town. You have seen it. This spot should be well guarded, if your people came, though they were little like to know it." I shrugged my shoulder at that. He smiled as he replied, "You will scarcely join that company of freebooters."

Thinking upon this and kindred matters gave me some hours of interest, and in imagination I planned a campaign against Quebec, which had the merit of being the one that got us Canada in the end. I shall seem boastful writing thus, for you will not see this fact spoken of in histories, and but a passing reference to myself in that excellent account of the siege written in the journal of Mr. John Knox, captain in Major Kennedy's Regiment of Foot. But I have no will to figure in these public writings, for I have learned that a great cause should more be loved than the notorious name, and that the knowledge of duty done is at the last reward enough for an honest man. It might be said with some sort of justice that I should have given these letters to Monsieur Doltaire, and so have stayed the war, which was sent upon us by La Pompadour; yet I cannot think that even one's country should demand one's private honor — one's life is another matter. I am no casuist, those matters are for wiser men; but I sit by now, all those trials over, and, having naught to gain by speech or writing of those times, tell all with a mind that envies not, neither is discontented. What I worked for came to pass; and if I was a small instrument to success, why, then the notice which the illustrious Mr. Pitt was good enough to give me, the oft-repeated thanks of General Amherst, and the notable place I was given in Anstruther's Regiment are reward enough — more than enough, when I think of something else beyond all reckoning.

I have wandered far afield. I must come back to that distressful year.

Gabord was ever the same, yet I could see him looking at me strangely at times, even when brusque, quaint words came from him, and he held the torch up as if to see me better. When winter set well in he brought me a blanket, and though last year I had not needed it, now it was most grateful. I had been fed for months on bread and water, as in my first imprisonment, but at last — I never knew whether by orders or no — he brought me a little meat every day, and some wine also. Yet I did not care for them, and often left them untasted. This troubled him, and he tried to rouse me to an appetite, but without avail. A hacking cough had never left me since my attempt at escape, and I was miserably thin, and so weak that I could hardly drag myself about my dungeon. Yet I always made essay to meet Gabord with a humorous word — a mighty effort at times. So, many weeks of the winter went on, and at last I was not able to rise from my bed of straw, and could do little more than lift a cup of water to my lips and nibble at

some bread. I felt that my days were numbered, and I begged of Gabord again some paper and ink, that I might write to Alixe; for the time would soon come when I should be too weak to hold a pen, and my brain too dull to put my thoughts in order. Some days afterwards he brought me what I asked for, and said, as he placed the torch in the wall, that this might easily put him where I was. I did not thank him in words, but made a motion of my hand in gratitude. When he was gone I set to my task, and in a few days — I could write only for an hour at a time, and that but slowly, for hands and brain were easily tired — I had it finished.

"You will know, my heart," said I, near the end of the letter, "that I cannot feel my life to be a failure. I have suffered for my duty and my cause. Life, mere living, is not all. These very incompletenesses, shortcomings, and discontents, they are evidences of a great readjustment somewhere. And if we lose our individual selves in the general life, safety, and movement of our race, it is well done. If there were no completion beyond, that thought should sustain us. I have hugged to my heart one thought that has come to me in my exile and captivity: that the good of the race and its individuality are more than the good or the individuality of the unit. That brings me comfort in our troubles. Your spirit lights up my solitude and this dark place, and I see by it my way to living honor or the honorable grave.

"I would have you know my mind in all; for if we are parted, meeting not here again, you will remember, and from this love of ours you will have come to new knowledge of life. It is not the signs and contacts of love I mean, but the doors that love opens, the hidden springs it touches, its power to unfold the nature until it is all bare to human life and sentiment. It is character and spirit I am thinking on more than the enjoyments of affection, though these are the daily food which makes all possible. It is this that renders my life bearable. I would be always near you, and yet I can endure being away, when I think that we have both grown wiser, and feel more and see farther than we did, and that we have found the secret of all good life.

"Whatever comes, cherish the thought that this love of ours is not wasted, may not be scattered with our ashes, but remains working in the spirit of our race, the true patriotism, the right loyalty of all. When I say 'our race,' I mean, not Englishmen or Frenchmen, but all of us who live in the Christian world — who have behind us the same background of sweet tragedy, the martyrdom and example of Jesus Christ. In these fightings and clashings between our peoples works the same spirit for the final peace, when in some larger day there will be but one patriotism. What are a thousand or a million lives to that! In a thousand years, as the wise villain, our foe Doltaire, never tires of saying, it will be all the same! If one can but think that way: that in the end and beyond — and I doubt not of that Beyond! — we shall not quarrel with the cutting out of years of life, this way or that! I well remember the death of the young Chevalier de Besançon, three years ago. He was most friendly to me, as you know, and he liked not such as Doltaire, though both had known the same society and life. It made Doltaire unreal, half cynic and half philosopher; it made the chevalier sad and wise, and at the last most cheerful. 'See,' he said to me the day before he died, 'why should I quarrel with going? I have had it all: a happy youth, many friends, indolence that made me moody, action that made me cheerful, and war that made me strong. I have had wealth and love, and been honored by the King, and here on my bed I have in youth the peaceful outlook that should come with old age. What was there to experience that I have not felt or known? It was but a

question of how long I should feel and know. Was I not given all these things within my thirty years because I was to die at thirty? So it seems to me. Some fulfill themselves at ten, and some at eighty, play their full parts, and leave this wide day for a wider. It was good, Captain Stobo,' he went on, 'that I came here to this new land out of the gay inconsequence of the Court, where great men trifle with empires already made. It was good that I breathed this large air, and saw how empires were to be made, new homes and cities in making. I have learned much, but not all. The All is for to-morrow.'

"Then he turned towards the good priest who had just come in, and said, 'Dear abbé, you are white-haired, and in the light of sunset; tell me why you remain, and I go.'

"The abbé replied, 'My son, man's measurements of time are arbitrary. Time is the trick of civilization, the weapon of mortal warfare. The hermit in the desert and the statesman in the council, though they are born to die upon the same day, yet the clock of God strikes differently for each.'

"The young chevalier, his face all pale and shining, looked at me with a kind of joyful pride, and said, 'It is so, it is so.'

"You will see what I mean, and whether I go or stay, you will, I know, dear Alixe, think of these things."

Many other matters I wrote upon, and when I had done I folded and sealed the letter, and then waited for the chance to send it to her. Again two or three weeks went by; how long it was hard to tell, for I was growing weaker steadily, and my cough continued, sometimes quite harsh. I had begged for a surgeon, but none had been sent me, and I asked no more. I suffered little pain, and had no violent feelings of any sort.

At last, one day, I heard commotion at my dungeon door; then it opened, and Gabord entered and closed it after him. He came and stood over me, as with difficulty I lifted myself upon my elbow.

"Dickey-bird," said he, "'t is done with nest now; come fly away."

"It is the end, Gabord?" asked I, and I felt for the letter to give to him.

"It is not away to paradise, aho!" said he.

"I am free?" I asked.

"Free from this dungeon deep, and silken bars to cage now," answered he.

I raised myself and tried to stand upon my feet, but fell back. He helped me to rise, and I rested an arm on his shoulder.

"Come, get to woolen bed, and sips of wine, and pantry's swelling store," said my whimsical jailer.

I tried to walk, but a dizziness came over me, and I sank back. Then Gabord laid me down, went to the door, and called in two soldiers with a mattress. I was wrapped in my cloak and blankets, laid thereon, and so was borne forth, all covered save my eyes; and they soon were covered, too, for the light of day was, as before, too strong for them. At the door I saw a fine team of horses with a large sleigh and many fur robes, and I was lifted in. Then I knew no more, for a sudden faintness came on me, and as the horses sprang away, a liveried driver behind, and the clear sleighbells rang out, a gun from the ramparts was fired to give the noon hour, a blackness came, and I sank into unconsciousness.

Gilbert Parker.

CHICKAMAUGA.

The field of Chickamauga — a worthily resounding name for one of the great battlefields of the world — lies a few miles south of the Tennessee and Georgia boundary, and is distant about an hour's ride by rail from Chattanooga. A single morning train outward, and a single evening train inward, made an all-day excursion necessary, and the time proved to be none too long. Unhappily, as I then thought, the sun was implacable, with the mercury in the nineties, though it was only the 3d of May; and as I was on foot, and the national reservation covers nine or ten square miles, I saw hardly more than a corner of the field. This would have been a more serious disappointment had my errand been of a topographical or historical nature. As the case was, being only a sentimental pilgrim, I ought perhaps to have welcomed the burning heat as a circumstance all in my favor; suiting the spirit of the place, and constraining me to a needful moderation. When a man goes in search of a mood, he must go neither too fast nor too far. As the Scripture saith, "Bodily exercise profiteth little." So much may readily be confessed now; for wisdom comes with reflection, and it is no great matter to bear a last year's toothache.

From the railway station I followed, at a venture, a road that soon brought me to a comfortable, homelike house, with fine shade-trees and an orchard. This was the Dyer estate, — so a tablet informed all comers. Here, in September, 1863, lived John Dyer, who suddenly found his few peaceful acres surrounded and overrun by a hundred thousand armed men, and himself drafted into service — if he needed drafting — as guide to the Confederate commander. Since then strange things had happened to the little farmhouse, which now was nothing less than a sort of government headquarters, as I rightly inferred from the general aspect of things round about, and the American flag flying above the roof. I passed the place without entering, halting only to smile at the antics of a white-breasted nuthatch, — my first Tennessee specimen, — which was hopping awkwardly about the yard. It was a question of something to eat, I suppose, or perhaps of a feather for the family nest, and precedents and appearances went for nothing. Two or three minutes afterward I came face to face with another apparition, a horseman as graceful and dignified, not to say majestic, as the nuthatch had been lumbering and ungainly; a man in civilian's dress, but visibly a soldier, with a pose and carriage that made shoulder-straps superfluous; a man to look at; every inch a major-general, at the very least; of whom, nevertheless, — the heat or something else giving me courage, — I ventured to inquire, from under my umbrella, if there were any way of seeing some of the more interesting portions of the battlefield without too much exposure to the sun. He showed a little surprise (military gentlemen always do, so far as I have observed, when strangers address them), but recovered himself, and answered almost with affability. Yes, he said, if I would take the first turn to the left, I should pass the spot over which Longstreet made the charge that decided the fate of the contest, and as he spoke he pointed out the field, which appeared to be part of the Dyer farm; then I should presently come within sight of the Kelly house, about which the fighting was of the hottest; and from there I should do well to go to the Snodgrass Hill tower and the Snodgrass house. To do as much as that would require little walking, and at the same time I should have seen a good share of what was best

worth a visitor's notice. I thanked him, and followed his advice.

The left-hand road, of which my informant had spoken, ran between the forest — mostly of tall oaks and long-leaved pines — and the grassy Dyer field. Here it was possible to keep in the shade, and life was comparatively easy; so that I felt no stirrings of envious desire when two gentlemen, whom I recognized as having been among my fellow-passengers from Chattanooga, came up behind me in a carriage with a pair of horses and a driver. As they overtook me, and while I was wondering where they could have procured so luxurious a turnout, since I had discovered no sign of a public conveyance or a livery stable, the driver reined in his horses, and the older of the gentlemen put out his head to ask, "Were you in the battle, sir?" I answered in the negative; and he added, half apologetically, that he and his companion wished to get as many points as possible about the field. In the kindness of my heart, I told him that I was a stranger, like himself, but that the gentleman yonder, on horseback, seemed to be well acquainted with the place, and would no doubt answer all inquiries. With a queer look in his face, and some remark that I failed to catch, my interlocutor dropped back into his seat, and the carriage drove on. It was only afterward that I learned — on meeting him again — that he was no other than General Boynton, the man who is at the head of all things pertaining to Chickamauga and its history.

In the open field several Bachman finches were singing, while the woods were noisier, but less musical, with Maryland yellowthroats, black-poll warblers, tufted titmice, and two sorts of vireos. Sprinkled over the ground were the lovely spring beauty and the violet wood sorrel, with penstemon, houstonia, and a cheerful pink phlox. Here I soon heard a second nuthatch, and fell into a kind of fever about its notes, which were clearer, less nasal, than those of our New England birds, it seemed to me, and differently phrased. Such peculiarities might indicate a local race, I said to myself, with that predisposition to surprise which is one of the chief compensations of life away from home. As I went on, a wood pewee and a field sparrow began singing, — two birds whose voices might have been tuned on purpose for such a place. Of the petulant, snappish cry of an Acadian flycatcher not quite the same could be said. One of the "unreconstructed," I was tempted to call him.

The Kelly house, on the way to which through the woods my Yankee eyes were delighted with the sight of loose patches of rue anemones, was duly marked with a tablet, and proved to be a cabin of the most primitive type, standing in the usual bit of fenced land (the smallness of the houseyards, as contrasted with the miles of open country round about, is a noticeable feature of Southern landscapes), with a corn-house near by, and a tumble-down barn across the way. For some time I sat beside the road, under an oak; then, seeing two women, older and younger, inside the house, I asked leave to enter, the doors being open, and was made welcome with apparent heartiness. The elderly woman soon confided to me that she was seventy-six years old, — a marvelous figure she seemed to consider it; and when I tried to say something about her comparative youthfulness, and the much greater age of some ladies of my acquaintance (no names being mentioned, of course), she would only repeat that she was awful old, and should n't live much longer. She meant to improve the time, however, — and the unusual fortune of a visitor, — and fairly ran over with talk. She did n't belong about here. Oh no; she came from "'way up in Tennessee, a hundred and sixty miles!" "'Pears like I 'm a long way from home," she said, — "a hundred and sixty-miles!" Again I sought

to comfort her. That was n't so very far. What did she think of me, who had come all the way from Massachusetts? She threw up her hands, and ejaculated "Oh, Lor'!" with a fervor to which a regiment of exclamation points would scarcely do justice. Yet she had but a vague idea of where Massachusetts was, I fancy; for pretty soon she asked, "Where did you say you was from? Pennsylvany?" And when I said, "Oh no, Massachusetts, twice as far as that," she could only repeat, "Oh, Lor'!" Her grandson was at work in the park, and she had come down to live with him and his wife. But she should n't live long.

The wonder of this new world was still strong upon her. "Them moniment things they 've put up," she said, "have you seen 'em? Men cut in a rock! — three of 'em! Have you seen 'em? Ain't they a sight to see?" She referred to the granite monuments of the regulars, on which are life-size figures in high relief. And had I seen the tower on the hill, she proceeded to ask, — an open iron structure, — and what did I think of *that?* She would n't go up in it for a bushel of money. "Oh yes, you would," I told her. "You would like it, I 'm sure." But she stuck to her story. She would n't do it for a bushel of money. She should be dizzy; and she threw up her hands, literally, at the very thought, while her granddaughter sat and smiled at my waste of breath. I asked if many visitors came here. "Oh, Lor', yes!" the old lady answered. "More 'n two dozen have been here from 'way up in Chicago."

The mention of visitors led the younger woman to produce a box of relics, and I paid her a dime for three minie-balls. "I always get a nickel," she said, when I inquired the price; but when I selected two, and handed her a ten-cent piece, she insisted upon my taking another. Wholesale customers deserved handsome treatment. She had picked up such things herself before now, but her husband found most of them while grubbing in the woods.

The cabin was a one-room affair, of a sort common in that country ("cracker-boxes," one might call them, if punning were not so frowned upon), with a big fireplace, two opposite doors, two beds in diagonally opposite corners, and, I think, no window. Here was domestic life in something like its pristine simplicity, a philosopher might have said: the house still subordinate to the man, and the housekeeper not yet a slave to furniture and bric-à-brac. But even a philosopher would perhaps have tolerated a second room and a light of glass. As for myself, I remembered that I used to read of "poor white trash" in anti-slavery novels.

By this time the sun had so doubled its fury that I would not cross the bare Kelly field, and therefore did not go down to look at the "men cut in a rock;" but after visiting a shell pyramid which marks the spot where Colonel King fell, — and near which I saw my first Tennessee flicker, — I turned back toward Snodgrass Hill, keeping to the woods as jealously as any soldier can have done on the days of the battle. At the foot of the hill was a well, with a rude bucket and a rope to draw with. Here I drank, — having to stand in the sun, I remember, — and then sat down in the shelter of large trees near by, with guideboards and index-fingers all about me, while a Bachman finch, who occupied a small brush-heap just beyond the well (*he* had no fear of sunshine), entertained me with music. He was a master. I had never heard his equal of his own kind, and seldom a bird of any kind, that seemed so much at home with his instrument. He sang "like half a dozen birds," to quote my own pencil; now giving out a brief and simple strain, now running into protracted and intricate warbles; and all with the most bewitching ardor and sweetness, and without the slightest suggestion of attempting

to make a show. A field sparrow sang from the border of the grass-land at the same moment. I wished he could have refrained. Nothing shall induce me to say a word against him; but there are times when one would rather be spared even the opportunity for a comparison.

As I went up the hill under the tall trees, largely yellow pines, a crested flycatcher stood at the tip of one of the tallest of them, screaming like a bird of war; and further on was a red-cockaded woodpecker, flitting restlessly from trunk to trunk, its flight marked with a musical woodpeckerish wing-beat, — like the downy's purr, but louder. I had never seen the bird before except in the pinelands of Florida, nor did I see it afterward except on this same hill, at a second visit. It is a congener of the downy and the hairy, ranking between them in size, and by way of distinction wears a big white patch, an ear-muff, one might say, on the side of its head. Its habitat is strictly southern, so that its name, *Dryobates borealis*, though easily rememberable, seems but moderately felicitous.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the day — the most comfortable, certainly, but the words are not synonymous — was a two-hour siesta on the Snodgrass Hill tower, above the tops of the highest trees. The only two landmarks of which I knew the names were Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain; the latter running back for many miles into Georgia, like a long wooded plateau, till it rises into High Point at its southern end, and breaks off precipitously. Farther to the south were low hills followed by a long mountain of beautiful shape, — Pigeon Mountain, I heard it called, — with elevations at each end and in the middle. And so my eye made the round of the horizon, hill after hill in picturesque confusion, till it returned to Missionary Ridge, with Walden's Ridge rising beyond, and Lookout Point on the left: a charming prospect, especially for its atmosphere and color. The hard woods, with dark pines everywhere among them to set them off, were just coming into leaf, with all those numberless, nameless, delicate shades of green that make the glory of the springtime. The open fields were not yet clear green, — if they ever would be, — but green and brown intermixed, while the cultivated hillsides, especially on Missionary Ridge, were of a deep rich reddish-brown. The air was full of beautifying haze, and cumulus clouds in the south and west threw motionless shadows upon the mountain woods.

Around me, in different parts of the battlefield, were eight or ten houses and cabins, the nearest of them, almost at my feet, being the Snodgrass house, famous as the headquarters of General Thomas, the hero of the fight, — the "Rock of Chickamauga," — who saved the Union army after the field was lost. All was peaceful enough there now, with the lines full of the week's washing, which a woman under a voluminous sunbonnet was at that moment taking in (in that sun things would dry almost before the clothes-pins could be put on them, I thought), while a red-gowned child, and a hen with a brood of young chickens, kept close about her feet. Her husband, like the occupant of the Kelly house, was no doubt one of the government laborers, who to-day were burning refuse in the woods, — invisible fires, from each of which a thin cloud of blue smoke rose among the trees. The Dyer house, in a direction nearly opposite the Snodgrass house, stood broadly in the open, with an orchard behind it, and dark savins posted here and there over the outlying pasture.

Even at noonday the air was full of music: first an incessant tinkle of cowbells rising from all sides, wondrously sweet and soothing; then a continuous, far-away hum, like a sawmill, just audible in the extreme distance, or the vibration of innumerable wires, miles remote, perhaps, — a noise which I knew neither how to describe nor how to guess the origin of, the work of seventeen-year locusts,

I afterward learned; and then, sung to this invariable instrumental accompaniment, — this natural pedal point, if I may call it so, — the songs of birds.

The singers were of a quiet and unpretentious sort, as befitted the hour: a summer tanager; a red-eyed vireo; a tufted titmouse; a Maryland yellow-throat, who cried, "What a pity! What a pity! What a pity!" but not as if he felt in the least distressed about it; a yellow-throated vireo, full-voiced and passionless; a field sparrow, pretty far off; a wood pewee; a yellow-billed cuckoo; a quail; a Carolina wren, with his "Cherry, cherry, cherry!" and a Carolina chickadee, — a modest woodland chorus, interrupted now by the jubilant cackling of a hen at the Snodgrass house (if a man's daily achievements only gave him equal satisfaction!), and now by the scream of a crested flycatcher.

The most interesting member of the choir, though one of the poorest of them all as a singer, is not included in the foregoing enumeration. While I lay dreaming on the iron floor of the tower, enjoying the breeze, the landscape, the music, and, more than all, the place, I was suddenly brought wide awake by a hoarse drawling note out of the upper branches of a tall oak a little below my level. I caught a glimpse of the bird, having run down to a lower story of the tower for that purpose. Then he disappeared, but after a while, from the same tree, he called again; and again I saw him, but not well. Another long absence, and once more, still in the same tree, he sang and showed himself: a blue-winged yellow warbler, an exquisite bunch of feathers, but with a song of the oddest and meanest, — two syllables, the first a mere nothing, and the second a husky drawl, in a voice like the blue golden-wing's. Insignificant and almost contemptible as it was, a shabby expression of connubial felicity, to say the least, I counted myself happy to have heard it, for novelty covers a multitude of sins.

The yellow-throated warblers were hardly less interesting than the blue-wing, though they threw me into less excitement. For a long time I heard them without heeding them. From the day of my arrival in Chattanooga I had been surrounded by indigo-birds in numbers beyond anything that a New England mind ever dreams of. As a matter of course they were singing here on Snodgrass Hill, or so I thought. But by and by, as the lazy notes were once more repeated, there came over me a sudden sense of difference. "*Was* that an indigo-bird?" I said to myself. "Was n't it a yellow-throated warbler?" I was sitting among the tops of the pine-trees; the birds had been droning almost in my very ears, and without a thought I had listened to them as indigo-birds. It confirmed what I had written in Florida, that the two songs are much alike; but it was a sharp lesson in caution. When a prudent man finds himself thus befooled, he begins to wonder how it may be with the remainder of that precious body of notions, inherited and acquired, to which, in all but his least complacent moods, he has been accustomed to give the name of knowledge.

Here was a lesson, also, in the close relation that everywhere subsists between the distribution of plants and the distribution of animals. These were the only yellow pines noticed in the neighborhood of Chattanooga; and in them, and nowhere else, I found two birds of the Southern pine-barrens, the red-cockaded woodpecker and the yellow-throated warbler.

At the base of the tower, when I finally descended, I paused a moment to look at a cluster of graves, eight or ten in all, unmarked save by a flagging of small stones; one of those family or neighborhood burying-grounds, the occupants of which — happier than most of us, who must lie in crowded cities of the dead — repose in decent privacy, surrounded by their own, with no ugly staring white slabs

to publish their immemorable names to every passer-by.

From the hill it was but a few steps to the Snodgrass house, where a woman stood in the yard with a young girl, and answered all my inquiries with cheerful and easy politeness. None of the Snodgrass family now occupied the house, she said, though one of the daughters still lived just outside the reservation. The woman had heard her describe the terrible scenes on the days of the battle. The operating-table stood under this tree, and just there was a trench into which the amputated limbs were thrown. Yonder field, now grassy, was then planted with corn; and when the Federal troops were driven through it, they trod upon their own wounded, who begged piteously for water and assistance. A large tree in front of the house was famous, the woman said; and certainly it was well hacked. A picture of it had been in The Century. General Thomas was said to have rested under it; but an officer who had been there not long before to set up a granite monument near the gate told her that General Thomas did n't rest under that tree, nor anywhere else. Two things he did past all dispute: he saved the Federal army from destruction, and made the Snodgrass farmhouse an American shrine.

When our talk was ended I returned to the hill, and thence sauntered through the woods — the yellow-throated warblers singing all about me in the pine-tops — down to the vicinity of the railroad. Here, finding myself in the sun again, I made toward a shop near the station, — shop and post-office in one, — where fortunately there were such edibles, semi-edibles, as are generally to be looked for in country groceries. Meanwhile there came on a Tennessee thunder shower, lightning of the closest and rain by the bucketful; and, driven before it, an Indiana soldier made his appearance, a wiry little man of fifty or more. He had been spending the day on the field, he told me. In one hand he carried a battered and rusty cartridge-box, and out of his pockets he produced and laid on the counter a collection of bullets. His were relics of the right stamp, — found, not purchased, — and not without a little shamefacedness I showed him my three minie-balls. "Oh, you have got all Federal bullets," he said; and on my asking how he could tell that, he placed a Confederate ball beside them, and pointed out a difference in shape. He was a cheery, communicative body, good humored but not jocose, excellent company in such an hour, though he had small fancy for the lightning, it seemed to me. Perhaps he had been under fire so often as to have lost all relish for excitement of that kind. He was not at the battle of Chickamauga, he said, but at Vicksburg; and he gave me a vivid description of his work in the trenches, as well as of the surrender, and the happiness of the half-starved defenders of the city, who were at once fed by their captors.

All his talk showed a lively sense of the horrors of war. He had seen enough of fighting, he confessed; but he could n't keep away from a battlefield, if he came anywhere near one. He had been to the national cemetery in Chattanooga, and agreed with me that it was a beautiful place; but he had heard that Southern soldiers were lying in unmarked graves just outside the wall (a piece of misinformation, I have no doubt), and he did n't think it right or decent for the government to discriminate in that way. The Confederates were just as sincere as the Union men; and anyhow, vengeance ought not to follow a man after he was dead. Evidently he had fought against an army and a cause, not against individuals.

When the rain was over, or substantially so, I proposed to improve an hour of coolness and freshness by paying another visit to headquarters; but my Indiana veteran was not to be enticed out of shelter. It was still rather wet, he

thought. "I 'm pretty careful of my body," he added, by way of settling the matter. It had been through so much, I suppose, that he esteemed it precious.

I set out alone, therefore, and this time went into the Dyer house, after drinking from a covered spring across the way. But there was little to see inside, and the three or four officers and clerks were occupied with maps and charts, — courteous, no doubt, but with official and counting-house courtesy; men of whom you could well enough ask a definite question, but with whom it would be impossible to drift into random talk. There was far better company outside. Even while I stood in the back door, on my way thither, there suddenly flashed upon me from a treetop by the fence a splendid Baltimore oriole. He fairly "gave me a start," and I broke out to the young fellow beside me, "Why, there 's a Baltimore oriole!" The exclamation was thrown away, but I did not mind.

It was the birds' own hour, — late afternoon, with sunshine after rain. The orchard and shade-trees were alive with wings, and the air was loud. How brilliant a company it was a list of names will show: a mocking-bird, a thrasher, several catbirds, a pair of bluebirds, a pair of orchard orioles, a summer tanager, a wood pewee, and a flicker, with goldfinches and indigo-birds, and behind the orchard a Bachman finch. For bright colors and fine voices that was a chorus hard to beat. As for the Baltimore oriole, the brightest bird of the lot, and the only one of his race that I found in Tennessee, he looked most uncommonly at home — to me — in the John Dyer trees. I was never gladder to see him.

A strange fate this that had befallen these Georgia farms, owned once by Dyer, Snodgrass, Kelly, Brotherton, and the rest: the plainest and most ordinary of country houses, in which lived the plainest of country people, with no dream of fame, or of much else, perhaps, beyond the day's work and the day's ration. Then comes Bragg retreating before Rosecrans, who is manœuvring him out of Tennessee. Here the Confederate leader turns upon his pursuers. Here he — or rather, one of his subordinates — wins a great victory, which nevertheless, as a Southern historian says, "sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy." Now the farmers are gone, but their names remain; and as long as the national government endures, pilgrims from far and near will come to walk over the historic acres. "This is the Dyer house," they will say, "and this is the Kelly house, and this is the Snodgrass house." So Fame catches up a chance favorite, and consigns the rest to oblivion.

My first visit to Chickamauga left so pleasant a taste that only two days afterward I repeated it. In particular I remembered my midday rest among the treetops, and my glimpse of the blue-winged warbler. It would be worth a day of my vacation to idle away another noon so agreeably, and hear again that ridiculous makeshift of a bird-song. Field ornithology has this for one of its distinguishing advantages, that every excursion leaves something for another to verify or finish.

This time I went straight to Snodgrass Hill through the woods, and was barely on the steps of the tower before I heard the blue-wing. As well as I could judge, the voice came from the same oak that the bird had occupied two days before. I was in luck, I thought, but the miserly fellow vouchsafed not another note, and I could not spend the forenoon hours in waiting for him. Two red-cockaded woodpeckers were playing among the trees, where, like the blue-wing and the yellowthroats, they were doubtless established in summer quarters. "Sapsuckers," one of the workmen called them. They were common, he said, but likely enough he failed to discriminate between them and their two black-and-white relatives. Red-headed woodpeckers were *not* common here (I had seen a single bird,

displaying its colors from a lofty dead pine), but were abundant and very destructive, so my informant declared, on Lookout Mountain. Turkeys were still numerous on the mountain, and only the Sunday before one had been seen within the park limits.

The Bachman finch was again in tune at his brush-heap near the well, and between the music and a shady seat I was in no haste to go further. Finally, I experimented to see how near the fellow would let me approach, taking time enough not to startle him in the process. It was wonderful how he held his ground. The "Rock of Chickamauga" himself could not have been more obstinate. I had almost to tread on him before he would fly. He was a great singer, a genius, and a poet,

> "with modest looks,
> And clad in homely russet brown,"

and withal a lover of the sun, — a bird never to be forgotten. I wish I knew how to praise him.

To-day, as on my previous visit, I remarked a surprising scarcity of migrants. With the exception of black-poll warblers, I am not certain that I saw any, though I went nowhere else without finding them in good variety. Had my imagination been equal to such a stretch, I might have suspected that Northern birds did not feel at home on the scene of a great Southern victory. Here and there a nuthatch called, and again I seemed to perceive a decided strangeness in the voice. From the tip of a fruit-tree in the Kelly yard a thrasher or a mocker was singing like one possessed. It was impossible to be sure which it was, and the uncertainty pleased me so much, as a testimony to the thrasher's musical powers, that I would not go round the house in the sun to get a nearer observation. Instead, I went down to look at the monuments of the regulars, with their "men cut in a rock." Thence I returned to Snodgrass Hill for my noonday rest, stopping once more at the well, of course, and reading again some of the placards, the number of which just here bore impressive witness to the fierceness of the battle at this point. One inscription I took pains to copy: —

> ☞ Gen. J. B. Hood was wounded 11.10 A. M. 20 Sept. '63 in edge of timber on Cove Road ½ mile East of South, loosing his leg.

It was exactly eleven o'clock as I went up the hill toward the tower, and the workmen were already taking down their dinner-pails. Standard time, so called, is an unquestioned convenience, but the stomach of a day-laborer has little respect for convention, and is not to be appeased by a setting back of the clock. For my own part, I was not hungry, — in that respect, as in some others, I might have envied the day-laborers, — but as men of a certain amusing sort are said to turn up their trousers in New York when it rains in London, so I felt it patriotic to nibble at my luncheon as best I could, now that the clocks were striking twelve in Boston.

The hour (but it was two hours) calls for little description. The breeze was delicious, and the hazy landscape beautiful. The cow-bells and the locusts filled the air with music, the birds kept me company, and for half an hour or more I had human society that was even more agreeable. When the workmen had eaten their dinner at the foot of the tower, four of them climbed the stairs, and my field-glass proved so pleasing a novelty that they stayed till their time was up, to the very last minute. One after another took the glass, and no sooner had it gone the rounds once than it started again; for meanwhile every man had thought of something else that he wanted to look at. They were above concealing their delight, or affecting any previous acquaintance with such a toy, and probably I never before gave so much pleasure by so easy a means. I believe I was as happy as if the blue-wing had sung a full hour. They were rough-looking men,

perhaps, at least they were coarsely dressed, but none of them spoke a rude word; and when the last moment came, one of them, in the simplest and gentlest manner, asked me to accept three relics (bullets) which he had picked up in the last day or two on the hill. It was no great thing, to be sure, but it was better: it was one of those little acts which, from their perfect and unexpected grace, can never be forgotten.

A jaunt through the woods past the Kelly house, after luncheon, brought me to a superfine, spick-and-span new road, — like the new government "boulevard" on Missionary Ridge, of which it may be a continuation, — following which I came to the Brotherton house, another war-time landmark, weather-beaten and fast going to ruin. In the woods — cleared of underbrush, and with little herbage — were scattered ground flowers: houstonia, yellow and violet oxalis, phlox, cranesbill, bird-foot violets, rue anemones, and spring beauties. I remarked especially a bit of bright gromwell, such as I had found first at Orchard Knob, and a single tuft of white American cowslip (*Dodecatheon*), the only specimen I had ever seen growing wild. The flower that pleased me most, however, was the blood-red catchfly, which I had seen first on Missionary Ridge. Nothing could have been more appropriate here on the bloody field of Chickamauga. Appealing to fancy instead of to fact, it nevertheless spoke of the battle almost as plainly as the hundreds of decapitated trees, here one and there one, which even the most careless observer could not fail to notice.

From the Brotherton house to the post-office was a sunny stretch, but under the protection of my umbrella I compassed it; and then, passing the Widow Glenn's (Rosecrans's headquarters), on the road to Crawfish Springs, I came to a diminutive body of water, — a sink-hole, — which I knew at once could be nothing but Bloody Pond. At the time of the fight it contained the only water to be had for a long distance. It was fiercely contended for, therefore, and men and horses drank from it greedily, while other men and horses lay dead in it, having dropped while drinking. Now a fence runs through it, leaving an outer segment of it open to the road for the convenience of passing teams; and when I came in sight of the spot, two boys were fishing round the further edge. Not far beyond was an unfinished granite tower, on which no one was at work, though a derrick still protruded from the top. It offered the best of shade, — the shadow of a great rock, — in the comfort of which I sat awhile, thinking of the past, and watching the peaceful labors of two or three men who were cultivating a broad ploughed field directly before me, crossing and recrossing it in the sun. Then I took the road again; but by this time I had relinquished all thought of walking to Crawfish Springs, and so did nothing but idle along. Once, I remember, I turned aside to explore a lane running up to a hillside cattle pasture, stopping by the way to admire the activities — and they *were* activities — of a set of big scavenger beetles. Next, I tried for half a mile a fine new road leading across the park to the left, with thick, uncleared woods on one side; and then I went back to Bloody Pond.

The place was now deserted, and I took a seat under a tree opposite. Prodigious bullfrogs, big enough to have been growing ever since the war, lay here and there upon the water; now calling in the lustiest bass, now falling silent again after one comical expiring gulp. It was getting toward the cool of the afternoon. Already the birds felt it. A wood thrush's voice rang out at intervals from somewhere beyond the ploughed land, and a field sparrow chanted nearer by. At the same time my eye was upon a pair of kingbirds, — wayfarers hereabout, to judge from their behavior; a crested flycatcher stood guard at the top of a lofty dead tree, and a rough-winged swallow alighted

on the margin of the pool, and began bathing with great enjoyment. It made me comfortable to look at him. By and by two young fellows with fishing-poles came down the railroad.

"Why is this called Bloody Pond?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Yes."

"Why, there were a lot of soldiers killed here in the war, and the pond got bloody."

The granite tower in the shadow of which I had rested awhile ago was General Wilder's monument, they said. His headquarters were there. Then they passed on down the track out of sight, and all was silent once more, till a chickadee gave out his sweet and quiet song just behind me, and a second swallow dropped upon the water's edge. The pond was of the smallest and meanest, — muddy shore, muddy bottom, and muddy water; but men fought and died for it in those awful September days of heat and dust and thirst. There was no better place on the field, perhaps, in which to realize the horrors of the battle, and I was glad to have the chickadee's voice the last sound in my ears as I turned away.

Bradford Torrey.

THE PLOT OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE kinship of Iliad and Odyssey can never be denied. Despite microscopic dissimilarities which have been noted, the dialect, the metre, and, we may add, with reasonable allowance for the difference in subject, even the vocabulary, remain essentially unchanged as we pass from the earlier to the younger epic. Where the same characters appear in both poems — for example, Odysseus, Nestor, Menelaos — there is a careful consistency in the traits assigned to them. This statement may be extended even to Achilles, though he appears in the Odyssey only as a ghost in the underworld. The sole important exception, if she be one, is Helen. Even in this case the difference is of course partly one of circumstances; and the restoration of Menelaos' wife to her former position may have been firmly fixed in the legend before Homer. So Tennyson, with all the changes he permits himself, could perhaps hardly have brought back Guinevere to Arthur's throne, or even bidden Elaine live, to wed happily with Launcelot. We may even please ourselves with the belief that our sterner Teutonic or Keltic morality made the queen's fall from virtue an irreparable one, just as the Greek worship of beauty could hardly be satisfied unless Helen rode, unconquerable still, in all her radiant charms, over the black billows of a war which was aroused by her sin, and had engulfed the chosen youth of her generation!

In what we may call the accidents of structure, also, there are striking analogies between the two Homeric poems. Each deals with the long-delayed but sure and complete fulfillment of a decree uttered by Zeus. In the first book of the Iliad, Thetis prays that the Greeks may suffer in atonement for Achilles' wrongs (508–10), and Zeus impressively nods his assent (524–27). In the assembly of the gods at the opening of the Odyssey, Zeus himself proposes Odysseus' home-return (Book I. 76, 77), and in the similar divine council which opens Book V. declares it as the settled decree of fate (41, 42): —

"So is it destined that he shall see his beloved, returning
Unto his high-roofed hall and unto the land of his fathers."

This divine machinery seems to us, perhaps, a rather foreign and artificial addition to the ancient epic; and in Virgil's age of skepticism it evidently is so, to some extent. But much the same effect is produced, also, upon our minds, at the present day, by the witch scenes in Macbeth. Yet Hecate and her beldames were, probably, three centuries ago, quite as real to many Englishmen as the gods of the Odyssey were to the poet's first auditors. Indeed, we ourselves are hardly yet far enough removed from Cotton Mather's demonology and the Salem witchcraft to stigmatize either the Homeric theology or Shakespeare's witches as merely a degrading superstition.

As the Iliad opens in the tenth and last year of Troy's beleaguerment, so the companion poem begins with the tenth and final year of Odysseus' long wanderings on his homeward way. Each epic crowds its action into a comparatively small number of days, — fifty-one in the Iliad, forty-one in the Odyssey, while even of these a few only are eventful, — but both poems give us also, incidentally, vivid pictures of previous events, and significant glimpses as well into the future. As Achilles' doom was thrice foretold with increasing definiteness, so now we hear of Menelaos' destiny (Odyssey IV. 561–69), to be transferred, without dying, to the Elysian plain, because he is wedded to Zeus' daughter Helen; and we listen also to an equally mystical hint as to the hero Odysseus' own last adventure (XI. 134–36): —

> "And Death shall come to thee out of the waters;
> Gentle shall be his coming to slay thee, when thou art wearied,
> Aging slowly, and seeing thy people happy about thee."

In the Iliad, we hear only briefly, and as it were accidentally, concerning the origin of the war and its progress hitherto; while four entire books of the younger epic are taken up with the hero's own account of previous adventures. But it must be remembered that the Iliad professes to deal only with an episode, —

> Sing, O goddess, *the wrath* of Achilles, —

while the Odyssey is a story with a hero:

> Tell me, O Muse, of *the man* of many devices, who widely
> Wandered, when he had sacked that well-walled city of Troia.

So that these four books of narrative (IX.–XII.) are after all no digression, and require no apology.

The device of plunging into the midst of the action, and permitting a leading character to relate his own exploits, has been imitated frequently; for example, closely by Virgil, less so by Milton. Lovers of the Autocrat will remember how the Breakfast Table was once shocked by the remark, "A woman would rather hear a man talk than an angel, any time!" and how it is justified by the citation of a passage in Paradise Lost, where Adam asks from the archangel concerning the deeper mysteries of creation, but Eve withdraws into the garden: —

> "Her husband the relator she preferred
> Before the Angel."

The magician who told the loves of Othello and Desdemona also realized how effective it is to hear from the hero's own lips the tale

> "of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field."

Even the Shakespearean motif of woman's love won through sympathy is original with Nausicaa's poet, though Virgil's Dido and her passion make a larger element in the epic plot.

Perhaps it may be added, as another feature of both poems, that the catastrophe is skillfully retarded, and the exact manner in which it will be brought about is long hidden from the listener. As the intervention and death of Patroclos, extinguishing Achilles' wrath in the mightier flame of his grief, could not easily be foreseen, so the trial of strength with the bow, proposed in good faith by

Penelope to decide her choice among the suitors, puts a great advantage into her unrecognized husband's hands. Several passages early in the Odyssey, suggesting that young Telemachos may himself destroy the suitors, especially Pallas Athene's own words reminding the prince of Orestes' brave deed (I. 298–302), leave us in some doubt, until his father and he unite their counsels and their valor in the great closing scenes.

Here, however, we perhaps touch upon the chief defect of the Iliad. Its action is retarded by interruptions, not merely by digressions. The Odyssey is the shorter poem by several thousand lines, but yet has both a much greater variety of interest and a completer unity. We do not, I think, feel at any time that the action of the Odyssey is deliberately and unduly delayed. While Achilles is unseen and almost forgotten through many books of the Iliad, we almost never lose sight of Odysseus, and his fortunes are always of supreme importance. This single and unbroken thread of human interest aids essentially in making the Odyssey what we believe it is, — the best of all the good stories that ever were told!

The most striking difference between the two poems may be found in the unvaried setting of the elder epic, the shifting scene of the younger. In the Iliad, our gaze ranges only from the ships and cabins of the Greeks on the Hellespontine shore to the homes and streets of the beleaguered town, or at farthest to Zeus' seat on Ida whence he overlooks both hosts. Even the divine abodes seem close at hand: the gods, debating only upon the issue of the war, keep their eyes fixed, as it were, upon the Trojan plain, and nearly all of them actually enter the field of battle on some occasion. In the Odyssey, the heavens are grown larger as well as more serene, while of the earth we have an infinitely wider and more varied view. First of all, we glance, with the gods, at Calypso's remote isle, where Odysseus pines in exile. Then, after a vivid glimpse at Ithaca and the suitors' misdeeds, we see Telemachos set off for the kingdoms of the mainland. As Nestor and Menelaos relate to him the story of their homeward voyages from Troyland, they seem to put us for the moment in direct connection with the familiar scene of the Iliad. Again, we follow Odysseus as he starts from Calypso's abode, and, sailing, drifting, swimming, reaches at last the Phæacians' shore. At the banquet, we retrace with him the world-wide wanderings, during which each of his comrades has found a miserable end. Presently, we sway over the long surges with him once more, as he passes homeward, sleeping soundly through the all-night voyage, upon the magic bark that flies "swifter than the thought of man." Meantime, the wanderings of Telemachos and the perplexities of Penelope have occasionally divided our attention. Two thirds of the poem are completed when father and son are united in the faithful swineherd's cabin. From this point the swiftly moving action is centred in the little island kingdom of Ithaca.

Some great advantages the Odyssey certainly gains through this widening of its scene. The Iliad offers us, as has been said, a single magnificent picture, that of Troy Besieged. Even the Olympian gods seem merely to occupy a coincident upper stage, as in the mediæval miracle-plays heaven and earth, indeed hell also, are represented simultaneously open before the eyes of the audience. Conditions are, so to speak, abnormal, certainly exceptional, everywhere in the Iliad. The Greeks are homeless and demoralized. The camp is full of captive widows and orphaned maids condemned to a state worse than mere slavery. The town is crowded with the armies of its allies, and reduced almost to desperation. The very gods in heaven imitate mankind with unseemly quarrels and threats, or even with actual violence, culminating in the opera-bouffe scene

where Hera castigates Artemis. There is no other picture of war so brilliant, so vivid, so indelibly stamped upon the imagination of mankind.

Now, if the younger poem had confined itself to Odysseus' home-coming and grim vengeance on the jackals that troubled the lion's lair, this picture of the impoverished royal family, the disordered palace, and the riotous suitors would have been hopelessly inferior in tragic dignity and in artistic scope to that contest which so long shook the Scamandrian plain, and made Pluto leap from his throne in terror lest his ghastly realm be revealed to the light of the sun. But in the Odyssey, as an adequate compensation, is unrolled the magnificent background, the entire Homeric world.

Through Telemachos' eyes we see Nestor and Menelaos ruling in peace and in luxury over prosperous, contented Greek peoples; and thus we acquire, through contrast, a juster conception of distracted Ithaca, as well as a delightful picture of patriarchal Hellas in times of peace.

In Scheria we have a happy ideal sketch, not without mildly satirical strokes, of a still gentler race. As sailors and voyagers the Phæacians are beyond rivalry, but otherwise their life is an idle one. As their merry ruler says,

> "Ever delightful to us is the banquet, music and dancing,
> Garments changed full often, and hot-water baths, and our couches."

Evidently a people to be looked upon by Greek eyes with an indulgent smile.

In Odysseus' narrative we have, again, added like a darker fringe to these bright pictures, the wild scenes on the edge of the habitable world. We shudder in the Cyclops' cave, flee from Scylla's writhing heads, hear the Sirens' song as the waves dash over their victims' whitening bones, and even gain more than a glimpse at the mist-wrapped abode of the dead.

These adventures, also, glorify Odysseus, the chief figure in them all, and accompany him, as it were, toward his desecrated home. As the unknown and oft-insulted beggar rolls grim, silent eyes about the tumultuous hall of his heritage, marking for death the unbidden banqueters, we remember that this is the same dauntless hero who quelled Circe, blinded Polyphemus, and called up Teiresias from Hades. We realize that Pallas and Hermes, who saved him then, will surely make him resistless now.

The poem, then, is an artistic whole; and the key to its unity is truly given in the opening note. It is the personality of Odysseus, the story of his return to Ithaca. And yet we may find that the temptation will at times beset us, even more than with the Iliad, to forget that whole in the dreamy enjoyment of its parts. We may even excuse ourselves with the thought that the poet himself has not wholly resisted the corresponding temptation. The singer of the Odyssey seems to have much more of the romantic spirit than he — or they — of the Iliad. There is an occasional appeal to sentiment for its own sake. There is a tender and lingering touch in certain episodes, which indicates that they are elaborated for their own idyllic beauty as much as for the benefit of the plot.

In the Iliad, the rare appeals to softer emotions are more evidently for the sake of contrast. Hector's parting, to take a shining example, avowedly foreshadows his death, deepening its pathos and impressiveness. Mighty indeed — so runs the undercurrent of our thought — is Achilles; mightier yet the justice that dooms guilty Ilios, since it could compel the fall even of such a worthy favorite among gods and men as Hector. If we linger a moment over the guilty love of Paris and Helen, we see in the same instant — never in truth more clearly — the wronged and baffled Menelaos, and almost hear the swift wings of his coming revenge. But with Nausicaa we linger not only long, but lovingly. We are for-

getting Penelope; and I fear we might almost find it in our hearts to forgive the sea-worn and war-worn hero if he too had forgotten her!

Still more difficult to fit into the ethical frame of the picture is the Helen of the Odyssey. As she, or her poet, unfolds each womanly and queenly accomplishment, and, touching even upon the dreadful past, manages to recall scenes and motives which soften our feelings as to her abiding in Troy, we realize that upon us, also, the starry eyes of Argive Helen glow resistless. We take our places among her fascinated guests, and no longer wonder that she outlived that terrible night when Priam's gray hairs won no mercy, and Pallas' shrine could not save Cassandra's honor. (There are works of art in which the dagger is seen dropping from Menelaos' hand as Helen unveils before him: for example, Baumeister, pp. 745, 746.) To us, even as to the brother of Antilochos slain and to Odysseus' fatherless son, Helen proffers the nepenthe which drowns just grief and resentment for the evils of former days. Yet all this is at least aside from, if not antagonistic to, the avowed theme and purpose of the poet.

If Nausicaa is lovable as well as loving, it may perhaps be pleaded that she is so much the fitter to be the last temptation of the patient hero, as he passes on, lonely and saddened, yet steadfast, homeward. Calypso, he knows, was fairer and statelier than his mortal wife had ever been. Nausicaa, too, he will gladly honor as a divinity. Yet,

> "East or west,
> Home is best."

But why should Helen be ever beautiful, and honored, and even happy, while faultless Penelope grows old in sorrow and persecution? One is tempted to think that our poet has himself failed to see any adequate retribution overtaking his men and women; that he even, like an earlier Euripides, emphasizes in his art the failure of the divinity to visit vengeance upon sin, and to bestow happiness upon the righteous.

Perhaps it will be wiser, nevertheless, to recur to our former phrase, and to recognize in the Odyssey merely an increasing romantic element, a bolder appeal to sentiment, a fuller elaboration of the parts for the sake of their own beauty. It is a familiar tendency, which the late John Addington Symonds was never tired of pointing out. There will always be more of us to enjoy Praxiteles' softened outlines than Phidias' rugged strength. "Euripides the human" draws tears more easily than Æschylos, — or, in more modern terms, Little Em'ly more easily than Macbeth, — though not from such deep sources, mysterious even to ourselves. A more fruitful comparison, however, may be made with the austere art of Milton and the linkèd sweetness of Tennyson.

Three thousand years hence, if all other literature and tradition of England shall have perished, men may seriously discuss whether one poet could have composed Paradise Lost and the Idylls of the King. The theology of the two is not irreconcilable. The language, the metre, the poetic tradition, may then appear essentially identical. Certainly, the later poem should reveal a perfect familiarity with the earlier one, since the laureate counted as chief among his masters the "God-gifted organ voice of England."

So much, at least, is true of Iliad and Odyssey. It is not strange that the claim of Homer as the author of both was maintained among the ancients, even after the Cyclic epics and the Homeric hymns had been rightly assigned to a later age and to feebler hands. There are still many who find it easier to abide by the tradition of one great epic poet than to accept the possibility of two so alike and so equal in power. And surely it is conceivable that a single genius should have shaped the two great poems. Tennyson's poetical career lasted just about as long as the period from the composi-

tion of the earliest extant drama of Æschylos which can be accurately dated, The Persians, to the death of Euripides and Sophocles. A briefer epoch might include both Homeric epics. The Iliad and the Odyssey may to many seem more closely akin than In Memoriam and Harold. I find it, for myself, however, in high degree *improbable* that one man lived to see, and even led, so great a transition from classic toward romantic taste; from an age which was content to devote an Iliad to the glorification of war to the generation which felt the full pathos of Odysseus' longing for home and rest, overpowering even the charm of world-wide adventure and marvelous experience. Such a transition is implied in the ancient belief that the Iliad was the work of Homer's prime, the Odyssey the child of his age. Though perhaps not literally, it is figuratively true, — true of a race, of a civilization, if not of an individual.

The argument that it is easier to believe in the existence of one great epic poet than of two, or of a school, seems to us distinctly against the weight of evidence. It is not a mere popular fancy that arranges the greatest authors in contemporary groups. Schiller and Lessing help to render Goethe's career intelligible, Horace is the natural pendant of Virgil, Lowell was produced by the conditions which made Emerson possible. The best illustration is, however, the age of Greek drama. Even the three tragedians just mentioned did not hold the field alone. If Phrynichos, Ion, Agathon, and the rest had survived, we might perhaps have accepted the Athenian people's judgment, which repeatedly preferred them to the surviving masters, granting to Œdipus the king only a second prize, and to Medea the third! Even so, there are yet remaining beautiful though scanty epic fragments, indicating that there may have been not merely two, but twenty great masters of the hexameter.

Before we turn to the somewhat detailed discussion of the structure of the Odyssey, I should like to dwell for an instant on the contrast in the spirit of the two glorious epics. The prevailing note of the Iliad seems to be the fierce delight in strife and bloodshed. The war-worn and wave-worn hero of the Odyssey realizes that he has gained rich experience and wisdom by wandering, and his eagerness to see and know is not easily sated; yet the chord which vibrates most strongly throughout the younger poem is the longing for the peace of home-life.

There is a passage near the close of the Odyssey in which the night following the slaying of the suitors is divinely prolonged, that Odysseus may enjoy with Penelope comfort and repose after twenty years' separation. The poet has taken this opportunity to recall rapidly, through Odysseus' lips, in their proper sequence, the adventures of his hero since the fall of Troy. We may seize the same occasion to pass in review some of the familiar tales of folk-lore which have crystallized about the central story of the returning husband.

Little success in winning popular approval has attended the efforts spent in attacking the essential unity of plot and of probable authorship in our Odyssey. Yet for every comedy of Shakespeare, save The Tempest, suggestions have been found in earlier works, usually in tales of other races. Even so, it is no detraction from Homer's originality if many incidents woven into the Odyssey are traced to myths unconnected with Penelope's husband, some of them probably not even Greek in their origin.

The verses of Homer outlining the narrative as it was thus told to Penelope will serve, at least in part, as texts for us to gloss.

First Odysseus told how he the Cicones conquered.

These allies of Priam furnish the only victory and booty of the Ithacans in the long tale of woe and death. Even here defeat quickly followed, and loss of many lives.

Then in the fertile land of the lotus-eaters he tarried.

We are perhaps not yet beyond the pale of realities, and the lotus has been identified sometimes with the "jujuba" of northern Africa; sometimes, also, with the "mandrakes" which Reuben brought to his mother Leah (Genesis xxx. 14). Some narcotic is doubtless indicated by the poetic account, though Homer does not distinctly assert anything more than that Odysseus' comrades liked it: —

Whoso among them the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus had tasted
Would not depart from the land, nor even report with the tidings.
There were they fain to remain with the folk that ate of the lotus,
Feeding ever thereon; and the path of return was forgotten.

The incident is a brief and unimportant one in Homer, and Tennyson's genius may fairly be said to have wrested the subject from the master's hand.

All that the Cyclops wrought he related; and how he exacted
Vengeance for comrades brave, by the monster ruthlessly eaten.

In this case, Odysseus confesses, his companions were more wisely cautious than he. His foolhardy lingering in the cavern till the giant should return is hardly offset by the final escape with a remnant of his crew. Perhaps these features mark the story as an imperfect adaptation from a foreign source. The legend of the one-eyed man-eating ogre is curiously widespread, from Tartary to Ireland. It is, at any rate, fitted skillfully into the Homeric plot; for Poseidon, we are told, is the Cyclops' father, and the sea-god's wrath follows relentlessly the men who had blinded his son. Yet, as in Coleridge's tale of the albatross, the chief guilty one — if guilt there was in such self-defense — is the sole survivor at last!

Æolus, who is next visited, and who gives the winds to Odysseus in a bag, is, according to Andrew Lang, "an heroic ancestor of the witches who down to the present century sold winds in the same fashion to Scottish mariners." These Homeric blasts were, however, the winds that were *not to blow*. Only the west wind was left free, and would have wafted the exiles speedily home. The untying of the sack while Odysseus sleeps recalls the motif of the Pandora myth, and of countless others in all lands.

The cannibal Læstrygonians, whom the Ithacans next visit, destroy all the ships save one, with their crews. These savages live by a narrow fiord between high rock walls, where "the paths of day and night are nigh together," and "a sleepless man might earn a double wage" as herdsman. This is surely a reminiscence of the long arctic day. If it is too early a date for Mediterranean sailors to have fared so far as Norway, the vague legend may have reached Greek lands by the overland trade route along which amber came to the southern peoples.

The lonely floating island of Æolus, it has been suggested, may have originated in some sailor's tale of an iceberg. It seems to be near the Læstrygonians' coast, since no night is mentioned as intervening on the voyage from their land to Æolia, and an old tradition made Æolus' wife one of their people.

Then he related the craft and the many devices of Circe.

The ethical interpretation of the Circean myth — that sensuality makes men truly bestial — is at least as old as Socrates. But the marvel is doubtless more ancient than the moral. The legend has plenty of parallels elsewhere, the most familiar being Queen Labè in the Arabian Nights, who also transforms her discarded lovers into various beasts. Indeed, the change to animal forms is one of the most familiar elements of enchantment everywhere. The terrible were-wolf superstition died late and hard, if it is even now extinct.

From Circe's island Odysseus made his excursion to Hades, and returned thence to the enchantress. The Kimmerian land of ghosts, ever wrapped in fog, may be a sort of pendant to the Læstrygonian

legend, suggested by the long night of the far north or of the far south.

A curious geographical question arises at this point. At Æolus' isle Odysseus was west of his Grecian home, since Zephyrus was to carry him thither. Circe's island, like Læstrygonia, seems to be within a day's sail of Æolus. Yet the hero is said to return from the realm of the dead (XII. 3, 4) to Circe, coming

> Unto the isle Ææa, where early Dawn has her dwelling:
> There are her dancing-places, the land of the sun's uprising.

Commentators, old and new, have struggled with the problem how Circe's island home can be both in the remote west and in the far east. President Warren utilizes this passage as the corner-stone of his theory that Homer was aware of the shape of our globe, and makes his hero circumnavigate it. This is but a part of the learned and elaborately woven argument by which Dr. Warren locates the lost earthly Paradise at the north pole. It does not seem quite impossible that a truer cosmology than the later classic beliefs may have been included among those Lost Arts with which Wendell Phillips's silvery tongue delighted our boyhood.

> Then did he tell how he heard the song of the clear-voiced Sirens.

Their voices are still heard across every "perilous sea of fairyland forlorn." The Wandering Rocks, between which no ship save Argo had ever passed uncrushed, are said to be described in old sailors' tales even among the Aztecs of our own continent. Scylla's writhing heads, each of which drags a man from the vessel's deck, seems to be a polypus or devil-fish. The belief that these creatures are occasionally so enormous as to attack even a ship successfully is by no means only an ancient one.

Lastly, for devouring the sacred kine of Helios, the sun-god, in Thrinakia, the crew of Odysseus' ship are destroyed in a deep-sea shipwreck by Zeus' thunderbolt. The hero, alone, drifts, after many days, to the isle of Calypso, in the centre of the sea. In this lovely earthly Paradise (as Dr. Warren declares it to be, though but a dim and distorted wraith of the true tradition remains, according to him, in Homer) Odysseus spends seven years with the gentle and loving nymph. Of the hero's last voyage, to Phæacia, we have spoken, and shall speak again.

The night-long slumber on the Phæacian ship, already mentioned, seems a clear reminder that the curtain of fairyland is here pushed aside, while the Ithacan wanderer emerges again into the real world. From the Cyclops to the Phæacians, everything lies at an unknown distance from Greece, in a trackless sea, quite beyond the pale of merely human experience. Several passages remind us to include the gentle Phæacians, also, in this part of the tale. We are informed that they were formerly neighbors of the Cyclops, and are "very near to the Immortals." After they have conducted the crafty Ithacan homeward, Poseidon resolves to turn the offending vessel to stone, and wall up their city behind a mountain. The Phæacian king sees the significance of all this, the more as it fulfills an ancient oracle, and bids his people

> "Cease from the convoy of men, when any shall come to our city."

The poetic significance of this passage is surely no less clear. Never shall mariner or adventurer bring further tidings home from the happy Phæacian land. Like the German maiden in the cursed village of Germelshausen, the loving Nausicaa is seen but for a day; nor may any weaker hand "the lost clue regain."

The latter half of the poem has a comparatively realistic character. The scene is either in the great house of Odysseus, or in the swineherd's cabin on the further side of rocky Ithaca. In the accounts of Penelope's and Telemachos' movements, of the suitors' banquets, and finally of the great massacre, many ar-

chitectural details are incidentally given. So judicious a scholar as Professor Jebb joins in the attempt to piece these together into a scientific restoration of the prehistoric Greek country-house. The results do not seem very fruitful or well assured. But such studies are stimulated and aided by the brilliant discoveries of early architecture in Tiryns, Mycenæ, Troy, and elsewhere. They are certainly wiser and safer than any attempt to illustrate prehistoric customs or manners from the scenes of these books. Thus, on three different occasions a handy missile is thrown at the supposed beggar, Odysseus: Book XVII. 462, a stool, which hits his shoulder; XVIII. 394, another footstool, which misses him, but hits the cupbearer; XX. 299, an ox-foot, which is dodged, and strikes the wall. This is an illustration — of what? Surely, only of drunken and lawless manners everywhere; though it also serves to harden Odysseus' heart against all thought of mercy, and perhaps has a grim irony as we think of the deadlier missiles which will so soon hurtle through the shadowy hall in return.

But a loftier tragic tone is felt through the twenty-second book in particular, wherein the slaughter of the suitors is accomplished. Only the minstrel and the herald, who had served in the hall under compulsion, are spared. The unfaithful maid servants, whom the suitors had beguiled, are made to clear the hall of their lovers' bodies, and then are hung, all a-row, in the courtyard! Such are the tidings that are brought by the old nurse, Eurykleia, to Penelope upon her waking. That she is long incredulous, and also proves the stranger, craftily, before she believes him to be her long-absent lord, troubles Telemachos, and has offended some commentators; but it only wins a smile from the man of many wiles himself, who had evidently chosen wisely a wife after his own heart.

It is in this palace, where the groans of the dying suitors have hardly died away, that Odysseus receives again into his arms, after twenty years' separation, the wife of his youth. A pathetic touch is the mention of Teiresias' prophecy, indicating that long wanderings still remain before the brief space of peaceful old age which is to close the storm-tossed heroic life. Even now his rest is troubled by a weighty care: the death-feud with the kin of the slain suitors. Odysseus cannot refrain from mentioning this, also, in Penelope's hearing, to the boyish son whom this day's work has made a man and a warrior.

> "Even he who has slain but a single man in the country,
> Though he have left not many thereafter to be his avengers,
> Flees into exile, leaving his kin and the land of his fathers.
> *We* have slain these youths, who by far were in Ithaca noblest;
> They were the stay of the city: and this I bid thee consider!"

Odysseus evidently realizes that he has a worse than Corsican vendetta to face. Telemachos' reply naturally expresses the fullest confidence in his father's resources. We would gladly have heard an added word of confidence in the divine aid, which Pallas should have taught him ere now.

With the close of this day the ancient Alexandrian critics believed that the genuine Odyssey ended. But Mr. Lang is no doubt right in reminding us emphatically that no hearer in the heroic age could have been content unless a solution for the feud of blood was added. This is more convincing than his similar assertion that the poet of the Iliad could not have left Hector unburied. Artistically, however, anything that follows the death of the wooers and the happy reunion of the royal pair must seem to us an anti-climax. Furthermore, our attention is unexpectedly distracted by the form which this continuation, the present twenty-fourth book, actually takes. There are, in fact, three nearly distinct pictures making up this closing canto.

First, the scene is transferred, without warning, to the underworld once more, and we overhear a conversation between the ghosts of Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter, for some reason not indicated, now hears for the first time the story of his own funeral in the Troad. It is a stately pageant that is here described, and the glimpse accorded us of the lovely Thetis and her great grief alone rewards us for its perusal. But this is a strange place in which to find it. It could certainly have been made more effective in the eleventh book.

Then follows Odysseus' visit with Telemachos to the upland farm, and the loving recognition of him by his old father and the thralls. Part of this, again, is noble poetry, and we cannot feel that it is precisely out of place, though we certainly do not feel that it is essential to the epic plot. It is, rather, like a sentimental one-act drama or idyl by itself.

Lastly, the kin of the slain take to arms, and are seen approaching the farm. Old Laertes determines to "tilt it out among the lads," and is not, like the father of Tennyson's prince, dissuaded therefrom. A remark of his is really the one stirring word in the scene :

> "Now what a day is this, dear gods! I truly am happy,
> Seeing my son and my son's son vie with each other in valor!"

The passage reminds us vaguely of the pictures, popular a few years ago, representing four generations of German imperial stock. Laertes is the only one who kills his man. The victim is the leader of the avengers, and father of the most insolent among the suitors. Then Zeus stays the skirmish with a thunderbolt, and we are told in curt words that Pallas Athene reconciled the feud, at her father's bidding, taking on therefor the guise of mortal Mentor. But not one word of hers is actually reported, and the book ends tamely ; even, as it seems, hastily and lamely.

Perhaps, as Mr. Lang says, such a divine intervention was about the only solution possible, at least without further waste of life. But if the master poet of the Odyssey composed the last two hundred lines in their present form, he was very weary either of his art altogether or else of this theme. There are few even of the greatest artists who understand the divine art of leaving off betimes. Perhaps the most effective verse in all Dante is that quiet word of Francesca : —

> "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti."

Something may always be left to the imagination of the sympathetic reader.

But as we look back upon the whole mass of Greek epic, upon the Iliad and the Odyssey together, how complete and how magnificent is the picture which they create ! We must, I think, concede the truth of one of the boldest assertions made by the brilliant and canny Scot who is so often quoted, and still oftener drawn upon, in this essay : if we were forced to lose either Homer or all Greek literature beside, we should hesitate as long as possible ; but at last we should cling to Homer, who anticipates so much that is best in all the other Hellenic poets, and whose world seems to have a completeness and a perfect beauty of its own to which its very remoteness adds a final charm.

> "Why floats the amaranth in eternal bloom
> O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb ?
> Why lingers fancy where the sunbeams smile
> On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle ?
> Why follows memory to the gate of Troy
> Her plumed defender and his trembling boy ?"

The truest answer to his own question Dr. Holmes himself gives in another connection : —

> "The classic days, those mothers of romance,
> That roused a nation for a woman's glance ;
> The age of mystery with its hoarded power,
> . . . . . .
> Have past and faded like a dream of youth."

And these tragic yet sweetest memories of the world's lost youth are bound up forever under the rubric that bears the doubted and denied, yet ever glorious name of Homer.

William Cranston Lawton.

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.

THERE is a Northern laddy who sails the round sea-rim,
And Malyn of the mountains is all the world to him.
The master of The Snowflake, bound upward from the line,
He smothers her with canvas along the crumbling brine.
He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his hand,
For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land;
And he will brook no gainsay who goes to meet his bride.
But their will is the wind's will who traffic on the tide.
Make home, my bonny schooner! The sun goes down to light
The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding night.

She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings,
Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.
The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts of rain;
And in the Ardise country the spring comes back again.
It is the brooding April, haunted and sad and dear,
When vanished things return not with the returning year.
Only, when evening purples the light in Malyn's dale,
With sound of brooks and robins, by many a hidden trail,
With stir of lulling rivers along the forest floor,
The dream-folk of the gloaming come back to Malyn's door.
The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky
You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by.
The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's room;
And out at sea The Snowflake is driving through the gloom.

The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge.
The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below,
And down the world's wide border they perish as they go.
They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing and quailing of the sea.
They sheet the flying schooner in foam from stem to stern,
Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clew to yearn.
And where they move uneasy, chill is the light and pale;
They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before the gale.
They revel with The Snowflake, and down the close of day
Among the boisterous dancers she holds her dancing way;
And then the dark has kindled the harbor light a-lee,
With stars and wind and sea-room upon the curdling sea.

The storm gets up to windward to heave and clang and brawl;
The dancers of the open begin to moan and call.
A lure is in their dancing, a weird is in their song;
The snow-white Skipper's daughters are stronger than the strong.
They love the Northern sailor who dares the rough sea play;

Their arms are white and splendid to beckon him away.
They promise him, for kisses a moment at their lips,
To make before the morning the port of missing ships,
Where men put in for shelter, and dreams put forth again,
And the great sea-winds follow the journey of the rain.
A bridal with no morrow, no welling of old tears,
For him, and no more tidings of the departed years!
For there of old were fashioned the chambers cool and dim,
In the eternal silence below the twilight's rim.
The borders of that country are slumberous and wide;
And they are well who marry the fondlers of the tide.
Within their arms immortal no mortal fear can be;
But Malyn of the mountains is fairer than the sea.

And so the scudding Snowflake flies with the wind astern,
And through the boding twilight are blown the shrilling tern.
The light is on the headland, the harbor gate is wide;
But rolling in with ruin the fog is on the tide.
Fate like a muffled steersman sails with that Northern gloom;
The Snowflake in the offing is neck and neck with doom.
Ha, ha, my saucy cruiser, crowd up your helm and run!
There 'll be a merrymaking to-morrow in the sun.
A cloud of straining canvas, a roar of breaking foam,
The Snowflake and the sea-drift are racing in for home.
Her heart is dancing shoreward, but silently and pale
The swift relentless phantom is hungering on her trail.
They scour and fly together, until across the roar
He signals for a pilot — and Death puts out from shore.
A moment Malyn's window is gleaming in the lee,
And then — the ghost of wreckage upon the iron sea.

Ah, Malyn, lay your forehead upon your folded arm,
And hear the grim marauder shake out the reefs of storm!
Loud laughs the surly Skipper to feel the fog drive in,
Because a blue-eyed sailor shall wed his kith and kin,
And the red dawn discover a rover spent for breath
Among the merrymakers who fondle him to death.
And all the snowy sisters are dancing wild and grand,
For him whose broken beauty shall slacken to their hand.
They wanton in their triumph, and skirl at Malyn's plight;
Lift up their hands in chorus, and thunder to the night.
The gulls are driven inland; but on the dancing tide
The master of The Snowflake is taken to his bride.

And there when daybreak yellows along the far sea-plain,
The fresh and buoyant morning comes down the wind again.
Once more that gray Shipmaster smiles, for the night is done,
And all his snow-white daughters are dancing in the sun.
The world is glad of April, the gulls are wild with glee,
And Malyn on the headland alone looks out to sea.

Bliss Carman.

THE MYSTERY OF WITCH-FACE MOUNTAIN.

I.

THE beetling crags that hang here and there above the gorge hold in their rugged rock sculpture no facial similitudes, no suggestions. The jagged outlines of shelving bluffs delineate no gigantic profile against the sky beyond. One might seek far and near, and scan the vast slope with alert and expectant gaze, and view naught of the semblance that from time immemorial has given the mountain its name. Yet the imagination needs but scant aid when suddenly the elusive simulacrum is revealed to the eye. In a certain slant of the diurnal light, even on bright nights at the full of the moon, sometimes in the uncanny flicker of electricity smitten from a storm-cloud, a gigantic peaked sinister face is limned on the bare, sandy, rocky slope, so definite, with such fixity of lineament, that one is amazed that its recognition came no earlier, and is startled when it disappears.

Disappearing as completely as a fancy, few there are who have ever seen it who have not climbed from the herder's trail across the narrow wayside stream and up the rugged mountain slopes to the spot where it became visible. There disappointment awaits the explorer. One finds a bare and sterile space, from which the hardy chickweed can scarcely gain the sustenance for its timorous sproutings; a few outcropping rocks; a series of transverse gullies here and there, washed down to deep indentations; above the whole a stretch of burnt, broken timber that goes by the name of "fire-scald," and is a relic of the fury of the fire which was "set out" in the woods with the mission to burn only the leaves and undergrowth, and which, in its undisciplined strength, transcended its instructions, as it were, and destroyed great trees. And this is all. But once more, at a coign of vantage on the opposite side of the gorge, and the experience can be utilized in differentiating the elements that go to make up the weird presentment of a human countenance. It is the fire-scald that suggests the great peaked brown hood; the oblong sandy stretch forms the pallid face; the ledges outline the nose and chin and brow; the eyes look out from the deep indentations where the slope is washed by the currents of the winter's rain; and here and there the gullies draw heavy lines and wrinkles. And when the wind is fresh and the clouds scud before it, in the motion of their shadows the face will seem to mow at the observer, until the belief comes very readily that it is the exact semblance of a witch's face.

Always the likeness is pointed out and insisted on by the denizens of Witch-Face Mountain, as if they had had long and intimate acquaintance with that sort of unhallowed gentry, and were especially qualified to pronounce upon the resemblance.

"Ain't it jes' like 'em, now? Ain't it the very moral of a witch?" Constant Hite demanded, one gusty day, when the shadows were a-flicker in the sun, and the face seemed animated by the malice of mockery or mirth, as he pointed it out to his companion with a sort of triumph in its splenetic contortions.

He was a big, bluff fellow, to whose pride all that befell him seemed to minister. He was proud of his length of limb, and his hundred and eighty pounds of weight, and yet his slim appearance. "Ye dunno whar I put 'em, do ye?" he was wont to say when he stepped off the scales at the grocery of the hamlet down in the Cove. "It 's solid meat an' bone an' muscle, my boy. Keep on the friendly side of one hunderd an' eighty," with a challenging wink. He was proud of his bright brown eyes, and his dark hair

and mustache, and smiling, handsome face, and his popularity among the class that he was pleased to denominate "gal critters." He piqued himself upon his several endowments as a hardy woodsman, his endurance, his sylvan craft, his pluck and his luck and his accurate aim. The buck — all gray and antlered, for it was August — that hung across the horse, behind the saddle, gave token of this keen exactitude in the tiny wound at the base of the ear, where the rifle-ball had entered to pierce the brain; it might seem to the inexpert that death had come rather from the gaping knife-stroke across the throat, which was, however, a mere matter of butcher-craft. He was proud of the good strong bay horse that he rode, which so easily carried double, and proud of his big boots and long spurs; and he scorned flimsy town clothes, and thought that good home-woven blue jeans was the gear in which a man who was a man should clothe himself withal. He glanced more than once at the different toggery of his companion, evidently a man of cities, whom he had chanced to meet by the wayside, and with whom he had journeyed more than a mile.

He had paused again and again to point out the "witch-face" to the stranger, who at first could not discern it at all, and then when it suddenly broke upon him could not be wiled away from it. He dismounted, hitching his horse to a sapling, and up and down he patrolled the rocky mountain path to study the face at various angles; Constant Hite looking on the while with an important placid satisfaction as if he had invented the illusion.

"Some folks, though, can't abide sech ez witches," he said, with a tolerant smile, as if he were able to defy their malevolence and make light of it. "Ye see that cabin on the spur over yander around the bend?" It looked very small and solitary from this height, and the rail fences about its scanty inclosures hardly reached the dignity of suggesting jackstraws. "Waal, they hev a full view of the old witch enny time she will show up at all. Folks in the mountings 'low the day be onlucky when she appears on the slope thar. The old folks will talk 'bout it cornsider'ble ef ye set 'em goin'; they hev seen thar time, an' it rests 'em some ter tell 'bout'n the spites they hev hed that they lay ter the witch-face."

The ugly fascination of the witch-face had laid hold, too, on the stranger. Twice he had sought to photograph it, and Constant Hite had watched him with an air of lenient indulgence to folly as he pottered about in the road; now adjusting his camera, now changing his place anew.

"And I believe I have got the whole amount of nothing at all," he said at last, looking up breathlessly at the mountaineer. Albeit the wind was fresh and the altitude great, the sun was hot on the unshaded red clay path, and the nimble gyrations of the would-be artist brought plentiful drops to his brow. He took off his straw hat, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, while he stared wistfully at the siren of his fancy, grimacing and mowing maliciously at him from the slope above. "If the confounded old woman would hold still, and not disappear so suddenly at the wrong minute, I 'd have had her charming physiognomy all correct. I believe I 've spoiled my plates, — that 's all." He once more mopped his bedewed forehead.

He was a man of thirty-five, perhaps, of the type that will never look old or grow perceptibly gray. His hair was red and straight, and cut close to his head. He had a long mustache of the same sanguine tint. The sun had brought the blood close to the surface of his thin skin, and he looked hot and red, and thoroughly exasperated. His brown eyes were disproportionately angry, considering the slight importance of his enterprise. He was evidently a man of keen, quick temper, easily aroused and nervous. He rode a handsome, well-groomed horse that was fractious and difficult for so impatient a man to control. His equestrian outfit

once more attracted the covert glance of Con Hite, whose experience and observation could duplicate no such attire. He was tall, somewhat heavily built, and altogether a sufficiently stalwart specimen of the genus "town man."

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll sketch the whole scene!"

"Now you 're shoutin'," said Con Hite capably, as if he had always advocated this method of solving the difficulty. His interlocutor could not for a moment have dreamed that he had never before seen a camera, had never heard of a photograph, had not the least idea of what the process of sketching might be which he so boldly approved; nay, the very phrase embodying his encouragement of the project was foreign to his vocabulary, — a bit of sophisticated slang which he had adopted from his companion's conversation, and readily assimilated.

"You stay just where you are!" cried the stranger, his enthusiasm rising to the occasion; "just that pose, — that pose precisely."

He ran swiftly across the path to remove the inefficient camera from the foreground, and in a moment was seated on a log by the wayside, his quick eye scanning the scene: the close file of the ranges about the horizon, one showing above another, and one more faintly blue than another, for thus the distance was defined; then the amphitheatre of the Cove, the heavy bronze-green slopes of the mountains, all with ripple marks of clear chrome-green ruffling in the wake of the wind; in the middle distance the still depths of the valley below, with shadows all a-slumber and silent, and on the projecting spur the quiet, lonely little house, so slight a suggestion of the presence of man amidst the majestic dominance of nature; here, to the right, across the savage gorge, with its cliffs and with its currents in the deep trough, the nearest slope of the mountain, with the great gaunt bare space showing that face of ill omen, sibylline, sinister, definite indeed, — he wondered how his eyes were holden that he should not have discerned it at once; and in the immediate foreground the equestrian figure of the mountaineer, booted and spurred, the very "moral," as Hite would have called it, of an athlete, with his fine erect pose distinct against the hazy perspective, his expression of confident force, the details of his handsome features revealed by the brim of his wide black hat turned up in front.

"It 's a big subject, I know; I can't get it all in. I shall only suggest it. Just keep that pose, will you? Hold the horse still. 'Stand the storm, it won't be long!'" the artist said, smiling with renewed satisfaction as his pencil, not all inapt, went briskly to work on the horizontal lines of the background.

But it was longer than he had thought, so still sat the contemplative mountaineer, so alluring were the details of the landscape. The enthusiasm of the amateur is always a more urgent motive power than the restrained and utilitarian industry of the professional.

Few sworn knights of the crayon would have sat sketching so long in that temperature as he did, with the sun blazing through his straw hat and his blood mustering under his thin skin; but he stopped at a point short of sunstroke, and it was with a tumultuous sense of triumph that he at last arose, and, with the sketch-book still open, walked across the road and laid it on the pommel of the mountaineer's saddle.

Constant Hite took it up suspiciously and looked at it askance. It is to be doubted if ever before he had seen a picture, unless perchance in the primary reading-book of his callow days at the public school, spasmodically opened at intervals at the "church house" in the Cove. He continued to gravely gaze at the sketch, held sideways and almost reversed, for some moments.

"Bless Gawd! hyar 's Whitefoot's

muzzle jes' ez nat'ral — an' *Me* — waal, sir! don't *I* look proud!" he cried suddenly, with a note of such succulent vanity, so finely flavored a pride, that the stranger could but laugh at the zest of his triumph.

"Do you see the witch-face?" he demanded.

"Hesh! hesh!" cried the mountaineer hilariously. "Don't 'sturb me 'bout yer witch-face. Ef thar ain't the buck, — yes, toler'ble fat, — an' with all his horns! An' look at my boot, — actially the spur on it! An' my hat turned up;" he raised his flattered hand to the brim as if to verify its position.

"You did n't know you were so good-looking, hey?" suggested the amused town man.

"My Lord, naw!" declared Hite, laughing at himself, yet laughing delightedly. "I dunno *how* the gals make out to do without me at all!"

The pleased artist laughed, too. "Well, hand it over," he said, as he reached out for the book. "We must be getting out of this sun. I 'm not used to it, you see."

He put his foot in the stirrup as he spoke, and as he swung himself into the saddle the mountaineer reluctantly closed and relinquished the book. "I 'd like ter see it agin, some time or other," he observed.

He remembered this wish afterward, and how little he then imagined where and in what manner he was destined to see it again.

They rode on together into the dense shade of the woods, leaving the slumberous Cove still quiet in the shadow of the range, and the wind and the sunshine fluctuating over the broad expanse of the mountains, and the witch-face silently mowing and grimacing at the world below, albeit seen by no human being except perchance some dweller at the little house on the spur, struck aghast by this unwelcome apparition evoked by the necromancy of the breeze and the sheen and the shadow, marking this as an unlucky day.

"That 's right smart o' a cur'osity, ain't it?" said Constant Hite complacently, as they jogged along in company. "When the last gover'mint survey fellers went through hyar, they war plumb smitten by the ole 'oman, an' spent cornsider'ble time a-stare-gazin' at her. They 'lowed they hed never seen the beat."

"What was the survey for?" asked the town man, with keen mundane interest.

Constant Hite was rarely at a loss. When other men were fain to come to a pause for the lack of information, the resources of his agile substitutions and speculations were made manifest. "They war jes' runnin' a few lines hyar an' thar," he said negligently. "They lef' some tall striped poles planted in the ground, red an' sich colors, ter mark the way; an' them mounting folks over yander in the furderest coves, — they air powerful ahint the times, — they hed never hearn o' sech ez a survey, noway, an' the poles jes' 'peared ter them sprung up thar like Jonah's gourd in a single night, ez ef they kem from seed; an' the folks, they 'lowed 't war the sign o' a new war." He laughed lazily at the uninstructed terrors of the unsophisticated denizens of the "furderest coves." "They 'd gather around an' stare-gaze at the poles, an' wonder if they 'd hev ter fight the Rebs agin; them folks is mos'ly Union." Then his interest in the subject quickening, "Them survey fellers, they ondertook, too, ter medjure the tallness o' some o' the mountings fur the gover'mint. Now what good is that goin' ter do the Nunited States?" he said grudgingly. "The mountings kin be medjured by the eye, — look a-yander." He pointed with the end of his whip at a section of the horizon, visible between the fringed and low-swaying boughs of hemlock and fir as the trail swept closer to the verge of the range, on which was softly painted, as on ivory and with an enameled lustre, two or three great

azure domes, with here and there the high white clouds of a clear day nestling flake-like on the summits. "They air jes' goldarned high, an' that 's all. Do it make 'em seem enny taller ter say they air six thousand or seben thousand feet? Man ain't used ter medjurin' by the thousand feet. When he gits ter the ground he goes by the pole. I dunno how high nor how long a thousand feet air. The gover'mint jes' want ter spend a leetle money, I reckon. It 'pears toler'ble weak-kneed in its mind, wunst in a while. But ef it wants ter fool money away, it 's mighty well able ter afford sech. It hev got a power o' ways a-comin' at money, — we all know that, we all know that."

He said this with a gloomy inflection and a downward look that might have implied a liability for taxes beyond his willingness to pay. But, barring the assessment on a small holding of mountain land, Constant Hite contributed naught to his country's exchequer.

"It needs all it can get, now," replied the stranger casually, but doubtless from a sophisticated knowledge, as behooved a reader of the journals of the day, of the condition of the treasury.

He could not account for the quick glance of alarm and enmity which the mountaineer cast upon him. It roused in him a certain constraint which he had not experienced earlier in their chance association. It caused him to remember that this was a lonely way and a wild country. He was a stranger to the temper and sentiment of the people. He felt suddenly that sense of distance in mind and spirit which is the true isolation of the foreigner, and which even an identity of tongue and kindred cannot annul. Looking keenly into the mountaineer's half-averted, angry, excited face, he could not for his life discern how its expression might comport with the tenor of the casual conversation which had elicited it. He did not even dimly surmise that his allusion to the finances of the government could be construed as a justification of the whiskey tax, generally esteemed in the mountains a measure of tyrannous oppression; that from his supposititious advocacy of this impost he had laid himself liable to the suspicion of being himself of the revenue force, — his mission here to spy out moonshiners; that his companion's mind was even now dwelling anew, and with a rueful difference, on that masterly drawing of himself in the stranger's sketch-book, — possibly the possession of a deputy marshal.

"But what do that prove, though?" Hite thought, a certain hope springing up with the joy of the very recollection of the simulacrum of the brilliant rural coxcomb adorning the page. "Jes' that me is *Me*. All he kin say 'bout me air that hyar I be goin' home from huntin' ter kerry my game. *That* ain't agin the law, surely."

The marshal's gentry, he argued, too, never rode alone, as did this man, and spies and informers were generally of the vicinage. The stranger was specially well mounted, and as his puzzled cogitation over the significant silence that had supervened between them became so marked as to strike Hite's attention the mountaineer sought to nullify it by an allusion to the horse. "That feller puts down his feet like a kitten," he said admiringly. "I never seen nuthin' ez wears shoes so supple. Shows speed, I s'pose? Built fur it."

"Makes pretty fair time," responded the stranger without enthusiasm. The doubt, perplexity, and even suspicion which his companion's manner had evoked were not yet dissipated, and the allusion to the horse, and the glow of covetous admiration in Hite's face as his eyes dwelt upon the finely fashioned creature so deftly moving along, brought suddenly to his mind sundry exploits of a gang of horse-thieves about these coves and mountains, detailed in recent newspapers. These rumors had been esteemed by urban communities in general as merely sensational, and had attracted

scant attention. Now, with their recurrence to his recollection, their verisimilitude was urged upon him. The horse he rode was a valuable animal, and moreover, here, ten or twenty miles from a habitation, would prove a shrewd loss indeed. Nevertheless, it was impossible to shake off or evade his companion; the wilderness, with its jungle of dense rhododendron undergrowth on either side of the path, was impenetrable. There was no alternative practicable. He could only go on and hope for the best. A second glance at the mountaineer's honest face served in some sort as reassurance as to the probity of his character. Gradually a vivid interest in the environment, which had at once amazed and amused Constant Hite, began to be renewed. The stranger looked about to identify the growths of the forest with a keen, fresh enthusiasm, as if he were meeting old friends. Once, with a sudden flush and an intent eye, he flung the reins to the man whom he had half suspected of being a horse-thief ten minutes earlier, to hastily dismount and uproot a tiny wayside weed, which he breathlessly and triumphantly explained to the wondering mountaineer was a rare plant which he had never seen; he carefully bestowed it between the leaves of his sketch-book before he resumed the saddle, and Hite was moved to ask, "How d' ye know its durned comical name, ef ye never seen it afore? By Gosh! it 's got a name longer 'n its tap-root!"

The town man only laughed a trifle at this commentary upon the botanical Latin nomenclature, and once more he was leaning from his saddle, peering down the aisles of the forest with a smiling, expectant interest, as if they held for him some enchantment of which duller mortals have no ken. A brown geode, picked up in the channel of a summer-dried stream, showed an interior of sparkling quartz crystal, when a blow had shattered it, which Hite had never suspected, often as he had seen the rugged spherical stones lying along the banks. All the rocks had a thought for the stranger, close to his heart and quick on his tongue, and as Hite, half skeptical, half beguiled, listened, his doubt of the man as a "revenuer" began to fade.

"The revenuers ain't up ter no sech l'arnin' ez this," he said to himself, with a vicarious pride. "The man, though he never war in the mountings afore, knows ez much about 'em ez ef he hed bodaciously built 'em. Fairly smelt that thar cave over t'other side the ridge jes' now, I reckon; else how 'd he know 't war thar?"

A certain hollow reverberation beneath the horse's hoofs had caught his companion's quick ear. "Have you ever been in this cave hereabout?" he had asked, to Hite's delighted amazement at this brilliant feat of mental jugglery, as it seemed to him.

Even the ground, when the repetitious woods held no new revelation of tree or flower, or hazy, flickering insect dandering through the yellow sunshine and the olive-tinted shadow and rich glossy foliage, the very ground had a word for him.

"This formation along here," he said, leaning from his saddle to watch the path slipping along beneath his horse's hoofs, like the unwinding of a long ribbon, "is like that witch-face slope that we saw awhile ago. It seems to occur at long intervals in patches. You see down that declivity how little grows, how barren."

The break in the density of the woods served to show the mountains, blue and purple and bronze, against the horizon; an argosy of white clouds under full sail; the Cove, shadowy, slumberous, so deep down below; and the oak leaves above their heads, all dark and sharply dentated against the blue.

Hite had suddenly drawn in his horse. An eager light was in his eye, a new idea in his mind. He felt himself on the verge of imminent discovery.

"Now," he asked, lowering his voice mysteriously, and laying his hand on the bridle of the other's horse, — and so far had the allurements of science outstripped merely mundane considerations that the stranger's recent doubts and anxieties touching his horse were altogether forgotten, and he only held the poise of a responsive expectant interest and attention, — "air thar ennything in that thar 'formation,' ez ye calls it, ez could gin out fire?"

"No, certainly not," said the man of science, surprised, and marking the eager, insistent look in Hite's eyes. Both horses were at a standstill now. A jay-bird clanged out its wild woodsy cry from the dense shadows of a fern brake far in the woods on the right, and they heard the muffled trickling of water, falling on mossy stones hard by, from a spring so slight as to be only a silver thread. The trees far below waved in the wind, and a faint dryadic sibilant singing sounded a measure or so, and grew fainter in the lulling of the breeze, and sunk to silence.

"Ennyhow," persisted Hite, "won't sech yearth gin out light somehows, in some conditions sech ez ye talk 'bout?" he added vaguely.

"Spontaneously? Certainly not," the stranger replied, preserving his erect pose of inquiring and expectant attention.

"'T ain't in no wise a fire-breeder?" Hite asked, a depressed cadence in his voice, foreseeing the reply.

"By no means," said the stranger.

"Why, then the mounting 's 'witched sure enough, — that 's all," said Hite desperately. He cast off his hold on the stranger's horse, caught up his reins anew, and made ready to fare onward forthwith.

"Does fire ever show there?" demanded his companion wonderingly.

"It 's a plumb meracle, it 's a plumb mystery," declared Constant Hite, as they went abreast into the dense shadow of the closing woods. "I asked ye this 'kase ez ye 'peared ter sense so much in rocks, an' weeds, an' birds, an' sile, what ain't revealed ter the mortal eye in gineral, ye mought be able ter gin some nateral reason fur that thar sile up thar round the old witch-face ter be a fire-breeder or sech. But it 's beyond yer knowin' or the knowin' o' enny mortal, I reckon."

"How does the fire show?" persisted the man of science, with keen and attentive interest. "And who has seen it?"

"Stranger," said Hite, lowering his voice, "I hev viewed it, myself. But fust it war viewed by the Hanways, — them ez lives in that house on the spur what prongs out o' the range nigh opposite the slope o' the Witch-Face. One dark night, — thar war no moon, but thar warn't no storm, jes' a dull clouded black sky, ez late August weather will show whenst it be heavy an' sultry, — all of a suddenty, ez the Hanway fambly war settin' on the porch toler'ble late in the night, the air bein' close in the house, the darter, Narcissa by name, she calls out, 'Look! look! I see the witch-face!' An' they all start up an' stare over acrost the deep black gorge. An' thar, ez true ez life, war the witch-face glimmerin' in the midst o' the black night, an' a-grinnin' at 'em an' a-mockin' at 'em, an' lighted up ez ef by fire."

"And did no one discover the origin of the fire?" asked the stranger.

"Thar war no fire!" Constant Hite paused impressively. Then he went on impulsively, full of his subject: "Ben Hanway kem over ter the still-house arter me, an' tergether we went ter examinate. But the bresh is powerful thick, an' the way is long, an' though we seen a flicker wunst or twict ez we-uns pushed through the deep woods, 't war daybreak 'fore we got thar, an' nare sign nor smell o' fire in all the woods could we find; nare scorch nor singe on the ground, not even a burnt stick or chunk ter tell the tale; everythin' ez airish an' cool an' jewy an' sweet ter the scent ez a summer mornin' is apt ter be."

"How often has this phenomenon occurred?" said the stranger coolly, but with a deliberate, downcast, thoughtful eye and a pursed-up lip, as if he were less surprised than cogitating.

"Twict only, fur we hev kep' an eye on the old witch, Ben an' me. Ben wants a road opened out up hyar, stiddier jes' this herder's trail through the woods. Ben dunno how it mought strike folks ef they war ter know ez the witch-face hed been gin over ter sech cur'ous ways all of a suddenty. They mought take it fur a sign agin the road, sech ez b'lieves in the witch-face givin' bad luck." After a pause, "Then *I* viewed it wunst, — wunst in the dead o' the night. I war goin' home from the still, an' I happened ter look up, an' I seen the witch-face, — the light jes' dyin' out, jes' fadin' out. She did n't hev time ter make more 'n two or three faces at me, an' then she war gone in the night. It 's a turr'ble-lookin' thing at night, stranger. So ye can't tell what makes it, — the sile, or what?"

He turned himself quite sideways as he spoke, one hand on the carcass of the deer behind the saddle, the other on his horse's neck, the better to face his interlocutor and absorb his scientific speculations. And in that moment an odd idea occurred to him, — nay, a conviction. He perceived that his companion knew and understood the origin of the illumination; and more, — that he would not divulge it!

"The soil? Assuredly not the soil," the stranger said mechanically. He was looking down, absorbed in thought, secret, mysterious, yet not devoid of a certain inexplicable suggestion of triumph; for a subtle cloaked elation, not unlike a half-smile, was on his face, although its intent, persistent expression intimated the following out of a careful train of ideas.

"Then what is it?" demanded Hite arrogantly, as if he claimed the right to know.

"I really could n't undertake to say," the stranger responded, his definite manner so conclusive an embargo on further inquiries that Hite felt rising anew all his former doubts of the man, and his fears and suspicions as to the errand that had brought him hither.

Could it be possible, he argued within himself, that to the agency of "revenuers" was due that mysterious glow, more brilliant than any ordinary fire, steady, suffusive, continuous, rising in the dark wilderness, in the deep midnight, to reveal that ominous face overlooking all the countryside, with subtle flickers of laughter running athwart its wonted contortions, more weird and sinister in this ghastly glare than by day? And what significance might attend these strange machinations? Revolving the idea, he presently shook his head in conclusive negation as he rode along. The approach of raiders was silent and noiseless and secret. Whatever the mystery might portend, it was not thus that a deputy marshal and his posse advertised their presence, promoting the escape of the objects of their search, or inviting attack, and jeopardizing life and limb and liberty. Hite's open and candid mind could compass no adequate motive for concealment in all the ways of the world but the desire to evade the revenue law, or to practice the shifts and quirks necessary to the capture of the wary and elusive moonshiner. Nevertheless, it was impossible, on either of these obvious bases, to account for the fact of something withheld in the stranger's manner, some secret exultant knowledge of the phenomenon which baffled the mountaineer's speculation. Hite, all unaware that in his impulsive speech he had disclosed the fact of his hazardous occupation, began to feel that, considering his liability to the Federal law for making brush whiskey, he had somewhat transcended the limit of his wonted hardihood in so long bearing this stranger company along the tangled ways of the herder's trail through the wilder-

ness. "He *mought* be a deputy arter all, an' know all about me. The rest o' the raiders mought be a-waitin' an' a-layin' fur me at enny turn," he reflected. "Leastwise he knows a deal more 'n he 's a-goin' ter tell."

He drew up his horse as they neared an open bluff where the beetling rocks jutted out like a promontory above the sea of foliage below. They might judge of the long curvature of the conformation of the range just here, for on the opposite height was visible at intervals the road they had traveled, winding in and out among the trees, ascending the mountain in serpentine coils; they beheld the Cove beneath from a new angle, and further yet the barren cherty slope on which, despite the distance, the witch-face could still be discerned by eyes practiced in marking its lineaments, trained to trace the popular fantasy. The stranger caught sight of it at the same moment that Hite lifted his hand toward it.

"Thar it is!" Hite exclaimed, "fur all the Cove 's a shadder, an' fur all the wind 's a breath."

For clouds had dispersed about the sky, and much of the world was gray beneath, and the scene had dulled in tint and spirit since last they had had some large outlook upon it. Only on the slopes toward the east did the suffusive sunshine rest, and in the midst of a sterile, barren slant it flickered on that semblance of ill omen.

"An onlucky day, stranger," Hite said slowly.

The man of science had drawn in his restive horse, and had turned with a keen, freshened interest toward the witch-face. It was with a look of smiling expectancy that he encountered the aspect of snarling mockery, half visible or half imaginary, of that grim human similitude. The mountaineer's brilliant dark eyes dwelt upon him curiously. However, if he had forborne from prudential motives from earlier asking the stranger's name and vocation, lest more than a casual inquisitiveness be thereby implied, exciting suspicion, such queries were surely not in order at the moment of departure. For Hite had resolved on parting company. "An onlucky day," he reiterated, "an onlucky day. An' this be ez far ez we spen' it tergether. I turn off hyar."

So ever present with him was his spirituous conscience — it could hardly be called a bad conscience — that he half expected his companion to demur, and the marshal's men to spring up from their ambush in the laurel about them. But the stranger, still with a flavor of preoccupation in his manner, only expressed a polite regret to say farewell so early, and genially offered to shake hands. As with difficulty he forced his horse close to the mountaineer's saddle, Hite looked at the animal with a touch of disparagement. "That thar beastis hev got consider'ble o' the devil in him; he 'll trick ye some day; ye better look out. Waal, far'well, stranger, far'well."

The words had a regretful cadence. Whether because of the unwonted interest which the stranger had excited, or the reluctance to relinquish his curiosity, still ungratified, or the pain of parting to an impressionable nature, whose every emotion is acute, Hite hesitated when he had gone some twenty yards straight up the slope above, pushing his horse along a narrow path through the jungle of the laurel, and turned in his saddle to call out again, "Far'well!"

The stranger, still in the road where Hite had quitted him, waved his hand and smiled. The jungle closed about the mountaineer, once more pushing on, and still the smiling eyes dwelt on the spot where he had disappeared. "Farewell, my transparent friend," the stranger said, with a half-laugh. "I hope the day is not unlucky enough to put a deputy marshal on your track." And with one more glance at the witch-face, he gathered the reins in his hand and fared alone along

the narrow tangled ways of the herder's trail.

Now and again, as the day wore on, Constant Hite was seized with a sense of something wanting, and he presently recognized the deficit as the expectation of the ill fortune which should befall the time, and which still failed to materialize. So strong upon him was the persuasion of evil chances rife in the air to-day that he set himself as definitely to thwart and baffle them as if rationally cognizant of their pursuit. He would not return to his wonted vocation at the distillery, but carried his venison home, where his father, a very old man, with still the fervors of an æsthetic pride, pointed out with approbation the evidence of a fair shot in the wound at the base of the ear, and his mother, active, wiry, practical-minded, noted the abundance of fat. "He fed hisself well whilst he war about it," she commented, "an' now he 'll feed us well. What diff'unce do it make whether Con's rifle-ball hit whar he aimed ter do or no, so he fetched him down somewhar ?"

The afternoon passed peacefully away. It seemed strangely long. The sun, barring a veiled white glister in a clouded gray sky, betokening the solar focus, disappeared ; the wind fell ; the very cicadæ, so loud in the latter days of August, were dulled to long intervals of silence ; in the distance, a tree-toad called and called, with plaintive iteration, for rain. "Ye 'll git it, bubby," Con addressed the creature, as he stood in the cornfield — a great yellow stretch — pulling fodder, and binding the long pliant blades into bundles. The clouds thickened ; the heat grew oppressive ; the long rows of the corn were still, save the rustling of the blades as Hite tore them from the stalk. Even the sound of his mother's spinning-wheel, wont to briskly whir through the long afternoons, from the window of the little cabin on the rise, grew silent, and his father dozed beneath the gourd vines on the porch.

The sun went down at last, and the gray day imperceptibly merged into the gray dusk. Then came the lingering darkness, with a flicker of fireflies and broad wan flares of heat lightning. Con woke once in the night to hear the rain on the roof. The wind was blaring near at hand. In its large, free measures, like some deliberate adagio, there was naught of menace ; but when he slept again, and awoke to hear its voice anew, his heart was plunging with sudden fright. A human utterance was in its midst, — a human voice calling his name through the gusty night and the sibilant rush of the rain from the eaves. He listened for a moment at the roof-room window. He recognized with a certain relief the tones of the constable of the district. He opened the shutter.

A gray day was near to breaking. He saw the wan sky above the circumference of dense dark woods about the clearing. A brown dusk obscured the familiar landmarks, but beneath a gnarled old apple-tree by the gate several men were dimly suggested, and another, more distinct, by the wood-pile, was in the act of gathering a handful of chips to throw at the shutter again. He desisted as he marked the face at the window.

"Kem down," he said gruffly, clearing his throat in embarrassment. "Kem down, Constant. No use roustin' out the old folks."

"What do you want ?" asked Hite in a low voice, his heart seeming to stand still in suspense.

The constable hesitated. The cold rain dashed into Hite's face. The rail fences, in zigzag lines, were coming into view. A mist was floating white against the dark densities of the woods. He heard the water splashing from the eaves heavily into the gullies below, and then the constable once more raucously cleared his throat.

"Thar 's a man," he drawled, "a stranger hyarabouts, killed yestiddy in the bridle-path. The cor'ner hev kem,

an' he 'lows ye know suthin' 'bout'n it, Constant, — 'bout'n the killin' of him. I be sent ter fetch ye."

II.

A chimney, half of stone, half of clay and stick, stood starkly up in the gray rain and the swooping, shifting gray fog. It marked the site of the cabin burned long ago, and in such melancholy wise as it might it told of the home that had been. Now and again far-away lightning flashed on its fireless hearth; a vacant bird's-nest in a cranny duplicated the suggestions of desertion; the cold mist crept in and curled up out of the smokeless flue with a mockery of semblance. The fire that had wrought its devastating will in the black midnight in the deep wilderness, so far from rescue or succor, had swiftly burned out its quick fury, and was sated with the humble household belongings. The barn, rickety, weather-beaten, deserted, and vacant, still remained, — of the fashion common to the region, with a loft above, and an open wagonway between the two compartments below, — and it was here that the inquest was held. It was near the scene of the tragedy, and occasionally a man would detach himself from the slow, dawdling, depressed-looking group of mountaineers who loitered about the open space beneath the loft, and traverse the scant distance down the bridle-path to gaze at the spot where the stranger's body had lain, whence it had been conveyed to the nearest shelter at hand, the old barn, where the coroner's jury were even now engaged in their deliberations. Sometimes, another, versed in all the current rumors, would follow to point out to the new-comer the details, show how the rain had washed the blood away, and fearfully mark the tokens of frantic clutches at the trees as the man had been torn from his horse. The animal had vanished utterly; even the prints of his hoofs were soon obliterated by the torrents and the ever-widening puddles. And thus had arisen the suspicion of ambush and foul play, and the implication of the mysterious gang of horse-thieves, whose rumored exploits seemed hardly so fabulous with the disappearance of the animal and the violent death of the rider in evidence. The locality offered no other suggestion, and it was but a brief interval before the way would be retraced by the awe-stricken observer, noting with a deep interest impossible hitherto all the environment: the stark chimney of the vanished house, monumental in the weed-grown waste; the dripping forest; the roof of the barn, sleek and shining, and with rain pouring down the slant of its clapboards and splashing from its eaves; the groups of horses hitched to the scraggy apple-trees of the deserted homestead; and here and there the white canvas cover of an ox-wagon, with its yoke of steers standing with low-hung heads in the downpour. The pallid circling mists enveloped the world, and limited the outlook to a periphery of scant fifty paces; now becoming tenuous, as if to suggest the dark looming of the mountain across the narrow valley, and the precipice close at hand behind the building, and once more intervening, white and dense of texture, forming a background which imparted a singular distinctness to the figures grouped in the open space of the barn beneath the shadowy loft.

The greater number of the gathering had been summoned hither by a sheer curiosity as coercive as a subpœna, but sundry of the group were witnesses, reluctant, anxious, with a vague terror of the law, and an ignorant sense of an impending implication that set craft and veracity at defiance. They held their heads down ponderingly, as they stood; perhaps rehearsing mentally the details of their meagre knowledge of the event, or perhaps canvassing the aspect of certain points which might impute to them

blame or arouse suspicion, and endeavoring to compass shifty evasions, to transform or suppress them in their forthcoming testimony. At random, one might have differentiated the witnesses from the mass of the ordinary mountaineer type by the absorbed eye, or the meditative moving lip unconsciously forming unspoken words, or the fallen dismayed jaw as of the victim of circumstantial evidence. It was a strange chance, the death that had met this casual wayfarer at their very doors, and one might not know how the coroner would interpret it. His power to commit a suspect added to his terrors, and gave to the capable, astute official a mundane formidableness that overtopped the charnel-house flavor of his more habitual duties. He was visible through the unchinked logs of the little room where the inquest was in progress, barely spacious enough to contain the bier, the jury, and the witness under examination; and yet so great was the sound of the rain outside and the stir of the assemblage that little or naught was overheard without.

Now and again the waiting witnesses looked with doubt and curiosity and suspicion at a new-comer, with an obvious disposition to hope and believe that others knew more of the matter than they, and thus were more liable to accusation. Occasionally, a low-toned, husky query would be met by a curt rejoinder suggesting a cautious reticence and a rising enmity, blockading all investigation save the obligatory inquisition of a coroner's jury. An object of ever-recurrent scrutiny was a stranger in the vicinity, who had been subpœnaed also. The facial effect of culture and sophistication was illustrated in his inexpressive, controlled, masklike countenance. He was generally known as the "valley man with the lung complaint," who had built a cabin on the mountain during the summer, banished hither by the advice of his physician for the value to the lungs of the soft, healing air. He wore a brown derby hat, a fawn-colored suit, and a brown overcoat with the collar upturned. He was blond and young, and so impassive was his sober, decorous aspect that the aptest detective could have discerned naught of significance as he stood, quite silent and composed, in the centre of the place where it was dry, exempt from the gusts of rain that the wind now and again flung in spray upon the outermost members of the group, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, the other toying with a cigar which so far he held unlighted. Of the two women present, one, seated upon the beam of a broken plough, refuse of the agricultural industry long ago collapsed here, was calmly smoking her pipe, — a wrinkled, unimpressed personality, who had seen many years, and whose manner might imply that all these chances of life and death came in the gross, and that existence was a medley at best. The other, a witness, was young. More than once the "valley man" cast a covert glance at her as she leaned against the brown log wall, her face, which was very pale, half turned toward it, as if to hide the features already obscured by the white sunbonnet drawn far over it. One arm was lifted, and her hand was passed between the unchinked logs in a convulsive grasp upon them. Her figure was tall and slender, and expressive in its rigid constraint; it was an attitude of despair, of repulsion, of fear. It might have implied grief, or remorse, or anxiety. More than once the eyes of the prescient victims of circumstantial evidence rested dubiously upon her. To the great majority of men, the presence of women in affairs of business is an intrusive evil of times out of joint. Now, since matters of life and liberty were in the balance, the primitive denizens of Witch-Face Mountain felt that the admission of Narcissa Hanway's testimony to consideration and credibility evinced an essential defect in the law of the land, and the fallibility of all human reasoning. What impression might not so appalling

an event make upon one so young, so feminine, so inexperienced! What exaggerated wild thing might she not say, unintentionally inculpating half Witch-Face Mountain in robbery and murder!

Constant Hite, as he bluffly entered the passageway, his head up, his eyes wide and bright, his vigorous step elastic and light, gave no token of the spiritual war he had waged as he came. Already he felt in great jeopardy. On account of his illicit vocation he could ill abide the scrutiny of the law. With scant proof, he argued, a moonshiner might be suspected of highway robbery and murder. As he had journeyed hither with the constable and his fellows, who conserved the air of disinterested spectators, but who he knew had been summoned as a posse in case he should evade or delay, when he would have been forthwith arrested, he had been sorely tempted to deny having ever seen the stranger, in whose company he had spent an hour or so of the previous day. He had been able to put the lie from him with a normal moral impulse. He did not appreciate the turpitude of perjury. He esteemed it only a natural lie invested with pomp and circumstance; and the New Testament on which he should be sworn meant no more to his unlettered conscience than the hornbook, since he knew as little of its contents. But a lie is a skulking thing, and he had scant affinities with it.

He thought, with a sort of numb wonderment, that it was strange he should feel no more compassion for the object stretched out here, dumb, lifeless, bruised, and bloody, which so short a space since he had seen full of life and interest, animated by a genial courtesy and graced with learning and subtle insight; now so unknowing, so unlettered, so blind! Whither went this ethereal investment of life? — for it was not mere being; one might exist hardily enough without it. Did the darkness close over it, too, or was it not the germ of the soul, the budding of that wider knowledge and finer aspiration to flower hereafter in rarer air? He did not know; he only vaguely cared, and he reproached himself dully that he cared no more. For he — his life was threatened! With the renewal of the thought he experienced a certain animosity toward the man that he should not have known enough to take better care of himself. Why must he needs die here, in this horrible unexplained way, and leave other men, chance associates, to risk stretching hemp for murder? He felt his strong life beating in his throat almost to suffocation at the mere suggestion. Again the lie tempted him, to be again withstood; and as he strode into the room upon the calling of his name, he saw how futile, how flimsy, was every device, for, fluttering in the coroner's hand, he recognized the sketch of the "Witch-Face" which the dead man had made, and the masterly drawing of his own imposing figure in the foreground. He had forgotten it utterly for the time being. In the surprise and confusion that had beset him, it had not occurred to him to speculate how he had chanced to be subpœnaed, how the idea could have occurred to the coroner that he knew aught of the stranger. As he stood against the batten door, the pale light from the interstices of the unchinked logs, all the grayer because it alternated with the sombre timbers, falling upon his face and figure, his hat upturned in front, revealing his brow with a forelock of straight black hair, his brilliant dark eyes, his distinctly cut definite features, the sketch-book was swiftly passed from one to another of the jury, reluctantly relinquished here and there, and more than once eliciting half-smothered exclamations of delighted wonder from the unsophisticated mountaineers, as they glanced back and forth from the figure leaning against the door to the counterfeit presentment on the paper.

Constant Hite experienced a glow of

vicarious pride as he remembered the satisfaction that the artist had taken in the sketch, and he wished that that still thing on the bier could know how his work, most wonderful it seemed, was appreciated. And then, with a swift revulsion of feeling, he realized that it was this which had entrapped him; this bit of paper had brought him into fear and trouble and risk of his life. The man might be of the revenue force. He might have encountered other moonshiners, and thus have come to his violent death. If this were his vocation, it brought Hite into dark suspicion by virtue of the fact, known to sundry of the vicinage, that he himself was a distiller of brush whiskey. No one else had seen the stranger till the finding of the body. He gathered this from the trend of the inquiry after the formal preliminary queries. The seven men, as they sat together on a bench made by passing a plank between the logs of the wall diagonally across the corner of the room, chewed meditatively their quids of tobacco, and now and then spat profusely on the ground, their faces growing more perplexed and graver as the examination progressed.

When Hite disclosed the circumstance that the previous day he had encountered a "stranger man" near the "Witch-Face," there was a palpable sensation among them. They glanced at one another meaningly, and a sudden irritation was perceptible in the coroner's manner as he sat in a rickety chair near the improvised bier. He was a citizen of the valley region, a trifle more sophisticated than the jury, and disposed to seriously deprecate the introduction of any morbid or superstitious element into so grave a matter. He had a bald head, a lean face, the bones very clearly defined about the temple and cheek and jaw, a scant grizzled beard; and he was dressed, somewhat farmer fashion, in blue jeans, with his boots drawn high over his trousers, but with a stiffly starched white shirt, — the collar and cravat in evidence, the cuffs, however, vanished up the big sleeves of his coat.

"The exact place of the meeting is not material," he said frowningly.

But Hite's mercurial interest in the drawing had revived anew.

"Thar she be," he exclaimed, so suddenly that the jury started with a common impulse, "the ole witch-face,"— he pointed at the sketch in the coroner's hand, — "a mite ter the east an' a leetle south in the pictur', ez nat'ral ez life!"

One of the jurymen asked to see the sketch again. Evidently, in the hasty delineation of the contours of the slope they had not noticed the gigantic grimacing countenance which they all knew so well; the picturesque figure of the mountaineer in the foreground had so impressed the stranger that it was much more nearly complete than the landscape, being definite in every detail and fully shaded. The book was handed along the row of men, each recognizing the semblance, once pointed out, with a touch of dismayed surprise that alarmed the coroner for the sanity of the verdict; his rational estimate rated spells and bewitchments and omens as far less plausible agencies in disaster than horse-thieves, highwaymen, and moonshiners.

"Look at the face of the deceased," he said, with a sort of spare enunciation, coercive somehow in its inexpressiveness. "Ye are sure ye never viewed that man afore yestiddy?"

"I hev said so an' swore it," said Hite, a trifle nettled.

"Ye rode in comp'ny a hour or mo' an' never asked his name?"

"I never axed him no questions, nor he me," replied Hite, "'ceptin' 'bout'n the witch-face. He war powerful streck by that. An' I tole him 't war a onlucky day."

The jury, a dreary row of unkempt heads, and bearded, anxious faces, and crouching shoulders askew, cleared their throats, and two uncrossed and recrossed

their legs, the plank seat creaking ominously with the motion under their combined weight. A shade of disappointment was settling on the coroner's face. This was scant information indeed from the only person who had seen the man alive. There was silence for a moment. The splashing of the rain on the roof became drearily audible in the interval. The stir of the group in the space outside was asserted anew, and their low-toned fitful converse; a black-and-white ox in the weed-grown garden emitted a deep, depressed low of remonstrance against the rain, and the irking of the yoke, and the herbage just beyond his reach. The jurymen might see him through the logs, and now and again one of them mechanically ducked his head to look out upon the dismal aspect of the chimney and orchard, round which so many horses and wagons had not gathered since the daughter of the house was long ago married here. There was a sprinkle of gray in his hair, and he remembered the jollities of the wedding, — incongruous recollection, — and once more he looked at the stark figure, its face covered with a white cloth, which had been done in a sort of sentiment of atonement for the unseemly publicity of its fate.

In sparsely settled communities, death, being rare, retains much of the terror which custom lessens in the dense crowds of cities. There death is met at every corner. It goes on 'Change. It sits upon the bench. It is chronicled in the columns of every newspaper. Daily its bells toll. Its melancholy pageantry traverses the streets of wealthy quarters, and it stalks abroad hourly in the slums, and few there are who gaze after it. But here it comes so seldom that its dread features are not made smug by familiarity. Hite in all his life had not been so long or so close to it. And when he was told to look again at the face and see if memory might not have played him false, to make sure he had never seen the man before, he hesitated, and advanced with such reluctance, and started back, dropping the cloth, with such swift repulsion, that the coroner, habituated to such matters, looked at him with a doubtful scrutiny.

"Oh, he looked nowise like that," he exclaimed in a raised, nervous voice that caught the attention of the crowd outside, and resulted in a sudden cessation of stir and colloquy, "though it 's him, sure enough! And," with a burst of regret, "he war a mighty pleasant man!"

The coroner, intentionally taking him at a disadvantage, asked abruptly, "What do you work at mostly?"

Hite turned shortly from the bier. "I farms some," he hesitated; "dad bein' mos'ly out o' the field, nowadays, agin' so constant."

"What do you work at mostly?" reiterated the official.

Hite divined his suspicion. Some flying rumor had doubtless come to his ears, how credible, how unimpugnable, Hite could not tell. Nevertheless, his loyalty to that secret vocation of his had become a part of his nature, so continuous were its demands upon his courage, his strategy, his foresight, his industry. It was paramount with his instinct of self-defense. He held his head down, with his excited dark eyes looking up from under his brows at the coroner. But he would not speak. He would admit naught of what was evidently known.

"Warn't ye afeard he might be a revenuer?" suggested the officer.

"I never war afeard, so ter say, o' one man at a time," Hite ventured.

"Did n't ye think he might take a notion that you were a moonshiner?"

"He never showed no suspicion o' me, noways," replied Hite warily. "We rid tergether free an' favored. He 'peared a powerful book-l'arned man, — like no revenuer ever I see."

"Where did you part company?"

Hite sought to identify the spot by

description; and then he was allowed to pass out, his spirits flagging with the ordeal, and with the knowledge that his connection with the manufacture of brush whiskey was suspected by the coroner's jury, suggesting an adequate motive on his part for waylaying a stranger supposed to be of the revenue force. He felt the dash of the rain in his face as he stood aside to make way for the "valley man with the lung complaint," who was passing into the restricted apartment; and despite his whirl of anxiety and excitement and regret and resentment, he noted with a touch of surprise the cool unconcern of the man's face and manner, albeit duly grave and adjusted to the decorums of the melancholy occasion.

He was sworn, and gave his name as Alan Selwyn. The jury listened with interest to his fluent account of his occupation in the valley, which had been mercantile, of his temporary residence here for a bronchial affection; and when he was asked to identify the man who had so mysteriously come to his death, they marked his quick, easy stride as he crossed the room, with his hat in his hand, and his unmoved countenance as he looked fixedly down into the face of the dead. He remained a longer interval than usual, as if to make sure. Then, still quite businesslike and brisk, he stated that he could not identify him, having certainly never seen him before.

"The only papers which he had on him," said the coroner, watching the effect of his words, "were two letters addressed to you."

The young man started in palpable surprise. As he looked at the exterior of the letters, which were stamped and postmarked, he observed that they must have been taken out of the post-office at Sandford Cross-Roads, to expedite their delivery; the postmaster doubtless consenting to this request on the part of so reputable-looking a person or a possible acquaintance.

"Were you expecting a visitor?" asked the coroner.

"Not at all," responded the puzzled witness.

He was requested to open the letters, read and show them. But he waived this courtesy, asking the coroner to open and read them to the jury. They were of no moment, both on matters of casual business, and Mr. Alan Selwyn was dismissed; the coroner blandly regretting that, in view of his malady, he had been required to come out in so chilly a rain.

Notwithstanding his composure he was in some hurry to be gone. He went quickly through the crowd, drawing down his hat over his brow, and deftly buttoning his overcoat across his chest and throat. He had reached his horse, and had placed one foot in the stirrup, when, chancing to glance back over his shoulder, he saw Narcissa Hanway's white, flowerlike face, her bonnet pushed far back on her tawny yellow hair, both arms outstretched in a gesture of negation and repulsion toward the apartment where the jury sat, while a dark-haired, slow man urged her forward, one hand on her shoulder, and the old mountain woman followed with insistence and encouragement. He hesitated for a moment; then putting spurs to his horse, he rode off swiftly through the slanting lines of rain.

III.

A sense of helplessness in the hands of fate is in some sort conducive to courage. Doubtless many an act of valor which has won the world's applause was precipitated in a degree by desperation and the lack of an alternative. The appearance of stolidity with which the cluster of witnesses — those whose testimony was yet to be given as well as those who had told the little they knew — noted the uncontrolled agitation,

the wild eyes, the hysteric sobs, with which Narcissa Hanway was ushered into the contracted apartment where the inquest was in progress, had no correlative calmness of mind or heart. What haphazard accusation might not result from her fear, or her desire to shield another, or the mere undisciplined horror of the place and the fact! When one dreads the sheer possibilities, the extremes of terror are reached. More than one of the bearded, unkempt, hardy mountaineers, trudging back and forth in the sheltered space beneath the loft, steadily chewing their quids of tobacco and eying the rain, would have fled incontinently, had there been any place to run to out of reach of the constable, who was particularly brisk to-day, participating in exercises of so unusual an interest. The girl's brother, standing beside the door after she had passed within, was unconscious of a certain keen covert scrutiny of which he was the subject. He had a square determined face, dark hair, slow gray eyes, and a tall powerful frame; he held his head downward, his hand on the door, his even teeth set in the intensity of his effort to distinguish the voices within. There had been some secret speculation as to whether the man were altogether unknown to the brother and sister, such deep feeling the girl had evinced, such coercion the brother had exerted to induce her to give her testimony. Still, the girl was a mere slip of a thing, unused to horrors; and as to recalcitrant witnesses, they all knew the jail had a welcome for the silent until such time as they might find their voice. Nevertheless, though his urgency had been in the stead of the constable's stronger measures, they eyed him askance as he stood and sought to listen, with his hand on the door. The old woman turned around, her hands falling to her sides with a sort of flounce of triumph, her eyes twinkling beneath the shining spectacles set upon her brow among the limp ruffles of her thrust-back sunbonnet, a laugh of satisfaction widening her wrinkled face. "Thar now!" she chuckled, "Nar'sa jes' set it down she *would n't* testify, an' crossed her heart an' hoped she 'd fall dead fust. But, Ben, we beat her that time!" and she chuckled anew.

The man answered not a word, and listened to the tumult within.

It is seldom, doubtless, that the patience of a coroner's jury is subjected to so strong a strain. But the information which had so far been elicited was hardly more than the bare circumstance which the body presented, — a man had ridden here, a stranger, and he was dead. If the girl knew more than this, it would necessitate some care in the examination to secure the facts. She was young, singularly willful and irresponsible, and evidently overcome by grief, or fear, or simply horror. When she was asked to look at the face of the stranger, she only caught a glimpse of it, as if by accident, and turned away, pulling her white bonnet down over her face, and declaring that she would not. "I hev viewed him wunst, an' I won't look at him agin," she protested, with a burst of sobs.

"Now set down in this cheer, daughter, an' tell us what ye know about it all, — easy an' quiet," said the coroner in a soothing, paternal strain.

"Oh, nuthin', nuthin'!" exclaimed the girl, throwing herself into the chair in the attitude of an abandonment of grief.

"Air ye cryin' 'kase ye war 'quainted with him ennywise?" demanded one of the jurymen, with a quickening interest. He was a neighbor; that is, counting as propinquity a distance of ten miles.

The girl lifted her head suddenly. "I never seen him till yestiddy," she protested steadily. "I be a heap apter ter weep 'kase my 'quaintances *ain't* dead!" She gave him a composed, sarcastic smile, then fell to laughing and crying together.

To the others the discomfiture of their *confrère* was the first touch of comedy relief to the tragic situation. They cast at one another a glance of appreciation

trenching on a smile, and the abashed questioner drew out a plug of tobacco, and with a manner of preoccupation gnawed a bit from it; then replaced it in his pocket, with a physical contortion which caused the plank on which the jury were seated to creak ominously, to the manifest anxiety of the worthies ranged thereon.

"How did you happen to see the man?" he asked, as if he had perceived no significance in her previous answer.

"'Kase I did n't happen ter be blind," her half-muffled voice replied. Her arm was thrown over the back of the chair, and her face was hidden on her elbow.

The coroner interposed quickly: "Where were you goin', an' what did you see?"

She sobbed aloud for a moment. There ensued an interval of silence. Then the interest of the subject seemed to lay hold upon her, and she began to speak very rapidly, lifting her white tear-stained face, and pushing her bonnet back on her rough curling auburn hair: —

"I war a-blackberryin', thar bein' only a few lef' yit, an' I went fur an' furder yit from home; an' ez I kem out'n the woods over yon," half rising, and pointing with a free gesture, "I viewed — or yit I *'lowed* I viewed — the witch-face through a bunch o' honey locust, the leaves bein' drapped a'ready, they bein' always the fust o' the year ter git bare. An' stiddier leavin' it be, I sot my bucket o' berries at the foot o' a tree, an' started down the slope todes the bluff, ter make sure an' view it clar o' the trees." The girl paused, her eyes widening, her voice faltering, her breath coming fast. "An' goin' swift, some hawgs, stray, half grown, 'bout twenty shoats feedin' in the woods — my rustlin' in the bushes skeered 'em, I reckon — they sot out to run, possessed by the devil, like them the Scriptur' tells about." She paused again, panting, her hand to her heart.

The disaffected juryman turned to one side, recrossing his legs, and spitting disparagingly on the ground. "She can't swear them hawgs war possessed by the devil," he said in a low tone to his next neighbor.

"Oh, why not," exclaimed the girl, "when we know so many men air possessed by the devil, — why not them shoats, bein' jes' without clothes, an' without the gift o' speech to mark the diff'unce!"

She paused again, and the coroner, standing a trifle back of her chair, shook his head at the obstructive juryman, and asked her in a commonplace voice what the hogs had to do with it.

"That 's what I want ter know!" she cried, half turning in her chair to look up at him. "I started 'em, an' *I* be at the bottom o' it all, ef it 's like I think, — *me*, yearnin' ter look at the old witch-face! The hawgs run through the woods like fire on dry grass, an' I be 'feard they skeered the stranger man's horse — he had none whenst I seen him, though. I hearn loud talkin', or hollerin', a corn-siderable piece off, an' then gallopin' hoofs" —

"More horses than one, do you think?" demanded the coroner.

"Oh, how kin I swear to that? I seen none. Fur when I got thar, this man war lyin' in the herder's trail, bruised and bloody — oh, like ye see — an' his eyes opened; an' he gin a sort o' gasp whenst I tuk his han' — an' he war dead. An' I skeered the hawgs, an' they skeered his horse, an' he killed him; an' I be 'sponsible fur it all, an' I wisht ye 'd hang me fur it quick, an' be done with it!"

She burst into sobs once more, and hid her face on her arm on the back of the chair. Then, suddenly lifting her head, she resumed: "I jes' called and called Ben, an' bein' he hain't never fur off, he hearn me, an' kem. An' then he rid fur the neighbors, an' kem down the valley arter you-uns," with a side glance at the coroner. "An' he lef' me a shootin'-iron, in case of a fox, or a wolf, or suthin' kem along. 'Bout sunset the neighbors kem. An' till then I sot thar keep-

in' watch, an' a-viewin' the witch-face 'crost the Cove, plumb till the sun went down."

She bowed her head again on her arm, and a momentary silence ensued. Then the coroner, clearing his throat, said reassuringly, "Thar ain't nuthin' in the witch-face, nohow. It 's jes' a notion. Man and boy, I hev knowed that hillside fur forty year, an' I never could see no witch-face; it 's been p'inted out ter me a thousand times."

She looked at him in dumb amazement for a moment; then broke out, "Waal, what would ye think ef ye hed seen, like me, the witch-face shining in the darkest night, nigh on ter midnight, like the ole hussy had lighted her a candle somewhars, — jes' shinin', an' grinnin', an' mockin', plain ez daybreak? That 's what *I* hev viewed — an' I 'low ter view it agin — oh, I do, I do!"

He looked at her hard, but he did not say what he thought, and the faces of the jurymen, which had implied a strong negation upon his declaration of skepticism touching the existence of the ominous facial outline on the hillside, underwent a sudden change of expression. She was hardly responsible, they considered, and her last incredible assertion had gone far to nullify the effect of her previous testimony. She was either overcome by the nervous shock, or had told less than she knew and was still concealing somewhat, or was so credulous and plastic and fanciful as to be hardly worthy of belief. She was dismissed earlier than she had dared to hope; and with this deterioration of the testimony of the witness who was nearest the time and place of the disaster, the jury presently went to work to evolve out of so slender a thread of fact and so knotty a tangle of possibility their verdict.

For a long time, it seemed to the curious without, and to the agitated, nervous witnesses peering through the unchinked logs of the wall, they sat on their comfortless perch, half crouching forward, and meditated, and chewed, and discussed the testimony. There were long intervals of silence, and in one of these Con Hite was disturbed to see the sketch of the "witch-face" once more passed from hand to hand. They grew to have a harried, baited look; and after a time, the rain having slackened, they came out in a body, and walked to and fro quite silently in the clearing, chewing their quids and their knotty problem, with apparently as much chance of getting to the completion of the one as of the other. They were evidently refreshed, however, by the change of posture and scene, for they had resumed the subject and were arguing anew as they paused upon the bluff, their gestures wonderfully distinct, drawn upon the sea of mist that filled the valley below and the air above. It showed naught of the earth, save here and there a headland, as it were, thrusting out its dark, narrow, attenuated demesne into the impalpable main. Further and further one might mark this semblance of a coast-line as the vapor grew more tenuous, till far away the series of shadowy gray promontories alternating with the colorless inlets was as vague of essence as the land of a dream. Near at hand, a cucumber-tree, with its great broad green leaves and its deep red cones, leaning over the rocks, and spanning this illusive gray landscape from the zenith to the immediate foreground, gave the only touch of color to the scenic simulacrum in many a gradation of neutral tone. The jurymen hovered about under it for a time, and then came back, still harassed and anxious, to their den, with perhaps some new question of doubt. For those without could perceive that once more they were crowding about the bier and talking together in knots. Again they called in the country physician who had testified earlier, an elderly personage, singularly long and thin and angular, but who had a keen, intent, clever face and the accent of an educated man. He seemed

to reiterate some information in a clear, concise manner, and when he came out it was evident that he considered his utility here at an end, for he made straight for his horse and saddle.

A sudden sensation supervened among the outsiders, — a flutter, and then a breathless suspense; for within the inclosure, barred with the heavy shadows of the logs of the walls alternating with white misty intervals, could be seen the figures of the seven, successively stooping at the foot of the bier to sign each his name to the inquisition at last drawn up.

One by one they came slowly out, looking quite exhausted from their long restraint, and unwonted mental exercitations, and the nervous strain. Then it was developed, to the astonishment and disappointment of the little crowd, tingling with excitement and anxiety, that this document simply set forth the fact that at an inquisition holden on Witch-Face Mountain, Kildeer County, before Jeremiah Flaxman, coroner, upon the body of a white man, there lying dead, the jurors whose names were subscribed thereto, upon their oaths, did say that he came to his death from concussion of the brain consequent upon being thrown or dragged from his horse by means or by persons to the jury unknown.

There was a palpable dismay on Constant Hite's expressive face. He had hoped that the verdict might be death by accident. Others had expected the implication of horse-thieves, of whose existence the jury, being of the vicinage, were well advised, and the disappearance of the man's horse might well suggest this explanation. The coroner would return this inquisition to the criminal court together with a list of the material witnesses. Thus the matter was left as undecided as before the inquest, the jeopardy, the terrors of circumstantial evidence, all still impending, dark with doom, like the black cloud which visibly overshadowed the landscape.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

JOHN SMITH IN VIRGINIA.

The life of Captain John Smith reads like a chapter from The Cloister and the Hearth. It abounds in incidents such as we call improbable in novels, although precedents enough for every one of them may be found in real life. The accumulation of romantic adventures in the career of a single individual may sometimes lend an air of exaggeration to the story; yet in the genius for getting into scrapes and coming out of them sound and whole, the differences between people are quite as great as the differences in stature and complexion. John Smith had a genius for adventures, and he lived at a time when one would often meet with things such as nowadays seldom happen in civilized countries. In these days of Pullman cars and organized police, we are liable to forget the kind of perils that used to dog men's footsteps through the world. The romance of human life has not all disappeared, but it has changed its character since the Elizabethan age, and consists of different kinds of incidents, so that the present generation has witnessed a tendency to disbelieve the stories of the older time. In the case of John Smith, for whose early life we have only his autobiography to go by, much incredulity has been expressed. To set him down as an arrant braggadocio would seem to some critics essential to their reputation for sound sense. Such a judgment, however, may simply show that the critic has

failed to realize all the conditions of the case. Queer things could happen in the Tudor times. Lord Campbell tells us that Chief Justice Popham, when he was a law student in the Middle Temple, used, after nightfall, to go out with his pistols and take purses on Hounslow Heath, partly to show that he was a young man of spirit, partly to recruit his meagre finances, impaired by riotous living![1] The age in which such things were done was that in which Smith grew to manhood.

He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. The death of his parents, when he was thirteen years old, left him a comfortable fortune, for which his guardians, he says, had more regard than for him. A thirst for adventure led him, at the age of sixteen, to France, where he served as a soldier for a while; afterward he spent three years in the Netherlands fighting against the Spaniards. In the year 1600 he returned to Willoughby, "where within a short time, being glutted with too much company wherein he took small delight, he retired himself into a little woody pasture a good way from any town, environed with many hundred acres of woods. Here by a fair brook he built a pavilion of boughs, where only in his clothes he lay. His study was Machiavelli's Art of War and Marcus Aurelius; his exercise a good horse, with lance and ring; his food was thought to be more of venison than anything else." However, he adds, these hermit-like pleasures could not content him long. "He was desirous to see more of the world, and try his fortune against the Turks; both lamenting and repenting to have seen so many Christians slaughtering one another." In passing through France he was robbed of all he had about him, but his life was saved by a peasant, who found him lying in the forest, half dead with hunger and grief, and nearly frozen. He made his way to Marseilles, and embarked with a company of pilgrims for the Levant; but a violent storm arose, which they said was all because of their having this heretic on board, and so, like Jonah, the young adventurer was thrown into the sea. But he was a good swimmer, and "God brought him," he says, to a little island, with no inhabitants but a few kine and goats. Next morning he was picked up by a Breton vessel, which carried him as far as Egypt and Cyprus. The commanding officer, Captain La Roche, knew some of Smith's friends in France, and treated him with great kindness and consideration. On the return voyage, at the entrance of the Adriatic Sea, a Venetian argosy fired upon them, and a hot fight ensued, until the Venetian struck her colors. The Bretons robbed her of an immense treasure in silks and velvets and Turkish gold and silver coin, as much as they could carry without overloading their own ship, and then let her go on her way. When the spoil was divided, Smith was allowed to share with the rest, and thus received £225 in coin, besides a box of stuff worth nearly as much more. After Captain La Roche, of whom he speaks with warm affection, had set him ashore in Piedmont, he made a comfortable journey through Italy as far as Naples, and seems to have learned much and enjoyed himself in "sight seeing," quite like a modern traveler. At Rome he saw Pope Clement VIII. with several cardinals creeping on hands and knees up the Holy Staircase. He called on Father Parsons, the famous English Jesuit; he "satisfied himself with the rareties of Rome;" he visited, in like manner, Florence and Bologna, and gradually made his way to Venice, and so on to Gratz, in Styria, where he entered the service of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and was presently put in command of a company of two hundred and fifty cavalry, with the rank of captain. On one occasion he made himself useful by devising a system

[1] Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices, i. 210.

of signals, and on another occasion by inventing a kind of rude missiles which he called "fiery dragons," and which sorely annoyed the Turks by setting fire to their camp.

During the years 1601 and 1602 Smith saw much rough service. The troop to which his company belonged passed under the command of Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania; and now comes the most noteworthy incident in Smith's narrative. The Transylvanians were besieging Regal, one of their towns which the Turks had occupied, and the siege made but little progress, so that the barbarians, from the top of the wall, hurled down sarcasms upon their assailants, and complained of growing fat for lack of exercise. One day a Turkish captain sent a challenge, declaring that "in order to delight the ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, he did defy any captain that had the command of a company, who durst combat with him for his head." The challenge was accepted by the Christian army; it was decided to select the champion by lot, and the lot fell upon Smith. A truce was proclaimed for the single combat. The besieging army was drawn up in battle array; the town walls were crowded with fair dames and turbaned warriors. The combatants, on their horses, politely exchanged salutes, and then rushed at each other with leveled lances. At the first thrust Smith killed the Turk, and, dismounting, unfastened his helmet, cut off his head, and carried it to the commanding general, who accepted it graciously. The Turks were so chagrined that one of their captains sent a personal challenge to Smith, and next day the scene was repeated. This time both lances were shivered, and recourse was had to pistols; the Turk received a ball which threw him to the ground, and then Smith beheaded him. Some time afterward our victorious champion sent a message into the town, "that the ladies might know he was not so much enamored of their servants' heads, but if any Turk of their rank would come to the place of combat to redeem them, he should have his also upon the like conditions, if he could win it." The defiance was accepted. The Turk, having the choice of weapons, chose battle-axes, and pressed Smith so hard that his axe flew from his hand, whereat loud cheers arose from the ramparts; but with a quick movement of his horse he dodged his enemy's next blow, and, drawing his sword, gave him a fearful thrust in the side, which settled the affair; in another moment Smith had his head. At a later time, after Prince Sigismund had heard of these exploits, he granted to Smith a coat-of-arms with three Turks' heads in a shield.

If there is anywhere an instance of boastful falsehood in Smith's narrative, surely we seem to have it here. The incidents, of course, are by no means impossible, but the story has very much the look of an old soldier's yarn, and the reader might well be excused for passing over it as questionable, were it not for one fact. At the Heralds' College in London, in the official register of grants of arms, we find the record of the coat-of-arms granted December 9, 1603, by Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, "to John Smith, captain of two hundred and fifty soldiers, etc., . . . in memory of three Turks' heads which with his sword before the town of Regal he did overcome, kill, and cut off, in the province of Transylvania." This entry is duly approved, and the genuineness of Sigismund's signature and seal certified, by William Segar, Garter King-at-Arms. There seems to be thus no room for reasonable doubt that in this instance, at least, Smith's tale is true. Let me add that in his way of telling it there is no trace of boastfulness. For perfect simplicity and freedom from self-consciousness Smith's writings remind me of no other book so much as the Memoirs of General Grant. Inaccuracies now and

then occur, prejudices and errors of judgment here and there confront us, but the stamp of honesty I find on every page.

At the bloody battle of Rothenthurm, November 18, 1602, Smith was taken prisoner and sold into slavery. At Constantinople, the young lady, Charatza Tragabigzanda, into the service of whose family he passed, was able to talk with him in Italian, and treated him with much kindness. One can read between the lines that she may perhaps have had a tender feeling for the young Englishman, or that he thought so. It would not have been strange. His portrait, as engraved and published during his lifetime, is that of an attractive and noble-looking man. His story does not make it quite clear how he regarded the lady or what relations they sustained to each other, but she left an abiding impression upon his memory. When, in 1614, he explored the coast of New England, he gave the name Tragabigzanda to the cape which Prince Charles afterwards named Cape Ann, and the three little neighboring islands he called the Turks' Heads. Through fear lest her mother should sell him, the lady Tragabigzanda contrived to have him sent to her brother, Timour Pasha, in the East, — probably in Circassia, on the border of the Cossack country, — with a request that he should be kindly treated. But the rude pasha paid no heed to his sister's message. Our young hero was treated just like the other slaves, of whom this tyrant had more than a hundred. "Among these slavish fortunes," says he, "there was no great choice; for the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure [it]." He was dressed in the skin of a wild beast, had an iron collar fastened about his neck, and was cuffed and kicked about till he could stand it no longer. As nothing could make him worse off than he was already, he became desperate. One day, as he was threshing wheat in a grange more than a league distant from the pasha's house, the pasha came in and reviled him and struck him, whereupon Smith suddenly knocked him down with his threshing-stick and beat his brains out. Then he stripped the body and hid it under the straw, dressed up in the dead man's clothes and mounted his horse, tied a sack of grain to his saddle-bow, and galloped off into the Scythian desert. The one tormenting fear was of meeting some roving party of Turks who might recognize the mark on his iron collar, and either send him back to his late master's place or enslave him on their own account. But in sixteen days of misery he saw nobody; then he arrived at a Russian fortress on the Don, and got rid of his badge of slavery. He was helped on his way from one Russian town to another, and everywhere treated most kindly. Through the Polish country he went, finding by the wayside much mirth and entertainment, till he reached Transylvania again, where Sigismund granted him the coat-of-arms already mentioned, and as a recompense for his services and sufferings gave him 1500 ducats, equivalent to about $2500. This was in December, 1603. In the course of the next year Smith traveled in Germany, France, Spain, and Morocco, and made his way back to England in the nick of time for taking part in the enterprise projected by the London Company. Meeting with Newport and Gosnold, and other captains who had visited the shores of America, it was natural that his strong geographical curiosity and his love of adventure should combine to urge him to share in the enterprise.

The brevity of Smith's narrations now and then leaves the story obscure. Like many another charming old writer, he did not always consult the convenience of the historians of a later age. So much only is clear: that during the voyage across the Atlantic the seeds of quarrel were sown which bore fruit in much bitterness and wrangling after the colonists had landed. Indeed, after nearly three

centuries some smoke of the conflict still hovers about the field. To this day, John Smith is one of the personages about whom writers of history keep losing their tempers in renewing old quarrels or getting up fresh ones. Modern authors have sometimes sought to belittle him, but the turmoil that has been made is itself a tribute to the potency and incisiveness of his character. Weak men do not call forth such belligerency. Amid all the contradictory statements, too, there comes out quite distinctly the contemporary recognition of his dignity and purity. Never was man known, says one old writer, "from debts, wine, dice, and oaths so free;" a stanch Puritan in morals, though not in doctrine, for he was an upholder of Elizabeth's ideas as to the relations of State and Church.

Captain Newport's voyage was a long one, for he followed the traditional route, first running down to the Canary Islands, and then taking Columbus's path, wafted by the trade-wind straight across to the West Indies. It seems strange that he should have done so, for the modern method of great-circle sailing, — first practiced on a large scale by Americus Vespucius, in 1502, in his superb voyage of four thousand miles in thirty-three days, from the ice-clad island of South Georgia to Sierra Leone, — this more scientific method had lately been adopted by Captain Gosnold, who in 1602 crossed directly from the English Channel to Cape Cod. As Gosnold was now second in command in this expedition to Virginia, it would seem as if the shorter route might once more have been tried to advantage. So many weeks upon the ocean sadly diminished the stock of provisions. In the course of the voyage some trouble arose between Smith and Wingfield, and while they were stopping at Dominica, on the 24th of March an accusation of plotting mutiny was brought against the former, so that he was kept in irons until the ships reached Virginia. After leaving the West Indies the voyagers encountered bad weather and lost their reckoning, but on the 26th of April they found the cape which they named Henry, after the Prince of Wales, as the opposite cape was afterwards named for his younger brother, Prince Charles. A few of the company ventured on shore, where they were at once attacked by Indians, and two were badly wounded with arrows. That evening, the sealed box, which had been brought from London, was opened, and it was found that Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Wingfield, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall were appointed members of the council, — six in all, but the president was to have two votes. As the ships proceeded into Hampton Roads, after so much stress of weather, they named the promontory at the entrance Point Comfort. It seems likely that the point at the upper end of the Roads received its name of Newport News from the gallant captain. On several old maps I have found it spelled Newport Ness, which is equivalent to Point Newport. The name of the broad river which the voyagers now entered speaks for itself. They scrutinized the banks until they found a spot which seemed suited for a settlement, and there they landed on the 13th of May. It was such a place as the worthy Hakluyt (or whoever wrote their letter of instructions) had emphatically warned them against, — low, and damp, and liable to prove malarious. At high tide the rising waters half covered the little peninsula; but in this there was an element of military security, and the narrow neck was easy to guard: perhaps it may have been such considerations that prevailed. Smith says there was a dispute between Wingfield and Gosnold over the selection of this site. As soon as the company had landed here, the members of the council, all save Smith, were sworn into office, and then they chose Wingfield for their president for the first year. On the next day the men went to work at building their fort, a wooden structure of

triangular shape, with a demilune at each angle, mounting cannon. They called it Fort James, but soon the settlement came to be known as Jamestown. For a church, they nailed a board between two trees to serve as a reading-desk, and stretched a canvas awning over it; and there the Rev. Robert Hunt, a high-minded and courageous divine, first clergyman of English America, read the Episcopal service and preached a sermon twice on every Sunday.

Smith's enemies were a majority in the council, and would not admit him as a member, but he was no longer held as a prisoner. Newport's next business was to explore the river, and Smith, with four other gentlemen, four skilled mariners, and fourteen common sailors, went along with him, while the Jamestown fort was building. They sailed up about as far as the site of Richmond, frequently meeting parties of Indians on the banks, or passing Indian villages. Newport was uniformly kind and sagacious in his dealings with the red men, and they seemed quite friendly. These were Algonquins, of the tribe called Powhatans, and the natives who had assaulted the English at Cape Henry belonged to a hostile tribe, so that the incident furnished a bond of sympathy between the Powhatans and the white men. After a few days the explorers reached one of the principal Powhatan villages, which Thomas Studley, the colonial storekeeper, describes as consisting of about a dozen houses "pleasantly seated on a hill." Old drawings indicate that they were large clan houses, with framework of beams and covering of bark; similar in general shape, though not in all details, to the long houses of the Iroquois. The Powhatans seem to have been the leading or senior tribe in a loose confederacy. Their principal village was called Werowocomoco, situated on the north side of York River, about fifteen miles northeast from Jamestown as the crow flies. The place is now called Putin Bay, a name which is merely a corruption of Powhatan. At Werowocomoco dwelt the head war-chief of the tribe, by name Wahunsunakok, but much more generally known by his title The Powhatan, just as the head of an Irish or Scotch clan is styled The O'Neill or The MacGregor. Newport and Smith, hearing that The Powhatan was a chief to whom other chiefs were in a measure subordinate, spoke of him as the emperor, and of the subordinate chiefs as kings, — a grotesque terminology which was natural enough at that day, but which, in the interest of historical accuracy, it is high time for modern writers to drop. The Englishmen were bewildered by barbaric usages utterly foreign to their experience. Kinship among these Indians, as so commonly among barbarians and savages, was reckoned through females only; and when the English visitors were told that The Powhatan's office would descend to his maternal brothers, even though he had sons living, the information was evidently correct, but they found it hard to understand or believe. So when one of the chiefs on the James River insisted upon giving back some powder and balls which one of his men had stolen, it was regarded as a proof of strict honesty and friendliness; whereas the more probable explanation is that a prudent Indian, at that early time, would consider it bad medicine to handle the thunder-and-lightning stuff, or keep it about one.

When Newport and Smith returned to Jamestown, they found that it had been attacked by a force of two hundred Indians. Wingfield had beaten them off, but one Englishman was killed and eleven were wounded. In the course of the next two weeks these enemies were very annoying; they would crouch in the tall grass about the fort, and pick off a man with their barbed stone-tipped arrows. Hakluyt had warned the settlers against building near the edge of a wood; it seems strange that bitter experience was needed to teach them that

danger might lurk in long grass. Presently some of their new acquaintances from the Powhatan tribe came to the fort and told Newport that the assailants were from a hostile tribe, against which they would willingly form an alliance; and they furthermore advised him to cut his grass, which seems to prove that they were sincere in what they said.

Smith now demanded a trial on the charges which had led to his imprisonment. In spite of objections from Wingfield a jury was granted, and Smith was acquitted of all the charges; so that on the 10th of June he was allowed to take his seat in the council. On the 15th the fort was finished, and on the 22d Captain Newport sailed for England with a cargo of sassafras and fine wood for wainscoting. He took the direct route homeward, for need was now visibly pressing. He promised to be back in Virginia within twenty weeks, but all the food he could leave in the fort was reckoned to be scarcely enough for fifteen weeks, so that the company were put upon short rations. According to Studley, one hundred and five persons were left at Jamestown, of whom, besides the six councilors, the clergyman, and the surgeon, there were mentioned by name twenty-nine gentlemen, six carpenters, one mason, two bricklayers, one blacksmith, one sailor, one drummer, one tailor, one barber, twelve laborers, and four boys, with thirty-eight whom he neither names nor classifies, but simply mentions as "divers others." The food left in store for this company was not appetizing. After the ship had gone, says Richard Potts, "there remained neither tavern, beer-house, nor place of relief but the common kettle; . . . and that was half a pint of wheat and as much barley, boiled with water, for a man a day; and this, having fried some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains. . . . Our [only] drink was water. . . . Had we been as free from all sins as gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints." Chickens were raised, but not enough for so many mouths, and as there were no cattle or sheep a nourishing diet of meat and milk was out of the question. Nor do we find much mention of game, though there were some who warded off the pangs of starvation by catching crabs and sturgeon in the river. With such inadequate diet, with unfamiliar kinds of labor, and with the frightful heat of an American summer, the condition of the settlers soon came to be pitiable. Disease added to their sufferings. Fevers lurked in the air of Jamestown. Before the end of September more than fifty of the company were in their graves. The situation is graphically described by one of the survivors, the Hon. George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland: "There were neuer Englishmen left in a forreigne Countrey in such miserie as wee were in this new discouered Virginia. Wee watched euery three nights, lying on the bare . . . ground, what weather soeuer came; [and] warded all the next day; which brought our men to bee most feeble wretches. Our food was but a small Can of Barlie sodden in water to fiue men a day. Our drink cold water taken out of the Riuer; which was at a floud verie salt; at a low tide full of slime and filth: which was the destruction of many of our men. Thus we liued for the space of fiue months in this miserable distresse, not hauing fiue able men to man our Bulwarkes upon any occasion. If it had not pleased God to haue put a terrour in the Sauages hearts, we had all perished by those vild and cruell Pagans, being in that weake estate as we were; our men night and day groaning in euery corner of the Fort most pittiful to heare. If there were any conscience in men, it would make their harts to bleed to heare the pitifull murmurings and outcries of our sick men without reliefe, euery night and day for the space of sixe weekes: some de-

parting out of the World, many times three or foure in a night; in the morning their bodies being trailed out of their Cabines like Dogges, to be buried. In this sort did I see the mortalitie of diuers of our people."

In such a state of things, our colonists would have been more than human had they shown very amiable tempers. From the early wanderings of the Spaniards in Darien down to the recent marches of Stanley in Africa, men struggling with the wilderness have fiercely quarreled. The fever at Jamestown carried off Captain Gosnold in August, and after his death the feud between Smith's friends and Wingfield's flamed up with fresh virulence. Both gentlemen have left printed statements, and in our time the quarrel is between historians, as to which to believe. Perhaps it is Smith's detractors who are just at this moment the more impetuous and implacable, appealing as they do to the very common though somewhat churlish feeling that delights in seeing long-established reputations assailed. Such writers will tell you, as positively as if there could be no doubt about it, that Smith engaged in a plot with two other members of the council to depose Wingfield from his presidency and set up a triumvirate. Others will assert, with equal confidence, that Wingfield was a tyrant whose rule became unendurable. A perusal of his Discourse of Virginia, written in 1608 in defense of his conduct, should make it clear, I think, that he was an honorable gentleman, but ill fitted for the difficult situation in which he found himself. To control the rations of so many hungry men was no pleasant or easy matter. It was charged against Wingfield that he kept back sundry dainties, and especially some wine and spirits, for himself and a few favored friends. His quite plausible defense is that he reserved two gallons of sack for the communion table, and a few bottles of brandy for extreme emergencies; but the other members of the council, whose flasks were all empty, "did long for to sup up that little remnant"! At last a suspicion arose that he intended to take one of the small vessels that remained in the river and abandon the colony. Early in September the council deposed him, and elected John Ratcliffe in his place. A few days later, Wingfield was condemned to pay heavy damages to Smith for defaming his character. "Then Master Recorder," says poor Wingfield, "did very learnedly comfort me that if I had wrong I might bring my writ of error in London; whereat I smiled. . . . I tould Master President I . . . prayed they would be more sparing of law vntill wee had more witt or wealthe."

An awful dignity hedged about the sacred person of the president of that little colony of fifty men. One day President Ratcliffe beat James Reed, the blacksmith, who so far forgot himself as to strike back, and for that heinous offense was condemned to be hanged; but when already upon the fatal ladder, and, so to speak, *in extremis*, the resourceful blacksmith made his peace with the law by revealing a horrid scheme of mutiny conceived by George Kendall, a member of the council. Of the details of the affair nothing is known, save that Kendall was found guilty, and instead of a plebeian hanging there was an aristocratic shooting. In telling the story, Wingfield observes that if such goings-on were to be heard of in England, "I fear it would drive many well-affected myndes from this honourable action of Virginia."

Wingfield's document expressly admits that Smith was especially active in trading with the Indians for their corn, and that this was a great relief to the suffering colony. With the coming of autumn so many wild fowl were shot that the diet was much improved. At last, on the 10th of December, Smith started on an exploring expedition up the Chickahominy River. Having gone as far as his shallop would take him, he

left seven men to guard it, and went on in a canoe, with only two white men and two Indian guides. They had arrived in the neighborhood of White Oak Swamp when an attack was made by two hundred Indians led by Opekankano, a brother of The Powhatan. The Englishmen in the shallop were all killed, and also Smith's two comrades; he made a sturdy resistance, slew two Indians with his pistol, and then was taken prisoner. His captors were tying him to a tree, to be riddled with arrows, as he supposed; but, knowing what we do of Indian customs, it seems not unlikely that a far more frightful death was intended for him. Then he took out a pocket compass, and interested the childish minds of the barbarians in the quivering needle which they could plainly see through the glass, but, strange to say, could not feel when they tried to touch it. He improved the occasion with a brief discourse on astronomy, which may have led his hearers to regard him as a wizard; at all events, they did not kill him, but marched away, taking him with them.

Why the red men should have made this attack is not clear. Hitherto the Powhatan tribe seems to have maintained friendly relations with the white men. There is a traditional impression that there were two opposing opinions among the Indians as to the most prudent way of treating the strangers, and that Opekankano was one of those who always favored hostility. His attitude would thus remind us of the attitude of Montezuma's brother Cuitlahuatzin toward the army of Cortes approaching Mexico. Such a view is not improbable. Wingfield says that, two or three years before the arrival of the English at Jamestown, some white men had ascended a river to the northward, probably the Pamunkey or the Rappahannock, and had forcibly kidnapped some Indians. If there is truth in this, the kidnappers may have belonged to the ill-fated expedition of Bartholomew Gilbert. Wingfield says that Opekankano carried Smith about the country to several villages, to see if anybody could identify him with the leader of that kidnapping party. Smith's narrative confirms this statement, and adds that it was agreed that the captain in question was a much taller man than he. His story is full of observations on the country. Opekankano's village consisted of four or five communal houses, each about a hundred feet in length, and from the sandy hill on which it stood some scores of such houses could be seen scattered about the plain. Finally Smith was brought to Werowocomoco and into the presence of The Powhatan, who received him in just such a long wigwam. The elderly chieftain sat before the fireplace, on a kind of bench, and was covered with a robe of raccoon skins, all with the tails on and hanging like ornamental tassels. Beside him sat his young squaws; a row of women, with their faces and bare shoulders painted bright red, and chains of white shell beads about their necks, stood by the walls, and in front of them stood the grim warriors.

This was on the 4th or 5th of January, 1608, and on the 8th Smith returned to Jamestown, escorted by four Indians. What had happened to him in the interval? In his own writings we have two different accounts. In his tract published under the title A True Relation, which was merely a letter written by him in 1608 to a friend in England, he simply says that The Powhatan treated him very courteously, and sent him back to Jamestown. But in the General History of Virginia, a far more elaborate and circumstantial narrative, published in London in 1624, written partly by Smith himself and partly by others of the colony, we get quite another story. We are told that after he had been introduced to The Powhatan's long wigwam, as above described, the Indians debated together, and presently two big stones were placed before the chief, and

Smith was dragged thither and laid upon them; but even while warriors were standing, with tomahawks in hand, to beat his brains out, the chief's young daughter Pocahontas rushed up and embraced him, and laid her head upon his to shield him, whereupon her father spared his life.

Which of these two accounts is to be accepted as true? For two centuries and a half the latter was universally accepted, and the former ignored. Every schoolboy was taught the story of Pocahontas and John Smith, and for most people, I dare say, that incident is the only one in the captain's eventful career that is remembered. But in recent times the discrepancy between the earlier and the later account has attracted attention, and the conclusion has been easily reached that in the more romantic version Smith is evidently a liar. It is first assumed that if the Pocahontas incident had really occurred we should be sure to find it in Smith's own narrative, written within a year after its occurrence; and then it is assumed that afterward, when Pocahontas visited London and was lionized as a princess, Smith invented the story, in order to magnify his own importance by thus linking his name with hers. By such plausible logic is the braggadocio theory of Smith's career supported, and underneath it all lies the tacit assumption that the Pocahontas incident is an extraordinary one, something that in an Indian community or anywhere would not have been likely to happen.

As this view of the case has been set forth by writers of high repute for scholarship, it has been very generally accepted upon their authority; in many quarters it has become the fashionable view. Yet its utter flimsiness can be exhibited, I think, in a few words.

The first occasion on which Smith mentions his rescue by Pocahontas is the occasion of her arrival in London, in 1616, as the wife of John Rolfe. In an eloquent letter to King James's queen, Anne of Denmark, he bespeaks the royal favor for the strange visitor from Virginia, and extols her good qualities and the kindness she had shown to the colony. In the course of the letter he says, "She hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine." There were then several persons in London, besides Pocahontas herself, who could have challenged this statement if it had been false, but we do not find that anybody did so. In 1624, when Smith published his General History, with its minutely circumstantial account of the affair, why do we not find, even on the part of his enemies, any intimation of the falsity of the story? Within a year George Percy wrote a book for the express purpose of picking the General History to pieces and discrediting it in the eyes of the public; he was one of the original company at Jamestown; if Smith had not told his comrades of the Pocahontas incident as soon as he had escaped from The Powhatan's clutches, if he had kept silent on the subject for years, Percy could not have failed to know the fact, and would certainly have used it as a weapon. There were others who could have done the same, and their silence furnishes a very strong presumption of the truth of the story.

Why, then, did Smith refrain from mentioning it in the letter to a friend in England, written in 1608, while the incidents of his captivity were fresh in his mind? Well, we do not know that he did refrain from mentioning it, for we do know that the letter, as published in August, 1608, had been tampered with. Smith was in Virginia, and the editor in London expressly states in his preface that he has omitted a portion of the manuscript. "Somewhat more was by him written, which being (as I thought) fit to be private, I would not adventure to make it public." Nothing could be more explicit. Now, supposing the portion omitted to have been the passages referring to Smith's imminent peril and his

rescue, what could have been the editor's motive in suppressing it? We need not go far for an answer, if we bear in mind the instructions with which the first colonists started, — "to suffer no man . . . to write [in] any letter of anything that may discourage others." This very necessary and important injunction may have restrained Smith himself from mentioning his deadly peril; if he did mention it, we can well understand why the person who published the letter should have thought it best to keep the matter private. After a few years had elapsed, and the success of the colony was assured, there was no longer any reason for such reticence. My own opinion is that Smith, not intending the letter for publication, told the whole story, and that the suppression was the editor's work. It will be remembered that in the fight in which he was captured Smith slew two Indians. In the circumstantial account given in the General History we are told that, while Opekankano was taking him up and down the country, a near relative of one of these victims attempted to murder Smith, but was prevented by the Indians who were guarding him. The True Relation preserves this incident, while it omits all reference to the two occasions when Smith's life was officially and deliberately imperiled, — the tying to the tree and the scene in The Powhatan's wigwam. One can easily see why the editor's nerves should not have been disturbed by the first incident, so like what might happen in England, while the more strange and outlandish exhibitions of the Indian's treatment of captives seemed best to be dropped from the narrative.

But we are assured the difficulty is not merely one of omission. In the True Relation, Smith not only omits all reference to Pocahontas, but he says that he was kindly and courteously treated by his captors; and this statement is thought to be incompatible with their having decided to beat his brains out. This objection shows ignorance of Indian manners. In our own time, it has been a common thing for Apaches and Comanches to offer their choicest morsels of food, with their politest bows and smiles, to the doomed captive whose living flesh will in a few moments be hissing under their firebrands. The irony of such a situation is inexpressibly dear to the ferocious hearts of these men of the Stone Age, and American history abounds in examples of it. In his fuller account, Smith describes himself as kindly treated on his way to the scene of execution and after his rescue. Drop out what happened in the interval, and you get the account given in the True Relation.

Now, that omission creates a gap in the True Relation such as to damage its credibility. We are told that Smith, after killing a couple of Indians, is carried about the country, till he is finally brought to the head war-chief's wigwam, and is then forsooth allowed to go scot free, with no notice taken of the blood debt that he owes to the tribe. To any one who has studied Indians such a story is almost incredible. It is true that in 1608 the Powhatans were still unfamiliar with white men, and inclined to dread them as more or less supernatural, but they had thoroughly learned that fair skins and long beards were no safeguard against disease and death. If they did not know that the Jamestown colony had dwindled to eight-and-thirty men, they knew that their own warriors had slain all Smith's party and taken him captive. As a prisoner of war his life was already forfeited. It is safe to say that no Indian would think of releasing him without some equivalent; such an act might incur the wrath of invisible powers. There were various ways of putting captives to death; torture by slow fire was the favorite mode, but crushing in the skull with tomahawks was quite common, so that when Smith mentions the latter as decided upon in his case he is evidently telling the plain truth, and we begin to see that

the detailed account in the General History is more consistent and probable than the abridged account in the True Relation.

The consistency and probability of the story are made complete by the rescue at the hands of Pocahontas. That incident is precisely in accordance with Indian usage, but it is not likely that Smith knew enough about such usage to have invented it, and his artless way of telling the story is that of a man who is describing what he does not understand. From the Indian point of view there was nothing romantic or extraordinary in such a rescue; it was simply a not uncommon matter of business. The romance with which white readers have always invested it is the outcome of a misconception no less complete than that which led the fair dames of London to make obeisance to the tawny Pocahontas as to a princess of imperial lineage. Time and again it happened that when a prisoner was about to be slaughtered, some one of the dusky assemblage, moved by pity or admiration or some unexplained freak, would interpose in behalf of the victim; and, as a rule, such interposition was heeded. Many a poor wretch, already tied to the fatal tree and benumbed with unspeakable terror, while the firebrands were preparing for his torment, has been saved from the jaws of death, and adopted as brother or as lover by some laughing young squaw, or as a son by some grave, wrinkled warrior. In such cases, the new-comer was allowed entire freedom, and treated like one of the tribe. As the blood debt was canceled by the prisoner's violent death, it was also canceled by securing his services to the tribe; and any member, old or young, had a right to demand the latter method as a substitute for the former. Pocahontas, therefore, did not "hazard the beating out of her own brains," though the rescued stranger, looking with English eyes, would naturally see it in that light. Her brains were perfectly safe. This thirteen-year-old squaw liked the handsome prisoner, claimed him, and got him, according to custom. Mark now what happened next. After a couple of days, The Powhatan and his warriors painted their faces till they looked more like devils than men, and with dismal grunts and howls went through a long incantation, after which the chief told Smith that now they were friends, and he might go back to Jamestown; then, if he would send to The Powhatan a couple of cannon and a grindstone, he should have in exchange a piece of country in the neighborhood, and that chief would ever after esteem him as his son. Smith's narrative does not indicate that he understood this to be anything more than a friendly figure of speech, but it seems to me clear that it was a case of ceremonious adoption. As the natural result of the young girl's intercession the white chieftain was adopted into the tribe.

I have dwelt at some length upon this rescue of Smith by Pocahontas, because I have come to regard it as an event of real importance in the early history of the United States. Without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony become incomprehensible. But for her friendly services on more than one occasion the tiny settlement would very likely have perished. Her visits to Jamestown and the regular supply of provisions by the Indians began at this time.

On the very day that Smith returned to Jamestown, the 8th of January, 1608, the long-expected ship of Captain Newport arrived with what was known as the First Supply of men and provisions. Part came now, the rest a few weeks later. Only 38 men had survived the hardships at Jamestown; to these the First Supply added 120, bringing the number up to 158. For so many people, besides the provisions they brought with them, more corn was needed. Smith took his "Father Newport," as he called him, over to Werowocomoco, where they tickled "Father Powhatan's" fancy with

blue glass beads and drove some tremendous bargains. As spring came on, Newport sailed for England again, taking with him the deposed Wingfield. The summer of 1608 was spent by Smith in two voyages of exploration up Chesapeake Bay, and into the Potomac, Patapsco, and Susquehanna rivers. He met with warriors of the formidable Iroquois tribe of Susquehannocks, and found them carrying a few French hatchets which had evidently come from Canada. During his absence things went badly at Jamestown, and Ratcliffe was deposed. On Smith's return in September he was at once chosen president. Only 28 men had been lost this year, so that the colony numbered 130 when Newport again arrived, in September, with the Second Supply of 70 persons, bringing the total up to 200. In this company there were two women, a Mrs. Forrest and her maid, Anne Burroughs, who was soon married to John Laydon, the first recorded English wedding on American soil.

Newport's instructions show that the members of the London Company, sitting at their cosy English firesides, were getting impatient, and meant to have something done. He was told that he must find the way to the South Sea, or a lump of gold, or one of White's lost colonists, or else he need not come back and show his face in England! One seems taken back to the Arabian Nights, where such peremptory behests go along with enchanted carpets and magic rings and heroic steeds with pegs in the neck. No such talismans were to be found in Old Virginia. When Newport read his instructions, Smith bluntly declared that the London Company were fools, which appears to have shocked the decorous mariner. The next order was grotesque enough to have emanated from the teeming brain of James I. after a mickle noggin of Glenlivat. Their new ally, the mighty Emperor Powhatan, must be crowned! Newport and Smith did it, and much mirth it must have afforded them. The chief refused to come to Jamestown, so Mahomet had to go to the mountain. Up in the long wigwam at Werowocomoco, the two Englishmen divested the old fellow of his raccoon-skin garment, and put on him a scarlet robe, which greatly pleased him. Then they tried to force him down upon his knees — which he did not like at all — while they put the crown on his head. When the operation was safely ended, the forest monarch grunted acquiescence, and handed to Newport his old raccoon-skin cloak as a present for his royal brother in England.

An Indian masquerading scene at one of these visits to Werowocomoco is thus described by one of the English party: "In a fayre playne field they made a fire, before which [we] sitting upon a mat, suddainly amongst the woods was heard . . . a hydeous noise and shrieking. . . . Then presently [we] were presented with this Anticke; thirtie young women came [nearly] naked out of the woods, . . . their bodies all painted, some white, some red, some black, some particolour, but all differing; their leader had a fayre payre of buck's horns on her head, and an Otter's skin at her girdle, and another at her arm, a quiver of arrowes at her back, a bow and arrowes in her hand; the next had in her hand a sword, another a club, . . . all horned alike. . . . These fiends with most hellish shouts and cries, rushing from among the trees, cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with most excellent ill varietie; . . . having spent neare an houre in this mascarado, as they entred in like manner they departed. Having reaccommodated themselves, they solemnly invited [us] to their lodgings, where [we] were no sooner within the house but all these nymphes more tormented us than ever, with crowding, pressing, and hanging about [us], most tediously crying, *Love you not me?* This salutation ended, the feast was set,

consisting of fruit in baskets, fish and flesh in wooden platters; beans and peas there wanted not, nor any salvage dainty their invention could devise: some attending, others singing and dancing about [us]; which mirth and banquet being ended, with firebrands [for] torches they conducted [us] to [our] lodging."

The wood-nymphs who thus entertained their guests are in one account mentioned simply as "Powhatan's women;" in another they are spoken of as "Pocahontas and her women," which seems to give us a realistic sketch of the little maid, with her stag-horn head-dress and skin all stained with puccoon, leading her companions in their grotesque capers. Truly, it was into a strange world and among a strange people that our colonists had come. Their quaint descriptions of manners and customs utterly new and unintelligible to them, though familiar enough to modern students of barbaric life, have always the ring of truth. Nowhere in the later experiences of white men with Indians do we find quite so powerful a charm as in those of the early years of the seventeenth century. No other such narratives are quite so delightful as those of Champlain and his friends in Canada, and of Smith and his comrades in Virginia. There is a freshness about this first contact with the wilderness and its uncouth life that makes every incident vivid. There is a fascination, too, not unmixed with sadness, in watching the early dreams of El Dorado fade away as the stern reality of a New World to be conquered comes to make itself known and felt. Naturally, the old delusions persisted at home in England long after the colonists had been taught by costly experiences to discard them, and we smile at the well-meant blundering of the ruling powers in London in their efforts to hasten the success of their enterprise. In vain did the faithful Newport seek to perform the mandates of the London Company. No nuggets of gold were to be found, nor traces of poor Eleanor Dare and her friends, and The Powhatan told the simple truth when he declared that there were difficult mountains westward, and it would be useless to search for a salt sea behind them. Newport tried, nevertheless, but came back exhausted long before he had reached the Blue Ridge; for what foe is so pertinacious as a strange and savage continent? In pithy terms does Anas Todkill, one of the first colonists, express himself about these wild projects: "Now was there no way to make us miserable but to neglect that time to make our provision whilst it was to be had; the which was done to perfourme this strange discovery, but more strange coronation. To lose that time, spend that victuall we had, tire and starve our men, having no means to carry victuall, munition, the hurt or sicke, but their own backes: how or by whom they were invented I know not." How eloquent in grief and indignation are these rugged phrases! A modern writer, an accomplished Oxford scholar, expresses the opinion that the coronation of The Powhatan, although "an idle piece of formality," "had at least the merit of winning and retaining the loyalty of the savage."[1] Master Todkill thought differently: "As for the coronation of Powhatan and his presents of Bason, Ewer, Bed, Clothes, and such costly novelties, they had bin much better well spared than so ill spent; for we had his favour much better onlie for a poore peece of Copper, till this stately kinde of soliciting made him so much overvalue himselfe, that he respected us as much as nothing at all."

When Newport sailed for England, he took with him Ratcliffe, the deposed president, a man of doubtful character, of whom it was said that he had reasons for using an alias, his real name being Sickelmore. Deposed presidents were liable to serve as talebearers and mischief-makers. Wingfield had gone home on

[1] Doyle's Virginia, page 124.

the previous voyage, and Newport had brought back to Virginia complaints from the company about the way in which things had been managed. Now Smith sent to London by Newport his new map of Virginia, embodying the results of his recent voyages of exploration, — a map of remarkable accuracy, and witness to an amount of original labor that is marvelous to think of. That map is a living refutation of John Smith's detractors; none but a man of heroic mould could have done the geographical work involved in making it.

With the map Smith sent what he naïvely calls his Rude Answer to the London Company, a paper bristling with common sense, and not timid when it comes to calling a spade a spade. With some topics suggested by this Rude Answer we may concern ourselves in another paper.

John Fiske.

GUIDES: A PROTEST.

"Life," sighed Sir George Cornwall Lewis, "would be endurable, if it were not for its pleasures;" and the impatient wanderer in far-off lands is tempted to paraphrase this hackneyed truism into, "Traveling would be enjoyable, if it were not for its guides." Years ago, Mark Twain endeavored to point out how much fun could be derived from these "necessary nuisances" by a judicious course of chaffing; and the apt illustrations of his methods furnished some of the most amusing passages in Innocents Abroad. But it is not every tourist who bubbles over with mirth and that unquenchable spirit of humor which turns a trial into a blessing. The facility for being diverted where less fortunate people are annoyed is a rare birthright, and worth many a mess of pottage. Moreover, in these days, when Baedeker smooths the traveler's path to knowledge, guides are no longer "necessary nuisances." They are plagues to no purpose, whose persistency deprives inoffensive strangers of that tranquil enjoyment they have come so far to seek. Nothing is more difficult than to feel a correct emotion when every object of interest is vigorously pointed out, and a wearisome trickle of information, couched in broken English, is dropping relentlessly into our tired ears.

It need not be supposed for a moment that there is any real option about employing a guide or dispensing with his services. There is none. Practically speaking, I don't employ him. He takes possession of me, and never relaxes his hold. In some parts of Europe, Sicily for example, his unlawful ownership begins from the first moment I set my foot upon the soil. At Syracuse he is waiting at the station, in charge of the hotel coach. I think him the hotel porter, point out our bags and give him the check for our boxes. As soon as we are under way, he leans over and informs us confidentially that he is the English interpreter and guide, officially connected with the hotel, and that he is happy to place his services at our disposal. At these ominous words our hearts sink heavily. We know that the hour of captivity is at hand, and that all efforts to escape will only tighten our chains. Nevertheless, we make the effort that very day, resolved not to yield without a struggle.

The afternoon is drawing to a close by the time we are settled in our rooms, have had a cup of tea, and have washed away some of the dirt of travel. There is only light enough left for a comfortable stroll; and this first walk through a strange city is one of my principal pleasures in

traveling. I love to find myself amid the unfamiliar streets; to slip into quiet churches; to stare in shop-windows; to wander, with no other clue than Baedeker, through narrow byways, and stumble unaware upon some open court, with its fine old fountain splashing lazily over the worn stones. Filled with these agreeable anticipations, we steal downstairs, and see our guide standing like a sentinel at the door. He is prepared, of course, to accompany us; but we decline his services, explaining curtly that we are only going out for a walk, and need no protection whatever. It sounds decisive, — to us, — and we congratulate one another upon such well-timed firmness, until, glancing back, we perceive our determined guardian following us on the other side of the street. Now, as long as we keep straight along, pretending to know our way, we are safe; but the trouble is we don't know our way, and in a few minutes it is necessary to consult Baedeker and find out where we are. We do this as furtively as possible, gathering around the book to hide it, and moving slowly on while we read. But such foolish precautions are in vain. The guide has seen us pause. He knows that we are astray, that we are trying to right ourselves, — a thing he never permits, — and he is by our side in an instant. If the ladies desire to see the cathedral, they must turn to the left. It is very near, — not more than a few minutes' walk, — and it is open until six o'clock. We think of saying that we don't want to see the cathedral, and of turning to the right; but this course appears rather too perilous. The fact is, we do want to see it very much; and we should like, moreover, to see it without delay, and alone. So we thank Brocconi, — that is the guide's name, — and say we can find our way now without any trouble. And so we could, if we were left to ourselves; but the knowledge that we are still being pursued at a respectful distance, and that we dare not pause a moment for consideration, flusters us sadly. We come to a point where two streets meet at an acute angle, hesitate, plunge down the nearer, and hear Brocconi's warning voice once more at our elbows. The ladies have taken a wrong turning. With their permission, he will point them out the road. So we surrender at discretion, feeling all further resistance to be useless, and are conducted to the cathedral in a pitiable state of subjection; are marched dolorously around; are shown old tombs, and faded pictures, and beautiful bits of mosaic; and then are led back to the hotel, and dismissed with the assurance that we will be waited on early the next morning, and that a carriage will be ready for us by ten.

Perhaps our conduct may appear pusillanimous to those whose resolution has never been so severely tested. We feel this ourselves, and deplore the cowardly strain in our natures, as we trail meekly and disconsolately upstairs. There is a little cushioned bench just outside my bedroom door, and I know that when I go to breakfast, in the morning, Brocconi will be sitting there, waiting for his prey. I know that when I come back from breakfast Brocconi will be still sitting there, and that I can never leave my room without seeing him in unquestioned and ostentatious attendance upon me. He stands up, hat in hand, to salute me, every time I pass him; and after a while I take to lurking, I might almost say to skulking, within my chamber, rather than encounter his disappointed and reproachful gaze. With the natural tendency of a woman to temporize, I buy my freedom one day by engaging his services for the next. If he will permit me to go alone and in peace to the Greek theatre, to sit on the grassy hill amid the wild flowers, to look at the charming view and breathe the delicious air for a long, lazy afternoon, I will drive with him the following morning over the dusty glaring road to Fort Euryalus, and be marched submissively through the

endless intricacies of its subterranean corridors, and have every tiresome detail pointed out to me and explained with merciless prolixity. On the same lamentably weak principle, I purchase — we all purchase — his faded and crumpled photographs, so as to be let off from buying his "antiquities," a forlorn collection of mouldy coins and broken bits of terra cotta, which he carries around in a handkerchief, and hands down to us, one by one, when we are prisoners in our carriage, and cannot refuse to look at them. He is so pained at our handing them back again that we compromise on the photographs, though they are the most decrepit specimens I have ever beheld; almost as worn and flabby as the little letters of recommendation which are lent to us for perusal, and which state with monotonous amiability that the writer has employed Domenico Brocconi as guide and interpreter during a three days' stay in Syracuse, and has found him intelligent, capable, and obliging. I know I shall have to write one of these letters before I go away. Indeed, my conscience aches remorsefully when I think of the number of such testimonials I have strewn broadcast over the earth to be a delusion and a snare to my fellow-man. It never occurred to me that any one would regard them seriously, until an acquaintance informed me, with some asperity, that he had employed a guide on my recommendation, and had been cheated by him. I felt very sorry for this; for, beyond a little overcharging in the matter of fees or carriages, which is part of the recognized perquisites of the calling, no guide has ever cheated me. On the contrary, he has sometimes saved me money. My aversion to him is based exclusively on the fact that he strikes a discordant note wherever he appears. He has always something to tell me which I don't want to hear, and his is that leaden touch which takes all color and grace from every theme he handles.

Constantinople, as the chosen abode of insecurity, is perhaps the only city within the tourist's beaten track where a guide or dragoman is necessary for personal safety, as well as for the information he imparts. Baedeker has ignored Constantinople, or perhaps the authorities of that curiously misgoverned municipality have forbidden his profane researches into their august privacy. Labor-saving devices find scant favor with the subjects of the Sultan. Vessels may not approach the docks to be unloaded, though there is plenty of water to float them, because that would interfere with the immemorial privileges of the boatmen. There is no delivery of city mail, but a man can always be hired to carry your letter from Pera to Stamboul. Guidebooks are unknown, but a dragoman is attached to your service as soon as you arrive, and is as inseparable as your shadow until the hour you leave.

The rivalry among these men is of a very active order, as I speedily discovered when I stepped from the Oriental Express into that scene of mad confusion and tumult, the Constantinople station. It was drizzling hard. I was speechless from a heavy cold. We were all three worn out with the absurd and fatiguing travesty of a quarantine on the frontier. Twenty Turkish porters made a wild rush for our bags the instant the train stopped, and fought over them like howling beasts. A tall man, with a cast in his eye, handed me a card on which my own name was legibly written, and said he was the dragoman sent by the hotel to take us in charge. A little man, with a nervous and excited manner, handed me a card on which also my name was legibly written, and said *he* was the dragoman sent by the hotel to take us in charge. It was a case for the judgment of Solomon; and I lacked not only the wisdom to decide, but the voice in which to utter my decision. There was nothing for it but to let the claimants fight it out, which they proceeded to do

with fervor, rolling over the station floor and pounding each other vigorously. The tall man, being much the better combatant, speedily routed his rival, dragged him ignominiously from the carriage when he attempted to scale it, and carried us off in triumph. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The little dragoman was game enough not to know when he was beaten. He followed us in another carriage, and made good his case, evidently, with the hotel landlord; for we found him, placid and smiling, in the corridor, next morning, waiting his orders for the day. I never ventured to ask how this change came about, lest indiscreet inquiries should bring a second dragoman upon my devoted head; so Demetrius remained our guide, philosopher, and friend for the three weeks we spent in Constantinople. He was not a bad little man, on the whole; was extremely patient about carrying wraps, and was honestly anxious we should suffer no annoyance in the streets. But his knowledge upon any subject was of the haziest description. He had a perfect talent for getting us to places at the wrong time, — but that may have been partly our fault, — and if there ever was anything interesting to tell, he assuredly never told it. On the other hand, he considered that, to our Occidental ignorance, the simplest architectural devices needed an explanation. He would say, "This is a well," "That is a doorway," "These are columns supporting the roof," with all the benevolent simplicity of Harry and Lucy's father enlightening those very intelligent and ignorant little people.

The only severe trial that Demetrius suffered in our service was the occasional attendance of the two kavasses from the American Embassy, whose protection was afforded us twice or thrice, through the courtesy of the ambassador. These magnificent creatures threw our poor little dragoman so completely into the shade, and regarded him with such open and manifest contempt, that all his innocent airs of importance shriveled into humility and dejection. It is but honest to state that the kavasses appeared to despise us quite as cordially as they did Demetrius; but we sustained their scorn with more tranquillity for the sake of the splendor and distinction they imparted. One of them was a very handsome and very supercilious Turk, who never condescended to look at us nor to speak to us; the other a Circassian, whose pride was tempered by affability, and who was good enough to hold with us the strictly necessary intercourse. I hear it said now and then by censorious critics that American women are the most arrogant of their sex, affecting a superiority that is based upon no justifiable claim. But I will candidly admit that all such airy notions, born of the New World and of the nineteenth century, dwindled rapidly away before the disdainful composure of those two lordly Mohammedans. The old primitive instincts are never wholly eradicated; only overlaid with the acquired sentiments of our time and place. I have not been without my share of self-assertion; but my meekness of spirit in Constantinople, the perfectly natural feeling I had in being snubbed by two ignorant kavasses blazing with gold embroidery, will always remain one of the salutary humiliations of my life.

I think there must be some secret system of communication by which the guides of one city consign you to the guides of another; for I know that when we reached Piræus, at five o'clock in the morning, an olive-skinned, low-voiced, mysterious-looking person, who reminded me strikingly of Eugene Aram, boarded the ship, knocked at my cabin door, and gave me to understand, in excellent English, that we were to be his property in Athens. He said he was not connected with any hotel, but would be happy to wait on us wherever we went; and he had all three of our names neatly written in a little book. I responded as firmly

as I could that I did not think we should require his services; whereupon he smiled darkly, and hinted that we would find it difficult, and perhaps dangerous, to go about alone. In reality Athens is as well conducted as Boston, and very much easier to traverse; but I did not know this then, so, after some hesitation, I promised to employ my mysterious visitor if I had any occasion for a guide. It was a promise not easily forgotten. Morning, noon, and night he haunted us, always with the same air of mingled secrecy and determination. As it chanced, I was ill for several days, and unable to leave my room. Regularly after breakfast there would come a low, resolute knock at my door, and Eugene Aram, pallid, noiseless, authoritative, would slip in, and stand like a sentinel by my bed. It was extremely depressing, and always reminded me of the presentation of a *lettre de cachet*. I felt that I was wronging my self-elected guide by not getting well and going about, and his civil inquiries anent my health carried with them an undertone of reproach. Yet with returning vigor came a firm determination to escape this melancholy thralldom; and it is one of my keenest pleasures to remember that on the golden afternoon when I first climbed the Acropolis, and looked through the yellow columns of the Parthenon upon the cloudless skies of Greece, and saw the sea gleaming like a silver band, and watched the glory of the sunset from the terrace of the temple of Nike, no Eugene Aram was there to mar my absolute contentment. This was the enchanted hour, never to be repeated nor surpassed, and this hour was mine to enjoy. When I am setting forth my trials with all the wordy eloquence of discontent, let me "think of my marcies," and be grateful.

Thanks to the protecting hand of England, Cairo, which once was little better than Constantinople, is now as safe as London. On the Nile, it is hardly possible to leave one's boat, save under the care of a dragoman. Even at Luxor and Assuân, the attentions of the native population are of a rather overpowering character. But at Cairo, whether amid the hurrying crowds in the bazaars or on the quiet road to the Gézirah, there is no annoyance of any kind to be apprehended. Nevertheless, a little army of guides are connected with every hotel, and another army line the streets, and press their services upon you as you pass. I noticed that while a great many Americans had a dragoman permanently attached to their service, and never went out unattended, the English and Germans resolutely ignored these expensive and irritating inutilities. If by chance they desired any service, they employed in preference one of the ruminating donkey-boys who stand all day, supple and serious, alongside of their melancholy little beasts. Upon one occasion, an Englishwoman was just stepping into her carriage, having engaged a boy to accompany her to the mosque of the Sultan Hassan, when a tall and turbaned dragoman, indignant at this invasion of his privileges, called out to her scornfully, "Do you think that lad will be able to explain to you anything you are going to see?" The Englishwoman turned her smiling face. I fancied she would be angry at the impertinence, but she was not. She had that absolute command of herself and of the situation which is the birthright of her race. "It is precisely because I know he can explain nothing that I take him with me," she said. "If I could be equally sure of your silence, I should be willing to take you."

Local guides are as numerous and as systematic in Cairo as in more accessible cities, and they have the same curious tendency to multiply themselves around any object of interest, and to subdivide the scanty labor attendant on its exhibition. When we went to the Coptic church, for example, a heavy wooden door was opened for us by youth number one, who pointed out the enormous

size of the venerable key he carried, and then consigned us to the care of youth number two, who led the way through a narrow, picturesque lane to the church itself, and gave us into the charge of youth number three, a handsome, bare-legged boy with brilliant eyes, who lit a taper and kindly conducted us around. When we had examined the dim old pictures, and the faded missals, and the beautiful screens of inlaid wood, and the grotto wherein the Holy Family is piously believed to have found shelter, this acute child presented us to a white-haired Coptic priest, and explained that it was to him we were to offer our fee. I promptly did as I was bidden, and the boy, after carefully examining and approving the amount, — the priest himself never glanced at it nor at us, — requested further payment for his own share of work. I gave him three piastres, being much pleased with his businesslike methods, whereupon he handed us back to youth number two, who had been waiting all this time at the church door, and whom I was obliged to pay for leading us through the lane. Then, after satisfying youth number one, who mounted guard at the gate, we were permitted to regain our carriage and drive away amid a clamorous crowd of beggars. It was as admirable a piece of organized work as I have ever seen, and would have done credit to a labor union in America.

On precisely the same principle, we often find the railed-off chapels of an Italian church to be each under the care of a separate sexton, who jingles his keys alluringly, and does his best to beguile us into his own especial inclosure. I have suffered a good deal in Sicily and in Naples from sextons who could not be brought to understand that I had come to church to pray. The mark of the tourist is like the brand of Cain, recognizable to all men. Even one's nationality is seldom a matter of doubt, and an Italian sexton who cherishes the opinion that English-speaking people stand self-convicted of heresy can see no reason for my entering the sacred edifice save to be shown its treasures with all speed. So he beckons to me from dark corners, and waves his keys at me; and, finding me unresponsive to these appeals, he sidles through the little kneeling throng to tell me, in a loud whisper, that Domenichino's picture is over the third altar on the left, or that forty-five princes of the house of Aragon are buried in the sacristy. By this time devout worshipers are beginning to look at me askance, as if it were my fault that I am disturbing them. So I get up and follow my persecutor, and stare at the forty-five wooden sarcophagi of the Aragonese princes, draped with velvet palls, and ranged on shelves like dry goods. Then, mass being over, I slip out of St. Domenica's, and make my way to the cathedral of St. Januarius, where another sexton instantly lays hands on me, and carries me down to the crypt to see the reliquary of the saint. He is a stout, smiling man, with an unbounded enthusiasm for all he has to show. Even the naked, fat, Cupid-like angels that riot here as wantonly as in every other Neapolitan church fill him with admiration and delight. He taps them on their plump little stomachs, and exclaims, "Tout en marbre! Tout en marbre!" looking at me meanwhile with wide-open eyes, as if marble angels were as much of a rarity in Italy as in Greenland. By the time his transports have moderated sufficiently to allow me to depart, a tall, grim sexton, with nothing to show, is locking up the cathedral, and I am obliged to go away with all my prayers unsaid.

It is possible to be too discursive when a pet grievance has an airing. Therefore, instead of lingering, as I should like to do, over a still unexhausted subject; instead of telling about a dreadful one-eyed man who pursued me like a constable into the cathedral of Catania, and fairly arrested me at St. Agatha's shrine, whither I had fled for protection; instead of describing an unscrupulous fraud

at Amalfi who led me for half a mile in the dripping rain through a soaked little valley, under pretense of showing me a macaroni factory, and then naïvely confessed we had gone in the opposite direction, because the walk was so charming, — instead of denouncing the accumulated crimes of the whole sinful fraternity, I will render tardy justice to one Roman guide whose incontestable merits deserve a grateful acknowledgment. He was a bulky and very dirty man in the Castle of St. Angelo, to whose care fourteen tourists, English, French, and Germans, were officially committed. He spoke no language but his own, and he set himself resolutely to work to make every visitor understand all he had to tell by the help of that admirable pantomimic art in which Italians have such extraordinary facility. It was impossible to misapprehend him. If he wished to show us the papal bed-chamber, he retired into one corner and snored loudly on an imaginary couch. When we came to the dining-room, he made a feint of eating a hearty meal. With amazing agility he illustrated the manner of Benvenuto Cellini's escape, and the breaking of his ankles in the fall. He decapitated himself without a sword as Beatrice Cenci, and racked himself without a rack as another unhappy prisoner. He lowered himself as a drawbridge, and even tried to explode himself as a cannon, in his efforts to make us better acquainted with the artillery. He was absolutely serious all this time, yet never seemed flustered nor annoyed by the peals of irresistible laughter which greeted some of his most difficult representations. He had but one object in view, — to be understood. If we were amused, that did not matter; and if we were a little rude, that was merely the manner of foreigners. I do not wish to close a chapter of fault-finding without one word of praise for this clever and conscientious actor, whose performance was limited to the ignoble task of conducting travelers through a dilapidated fortress, but whom I cannot consent to look upon as a guide.

Agnes Repplier.

TIGER-LILIES.

Lilies, are you come!
I quail before you as your buds upswell;
It is the miracle
Of fire and sculpture in your brazen urns
That strikes me dumb, —
Fire of midsummer that burns,
And as it passes,
Flinging rich sparkles on its own clear blaze,
Wreathes with the wreathing tongues and rays,
Great tiger-lilies, of your deep-cleft masses!
It is the wonder
I am laid under
By the firm heaves
And over-tumbling edges of your liberal leaves.

Michael Field.

PRESIDENT POLK'S ADMINISTRATION.

THE great achievements of President Polk's administration were four in number: the full establishment of the independent treasury, which divorced government dealings from the banks; the low tariff; the adjustment of a northwest boundary with Great Britain, which secured our title to Oregon; and the management of our annexation of Texas, by diplomacy and bloodshed, so as to despoil Mexico of a still further portion of her domains, and gain a broad southerly area to the Pacific, inclusive of California and New Mexico. All four of these achievements were clearly purposed by our eleventh President when he entered upon his executive duties; in all four he took the initiative, so far as possible, before Congress assembled in its first session under his term; and, with the cooperation of Congress, he accomplished, before that first session ended, every one of the projects except the last, which, proving slow and difficult of fulfillment, and withal developing only gradually before our people as the extent of his secret purpose revealed itself, he dispatched as rapidly and surely as the exigencies would permit. Before another presidential election he had wrought out his task to completion.

I shall in this paper [1] consider those four cardinal points of policy only so far as the testimony afforded by Mr. Polk's papers, and especially his Diary, may furnish to our own age plain illustration and proof of historical importance. The first three topics may be passed over rapidly. The sub-treasury or independent treasury plan originated under President Van Buren, as a Democratic measure; but when the Whigs came into power, they at once repealed the sub-treasury act before a fair trial of the experiment, meaning to restore the former national bank system, which, however, Harrison's untimely death and the Vice-President's recreancy debarred them from doing. In this respect, therefore, Polk, as a Democratic President, had simply to restore Democratic policy to the national finances, and the Van Buren measure was reënacted, to remain enduring. "I have always been for the independent treasury, like Silas Wright," records this new President, referring to the immediate author of the original bill. Next, as concerns the low tariff, that most admirable achievement of this new administration, Polk was a strong pioneer in the reduction of duties, and neither the fears nor the opposition of his own party friends could divert him. He had, to be sure, equivocated somewhat in his opinions in the presidential canvass of 1844; and when, in his first presidential message, he boldly proposed tariff reform in this open-trade direction, ably seconded though he was by his Secretary of the Treasury, the consternation was very great among Pennsylvanians of his party. Secretary Buchanan, as I have mentioned elsewhere, would gladly have left the Cabinet and gone upon the supreme bench of the United States, so as to shirk the issue with his political friends, had not Polk kept back his promised appointment to the place until the legislative struggle was over, thereby committing to his own policy the aid which he needed. Mr. Polk is entitled fairly to the fame of a successful experiment on the basis of non-protection and liberal trade which gave to this country great mercantile prosperity and commercial expansion down to the civil war, and won the approval of all political parties. "The tariff portion," as he states, of his first annual message, in the Diary, "is mine, and all the message is mine." He evidently, and with

[1] See also President Polk's Diary, in The Atlantic for August.

good reason, cherished the belief that such a tariff, framed in coöperation with Sir Robert Peel's corn laws and England's new departure for free trade with the world, would aid in uniting the two countries more closely in reciprocal commerce, and in reconciling Great Britain to concessions most desirable for settling the Oregon question. While procuring the needful enactment, Polk's Diary shows him in his former and most familiar character of a driver of business through the national legislature. We see him, by the light of his private revelations, strongly interesting himself in the progress of this tariff-reduction measure through the two Houses during every stage, setting his heart upon accomplishing the work wholly and at once during the first and long session of Congress; and, with this end steadily in view, we perceive him forcing it through with indefatigable zeal against all factional opposition among his party supporters, and in spite of foreign war and other dangerous responsibilities which had accumulated upon his hands in those same early months. A tariff-reduction act was not unpopular with the country at large, and hence the House passed it with comparative harmony. But the real struggle came, as such struggles will, in the Senate and confederate branch; and upon the Democrats of that less responsive chamber he next brought to bear all the personal arguments he could urge in private conference, all the persuasion of Cabinet officers, all the patronage at his official command, for gaining his end.

The executive anxiety was not without good cause, for Polk's party friends were so much divided upon this vexatious issue that, after the best efforts of the White House were exhausted, the fate of the measure was found to depend finally on the uncertain vote of a single Democratic Senator. The casting vote of Vice-President Dallas, however, carried the bill through its most critical stage, after which the act passed the Senate by a majority of one. On the 29th of July, 1846, the President rejoiced that his tariff measure was finally passed, and he felt himself free to veto a river and harbor act which came also to hand for his signature.

Upon the Oregon boundary, Polk's Diary opens with confidential interviews which Buchanan had with him upon the subject, while negotiations remained at a stand after the compromise of boundary suggested on our side had been rejected by the English minister in discourteous language, which Polk quickly resented. And now we see the Secretary of State timorous over the situation, while the President, confident that reflection would bring the adversary to his own proposition, waited for British overtures, betraying no nervousness and willing to bide his time. In spite of Buchanan's dread, our people had no fight for the line of 54° 40′, though there was abundant bluster in Congress over the subject. The fair compromise line was in due time proposed again, this time by Great Britain's negotiator, and a treaty based upon that settlement was promptly ratified by our Senate before the long session ended. Thus happily was an old controversy laid at rest; and so far honorably, as Jefferson had borne us beyond the Mississippi, did this new Democratic Executive plant American colonization firmly upon the Pacific strand.

But the fourth object to which the President had devoted himself from the outset was not gained so readily; and vainly imagining that he could buy out Mexico through its rulers, and gain the new domain he wanted by threats or cajolery, he was cast upon the undesired alternative of war to gain his end; and the war once begun, he found it far more stubborn and protracted than he had looked for, though a weak nation was our foe. The love of liberty and of territorial integrity burns strong in the breasts of the humblest of republican communities; and, whatever their dissen-

sions with one another, they will turn their arms unitedly against invaders from without, and even their corrupt leaders would rather encourage than betray them. Polk saw clearly what our superior American people, or at least the Southern portion, coveted; and surely, could the new acquisition have been fairly gained, the precious soil was well worth our permanent acceptance. But what we could not obtain by fair means Polk set himself to acquiring by foul; and while "Texas reannexation" had been the immediate aim of the party that came with him into power, he planned and carried out with remarkable secrecy and constancy a dismemberment of our sister republic far beyond what this rallying cry had called for or expected. The Diary and Correspondence, with their private disclosures, confirm the worst that was ever imputed to this administration in its deadly and depredating course. But Polk was one of those to whom the end justifies the means; he was fully imbued with the reckless spirit of manifest destiny which was so rampant in that era, and he felt himself God's chosen instrument, in a sense, to advance the stars and stripes, and despoil the weak of their inheritance. Such was the prevalent perversion of the Monroe Doctrine that we seemed actually devoted to the idea of making converts to the republican faith of the rest of this continent, and encouraging all Spanish-American neighbors to emulate our national example to the point of casting off European allegiance, and experimenting in the same direction with ourselves, only for the sake of leading them to misrule and internal disorder, so as to make them the readier prey to our own territorial greed. Mr. Polk meant to vindicate his Mexican policy by the private papers which he preserved so carefully; but this vindication was evidently staked upon the expectation that public gratitude would redound because of the splendid expansion that he gave to our national boundaries. He toiled and he despoiled for the glory of the American Union; but he could see nothing wrong in his despicable treatment of Mexico, in the crime he perpetrated against liberty and the sacred rights of property. He was not the kind of patriot to place himself at another's point of view, and could feel no tender compunctions for an adversary, and least of all for a weak one.

Those familiar with our annals will recall the leading facts regarding the admission of Texas into the Union in 1845. Wrested from the Mexican confederacy and people by American colonists and adventurers who had settled within its neighboring limits by foreign permission, this independent, or rather revolutionary Texan republic sought constitutional alliance with the United States; and after that successful presidential canvass in which the Lone Star issue became so prominent, our Democratic Congress, shortly before Polk's accession, passed a provisional act for admitting into the Union that foreign but adjacent jurisdiction as a new State capable of subdivision. But in order to unite the wavering party elements in Congress, this admission act placed upon our Executive the alternative of accepting Texas immediately under the provisions therein specified, or of beginning negotiations anew with that republic which Mexico still claimed, and postponing annexation indefinitely. The real intent of Congress was, of course, to trust the incoming President as umpire; but Tyler, the retiring Executive, eager for his own glory, at once, and just before retiring from office, chose the first alternative, and dispatched his swift messenger to Texas with the tender of immediate annexation and admission to state membership. Polk might consequently have disclaimed the responsibility of a decision; but, as his papers show, he assembled his Cabinet soon after his term began, to consider whether to adopt the late President's action or not; and upon the advice of these coun-

selors he pronounced for pursuing the same line of policy, and issued appropriate orders. Francis P. Blair, who, like Benton of the Senate, had desired indefinite postponement under the second alternative, angrily charged Polk, during the hot canvass of 1848, with having pledged himself to the second alternative while the act was pending. This, however, Polk has emphatically denied; and those who best knew the surrounding circumstances and had been intimate in the confidence of the President-elect — among them Secretary Buchanan and the manager of the Texas compromise act, Secretary Walker — corroborate by their written statements, preserved among Polk's papers, what Polk himself asserts, and all those cognizant of his traits of character might naturally look for: that he kept his choice of plans strictly to himself, and made no pledge in advance whatever. But this, at least, Polk declares unhesitatingly: that his constant desire had been to have Texas admitted into the Union as soon as possible, by one means or another, and hence that the first alternative was his silent preference, since it best secured such admission practically. "For had annexation by negotiation been adopted," is his just comment in the retrospect, "Texas would have been lost to the United States."

The alternative of immediate annexation once decided upon, there was no sign of feebleness in Mr. Polk's pursuit of the chosen course. To Andrew J. Donelson, dispatched upon this mission, the President wrote June 15, repeating his desires, already expressed, that the Texas convention, then about to meet, should accept annexation to the United States unqualifiedly and at once. "That moment," he writes, "I shall regard Texas as part of the Union; and our army and navy will defend and protect her by driving an invading Mexican army out." Donelson was by that time in Texas; and Polk promised to send an additional force to the Gulf the next day, leaving him to his own discretion in employing our troops or vessels should a Mexican army cross the Rio Grande. All we want, he says, is for Texas to assent to the terms of our statute, and he will not wait for the tedious process of forming a new constitution. "Of course," he adds, "I would maintain the Texan title to the extent which she claims it to be, and not permit an invading enemy to occupy a foot of the soil east of the Rio Grande." In this strain President Polk wrote to Sam Houston, also, assuring him that all rights of territorial boundary would be maintained, if only Texas would accept unconditionally the act of our Congress. Here we have the key to Polk's whole Mexican policy: which was to adopt the pretentious claim set up lately by the Texan revolutionists, that the boundaries of that republic extended to the Rio Grande, and over unsettled soil which the Mexican state of Texas had never included; and then to manipulate a treaty settlement with Mexico which should give to our Union another immense fraction of that unhappy nation's domains. By pressure upon that impoverished country Polk thought himself capable of driving a money bargain with her pride. Texas embraced her opportunity to the fullest extent, and voted in convention to accept the terms tendered by Congress, and enter the American Union as a new State; and by September 16, as the Diary informs us, the President announced clearly to his Cabinet that he should try to adjust, through this Texas question of limits, a permanent boundary between Mexico and the United States, so as to comprehend Upper California and New Mexico, and give us a line from the mouth of the Rio Grande to latitude 32° north, and thence west to the Pacific. For such a boundary he was willing, he said, to pay $40,000,000, but could probably purchase it for $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. In these views the Cabinet unanimously concurred, and instructions were given, accordingly, to John

Slidell, who went at once as a special minister to Mexico, that republic having previously broken off its relations with us because of our league with Texas. But this September conference followed preparations which the President himself had already secretly started. Slidell, a member of the House, was at his home in Louisiana when sent off; but there are indications in the Diary that he had been fixed upon for such a contingency as the present, and had received from Polk himself oral and strictly confidential instructions before he left Washington in the spring. Meanwhile, Dr. Parrott, Slidell's prospective secretary of legation, who had been in the city of Mexico as a secret emissary, wrote from there, August 19, that Mexico was not likely to fight the United States over the admission of our new State, that there would be no invasion of Texas, and that our Executive ought to restore Mexican relations if he could.

In much of the underhand work of 1845 — in the instructions sent to our naval officers who were cruising off the Pacific coast, for instance — Polk dared not trust himself to writing out contemporaneously in his own journal; he would instruct various persons by word of mouth, and enjoin upon them the utmost secrecy; but his Diary's later allusions aid historical testimony already gathered from other sources. The Diary of May 30, 1846, contains the President's incidental admission, at that tardy date, that in Slidell's instructions of 1845 "the acquisition of California and New Mexico, with perhaps some northern provinces," had been included. Polk's reticence to others he practiced with constant constraint for himself when committing his Mexican plans privately to paper; for in all this he meant to forestall public opinion, not to court it, believing that the public results would justify him before the people.

In Polk's private correspondence may be found General Scott's report with the President's indorsement, dated January 13, 1846, in justification of the famous order which required General Taylor to advance from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande. Its preamble is worth quoting in this connection, inspired as it probably was in expression by the commander-in-chief or Secretary of War: "Congress having accepted the constitution adopted by the State of Texas, in convention assembled, in which constitution the Rio Grande del Norte is, at least in part, claimed as one of her boundaries, — subject, it may be, to future modification in part, by a treaty of limits between the United States and Mexico," — the President of the United States, through the War Department, had deemed it his duty to give instructions to General Zachary Taylor to advance and occupy such positions at or near Rio del Norte as might be necessary.

President Polk has been greatly blamed for precipitating the United States into an unrighteous war with Mexico, and at the same time placing the onus of hostilities, most craftily and dishonestly, upon that republic. The familiar phrases of his message will be recalled: "Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon the American soil;" "War exists, and, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself." The real climax as shown by the Diary makes his dissimulation even greater than has been supposed. Saturday, the 9th of May, 1846, was a memorable one. Slidell was now in Washington, having returned from a mission for purchase utterly fruitless; and Polk, feeling convinced that nothing but war would give us the treaty of ample cession that he was bent upon procuring, took up a war policy. It was not the original Texas which had won its independence that he wanted to annex, for Mexico sought no recovery; nor was it Texas as voted to the Rio Grande, for Taylor held that disputed solitude

by military possession, and was the real aggressor; but it was a new and broader belt to the Pacific, whose clear title could be won, as now seemed clear, only by force of arms. Congress being in the midst of its long session, the President summoned his Cabinet on this Saturday, and stated that it was his desire to send to the two Houses an immediate war message. But no news of any armed advance or opposition by the Mexicans, or of bloodshed or collision of any sort, had yet reached Washington from the front, where General Taylor with his command was already posted to make the disputed area of Texas our own. The Cabinet as a whole advised the President encouragingly, but Buchanan not without hesitation, while Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy, gave his candid opinion that we ought to wait for some act of hostility before declaring war. Polk's Diary shows, however, that he preferred to recommend war as matters stood, for after the adjournment he made his preparations to write a message. But a new and sudden turn was given to the situation about sunset of the same day, when dispatches from General Taylor reached the White House by the Southern mail, reporting that slight and casual attack by Mexicans and loss of life on the line of the Rio Grande which has since passed into history. Here then was the opportunity for throwing all scruples aside; and that Polk made the most of this *casus belli*, of this shedding the first drop of blood by Mexico, the American world is well aware. The Cabinet were summoned once more, in the evening; and they agreed unanimously that a war message should be sent in to Congress on Monday, based upon this new state of facts. But would not that war message have been sent the same, had not this opportune intelligence arrived from the front? All now, says the Diary, was unity and energy. Mr. Polk worked all Sunday over the message, except for his attendance on morning church; Secretary Bancroft, who took dinner with him, giving his skillful literary aid in the afternoon. There was great excitement in Washington, and confidential friends of the Democracy were preparing to have Congress coöperate. "It was," records the President piously, but with no apparent sense of the unrighteousness of his secular task, "a day of great anxiety to me, and I regretted the necessity for me to spend the Sabbath in the manner I have." On the morning of Monday, the momentous 11th of May, Mr. Polk shut out company, and carefully revised this war message, which he sent in to Congress about noon; and such was the haste of preparation that he had not time to read over the accompanying executive correspondence, though he had seen the originals. Slidell, in the afternoon, called upon him, to announce that though the bill for declaring war with Mexico passed the House, the Senate had adjourned without action, and evidently not united. But the bill went through that branch on Tuesday, with a slight amendment, in which the House concurred. The act was brought to the President soon after the noon of Wednesday, May 13, and he approved and signed it; and an executive proclamation was forthwith issued which announced the existence of war, following the example of President Madison in 1812.

But there were already symptoms of national dissension to impress the Cabinet circle; Buchanan, at least, among Polk's chosen advisers, showing, besides his characteristic timidity, some forecast of the public dangers which would attend this new greed for expansion. In draughting a circular to our ministers in Europe, which announced the Mexican war, he stated expressly, and as though to allay suspicion, that our object was not to dismember Mexico nor to make conquest; that our boundary line as claimed against that republic was the Rio Grande. This draught was read at the Cabinet

meeting on this same 13th of May; and the Diary gives a full account of the conference. "I will not tie up my hands by any such pledge," declared the President at once and decidedly. "In making peace with our adversary, we shall acquire California and New Mexico and other further territory, as an indemnity for this war, if we can." A warm discussion now arose in the Cabinet, Buchanan contending on his part that England and France would in that case help Mexico against us; for as yet the Oregon line was still in controversy with Great Britain. But again did the President refuse to embarrass his course by any such pledge; nor, he added, would he tolerate any intermeddling by European nations. The Secretary of State, says the Diary, stood alone in this matter; Marcy being absent on account of business pressure at the War Department. Secretary Bancroft, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-General all sided strongly with the President, while Secretary Walker spoke with much excitement against the draught as Buchanan had prepared it. At last, to end discussion, Mr. Polk stepped to his table and wrote out a new paragraph in place of that which had disclaimed all intention of further dismemberment; and Buchanan's dispatches, when sent abroad, substituted the presidential paragraph for his own. "This," records Polk, "was one of the most earnest and interesting discussions which have occurred in my Cabinet," and it ended a day "of intense application, anxiety, and labor."

Some authentic explanation has long been wished of Secretary Bancroft's naval order, dated on May 13, when war was declared, which instructed our blockading squadron in the Gulf to permit Santa Anna, as a returning exile from Havana, to pass through with his suite, unmolested. The historical suspicion has been that this ex-President and military chief of Mexico was in secret concert with our administration; and the Polk papers make that suspicion a certainty by their revelations. It appears from the Diary that about February 13, 1846, and before our Mexican relations had culminated in war, a Spanish-American officer and revolutionist — Colonel Atocha by name — held a secret interview at Washington with President Polk, and gave the latter the impression, while Mexico was in strong public commotion, that Santa Anna had sent to arrange for his own restoration to the head of the Mexican government, on the assurance that our ends would be gained in return. Mr. Polk consulted his Cabinet upon such an arrangement, and with their consent, though Buchanan opposed, dispatched his confidential agent to Havana, when war broke out, to confer with the distinguished exile. That agent was Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, of the navy, to whose rumored mission Mr. Benton alludes in his Thirty Years' View, though more slightingly, perhaps, than the facts justify. Mackenzie's dispatches to the President, which were received at Washington on the 3d of August, are contained in full in the Polk Correspondence. It appears that the President made the Bancroft order to our blockading squadron the occasion for an oral message to Santa Anna, which Mackenzie reduced to writing and read to the Mexican general; thereby exceeding his authority, according to Polk's Diary record of January, 1848, since he should have delivered it orally. In course of the two interviews they held together, Santa Anna, as Mackenzie reports, asserted that, if in power once more in his own country, he would make concessions rather than see Mexico ruled by a foreign prince; that he preferred a friendly arrangement with the United States to the ravages of war; that he desired republican principles and a liberal government, excluding all mediation of England and France. Santa Anna advised that Taylor should ad-

vance his forces to Santillo. He also expressed a sense of his own kind treatment while a prisoner after the battle of San Jacinto, and said that if he did not return to Mexico he should like to become a citizen of the United States, and live in Texas. Santa Anna wrote a paper, it seems, for submission to our State Department. It is hard to say whether Polk's administration, in thus coöperating with the ablest of all Mexicans of the age, civil or military, in a subtle and sly intrigue for revolutionizing the republic with which we were now at war, was not overreached in its own game; at all events, Santa Anna, with his suite, passed our blockading line to Vera Cruz under the Bancroft order, not many weeks later, reëntered his country, and placed himself at the head of affairs; proving himself, however, after having done so, the most energetic and persistent of all Mexican opponents in the field, instead of our artful ally for dismemberment.

Most of the familiar episodes of the Mexican war are strongly lighted up by the daily entries of Polk's Diary: his strong dislike of Scott, and his increasing disparagement of Zachary Taylor as the latter began to be talked about for the next President; the earnest intrigue in the administration circle to supersede both of these Whig generals by the Democratic Benton, under a projected measure for creating a lieutenant-general to outrank them both, — a scheme in which Benton personally was most active; the failure of such a bill for want of a party support in Congress, followed by Polk's abortive effort to bring Benton into the field as one of the new major-generals, and Benton's haughty refusal of a commission because the President would not retire all the existing major-generals in his own favor, and give him plenary powers to arrange a treaty besides;[1] the Calhoun "fencing in" plan for conducting the war by seizing and holding simply the territory we wanted, which appears to have been first broached by a military officer, but was dropped upon full Cabinet consultation, because such inactivity would not give us a parchment title, and might make the war too unpopular at home to be borne; Polk's disgust upon finding that the Whigs were having this war to their own party account, while he bore all the odium of it; Scott's quarrels at the front, and his recall after the capture of the city of Mexico; Trist, the clerk of the State Department, and his troubles over a treaty which he could not procure in a satisfactory form until he had ceased to be an accredited agent for negotiating one. Many were the mean expedients brought forward from time to time for heading off public opinion in the unhappy republic whose patriotism thwarted us. Our Executive at first employed Roman Catholic priests with his invading army, — "not," says the Diary, "as chaplains," but because "they spoke the Mexican language" and might "undeceive" the adversary; and in their last straits, Polk and his Cabinet had nearly decided to help the peace party of Mexico into power if they would execute in due form the desired treaty of peace and dismemberment.

At last, however, with all this fair domain our own prize, Mr. Polk viewed with alarm and evident surprise the portentous aspect of the slavery struggle which this war had aroused among his own people. He feared that such an agitation would "destroy the Democratic party, and perhaps the Union;" though slavery had, as he believed, "no legitimate connection with the war into Mexico, being a domestic, not a foreign question." But with this premonition, and to check the "worse than useless discussion," this "wicked agitation," he publicly proposed extending the Missouri Compromise line

[1] "The difficulty," records Polk in his Diary, "is about recalling Butler and Patterson" (the Democratic major-generals). "I would have recalled Scott and Taylor."

across to the Pacific, and considered himself a national umpire in doing so. This adjustment failing in Congress, it is due to President Polk to say, further, that during the last weeks of his official term he showed himself in private counsel a true lover of the Union, like Jackson before him, strongly contrasting with Calhoun and many others of his own slaveholding section. The Diary records an interview which he held at the White House with Calhoun January 16, 1849, at the time when the latter was gathering Southern Congressmen into caucus, and trying to combine them for an inflammatory appeal to Southern constituents. Mr. Polk thought that movement mischievous, and on this occasion expressed to the great nullifier his own strong attachment to the Union and his wish to preserve it. With reference to our new domain, which was being peopled so rapidly in the Sacramento region since the gold discovery, Polk now took the very ground which Zachary Taylor occupied soon after as his successor. "California might be admitted into the Union as a State, and so might even New Mexico; and thus we should get rid of the Wilmot anti-slavery proviso," said Polk: "and this is the only practical mode of settling the territorial question, — to leave the new States to themselves and arrest this slavery agitation." To this Calhoun expressed himself opposed. He said California ought not now to be admitted as a State, because slaveholders had found no opportunity to go there, and it was sure to become a free State; now was the time for the South to resist Northern aggressions. The two parted in disagreement; and the President, commenting in his journal upon this interview, declares himself satisfied that Calhoun does not want the question settled, that he desires disunion. "I set my face against all this," he records: "let California decide slavery or no slavery, and no Southern man should object."

Polk's Diary discloses a secret chapter in the expansion policy of this industrious administration which deserves a final notice. No sooner had the Mexican war been brought substantially to a close before our untiring President undertook the annexation of Cuba. On the 30th of May, 1848, just as a new presidential canvass was opening, and even before ratifications had been exchanged and peace secured with Mexico, Polk broached this other matter to his Cabinet; but by this time he had learned a lesson in self-constraint, and restricted his proposal to that of a fair purchase, disclaiming all wish for a forcible annexation. His Cabinet were evidently divided at first on this subject, and the Northern portion of it nervous and distrustful; Robert J. Walker and John Y. Mason being his chief supporters in the council. Buchanan objected that it would be a firebrand in the presidential canvass; but Cass, the party candidate, had declared himself quite ready and willing to risk his chances upon such an issue. On the 6th of June Polk brought the subject up again; insisting that a proposition of purchase should be made through our minister in Spain. A day or two after came confirmation of a speedy peace with Mexico, and Polk made it clear to his doubting advisers that he had no treacherous plans in reserve. Cubans were at this time in insurrection; and General Quitman, so gallant on the Mexican battlefields, would gladly have sailed with a force of our returning volunteers upon a filibustering expedition. But this, said the President, he could not connive at; he proposed taking no part in Cuban revolutions, but to let Spain know that we meant to keep back our American troops; at the same time notifying that power of our willingness to offer a price for the island. In this form, says the Diary, the Cabinet unanimously agreed to the President's proposal; even Buchanan assenting with the rest. A few days

after, Mr. Polk made his offer in due form by a dispatch transmitted to Minister Saunders at Madrid; sending him a power to treat for Cuba, with a hundred million dollars as the limit of a purchase, — and all this "profoundly confidential." There is a later record of September 16 in Polk's journal, stating that an important dispatch from Minister Saunders at Spain was read in the Cabinet. What its purport was the Diary does not indicate, but doubtless Spain repulsed our overtures; and there the matter dropped. With a Whig President chosen by the people a few weeks later, this subject, and in fact all schemes for further territorial aggrandizement, became indefinitely postponed.

James Schouler.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XXIII.

To the end of her life Helen will see the look on Emanuel Bayard's face when she had spoken these words.

With more of terror than delight, the woman's nature sprang, for that instant, back upon itself. Would she have recalled what she had said? It is possible; for now she understood how he loved her, and perceived that she had never understood what a man's love is.

Yet when he spoke, it was with that absence of drama, with that repression amounting almost to commonplace, which characterize the intensest crises of experience.

"*Do* you?" he said. "*Have* you?"

And at first that was all. But his voice shook, and his hand; and his face went so white that he seemed like a man smitten rather by death than by love.

Helen, in a pang of maiden fright, had moved away from him, and retreated to the sofa: he sank beside her silently. Leaning forward a little, he covered his eyes with one hand. The other rested on the cushion within an inch of her purple dress; he did not touch her; he did not touch it. Helen felt sorry, seeing him so troubled and wrung; her heart went out in a throb of that maternal compassion which is never absent from the love of any woman for any man.

"Oh," she sighed, "I meant to make you happy, to give you comfort! And now I have made you unhappy!"

"You have made me the happiest of all miserable men!"

He raised his head, and looked at her till hers was the face to fall.

"Oh, don't!" she pleaded. "Not like *that!*"

He paid no heed to this entreaty. The soul of the saint and the heart of the man made duel together; and the man won, and exulted in it, and wondered how he dared; but his gaze devoured her willfully. The first embrace of the eyes — more delicate, more deferent, and at once less guarded than the meeting of hands or clasp of arms — he gave her, and did not restrain it. Before it, Helen felt more helpless than if he had touched her. She seemed to herself to be annihilated in his love.

"Happy?" he said exultingly. "You deify me! You have made a god of me!"

"No," she shook her head with a little teasing smile, "I have made a man of you."

"Then they are one thing and the same!" cried the lover. "Let me hear you say it. Tell it to me again!"

She was silent, and she crimsoned to the brows.

"You are not sure!" he accused her. "You want to take it back. It was a

madness, an impulse. You don't mean it. You do not, you have not, loved me. . . . How *could* you?" he added humbly. "You know I never counted on it, never expected, did not trust myself to think of it — all this while."

She lifted her head proudly. "I have nothing to take back. It was not an impulse. I am not that kind of woman. I have been meaning to tell you — when you gave me the chance. I love you. I have loved you ever since" —

She stopped.

"Since when? How long have you loved me? Come! Speak! I *will* know!" commanded Bayard deliriously.

"Oh, what is going to be gained if I tell you?"

Helen gave him a prisoner's look. She turned her head from side to side rebelliously, as if she had flown into a cage whose door was now unexpectedly shut.

"I meant to make you happy. All I say seems to make everything worse. I shall tell you nothing more."

"You will tell me," he said in a tone of calm authority, "all I ask. It is my affair whether I am happy or wretched. Yours is to obey my wish: because you love me, Helen."

His imperious voice fell to a depth of tenderness in which her soul and body seemed to sink and drown.

"I have loved you," she whispered, "ever since that night — the first time I saw you here, in my father's house."

"Now, sir!" she added, with her sudden, pretty willfulness, "make the most of it. I 'm not ashamed of it, either. But I shall be ashamed of *you* if — this — if after I 've said it *all*, it does n't make you happy. . . . That 's all I care for," she said quietly. "It is all I care for in this world."

"Oh, what shall we do?" pleaded Bayard.

"You have your work," said Helen dreamily, "and I your love." Her voice sank to a whisper.

"Is that enough for you?" demanded the man. "I shall perish of it, I shall perish!"

Something in his tone and expression caused Helen to regard him keenly. He looked so wasted, so haggard, that her heart stood still, and said to her, "This is truer than he knows."

"No," she answered, with a sweet, womanly composure, "it is not enough for me."

"And yet," he said, with the brutality of the tormented, "I cannot, I must not, ask you to be my" —

She put the tips of her fingers to his lips to check the word. He seized her hand and held it there; then, for he came to himself, he relinquished it, and laid it down.

"Dear," said Helen, "I should n't mind it . . . to be poor. I want you to understand — to know how it is. I have never felt . . . any other way. It shall be just as you say," she added, with a gentleness which gave a beautiful dignity to her words. "We need not . . . do it, because I say this. But I wanted you to know — that I was not *afraid* of a hard life with you."

"Oh, you cannot understand!" he groaned. "It is no picturesque poverty you would have to meet. It would mean cold, hunger, misery you 've never thought of, cruel suffering — for you. It would mean all that a man has no right to ask a woman to endure for him, *because* he loves her . . . as I love you."

"I could starve," said Helen.

"God help us!" cried the man. Nothing else came to his dry lips.

Then Helen answered him in these strong and quiet words: "I told you I would trust you, and I shall do it to the end. When you are ready for me, I shall come. I am not afraid — of anything, except that you should suffer, and that I could not comfort you. If you never see the way to think it right . . . I can wait. I love you; and I am yours to take or leave."

"This," whispered Bayard reverently, for he could have knelt before her, "is a woman's love! I am unworthy of it — and of you."

"Oh, there is the other kind of woman," said Helen, trying rather unsuccessfully to smile. "This is only *my* way of loving. I am not ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of it? It honors you! It glorifies you!"

He held out his arms, but she did not swerve towards them; they dropped. She seemed to him encompassed in a shining cloud, in which her own celestial tenderness and candor had wrapped and protected her.

"Love me!" he pleaded. "Love me, trust me, till we can think. I must do right by *you*, whatever it means to *me*."

"We love each other," repeated Helen, holding out her hands; "and I trust you. Let us live on that a little while, till we — till you" —

But she faltered, and her courage forsook her when she looked up into his face. All the anguish of the man that the woman cannot share, and may not understand, started out in visible lines and signs upon his features; all the solemn responsibility for her, for himself, and for the unknown consequences of their sacred passion; the solitary burden, which it is his to bear in the name of love, and which presses hardest upon him whose spirit is higher and stronger than mere human joy.

But at this moment a sound was heard upon the stone steps of the Queen Anne house. It was the footfall of the Professor himself, returning from his closing lecture of the series on Eschatology. Mrs. Carruth pattered behind him with short, stout steps. She had wound the affairs of the Association for Assisting Indigent Married Students with blankets to a condition in which they could run along without her till the exegetical trip to the German Professor's in Berlin should be over, and the slush of Cesarea should know her again.

XXIV.

The summer slid, Bayard knew not how. They separated, as so many confused lovers do in the complicated situations of our later life; wherein we love no longer in the old, outright, downright way, when men and women took each other for better, for worse, and dared to run the risk of loving without feeling responsible for the consequences. We are past all that; and whether it is the worse or the better for us, who shall say?

At least, these two had the healthy ring to their love; in that great and simple feeling was no delinquency or default. Bayard did not hesitate or quibble — one day a lover, the next a prudential committee, after the fashion of such feeble mathematicians as go by the name of men to-day. He was incapable of calculating his high passion; there was no room in his soul or body for a doubt to take on lease of life. He loved her, as the greatest of women might be proud and humble to be loved, as the smallest would be vain to be.

He loved her too much to make her miserable, and he knew, with that dreary, practical perception of the truth sometimes, but rarely, granted to men of the seer's temperament, that he could not make her happy. Between love and joy a dead wall shut down; it seemed to him to reach from the highest heavens to the waters under the earth. What elemental chaos could rend it? What miracle was foreordained to shatter it? Would the busy finger of God stretch out to touch it?

"God knows," he wrote her. "And He purposes, I am fain to believe, if He purposes anything we do or suffer. The hour may come, and the way *might* clear. More incredible things have happened to men and women loving less than we. If I can, I claim you when I can. Oh, wait for me, and trust me! Life is so short; it is not easy. Sometimes madness en-

ters into me, to fling all these cold, these cruel considerations, these things we call honor, unselfishness, chivalry, to the gales. . . . Then I come to myself. I will not wrong you. Help me to bear to live without you till I see your face again."

Helen wrote him noble letters; brave, womanly, and as trustful as the swing of the earth in its orbit. It is not too much to say that few women in her place would have shown the strong composure of this ardent girl. The relation between acknowledged lovers unbetrothed is one whose difficulty only an inspired delicacy can control. Helen's clear eyes held no shadows. The dark wing of regret for a moment's weakness never brushed between her heart and this Sir Galahad who loved her like man and spirit too. Few women reared as she had been would have trusted the man as she did; we may add that fewer men would have deserved it.

Emanuel Bayard did. Her heart knew him for one of the sons of light, who will not, because he cannot, cause the woman whom he loves an hour's regret that she has believed in him utterly and told him so. Now, the value of a woman's intuition in most of the problems or relations of life cannot be overestimated; when she loves, it is the least reliable of her attributes or qualities. Helen, in her composed way, recognized this fact perfectly, but it gave her no uneasiness.

"My own perception might fail me," she wrote. "You could not. It is not my own sense of what is best to do that I am trusting in this; it is you."

When he read these words, he put the paper to his lips, and laid his face upon it, and covered it from the sight even of his own eyes.

The date of Professor Carruth's return was set for early October. In September Bayard received from Helen the news that her mother had met with an accident — a fall; an arm was broken, and, at the age of the patient, the surgeon forbade the voyage. The Professor would get back to his lecture-room, as he must. The two ladies were indefinitely delayed in Berlin.

. . . . . .

The winter proved a bleak one, and went with Bayard as was to be expected. The devotee had yet to learn how a woman's absence may work upon a lover; but of this, since he had no right to do so, he did not complain. Headlong, fathoms down into his work he leaped, and with the diver's calm he did the diver's duty. The new chapel progressed after the manner of its kind. The pastor had peremptorily insisted upon the severest economy of plan; demanding a building which should be a "shelter for worship," and nothing more. Not a waste dollar went into architecture. Not a shingle went into debt. No mortgage desecrated the pulpit of Christlove Church. Bayard built what he could pay for, and nothing more. The dedication of the building was expected to take place in the spring.

Meanwhile his audiences grew upon his hands, and Windover First Church looked darkly at Windover town hall. Orthodoxy, decorum, property, position, gazed at gaping pews, and regretted that "these temperance movements estranged themselves from the churches."

Obscurity, poverty, religious doubt, sin and shame and repentance jammed the aisles to hear "the Christman" interpret decency and dignity and the beauty of holiness. He spoke to these, not with the manner of preachers, but with the lips and heart of a man. Week after week, strange, unkempt, unlettered seamen poured in; they stood sluggishly, like forming lava, to listen to him. Certain of his audiences would have honored Whitefield or Robertson. Bayard's soul seemed, that winter, alight with a sacred conflagration. He prayed and wrought for Windover as a tongue of flame goes up to the sky, because it was the law of life and fire. It is pathetic to think now how it would have comforted the

man if he had known how much they loved him, these undemonstrative people of the sea, for whom he gave himself. The half of it was never told him. Censure, and scorn, and scandal, and the fighting of foes in the dark he knew. The real capacity for affection and loyalty which existed in the rough, warm heart of Windover he sometimes thought he understood. He did not see — as we see now — that he had won this allegiance.

This was the more obscure to him because the tension between himself and the liquor interests of Windover was growing quietly into a serious thing, and heavily occupied his attention; and here we know that he was never deceived or blinded.

His methods were deliberate, his moves were intelligent, he ran no stupid risks; he measured his dangers, he took them in the name of good citizenship and good Christianity, and strode on to their consequences with that martial step characteristic of him. Of this chapter of the winter's story he wrote little or nothing to Helen. She heard how the chapel grew, how the library gathered and the smoking-room was fitted; about the hope of a gymnasium, the vision of a bowling-alley, the schedule for lectures and entertainments; all his dreams and schemes to give homeless and tempted men shelter and happiness under the rising roof of Christlove, all the little pleasures and hopes of the missionary life, she shared, as Helen had it in her to share the serious energy of a man's life. Upon the subject of the dangers he was silent. The extent to which these existed she could not measure, for Helen belonged to those social and religious circles into whose experience the facts in the remote lives of that worthy class of people known as temperance agitators do not enter. She had no traditions to enlighten her, and her own joyous nature vaguely filled in the darker outlines of her lover's life. How should the summer girl understand the winter Windover? She thought of Bayard's real situation with little more vividness than if he had been a missionary in Darkest Africa. Pleasant sketches of Job Slip and Joey, little reminiscences of Captain Hap and Lena, pretty, womanly plans for replacing the burned furniture and decorations, flitted across the leisurely Continental tour by which she escorted her mother homewards. Mrs. Carruth was now quite recovered, but had developed the theory that the dangers of a midwinter voyage were lessened by every week's delay. As a result, the two ladies engaged passage in February, at the height of the gales.

It was a bitter winter. Two hundred Windover fishermen were drowned, and poverty of the dreariest kind sat sullenly in the tragic town. Bayard worked till he staggered for the women and children whom the sea bereft. Afterwards a cry went up out of scores of desolate homes which told what the man had been and done in Windover when the gales went down.

One night, a short time before Helen was to sail for home, there happened to Bayard one of those little mysteries which approach us so much oftener than we recognize them that we have never properly classified them, and may be long yet in doing so.

He had been in his own rooms since noon; for there was a heavy snowstorm on, and he was conscious of obvious physical inability to brave the weather unless the call of duty should be louder than a certain oppression on his lungs which he had been forced of late to observe more often than usual. It was a gray day at Mrs. Granite's. Jane was sad, and coughed. Her mother had cried a good deal of late, and said that "Jane was goin' off like her aunt Annie before her."

Ben Trawl came sullenly and seldom, now, to see the reluctant girl.

Mrs. Granite thought if Jane could go to her aunt Annie's second cousin Jenny, in South Carolina, for a spell, she would be cured; but Mrs. Granite said climate

was only meant for rich folks; she said you lived and died here in Windover, if your lungs was anyways delicate, like frozen herring packed into a box. She was almost epigrammatic — for Mrs. Granite.

Bayard had been sitting in his study-chair, writing steadily, while his mind, with his too sensitive sympathy, followed the fortunes of these poor women who made him all the home he knew. It was towards six o'clock, and darkening fast. The noise on the beach opposite the cottage was heavy, and the breakers off Ragged Rock boomed mightily.

Snow was falling so thickly that he could not see the water. The fog-bell was tolling, and yells of agony came from the whistling-buoy. It was one of the days when a man delicately reared winces, with a soreness impossible to be understood unless experienced, from life in a place and in a position like his; when the uncertain value of the ends of sacrifice presents itself to the mind like the spatter from a stream of vitriol; when the question, Is what I achieve worth its cost? burns in upon the bravest soul, and gets no answer for its scorching.

Bayard laid down his pen, and looked patiently out of the window; putting his empty hand in his pocket as he did so. His eyes gazed into the curtain of the whirling snow. He wondered how far out to sea it extended; how many miles of it dashed between himself and Helen. It was one of the hours when she seemed to fill the world.

The snowflakes took on fantastic shapes — so! That was the way she held out her white hands. The soft trailing of her gown sounded in the room. If he turned his head, should he see her standing, a vision in purple and gold, smiling, warm, and sweet? It would be such a disappointment not to find her! Rather believe that he should, if he would, and so not stir.

Suddenly his hand in his own pocket struck an object whose character he did not at the moment recall. He drew it out and looked at it. It was the key of his old home in Beacon Street.

For three years, perhaps, he had not thought of his uncle's words: "Keep your latch-key. You will want to use it, some day."

Bayard regarded the latch-key steadily. The senseless thing burned his palm, as if it were trying to articulate.

He never sought to explain to himself, and I see no reason why we should explain for him, the subtile meaning which went from the metal to the man.

The key said, "Go!"

And Bayard went. He made such efforts as all cool-headed people make to buffet the inexplicable and to resist an unreasonable impression. But after an hour's protest with himself he yielded to the invisible summons.

"It is a long while since I have seen my uncle," he reasoned. "This may be as good a time as any other to look him up."

He dressed for the storm, and took the nine-o'clock train to Boston.

It was blowing a blizzard when he arrived in town, and eleven o'clock. He took a carriage, and drove to his uncle's house. The lights were out on the front of the house, and the servants asleep. Bayard stood a moment irresolute. The folly of his undertaking presented itself to him with emphasis, now that he was there. He could not tell when he had yielded to any of that class of highly wrought emotions which we call presentiments or "leadings." Impatient with himself, and suddenly vividly aware that Mr. Hermon Worcester was a man who particularly objected to being disturbed in his sleep, Bayard was about to call the cab back to take him away, when he perceived that the driver had started off, and was laboring heavily up Beacon Street, with the snow to the hubs of the wheels. (Who has ever fathomed the inscrutable mind of the Boston cabman who has to be snowed under before he

will get on runners?) Resisting no longer, Bayard softly put his key in the lock.

It creaked a little, for it had grown rusty in the Windover salts, but the boy's key turned in the man's hand, and admitted him loyally into his old home.

The hall was dark, and the house still. He brushed off the snow in silence, and stood wondering what to do next. He felt mortified at his own lack of good sense.

Why was he here? And what reason could he give for this stupendous foolishness? He dripped on the Persian rugs awhile, and, finding neither enlightenment nor consolation in this moist occupation, proceeded to take off his overcoat and hang it on his own nail on the mahogany hat-tree under the stairs. When had such a shabby overcoat put that venerable piece of furniture to the blush? Never, if one excepted the case of the Vermont clergyman who had been known to take a lunch with his benefactor, and who received a barrel of old clothes the following week. Bayard hung up his wet hat, too, in the old place, took off his shoes, and crept upstairs in his stockings, as he had done how many hundred nights, coming home from Cambridge, late, in college days!

His uncle's door was closed, but, to his surprise, he found the door of his own room open. He slipped in. It seemed warm and pleasant — how incredibly pleasant and natural! The register appeared to be open. Oh, the luxury of a furnace! The wet and tired man crawled along, feeling his way in the familiar dark, and got down by the register. He remembered where the safety-matches used to be that struck and made no sound. Groping, he found them, in their paper match-box set within the old bronze one. He struck one, softly, and looked about. In the little flare he saw that the room was just as it had always been. Nothing was changed or disturbed, except that his books had gone to Mrs. Granite's. His bed lay turned back, open for the night, as it always was; the big, soft pillow, the luxurious mattresses, the light warmth of the snowy blankets, invited him. His mother's picture hung over the head of his bed. Those old pipes and silk menus and college traps and trifles were crossed on the wall by the bureau; his gun was there, and his fishing-rods.

Bayard was about to yield to his weariness, and get into his own bed, thinking to see his uncle in the morning, as a sane man should, when his attention was attracted by a slight sound in Mr. Worcester's room. It was repeated; and something about it struck the young man unpleasantly.

Without noise he opened the door of the bath-room intervening between his own and his uncle's apartment. Then he perceived a crack of light at the threshold of Mr. Worcester's closed door.

As he stood uncertain and troubled, the sound which he had heard was reiterated. It resembled the effort of difficult breathing, and was accompanied by a slight groan.

Then a thick voice called — "Partredge?"

"Partredge always did sleep like the dead," thought Bayard. "I hope he does n't neglect my uncle, now he is growing old."

"Nancy?" summoned the voice again.

Nancy always woke easily and good naturedly. But Nancy heard nothing now. Bayard, afraid to shock the old man by so astounding an appearance, was moving quickly and quietly to find the servants, when something caused him to change his purpose. Apparently, Mr. Worcester had tried to reach the bell — it was one of the old-fashioned kind, with a long, embroidered bell-handle — he had partly crossed the room, when Bayard intercepted the fall, and caught him.

The gas was lighted, and recognition was instant. Without shock, it seemed without surprise, Hermon Worcester lay

back in the young man's arms, and smiled pleasantly into his face.

"I *thought* you would use the latch-key — some night," he said with difficulty. "You 've chosen the right one, Manuel. The servants did not hear — and — I 'm afraid I 'm not — quite — well, my boy."

After this he said nothing, but lingered for three days, without evident suffering, and with evident content, making signs that Manuel should not leave him, which he did not, to the end.

Hermon Worcester passed on serenely, in the Faith, and the prominence and usefulness thereof, though the last prayer that he heard on earth came from the lips of the affectionate heretic in whose arms he died.

. . . . . .

Bayard had been so long out of the world and the ways of it that it did not occur to him, till he received the summons of the family lawyer, that he would be required to be present at the reading of his uncle's will.

"As the nearest of kin, my dear sir," suggested the attorney, "the occasion will immediately concern you, doubtless."

Bayard bowed in silence. He did not think it necessary to explain to the attorney that he had been for a long time aware of the fact of his disinheritance.

"Possibly Uncle may have left me his library," he thought, "or the furniture of my old room."

He had, indeed, received the library. The rest of Hermon Worcester's fortune, barring the usual souvenirs to relatives, had been divided between Mr. Worcester's favorite home missionary associations and Cesarea Seminary, of which he had been for thirty years trustee.

The house in Beacon Street, with its contents, went unreservedly, "and affectionately," the testator had expressed it, to his nephew, Emanuel Bayard.

"I think," observed the lawyer at the first decent opportunity, "that Mr. Worcester intended, or — hoped that you might make your plans of life in accordance with such circumstances as would enable you to keep, and to keep up, the homestead. But of course," added the attorney, shrewdly reading Bayard's silent face, "that might be — as you say — impossible."

"I said nothing," replied Bayard in a low voice.

"The place is yours, without conditions," pursued the lawyer, with polite indifference. "It can be sold, or converted into income — rented, if you please, if ever unfortunately necessary. It would seem a pity; it would bring so little. But still, it could, of course, be done."

"What do you call a little?" asked Bayard.

"Oh, enough for a small fresh-water professor or retail grocer to get along on, if he knew how," replied the Back Bay lawyer carelessly. He mentioned the figures.

The house was old and in need of repair; the furniture out of date and worn. The probable values were not large, as the attorney said. To the pastor from Angel Alley their possession seemed to represent the shock of nature involved in a miracle.

XXV.

Helen was to sail for Boston the following Saturday. It lacked three days of that date. It being out of the question to reach her now by letter, Bayard cabled to her: —

"Will meet you arrival steamer. Future clear before me. I await you. E. B."

To this impulsive message he found himself expecting a reply. The wan missionary had burst into a boyish and eager lover. Oh, that conscientious, cruel past! He dashed it from him. He plunged into the freedom of his heart. In honor — in his delicate honor — he could win her now.

Helen did not answer the cable message. A hundred hindrances might have

prevented her, yet he had believed she would. He thought of her ardent, womanly candor, her beautiful courage, her noble trust. It did not occur to him that a woman has two natures — this for the unfortunate, and that for the fortunate lover. One he had tasted; the other he had yet to know.

He vibrated restlessly to and fro between Windover and Boston, where his presence was urgently required in the settlement of his uncle's affairs. A snowstorm set in, and increased to a gale. Ten days passed somehow. The steamer was due in twenty-four hours. She did not arrive.

Bayard had lived in Windover long enough to acquire the intelligent fear of the sea which characterizes the coast, and when the next day went, and another, and the boat was admitted at headquarters to be three days overdue, he suffered the unspeakable. It had been nothing less than a terrible midwinter gale. Wrecks lined the coast; glasses scoured it; watchers thronged it; friends besieged the offices of the steamship company. The great line which boasted that it had never lost a life held its stanchest steamer three days, four days overdue.

It was like him that he did not overlook his duty in his trouble, but stood to his post, and remembered the little service appointed for that most miserable evening when he was expected to be with his people. Those who were present that night say that the scene was one impossible to forget. Looking more like death than life, the preacher prayed before them "to the God of the sea."

Now, for the first time, he felt that he knew what Windover could suffer. Now the torment of women all their lives watching for returning sails entered into his soul; those aged men looking for the sons who never came back; the blurred eyes peering off Windover Point to see the half-mast flag on the schooner as she tacked up the bay; the white lips that did not ask, when the boat came to anchor, "Which is it?" because they dared not — all this, at last, he understood. His personal anguish melted into the great sum of misery in the seaport town.

"If she comes back to me," he thought, "how I shall work for them, my poor people!"

Now, for the first time, this devout, unselfish man understood that something else than consecration is needed to do the best and greatest thing by the human want or woe that leans upon us. Now that he took hold on human experience, he saw that he had everything to learn from it. The knowledge of a great love, the lesson of the common tie that binds the race together — these taught him, and he was their docile scholar.

Five days overdue! . . . Six days. Bayard had gone back to Boston, to haunt the offices and the docks. Old friends met him among the white-lipped watchers, and a classmate said, "Thank God, Bayard, *you* have n't wife and child aboard her." He added, "Man alive! you look like the five days dead!"

Suddenly the stir ran along the crowd, and a whisper said, "*They 've sighted her! . . . She 's in!*"

Then came the hurrah. Shouts of joy reëchoed about him. But Bayard's head fell upon his breast in silence. At that moment he was touched upon the arm by a beautiful Charter Oak cane, and, looking up, he saw the haggard face of the Professor of Theology.

"I was belated," thickly articulated the Professor, with dry lips. "I came straight from the lecture-room. It is the course on the Nature of Eternal Punishment — a most important course. I felt it my duty to be at my desk. But — Bayard, I think I shall substitute to-morrow my lecture (perhaps you may recall it) on the Benevolence and Beneficence of God."

The two men leaped into the tug together, and ploughed out to the steamer.

Helen was forward, leaning on the rail. Her thick steamer-dress blew like muslin in the heavy wind. Her eyes met Bayard's first — yes, first. Her father came in second, but his were too dim to know it.

"Mother is in the cabin, dear Papa!" cried Helen. "We have to keep her warm and still, you know."

His daughter's precious kiss invited him, but the old man put Helen gently aside, and dashed after his old wife.

For that moment Helen and Bayard stood together. Before all the world he would have taken her in his arms, but she retreated a little step.

"Did you get my message?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Did you answer it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I thought it would do just as well when I got here."

"And you might have been — you might never have got here at all!" cried Bayard fiercely.

"Have you been anxious?" asked Helen demurely.

He did not think it was in her to coquet with a man in a moment like that, and he made her no reply. Then Helen looked full in his face, and saw the havoc on it.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she whispered; "you poor, poor boy!"

. . . . . .

This was in the afternoon; and he was compelled to see her carried off to Cesarea on her father's arm, without him. There was no help for it; and he waited till the next day, unreconciled and nervous in the extreme. He had been so overworn and overwrought that his mind took on feverish fancies.

"Something may happen by to-morrow," he thought, "and I shall have never — once" —

He rebuked his own thought, even then, for daring to dream of the touch of her lips. But the dream rode over his delicacy, and rushed on.

At an early hour the next day he went to Cesarea, and sought her in her father's house. It was a cold, dry, bright day. Cesarea shivered under her ermine. The Professor's house was warm with the luxurious, even warmth of the latest modern heater, envied by the rest of the Faculty in the old-fashioned, draughty houses of the Professors' Row. Flowers in the little window conservatory of the drawing-room breathed the soft air easily, and were of rich growth and color. Helen was watering the flowers. She colored when she saw him, and put down the silver pitcher which she had abstracted from the breakfast-room for the purpose of encouraging her lemon verbena, that had, plainly, missed her while she was abroad. She wore a purple morning-gown with plush upon it. She had a royal look.

"How early you have come!" she said half complainingly.

He paid no attention to her tone, but deliberately shut the door, and advanced towards her. "I have come to *stay;* that is — if you will let me, Helen."

"Apparently," answered Helen, taking up the pitcher, "I am not allowed a choice in the matter."

But he saw that the silver pitcher shook in her hand.

"No," he said firmly, "I do not mean to give you any choice. I mean to take you. I do not mean to wait one hour more."

He held out his arms, but suspended them, not touching her. The very air which he imprisoned around her seemed to clasp her. She trembled in that intangible embrace.

"It will be a poor man's home, Helen — but you will not suffer. I can give you common comforts. I cabled to you the very hour that I knew. . . . Oh, I have trusted your trust!" he said.

"And you *may* trust it," whispered Helen, suddenly lifting her eyes.

His, it seemed to her, were far above her. How blinding beautiful joy made them!

Then his starved arms closed about her, and his lips found hers.

. . . . . .

The Professor of Theology sat in his study. The winter sun struck his loaded shelves; the backs of his books inspected him tenderly. At the western window, on the lady's desk reserved for Mrs. Carruth, her sewing-basket stood. The Professor glanced at it contentedly. He had never been separated from his wife so long before, and they had been married thirty-five years. She had unpacked that basket and taken it into the study that morning, with a girlish eagerness to sit down and darn a stocking while the Professor wrote.

"This is a great gratification, Statira," he had said.

Mrs. Carruth had gone out, now, to engage in the familiar delights of a morning contest with the Cesarea butcher, and the Professor was alone when Emanuel Bayard sturdily knocked at the study door.

The Professor welcomed the young man with some surprise, but no uncertain warmth. He expressed himself as grateful for the prompt attention of his former pupil, on the joyful occasion of this family reunion.

"And it was kind of you, Bayard, too, meeting the ladies on that tug. I was most agreeably surprised. I was wishing yesterday — in fact, it occurred to me what a comfort some young fellow would have been whom I could have sent down, all those anxious days. But we never had a son. Pray sit down, Mr. Bayard. . . . I am just reading the opinions of Olshausen on a most interesting point. I have collected valuable material in Berlin. I shall be glad to talk it over with you. I found Professor Kammelschkreiter a truly scholarly man. His views on the errors in the Revised Version are the most instructed of any I have met."

"Professor," said Bayard stoutly, "will you pardon me if I interrupt you for a minute? I have come on a most important matter. I am sorry to seem uncivil, but the fact is, I — I cannot wait another moment, sir. . . . Sir, I have the honor to tell you that your daughter has consented to become my wife."

At this truly American declaration, the Professor of Theology laid down his copy of Olshausen, and stared at the heretic missionary.

"*My* daughter!" he gasped — "*your* wife? I beg your pardon," he added, when he saw the expression of Bayard's face. "But you have taken me altogether by surprise. I may say that such a possibility has never — no, never once so much as occurred to me."

"I have loved her," said Bayard tenaciously, "for three years. I have never been able to ask her to marry me till now. I think perhaps my uncle meant to make it possible for me to do so, but I do not know. I am still a poor man, sir, but I can keep her from suffering. She does me the undeserved honor to love me, and she asked me to tell you so."

The Professor had risen, and was pacing the study hotly. His face was rigid. He waved his thin, long fingers impatiently at Bayard's words.

"Scholars do not dwell upon paltry, pecuniary facts, like parents in lower circles of society!" cried the Professor, with superbly unconscious hauteur. "There would have lacked nothing to my daughter's comfort, sir, in any event, if the right man had wooed her. I was not the father to refuse him mere pecuniary aid to Helen's happiness."

"And I was not the lover to ask for it," observed Bayard proudly.

"Hum—m—m," said the Professor. He stopped his walk across the study floor, and looked at Bayard with troubled respect.

"I will not take her from you at once," urged Bayard gently; "we will

wait till fall — if I can. She has said that she will become my wife then."

His voice sank. He spoke the last words with a delicate reverence which would have touched a ruder father than the Professor of Theology.

"Bayard," he said brokenly, "you always were my favorite student. I could n't help it. I always felt a certain tenderness for you. I respect your intellectual traits and your spiritual quality. Poverty, sir? What is *poverty?* But, Bayard, *you are not sound!*"

Against this awful accusation Bayard had no reply; and the old Professor turned about ponderously, like a man whose body refused to obey the orders of his shocked and stricken mind.

"How can I see my daughter, *my* daughter, the wife of a man whom the Ancient Faith has cast out?" he pleaded piteously.

He lifted his shrunken hands, as if he reasoned before an invisible tribunal. His attitude and expression were so solemn that Bayard felt it impossible to interrupt the movement by any mere lover's plea. Perhaps, for the first time, he understood what it meant to the old man to defend the beliefs that had ruled the world of his youth and vigor. He perceived that they too suffered who seemed to be the inflicters of suffering; that they too had their Calvary, these determined souls who doggedly died by the cross of the old Faith in whose shelter their fathers and their fathers' fathers had lived and prayed, had battled and triumphed. Bayard felt that his own experience, at that moment, was an intrusion upon the sanctuary of a sacred struggle. He bowed his head before his Professor, and left the study in silence.

But Helen, who had the small reverence for the theologic drama characteristic of those who have been reared on its stage, put her beautiful arms around his neck, and, laughing, whispered, "Leave the whole system of Old School Orthodoxy to me! I can manage!"

"You may manage him," smiled Bayard, "but can you manage *it?*"

"Wait a day, and see!" said Helen.

He would have waited a thousand for the kiss with which she lifted up the words.

The next day she wrote him, at Windover, where he was dutifully trying to preach as if nothing had happened: —

"Papa says I have never been quite sound myself, and that he supposes I will do as I please, as I always have."

There followed a little love-letter, so deliciously womanly and tender that Bayard did not for hours open the remainder of his mail. When he did so, he read what the Professor of Theology had written, after a night of prayer and vigil such as only aged parents know.

My dear Bayard [the letter said], — Take her if you must, and God be with you both! I cannot find it in my heart to impose the shadow of my religious convictions upon the happiness of my child. I can battle for the Truth with men and with demons. I cannot fight with the appeal of a woman's love. I would give my life to make Helen happy, and to keep her so. Do you as much!

Yours sincerely,

Haggai Carruth.

P. S. We will resume our discussion on the views of Professor Kammelschkreiter at some more convenient season.

XXVI.

Early June came to Windover joyously, that year. May had been a gentle month, warmer than its wont, and the season was in advance of its schedule.

Mrs. Carruth, found paling a little, and thought to be less strong since her accident abroad, had been ordered to the seaside some three or four weeks before the usual flitting of the family. Helen accompanied her; the Professor ran down as often as he might, till Anniversary

week should set him free to move his ponderously increasing manuscript on the Errors in the Revised Version from Cesarea to the clam study. The long lace curtains blew in and out of the windows of the Flying Jib; Helen's dory glittered upon the float, in two coats of fresh pale yellow paint. And Helen, in pretty summer gowns of corn color, or violet, or white, listened on the piazza for the foot-ring of her lover. She was lovely that spring, with the loveliness of youth and joy. Bayard watched her through a mist of that wonder and that worship which mark the highest altitudes of energy in a man's life. It was said that he had never wrought for Windover, in all his lonely time of service there, as he did in those few glorified weeks.

It is pleasant to think that the man had this draught of human rapture; that he tasted the brim of such joy as only the high soul in the ardent nature knows.

Helen offered him her tenderness with a sweet reserve, alternating between compassion for what he had suffered and moods of pretty coquettish economy of his present privilege that taunted and enraptured him by turn. He floated on clouds; he trod on the summer air.

Their marriage was appointed for September: it was Helen's wish to wait till then, and he submitted with such gentleness as it wrung her heart, afterwards, to remember.

"We will have one perfectly happy summer," she pleaded. "People can be lovers but once."

"And newly wed but once," he answered gravely.

"Dear," said Helen, with troubled eyes, "it shall be as you say. *You* shall decide."

"God will decide it," replied the lover unexpectedly.

His eyes had a look which Helen could not follow. She felt shut out from it; and both were silent.

Her little dreams and plans occupied hours of their time together. She was full of schemes for household comfort and economy, for serving his people, for blessing Windover. She talked of what could be done for Job Slip and Mari, Joey, Lena, Captain Hap and Johnny's mother, Mrs. Granite and poor Jane. Her mind dwelt much upon all these children of the sea who had grown into his heart. "Jane," she said, "should have her winter in the South." She spoke of Jane with a reticent but special gentleness. They would rent the cottage; they would furnish the old dreary rooms.

Helen did not come to her poor man quite empty-handed. The Professor had too much of the pride of total depravity left in him for that.

"I shall be able to buy my own gowns, sir, if you please!" she announced prettily. "And I am going to send Mrs. Granite, with Jane, to her aunt Annie's cousin Jenny's (was that it?) in South Carolina, next winter, to get over that Windover cough. We 've got to go ourselves, if *you* don't stop coughing. No? We 'll see!"

"I *shall* stop coughing!" cried Bayard joyously.

She did not contradict him, for she believed in Love the healer, as the young and the beloved do. So she went dreaming on.

"I came across a piece of gold tissue in Florence; it will make such a pretty portière in place of that old mosquito net! And we 'll make those dismal old rooms over into" —

And Bayard, who had thought never to know paradise on earth, but only to toil for heaven, closed her sentence by one ecstatic word.

The completion of the chapel, still delayed, after the fashion of contractors, was approaching the belated dedication day of which all Windover talked, and for which a growing portion of Windover interested itself. Bayard was overbusy for a newly betrothed man. His hours with Helen were shortened; his

brief snatches of delight marked spaces between days of care. Erected upon the site of the burned building, the new chapel rose sturdily in the thick and black of Angel Alley. The old illuminated swinging sign remained — "for luck," the fishermen said. It was to be lighted on the day when the first service should be held in the new Christlove.

There came a long, light evening, still in the early half of June. Bayard was holding some service or lecture in the town, and had late appointments with his treasurer, with Job Slip and Captain Hap. He saw no prospect of freedom till too late an hour to call on Helen, and had gone down to tell her so; had bade her good-night, and left her. She had gone out rowing, in the delicious loneliness of a much-loved and never-neglected girl, and was turning the bow of the dory homewards. She drifted and rowed by turns, idle and happy, dreamy and sweet. It was growing dark, and the boats were setting shorewards. One, she noticed (a rough, green fishing-dory from the town), lay, rudely held by a twist of the painter to the cliffs, at the left, below the float. The dory was empty. A sailor hat and an old tan-colored reefer lay on the stern seat. Two girls sat on the rocks, sheltered in one of the deep clefts or chasms which cut the North Shore, talking earnestly together. One of the girls had her foot upon the painter. Neither of them noticed Helen; she glanced at them without curiosity, rowed in, tossed her painter to the keeper of the float, and went up to the house. Her father was in Windover that night; he and her mother were discussing the inconceivable prospect of an Anniversary without entertaining the Trustees; they were quite absorbed in this stupendous event. Helen strolled out again, and off upon the cliff.

She had but just tossed her Florentine slumber-robe of yellow silk upon the rocks, and thrown herself upon it, when voices reached her ear. Eavesdropping is an impossible crime on Windover Point, where the cliffs are common trysting-ground; still, Helen experienced a slight discomfort, and was about to exchange her rock for some less public position, when she caught a word which struck the blood to her heart, and back again, like a smart, stinging blow.

The voices were the voices of two girls. The stronger and the bolder was speaking.

"So I come to tell you. Do as you please. If *you* don't let on, I shall."

"Lena!" groaned the other, "are you sure? Is n't there some mistake?"

"Not a —— chance of any," replied Lena promptly. "Do you s'pose I 'd thrust myself upon you this way, and tell, for nothin'? Lord, *I* know how decent girls feel, bein' seen with the likes of me. That 's why I set it after dark, and never come nigh your house. Besides, *he* 's there. I warn't a-goin' to make no talk, you better believe, Jane Granite. I 've seen enough o' that."

"Mr. Bayard says you are a — good girl, now," faltered Jane, not knowing what to say. "I 'm sure he would n't want me to be ashamed to be seen with you — now. And I — I 'm much obliged to you, Lena. Oh, Lena! what ever in the world are we going to do?"

"Do?" said Lena sharply. "Why, head 'em off — that 's all! It only needs a little horse sense, and — to care enough. I 'd be drownded in the mud in the inner harbor in a land wind, I 'd light a bonfire in the powder factory and stand by it, if that would do him any good. I guess you would, too."

Jane made no answer. She felt that this was a subject which could not be touched upon with Lena. It was too dark to see how Jane looked.

"Why," said the other, "you 're shaking like a topsail in a breeze o' wind!"

"How do you mean? What is your plan? What do you mean to have me do?" asked Jane, whose wits seemed to have dissolved in terror.

"Get him out of Windover," replied Lena coolly; "leastways for a spell. Mebbe it 'll blow by. There ain't but one thing I know that 'll do it. Anyhow, there ain't but one person."

"I can't think what you can mean!" feebly gasped Jane.

"*She* can," replied Lena tersely.

Jane made a little inarticulate moan.

Lena went on rapidly: "You go tell her. That 's what I come for. Nothin' else — nor nobody else — can do it. That 's your part of this infernal business. Mine 's done. I 've give you the warnin'. Now you go ahead."

"Oh, are you *sure?*" repeated Jane weakly. "Is n't it *possible* you 've got it wrong, somehow?"

"Is it possible the dust in the street don't hear the oaths of Windover?" exclaimed Lena scornfully. "Do you s'pose there ain't a black deed doin' or threatenin' in Angel Alley that *I* don't know? I tell you his life ain't worth a red herrin', no, nor a bucketful of bait, if them fellars has their way in this town! . . . It 's the loss of the license done it. It 's the last wave piled on. It 's madded 'em to anything. It 's madded 'em to murder. . . . Lord," muttered Lena, "if it come to that, would n't I be even with 'em!"

She grated her teeth like an animal grinding a bone, took her foot from the painter, sprang into the fishing-dory, and rowed with quick, powerful strokes into the dark harbor.

Helen, without a moment's hesitation, descended the cliff, and peremptorily said, "Jane, I heard it. Tell me all. Tell me everything, this minute."

Jane, who was sobbing bitterly, stopped like a child at a firm word, and, with more composure than she had yet shown, she gave her version of Lena's startling story.

Lena was right, she said: the rum people were very angry with Mr. Bayard; he had got so many shops shut up, and other places; he had shut up so much in Angel Alley this year. And now old Trawl had lost his license. Folks said a man could n't make a decent living there any longer.

"That 's what Ben said," observed Jane, with a feeble sense of the poignancy of the phrase. "A man could n't make an honest living there, now. But there 's one thing," added Jane, with hanging head. "Lena don't know it. I could n't tell *Lena*. God have mercy on me, for it 's me that helped it on!"

"I do not understand you, Jane," replied Helen coldly; "how could you injure Mr. Bayard, or have any connection with any plot to do him harm?"

"I sent Ben off last Sunday night," said Jane humbly. "I sent him marching for good. I told him I never could marry him. I told him I could n't stand it any longer. I told him what I heard on Ragged Rock — that night — last year."

"What did you hear on Ragged Rock?" asked Helen, still distant and doubtful.

"Did n't the minister ever tell you?" answered Jane. "Then I won't."

"Very well," said Helen, after an agitated silence, "I shall not urge you. But if Mr. Bayard's life is in *real* danger — I cannot believe it!" cried the sheltered, happy woman. Such scenes, such possibilities, belonged to the stage, to fiction, not to New England life. The Professor's daughter had a healthy antagonism in her to the excessive, the too dramatic. Her mind grasped the facts of the situation so slowly that the Windover girl half pitied her.

"You don't see," said Jane. "You don't understand. You ain't brought up as we are."

"If Mr. Bayard is in danger" — repeated Helen. "Jane!" she cried sharply, thinking to test the girl's sincerity and judgment, "should you have come and told me what Lena said, if I had not overheard it?"

"Miss Carruth," answered Jane, with a dignity of her own, "don't you know

there is not one of his people but would do *anything* to save Mr. Bayard?"

Through the dark Jane turned her little pinched face towards this fortunate woman, this other girl, blessed and chosen. Her dumb eyes grew bright, and flashed fire for that once; then they smouldered, and their spaniel look came on again.

"You ought to speak differently to me," she said. "You should feel sorry for me because it 's along of Ben. I tried to keep it up — all this while. I have n't dared to break with him. I thought if I broke, and we 'd been keeping company so long, maybe he might do a harm to Mr. Bayard. Then it come to me that I could n't, could n't, *could n't* bear it, not another time! And I told him so. And Ben, he swore an awful oath to me, and cleared out. And then Lena came and told."

"What was it Ben swore?" asked Helen, whose sanguine heart was beginning to sink in earnest. "This is no time for being womanly, and — and not saying things. If it takes all the oaths in the répertoire of Angel Alley, it is my right to know what he said, and it is your duty to tell me!"

"Well," answered Jane stolidly, "he said, 'Damn him to hell! If we ain't a-goin' to be married, he shan't, neither!'"

"Thank you, Jane," said Helen gently, after a long silence. She held out her hand. Jane took it, but dropped it quickly.

"Do you know the details, the plan, the plot, if there is a plot?" asked Helen, without outward signs of agitation.

"Lena said they said Christlove should never be dedicated," answered Jane drearily. "Not if they had to put the parson out of the way to stop it."

"*Oh!*"

"That 's what Lena said. She thought if Mr. Bayard could be got out of town for a spell, right away, Lena thought maybe that would set 'em off the notion of it. I told her Mr. Bayard would n't go. She said you 'd see to that."

"Yes," said Helen softly, "I will see to that."

Jane made no reply, but started unexpectedly to her feet. The two girls clambered down from the cliff in silence, and began to walk up the shore. At the path leading to the hotel Jane paused and shrank away.

"How you cough!" said Miss Carruth compassionately. "You are quite wet with this heavy dew. Do come into the cottage with me."

She put her hand affectionately on the damp shoulder of Jane's blue-and-white calico blouse.

The hotel lights reached faintly after the figures of the two. Jane looked stunted and shrunken; Helen's superb proportions seemed to quench her. The fisherman's daughter lifted her little homely face.

"I don't suppose," she faltered, "you 'd be willing to be told. But mother and me have done for him so long — he ain't well, the minister ain't — there 's ways he likes his tea made, and we het the bricks, come cold weather, for him — and — all those little things. We 've tried to take good care of Mr. Bayard! It 's been a good many years!" wailed Jane piteously. It was more dreadful to her to give up boarding the minister than it was that he should marry the summer lady in the gold and purple gowns.

"I suppose you and he will go — somewhere?" she added bitterly.

"We shan't forget you, Jane," replied Helen gently.

The calico-blouse shoulder shook off the delicate hand that rested upon it.

"I won't come in," she said. "I 'll go right home."

Jane turned away, and walked across the cliffs. The hotel lights fell short of her, and the darkness swallowed her undersized, pathetic figure, as the mystery of life draws down the weak, the uncomely, and the unloved.

Jane went home, and unlocked her bureau drawer. From beneath the sachet-

bag, on which her little pile of six handkerchiefs rested precisely, she drew out an old copy of Coleridge. The book was scented with the sachet, and had a sickly perfume; it was incense to Jane. She turned the leaves to find "Alph, the sacred river;" then shut the book, and put it back in the bureau drawer. She did not touch it with her lips or cheek. She handled it more tenderly than she did her Bible.

. . . . . .

Left to herself, Helen felt the full force of the situation fall upon her, in a turmoil of fear and perplexity. The whole thing was so foreign to her nature and to the experience of her protected life that it seemed to her more than incredible. There were moments when she was in danger of underrating the facts, and letting the chances take their course, it seemed to her so impossible that Jane and Lena should not somehow be mistaken. Her mind was in a whirlwind of doubt and dismay. With a certain coolness in emergencies characteristic of her, she tried to think the position out by herself. This futile process occupied perhaps a couple of hours.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when the Professor, with a start, laid down his manuscript upon the Revised Version, for the door of the clam study had opened quietly, and revealed his daughter's agitated face.

"Papa," she said, "I am in a great trouble. I have come to you first — to know what to do — before I go to him. I've been thinking," she added, "that perhaps this is one of the things that fathers are *for*."

Like a little girl, she dropped at his knee, and told him the whole story.

"I could n't go to a man and ask him to marry me without letting you know, Papa!" said the Professor's daughter.

The Professor of Theology reached for his Charter Oak cane as a man gropes for a staff on the edge of a precipice. The manuscript chapter on the Authenticity of the Fourth Gospel fell to the floor. The Professor and the cane paced the clam study together feverishly.

The birds were singing when Helen and her father stopped talking, and wearily stole back to the cottage for an hour's rest.

"You could go right home," said the old man gently. "The house is open, and the servants are there. I am sure your mother will wish it whenever she is acquainted with the facts."

"We won't tell Mother just yet, Papa — not till we must, you know. Perhaps Mr. Bayard won't — won't take me."

The Professor straightened himself, and looked about with a guilty air. He felt as if he were party to an elopement. Eager, ardent, boyishly sympathetic with Helen's position, quivering with that perfect thoughtfulness which she never found in any other than her father's heart, the Professor of dogmatic orthodox theology flung himself into the emergency as tenderly as if he had never written a lecture on Foreordination, or preached a sermon on the Inconceivability of Second Probation.

It was he, indeed, and none other, who summoned Bayard to Helen's presence at an early hour of the morning; and to the credit of the Department and of the ancient Seminary in whose stern faith the kindest graces of character and the best graciousness of manner have never been extinguished, be it said that Professor Haggai Carruth did not once remind Emanuel Bayard that he was meeting the consequences of unsoundness and the natural fate of heresy. Nobly sparing the young man any reference to his undoubtedly deserved misfortune, the Professor only said, "Helen, here is Mr. Bayard," and softly shut the door.

. . . . . .

Helen's hearty color was quite gone. Such a change had touched her that Bayard uttered an exclamation of horror, and took her impetuously in his arms.

"Love, what ails you?" he cried, with quick anxiety.

Arrived at the moment when she must speak, if ever, Helen's courage and foresight failed her utterly. She found herself no nearer to knowing what to say, or how to say it, than she had been at the first moment when she heard the girls talking on the rocks. To tell him her fears, and the grounds for them, would be the fatal blunder. How could she say to a man like Bayard, "Your life is in danger. Come on a wedding-trip, and save yourself"? Yet how could she quibble or be dumb before the truth?

Following no plan or little preacted part, but only the moment's impulse of her love and her trouble, Helen broke into girlish sobs, the first that he had ever heard from her, and hid her wet face against his cheek.

"Oh," she breathed, "I don't know *how* to tell you! But I am so unhappy — and I have grown so anxious about you! I don't see . . . how I can bear it . . . as we are!" . . .

Her heart beat against his so wildly that she could have said no more if she had tried. But she had no need to try; for he said, "*Would* you marry me this summer, dear? It would make me very happy. . . . I have not dared to ask it."

"I would marry you to-morrow." Helen lifted her head, and "shame departed, shamed," from her sweet, wet face. "I would marry you to-day. I want to be near you. I want . . . if anything — whatever comes."

"Whatever comes," he answered solemnly, "we ought to be together — now."

Thus they deceived each other — neither owning to the tender fault — with the divine deceit of love.

Helen comforted herself that she had not said a word of threat or danger or escape, and that Bayard suspected nothing of the cloudburst which hung over him. He let her think so, smiling tenderly; for he knew it all the time, and more, far more than Helen ever knew.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

In the absence of any adequate biography of Coleridge, these two volumes of his letters,[1] edited by his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, will be eagerly welcomed. By far the greater part of these letters have never before been published, and among them is included the poet's correspondence with his wife, with Southey, and with Wordsworth. But the editor has also judiciously selected from among the letters already published such as will help to preserve a continuous narrative, thus giving the entire collection an autobiographical character. The conception was a unique one, and the result has a rare value. Coleridge is allowed to reappear before us, after the lapse of two generations, to tell the story of his strange and marvelously interesting life in his own words and in his own way. Whatever was needed to make allusions intelligible the editor has furnished in careful and ample footnotes. A difficult part of his task lay in determining which letters out of the large mass of unpublished correspondence were most important. Whether his principle of selection was a true and final one may be an open question. His sole criterion in regard to any letter, as he tells us in his preface, has been, "Is it interesting? Is it readable? . . . Coleridge's letters lack style. The fastidious critic who touched and retouched his ex-

[1] *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

quisite lyrics, and always for the better, was at no pains to polish his letters. He writes to his friends as if he were talking to them, and he lets his periods take care of themselves." It is quite possible that among the letters which have not yet seen the light there are some which possess a deeper significance for the lover of Coleridge, because they reveal the hidden springs of his life and his thought, than those which have a purely literary character and an interest for the general reader. However that may be, we cannot but be profoundly grateful for what has been given to us; and as to that which still remains unpublished, we are consoled by the prospect of a coming biography by the same editor, in which he will surely avail himself of all the material at his disposal.

Among the attractions of these volumes are portraits of Coleridge which have hitherto been unknown; of his brothers, James and George, the latter of whom stood in the place of a father to the poet in his early years; of his wife, also, and his children: Hartley, as a boy with a winning face, and thoughtful beyond his years; Derwent, the father of the editor; and Sara, the gifted and beautiful daughter. There is also a pencil sketch of Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper at Greta Hall, which is an inimitable study for a human countenance. The frontispiece of the first volume represents Coleridge at the age of forty-seven, and has been followed in the bust in Westminster Abbey. There is another and most pathetic portrait of him at the age of fifty-six, which gives the weird, unearthly dreamer. But of all these portraits, the most self-revealing, the real man, as we think, is given in the frontispiece of the second volume, in which may be read as in one concentrated glance the story of his career. He himself has contributed to our knowledge of his personal appearance as a young man in one of his humorous letters to John Thelwall: "My face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic good nature. 'T is a mere carcase of a face; fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 't is a good shape enough, if measured; but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. . . . I can not breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open." [1]

There is another humorous touch of self-portraiture in the comment which he makes upon his first name. When recommending Southey to name his boy Robert, after himself, he remarks: "I would have done so but that, from my earliest years, I have had a feeling of dislike and disgust connected with my own Christian name, — such a vile short plumpness, such a dull abortive smartness in the first syllable, and this so harshly contrasted by the obscurity and indefiniteness of the syllabic vowel, and the feebleness of the uncovered liquid with which it ends, the wobble it makes, and struggling between a dis- and a trisyllable, and the whole name sounding as if you were abeeceeing S. M. U. L. Altogether, it is, perhaps, the worst combination of which vowels and consonants are susceptible."

Though these letters will not greatly modify the estimate already formed of Coleridge's genius and character, they do

[1] The Rev. Leapidge Smith, in the Reminiscences of an Octogenarian, 1870, gives a different impression: "In person he was a tall, dark, handsome young man, with long, black, flowing hair; eyes not merely dark, but black and keenly penetrating; a fine forehead; a deep-toned, harmonious voice; a manner never to be forgotten, full of life, vivacity, and kindness; dignified in person; and, added to all these, exhibiting the elements of his future greatness." (Quoted in Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, i. 181.)

reveal the man in an intenser light, and will serve to correct misjudgments, to create a deeper reverence for his personality and a profounder sympathy for his misfortunes. Some things which were already known are here made more clear and emphatic. He was a great sufferer from physical pain during his whole life, from his boyhood, when a student at Christ's Hospital, down to the day of his death. What Mr. Stuart said of his letters, that they were "one continued flow of complaint of ill health and of incapacity from ill health," is only confirmed by the fuller correspondence now before us. It does not diminish the reality of his sufferings to learn that an examination of his body after death revealed the cause of much of his pain to be nervous sympathy. His constitution was delicate and highly organized, and tremulous with quick and intense susceptibility.

As to domestic infelicity, Coleridge's description of his wife in a letter to Southey, now for the first time made public, accounts for much that was hitherto inexplicable. His home became impossible to him, and at the age of thirty he was practically banished from it, living for the rest of his life as if a stranger or visitor in this world, with no continuing city. Mrs. Coleridge's faults might have been virtues in some other adjustment of the marriage tie, but to her husband they were torture and the rack. "Her mind has very little that is *bad* in it; it is an innocent mind, but it is light and *unimpressible*, warm in anger, cold in sympathy, and in all disputes uniformly *projects itself forth* to recriminate, instead of turning itself inward with a silent self-questioning. Our virtues and our vices are exact antitheses. I so attentively watch my own nature that my worst self-delusion is a complete self-knowledge so mixed with intellectual complacency that my quickness to see and readiness to acknowledge my faults is too often frustrated by the small pain which the sight of them gives me, and the consequent slowness to amend them. Mrs. C. is so stung with the thought of being in the wrong, because she never endures to look at her own mind in all its faulty parts, but shelters herself from painful self-inquiry by angry recrimination. Never, I suppose, did the stern match-maker bring together two minds so utterly contrariant in their primary and organical constitution." A threatened separation seems to have made Mrs. Coleridge serious, and, as the letter runs, "she promised to set about an alteration in her external manners and looks and language, and to fight against her inveterate habits of puny thwarting and unintermitting dyspathy. . . . I, on my part, promised to be more attentive to all her feelings of pride, etc., etc., and to try to correct my habits of impetuous censure."

Of course this is but one side of the story, and Mrs. Coleridge's version of what she had to endure from the difficult character of her husband can be easily supplied with no great effort of the imagination. The portrait of Mrs. Coleridge given here seems to accord with her husband's description, as does also the account of Dorothy Wordsworth, one of the keenest of women. De Quincey has remarked that Coleridge once told him that he had been forced into the marriage with Sarah Fricker by Southey, who insisted that he had gone so far with his attentions to her as to make it dishonorable to retreat. The correspondence apparently confirms this statement. One is led to conclude that Coleridge married partly on the rebound after his disappointment with Mary Evans, partly at Southey's instigation, and in part because he was then absorbed in the scheme of a Pantisocracy to be set up on the banks of the Susquehanna, and it was regarded among the friends of the project as the proper thing for each of them to secure a wife before their departure. As to Cottle's testimony that if ever a man was in love, Coleridge was in love with Sarah

Fricker, it does not seem to be borne out by his correspondence with his wife, which has a certain formal character, and not only reveals less of the real inwardness of the man than any other set of his correspondence, but is keyed in a lower tone.

Another feature of Coleridge's life, the opium-eating habit, is here traced back to an earlier period than has been generally supposed. The habit, indeed, was not confirmed until the spring of 1801, when Coleridge was twenty-nine years of age, but the first traces of it belong to his boyhood, when he suffered from rheumatism, and learned the value of "the accursed drug" as an opiate for pain. In 1795, he writes to a friend that "for the last fortnight I have been obliged to take laudanum almost every night." Nor does it appear that he ever quite overcame the habit, although, under the loving care of the Gillmans, he submitted to restraint, and opium was allowed only under careful supervision.

I.

One source of the curious interest which attaches to Coleridge beyond any of his contemporaries was his abandonment of poetry for metaphysics and theology. The amount of poetic achievement was relatively small, but a few things which he has done, The Ancient Mariner, Christabel, Kubla Khan, The Pains of Sleep, — these, and some others which deserve to be associated with them, have an unparalleled beauty, which is distinctive, and of its kind very rare. His exquisite musical diction, "the magical use of words," as it has been called, gives to his poetry a certain divine appeal which slides into the soul. He was not only a poet, but the founder of a new school in English poetry. Wordsworth was great in production, and made the new principle his own; but the suggestion and advocacy of the principle belonged to Coleridge, to whom Wordsworth never failed to acknowledge his intellectual indebtedness.

Why, then, did he cease to write poetry when he had hardly reached the age of thirty? Why did he stop singing, and betake himself to delving in the barren wastes of unintelligible metaphysical speculation? Such is the problem of Coleridge's life as so many of his literary critics have conceived it. His life has seemed to them to lack unity, as if his early years were separated from his later by a deep, impassable gulf, over which brood impenetrable mists. One of his latest biographers, Mr. Traill, has ventured once more to penetrate the thickets of his philosophical speculations, but finds the task empty and vain. Carlyle also sneered at the procreations of his philosophical moods, "the strange centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory hybrids, and ecclesiastical chimeras which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner." This has been, in the main, the estimate of Coleridge's career, that his life began with the rarest promise, and ended in failure, as if he were deserving our resentment for having done so little when he might have done so much, for raising great expectations only to disappoint them. Coleridge himself also appears to sanction such a judgment, for in his Ode on Dejection, which belongs to the border-line between the two periods of his life, he laments with his own peculiar pathos the loss of his poetic power: —

> "But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
> Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
> But O, each visitation
> Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
> My shaping spirit of imagination."

In a letter written to Southey in 1802, in which he inclosed these lines, he adds this further comment: "As to myself, all my poetic genius (if ever I really possessed any *genius*, and it was not rather a mere general aptitude of talent and quickness in imitation) is gone, and I have been fool enough to suffer deeply in my mind regretting the loss, which I attribute to my long and exceedingly severe

metaphysical investigations, and these partly to ill health and partly to private afflictions, which rendered any subjects immediately connected with feeling a source of pain and disquiet to me."

But the common estimate which gives Coleridge a high place among English poets, and yet discerns no unity in his life, dismissing his later work as having no large significance or enduring value, must be partial and inadequate. It may be true that ill health and poverty, domestic trials and the evils begotten by opium-eating, united to destroy that "natural gladness of heart" with which he was by nature so richly endowed, and thus to weaken the springs of poetic creativeness. But even this strong combination of adverse circumstances does not quite explain the abandonment of poetry and the transition to metaphysics. If the poetic fire is genuine, it has vitality and is not easily extinguished. Milton wrote Paradise Lost after he had become poor and old and blind, and when his domestic happiness had been torn into shreds and tatters; taking refuge in poetry from the ills of life, as Coleridge fled from poetry to metaphysics. Coleridge's judgment varied as to whether he were more of a poet or a philosopher. In one of his earlier letters he remarks, "I think too much for a poet;" and on Southey he also comments at the same time, "He thinks too little for a great poet." He thought that if he and Southey could have been rolled into one, it would have made an ideal combination.

When we turn to contemporary opinions about the greatness of Coleridge, it is the marvelous scope of his intellectual power which inspires such boundless admiration, rather than any poetic achievement. The familiar apostrophe of Charles Lamb, which one is never tired of quoting, has the ring of true insight into the potent attractiveness of a rarely gifted personality: "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, — the dark pillar not yet turned, — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, . . . to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus; for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts, or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars reëchoed to the accents of the inspired Charity boy!"

It is not as a poet that Shelley describes him in his letter to Maria Gisborne, where he is enumerating the treasures to be found in London, but rather as the thinker and the sage: —

> "You will see Coleridge — he who sits obscure
> In the exceeding lustre, and the pure
> Intense irradiation of a mind,
> Which, with its own internal lightening blind,
> Flags wearily through darkness and despair —
> A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
> A hooded eagle among blinking owls."

Carlyle also discerned this aspect of the true greatness of Coleridge, though blind, perhaps willfully blind, to the profound significance of his thought: "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there; . . . a sublime man who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms and revolutionary deluges with God, Freedom, Immortality still his; a king of men."

Of the pupils of Coleridge to whom Carlyle refers as among the younger inquiring men with whom he had "a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character," there were two who deeply stirred the current of religious thought in the Church of England, both of whom dedicated to Coleridge, as

their master, the firstfruits of their labors. Archdeacon Hare, one of the authors of the Guesses at Truth, calls him "the Christian philosopher, who through dark and winding ways of speculation was led to the light, . . . whose writings have helped to discern the sacred concord and unity of human and divine truth." The late Rev. F. D. Maurice felt so strongly the personal tie which bound him to Coleridge that "he could not bear to think of him chiefly as a writer of books, nor did he feel that he could do justice to his poems as works of art, on account of their intensely painful reality." [1]

The impression which Coleridge's poetry made upon De Quincey, when still a young man, transcended the effect of ordinary poetry, and became "an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty, as yet unsuspected among men." It was the desire to know the man who had written such poetry which arrested and enthralled De Quincey; and under the same spell Southey and Wordsworth and many others of less note had succumbed. He had a wonderful gift of drawing to himself devoted friends whom he inspired with supreme confidence in his power. There was something in the man even more interesting than what he wrote, while in his writings it is the personal revelation which is often more valuable than the thought. It is this which gives unity to all the varied manifestations of his genius. De Quincey studied him, analyzed and dissected him, in the conviction that he surpassed Milton in the richness and variety of his intellectual endowment. He was a poet, a journalist and politician, a literary critic, an extensive and brilliant scholar, a metaphysician and philosopher, a theologian, and was the wonder of his age for his gift of conversation. And in all these lines he excelled. "Had the poet in him," says Mr. Traill, "survived until years had 'brought the philosophic mind,' he would doubtless have done for the human spirit in its purely isolated self-communings what Wordsworth did for it in its communion with nature." He appeared for a short time in the pulpit, and "had he chosen to remain faithful to this new employment," says the same writer, "he might have rivaled the reputation of the greatest preacher of the time." "Assuredly," said De Quincey, "Coleridge deserved beyond all other men that were ever connected with the press to be regarded with distinction. . . . Nowhere does there lie such a bed of pearls confounded with the rubbish and purgaments of ages as in the political papers of Coleridge." As a philosopher he was the most suggestive of thinkers, and though he left no system, perhaps *because* he left none, he has profoundly influenced the direction of all subsequent philosophical thought on its ideal and transcendental side. And as a theologian there has been no one in the English Church since the days of Wycliffe whose thought marks a more vital and far-reaching influence. Carlyle, in one of his atrabilious moods, disparaged his conversation, but the Table Talk remains to tell what it was like, one of the few most interesting, most stimulating books that have been written.

II.

It is not, then, as a poet that Coleridge must be primarily or exclusively regarded. We understand him better if we think of him as a Dr. Johnson of the nine-

[1] It is interesting to note, as showing the theological influence of Coleridge in America, that the late Horace Bushnell, who may be said to rank next after Jonathan Edwards as a profound religious thinker, acknowledged his indebtedness to Coleridge as greater than that which he owed to any other human teacher.

Another distinguished American theologian who defended the philosophy and theology of Coleridge was the late Dr. William G. T. Shedd, professor in Union Theological Seminary. See his essay on Coleridge as a Philosopher and Theologian, first published as an introduction to Harper's edition of Coleridge's Works, and reprinted in Shedd, Literary Essays, New York, 1878.

teenth century, but living in an ampler ether and breathing a diviner air. When he turned from poetry to philosophy, there was no contradiction in the unity of his experience; he was only coming to the clearer recognition of himself. While his mind was thus maturing, he discerned that he was not so entirely at one with Wordsworth as he had taken for granted when together they sent forth their Lyrical Ballads with its new theory of poetry. It was Wordsworth's mission to interpret nature to man. But Coleridge had now begun to doubt whether it were true, as Wordsworth believed, that the inspiration to interpret the outer world came from its direct study or observation. He began to differ from Wordsworth in his idea of the nature of the human imagination. "O Wordsworth!" — so ran the Ode on Dejection in its original form, —

> "O Wordsworth! we receive but what we give;
> And in our life alone does nature live:
> Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.
> . . . . . .
> It were a vain endeavor,
> Though I should gaze forever
> On that green light that lingers in the west:
> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life whose fountains are within."

In turning away from poetry as the sole vehicle of his expression, Coleridge was not narrowing his sphere, but rather enlarging it, nor was he abandoning the principle which had inspired his poetry. When conversing with Wordsworth about the essential nature of the poetic, two things had been urged as not incompatible, — "the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of the imagination." But what was this imagination which, like moonlight or sunset, invested with an unwonted glow and as if supernatural effect all common objects and familiar scenes? Whatever it was that Coleridge understood by imagination, it was this that constituted the thread of unity in his multifarious intellectual life or spiritual experience. When he made the transition to philosophy, he was obeying the stronger impulse, extending the application of the imagination as he conceived it till it included the whole range of human interest.

It is one of the curiosities of literature to be found in the Biographia Literaria that although the book seems to have been written in order to lead up to the definition of the imagination, yet when it comes to the vital issue the writer declines the task, unless in very brief and, except to the already initiated, unintelligible form. For that chapter which is entitled Imagination he makes elaborate preparation, announcing it beforehand in the preceding chapter, and warning off the reader who is not capable of appreciating it when it shall be reached. But when he comes to write the chapter, he inserts an anonymous letter, — it may have been written by himself to himself, — in which he is advised not to undertake to treat the subject of the imagination at length, but to reserve it for his great unpublished work, his *magnum opus*, on the Logos, or Communicative Intellect in Man and Deity. This pseudo-anonymous advice he thinks fit to follow, and the great chapter which was to have been written is reduced to these few words, without further comment: "The primary imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I Am. The secondary imagination I consider as an echo of the former, coexisting with the conscious will, yet as still identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in degree and in the mode of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate; or when this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially vital, even

as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead."

Among the many projected books of Coleridge which never got themselves written, there is one which towers above all the rest. He refers to it in several places in these letters before us, the subject always the same, but the title varying with his changing moods; as when he was in great physical suffering or depression, it was to be called Consolations and Comforts from the Exercise and Right Application of the Reason, the Imagination, the Moral Feelings, "addressed especially to those in sickness, adversity, or distress of mind from speculative gloom;" again, it should be known to the world as Logosophia; or again, Christianity Considered as Philosophy, and the only Philosophy. His letters bear abundant witness, as do his other works, to the greater importance which he attached to this project than to his poetry or his criticism: to complete it was the supreme desire of his life; he prays to be spared until it is done. Sometimes he almost ventures to allude to it as if it were already finished, and might be contemplated as his greatest achievement. Perhaps this latter mood had grounds as sufficient for its justification as his less confident moods. The magnum opus was in reality his life's lesson; those scattered hints in his writings and conversation, which, when put together, do not indeed form a system, but are animated and unified by one common sentiment. He could not have told, for it was beyond the power of the human mind to formulate it clearly, the fullness of the motive which inspired him. But if we may dare point to the difference by which he is still distinguished from other poets or literary critics, from philosophers or theologians, it is in regarding all life, all literature and institutions, all thought, and all religion as a divine revelation; and the imagination, about which he talked so largely and so vaguely, was simply the power of sight which discerns the world and human life in their higher aspects as they exist in the mind of God, —

"The vision and the faculty divine."

Or in his own words: "They only can acquire the philosophic imagination who know and feel that the potential works in them as the actual works on them. . . . The organs of sense are framed for a corresponding world of sense, and we have it; all the organs of Spirit are framed for a correspondent world of spirit, though the latter organs are not developed in all alike."

The peculiar quality which distinguishes Coleridge's thought, though it may be called transcendental, was not originally borrowed from Kant or from German philosophy. If its source may be traced, it goes back to a remote origin, those ancient writers of the Neoplatonist school, Jamblichus and Plotinus, passages from whose works Charles Lamb represents Coleridge as declaiming while yet at Christ's Hospital. Coleridge himself tells us that at the age of fifteen he had translated the hymns of Synesius, who was at once a Neoplatonist and a Christian bishop. In a letter to Thelwall, written in 1796, when he was twenty-four years of age, he incloses a five-guinea note, with a request that his friend will send him from London the following books which he has seen advertised in catalogues: Jamblichus, Proclus, Porphyrius, Plotini Opera a Ficino, Juliani Opera; in a word, almost the whole body of Neoplatonist literature. The revival of the Neoplatonic conception of the world and its reimportation into English thought is primarily owing to Coleridge, though others had facilitated the process before him. But he made it possible, and even popular, by his poetry and by the principle which lay beneath the poetry, — the effort "to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and semblance of truth to characters supernatural and romantic."

It was for this reason that Carlyle may have thought he detected an affinity between Coleridge's influence and those spectral Puseyisms, as he called them, which his soul abhorred. Newman also had given Coleridge a place among the forerunners of the Oxford movement, for he too, at an early age, had caught something in the air which was akin to Coleridge's motive; as when, speaking of angels, he could say, "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."

But the difference between Coleridge and Newman was far greater than the resemblance. Newman and his friends trembled for a moment in the balance, when it was uncertain whether they would follow the spirit and method of Coleridge or turn back to the Latin fathers as their guides. For Neoplatonism was associated in its origin with a declining civilization, and with a dying world which was hurling its anathema upon the whole creation. Coleridge had been impressed with the Neoplatonic doctrine of revelation, but he had refused its alliance with the old heathen conception of the world as evil. He saw a new creation resplendent with supernatural beauty, when the idea of a living communion with the divine was associated with a living, growing world, upon which was brooding the divine approval and benediction.

The Neoplatonic conception of life finds one of its best expositions in a poem by Coleridge entitled The Destiny of Nations: —

"For what is Freedom but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use has given?
But chiefly this, him first, him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet,
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow."

About the time when this poem was written, in the years 1796–98, when the poetic power of Coleridge was at its height, we have also from his notebook a similar utterance of his Neoplatonic creed: "Certainly, there are strange things in the other world, and so there are in all the steps to it; and a little glimpse of heaven, — a moment's conversing with an angel, — any ray of God, any communication from the spirit of comfort which God gives to his servants in strange and unknown manners, are infinitely far from illusions. We shall understand them when we feel them, and when in new and strange needs we shall be refreshed by them."

Such was the creed with which Coleridge stimulated the genius of Wordsworth in their early acquaintance and communion, which also dates from these memorable years. Each of these men gave something to the other which was sorely needed: Wordsworth calmed and steadied the impulses of Coleridge, who was too much carried away with his tumultuous vitality, till he was in danger of losing his self-possession; while Coleridge gave to Wordsworth the encouragement of sympathy and admiration, the courage which was alone needed to place him on his feet, with full confidence in his powers. But if we would weigh the relative indebtedness of these great souls to each other, to Coleridge belongs the credit and the immortal honor of having suggested the doctrine which was the motive of Wordsworth's poetry and his own. It was he who became the founder of the Lake School of Poetry, as it is called, whose principle was in such sharp contrast with that which underlay the classical poetry of the last century, — the Neoplatonic doctrine that outward nature

is a radiation from a divine life, that supernatural communion is mediated by unearthly powers, that human thought corresponds to some eternal reality. What Coleridge had taught, under this inspiration of Hellenic and Egyptian mysticism combined, appears in Wordsworth's poetry in a more restrained and sober form, taking on its most exquisite expression in his Ode to Immortality. As years went by, Wordsworth dropped his own original theory, according to which poetry was to consist in rustic scenes and ordinary events clothed in the plain language of common life; devoting his powers of description, in which he far surpassed Coleridge, to a delineation of the feelings which nature, and nature always as it is revealed in its surpassing loveliness in the Lake Country, inspires in an unworldly soul. A contemporary criticism of Wordsworth's poetry in Blackwood's Magazine for December, 1818, enforces this aspect of its teaching as its most distinctive characteristic: "The reverential awe and the far-extended sympathy with which he looks upon the whole system of existing things, and the silent moral connections which he supposes to exist among them, are visible throughout all his writings. He tunes his mind to nature with a feeling of religious obligation; and where others behold only beautiful colors making their appearance according to optical laws, or feel pleasant sensations resulting from a pure atmosphere or from the odoriferous exhalations of herbage, or enjoy the pleasure of measuring an extended prospect as an amusement for the eye, this poet, whether justly or not, thinks he traces something more in the spectacle than the mere reflection of his own feelings painted upon external objects by means of the association of ideas."

As for Coleridge, his deepest interest was in humanity, and not in nature. He was destined to react from his earlier mood, to turn away from Plotinus, his first master, in proportion as the problem of human evil and suffering was forced upon his attention. He led Wordsworth back to the Lake Country, where for a few years they remained together in harmonious and loving association. That Coleridge could abandon such exquisite scenery, and bury himself in the crowded city, never again returning to Keswick or Grasmere even for a visit, after his final departure in 1810, reveals the essential difference between the men, and discloses the mission of Coleridge more clearly. Poetry was but an incident in his career. The effort which it required was a pressure from without which he could not endure. It hurt him, in his poetic moods, to feel that he was writing for money and must make haste. He hints also at "the limited sphere of mental activity in the artist." So far as he continued to write poetry, it was for the purpose of inward relief. When the charge of egotism was alleged against him, he replied, "It is not egotism when, in order to relieve my heart, I sing my own sorrows; but it is a law of my nature. He who labors under a strong feeling is compelled to seek sympathy, and the poet's feelings are always strong."

III.

The autobiography, the history of a soul, which is found in Coleridge's poetry was continued in other and many devious forms, but the thread of unity binds them together in an organic whole. His life stands for a spiritual process, in which was reproduced the intellectual and moral and religious experience of humanity on a vaster scale than by any other in this modern day. He explored the wide ocean of human thought, sounding it to its depth, and to this end his life ministered in all its strange and sad vicissitudes.

The different phases of Coleridge's life have been summarized by Mr. Dykes Campbell, one of his latest biographers, in these beautiful words: "A brief dawn of unsurpassed promise and achievement;

'a trouble' as of 'clouds and weeping rain;' then a long summer evening's work, done by the setting sun's pathetic light. Such was Coleridge's day, the afterglow of which is still in the sky." But if there is any fault to be found with this enumeration, it is in not recognizing the positive value of the second period in Coleridge's life as having a high redeeming quality. This has been also the common judgment: that from the time when the opium habit was established, about 1802, the intervening years until the residence at Highgate began, in 1816, were for the most part unproductive and unprofitable. And yet it was during these years, when the natural indolence of his constitution was augmented by frequent and long-continued illness and by the influence of opium, that he really accomplished the greater part of the work of his life. To this period we owe most of the material contained in the two volumes of The Friend; the three volumes of Essays on his own Times, which include his articles for the Morning Post and the Courier; the Biographia Literaria, which was written and got ready for the press, though not published till later; the lectures, also, on Shakespeare, and other critical studies in literature which make him the founder of the higher English literary criticism, a department in which he has never been surpassed. During these dark, unhappy years he carried on his philosophical studies, especially of Kant and Schelling; he was engaged in that wide, discursive process of reading which laid at his feet the intellectual and spiritual treasures of the world. And of course, beyond and above all this, he was always brooding at his leisure over the mystery and the phenomena of human life, in himself or in the world; threading the labyrinths of his own thought, where he was at liberty to wander at his will. On the whole, it would seem as if the biographers of Coleridge had erred in depreciating the value of these melancholy years. In the evening of his life, which set in so early after he went to Highgate, he produced but one important book, his Aids to Reflection, unless we add that small but most significant treatise, The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit. We do not wonder that Coleridge himself should have protested against the sentence which did him such great injustice: "By what I *have* effected am I to be judged by my fellow-men; what I could have done is a question for my own conscience."

The story of Coleridge's career reads like a series of detachments from all the ordinary ties and relationships of life. The opium habit may have had much to do with evils that befell him, but there was some deeper hidden cause, whose action was only intensified by opium, which of itself alone explains the strange and sad vicissitudes, the failure, the poverty, the disappointments, the humiliations beneath which he groaned, but through all of which he carried his higher integrity unharmed. This deeper cause, oftentimes lying beneath his consciousness, acting indirectly, but never losing its potency, was his passion for freedom, individual freedom as well as national and ecclesiastical. It was this passionate love of freedom which in his early years appeared in his visionary scheme for an ideal community on the Susquehanna, where men should be delivered from the gross burdens of life and the responsibility of earning a livelihood. This same mood created his intense and burning enthusiasm for the French Revolution, a devotion to the emancipation of humanity in which he surpassed his most advanced contemporaries. He abandoned these dreams of his youth, and from being a revolutionist became an ardent anti-Jacobin; but the love of freedom still burned unquenched, the most powerful motive of his being. Even duty, whenever it presented itself as an external obligation, interfering with his inward impulse or inclination, became

for him an impossibility. It was not altogether his natural indolence or the natural infirmity of a weak will to which were owing his many sins of omission. He could not act unless his inner being coincided with the demand of external order. For this reason, mainly, though other causes combined with it, he was detached, but also set free from relationships and from dependence on every tie which hampered the working of the spirit within him. Bitter agony, the tears of repentance, mortification of heart, attended the process, as he broke away or was forced away from family and friends, from reputation, while yet in his inmost soul he was acquitted of any guilt or stain upon his higher manhood.

Coleridge never ceased to struggle against his natural infirmities. The correspondence reveals anew the heroic efforts he made to support his family. But he was never quite adequately equipped for the practical side of life; he had no capacity for affairs; and added to this was that strange difficulty that it seemed to paralyze his powers when he attempted to curb his spirit in the harness and turn out poetry for a money compensation. As we read the letters of the early years, we forecast the end to which he was drifting. The struggle with poverty and anxiety, with depression and hopelessness, with ill health, also, which began when he was so young, could not be maintained for long without some catastrophe. At the age of twenty-three he had married a girl who, like himself, was penniless, when he had no other prospect of support than Cottle's promise to pay liberally for all the poetry he would write. If it was well-nigh impossible for him to write when money was in contemplation, how hopeless was the task when he had already received the money in advance! Not only was there his own support and that of his growing family to be provided for, but he seems to have been under a pledge to contribute to the support of his wife's relations. The unequal struggle went on for six years or more before he confessed defeat. More than most men Coleridge would seem to have needed the support and consolation of the family. Like Schleiermacher, like Wesley, he was greatly dependent on the friendship of women. He was a devoted father, proud of his children, and his description of their looks and ways deserves a high place in the literature of children. In this respect he reminds us of Luther, who has immortalized his children by the profound interest and sympathy with which he entered into their youthful lives.

If Coleridge had been willing — or able, perhaps we should say — to work regularly even for a few hours a day, there would have been no lack of an adequate income. In one of his letters to Poole, March, 1800, he writes: "If I had the least love of money I could make almost sure of £2000 a year, for Stuart has offered me half shares in the two papers, the Morning Post and the Courier, if I could devote myself with him to them — but I told him I would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, that beyond £250 a year I consider money as a real evil — at which he stared." This was written at a moment when Coleridge was in the greatest stress of his efforts to maintain his family. He may not describe correctly the offer of Stuart, for the latter was a man of business, and knew the weakness of his friend. But Stuart did say, later in life, when speaking of Coleridge, that if they were both young, and Coleridge were only willing to work regularly, there was nothing he would not have given for the aid which Coleridge could render, and that he could have made his fortune. The man, however, who could have accepted Stuart's offer was not the Coleridge we know; nor if he had done so should we have had the Coleridge whom, despite his failures, we revere and love.

As to his separation from his wife, and what seemed like the desertion of his family, we are no longer called upon to express any moral indignation. There was in it something of the nature of fate. It is plain enough that after the opium habit had gained the mastery, he could not with any self-respect continue to reside at Greta Hall. There he met with the tears, the reproaches, possibly even the contempt of his alienated wife. It was better also for his children, if they were to retain their reverence for their father, that he should be away. The constant presence of Southey in his even and mechanical activity, or of Wordsworth in his economical, well-regulated life and smug prosperity, was a source of bitterness and torture to one who, with the consciousness of genius and of vast unexpended powers, was yet unable to apply them in order to gain his daily bread. We can see now what they were not able then to make allowance for: that his ill health was no fancied complaint; that he fell under the influence of opium, when, under the guidance of a wise physician, he might have been recovered to some extent, at least, from his physical infirmities. At any rate, there has been no lack of moral condemnation for his offense, either on his own part or on that of his friends. For the wrong of which he may have been guilty he paid the penalty to the utmost farthing.

In extenuation of Southey's attitude, much, of course, may be said. The responsibility of Coleridge's family fell upon him at a time when he was sufficiently burdened with his own anxieties and labors. It does not diminish the value of his kindness or the nobility of his behavior that we have learned that he was reimbursed for his expenses on this account, or that Mrs. Coleridge rendered indispensable services in his household. But while Southey did his duty, the spirit in which it was done was cold and ungracious. He recognized no mission with which Coleridge might still be charged, which he was still executing amid physical suffering as well as the agonies of a stricken conscience. He saw only the weakness, the failure, and the wrong. He became indignant, so that he could not trust himself to speak, when he thought of Coleridge's long-continued absences from his home, of the silence which he maintained as to his whereabouts or doings, of the letters sent to him which he did not answer, and which, it was afterwards learned, he did not even read. Southey refused to believe that physical pain was the motive in resorting to opium, but rather attributed the evil habit to the luxury of self-indulgence. When reports came to him of the fascination and the spell which Coleridge was exercising in such extraordinary degree, of how his wonderful gift of conversation was winning him renown in the higher circles of London society, he uttered his doleful prophecy: "What will become of Coleridge himself? He may continue to find men who will give him board and lodging for the sake of his conversation, but who will pay his other expenses? I cannot but apprehend some shameful and dreadful end to this deplorable course."

It was a memorable event in the higher walks of the intellectual life, in that year of the divine grace 1797, when Coleridge and Wordsworth met; and very beautiful, too, had been the friendship of the two poets, in which Dorothy Wordsworth had also entered as an equal partner. But now Wordsworth had lost faith in his friend, and had spoken words which, to be sure, had gained in their mischief-making power by repetition, but words which he would not retract or recall, for they contained his deep conviction. As for Coleridge and how he felt, there was no man living whom he so honored and loved as Wordsworth. Whether those lines in Christabel, which he quotes from himself in one of his letters as "the best and sweetest lines I ever wrote," referred originally to Southey or not,

they are equally applicable to his broken friendship with Wordsworth: —

"And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
. . . . . .
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted, — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining, —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been!"

It is one of the remarks of Renan, which indicates his insight into the workings of life, that if a man set up to be a reformer of the world in any one department of human interest, he must at least be conservative of the world's traditions in all other respects. It was because Coleridge failed to fulfill this condition that he was called upon to pay a heavier fine for his attempt to teach the world than is exacted from most of its teachers. It fell to his lot to endure obloquy and ostracism, the personal malice of those who influenced the average popular opinion. The Edinburgh Review, under the editorship of Jeffrey, pursued him for years with its rancorous criticism, while its rival, the great Quarterly, treated him with indifference or with silent contempt. On account of his early sympathies with the French Revolution, which had inspired his earlier poetry, he was suspected, when the reaction had set in, of being a dangerous character who was undermining the foundations of the social order. He was denounced as a pantheist, a word which covered a bottomless, nameless fear and hatred. In philosophy, as in theology, he was condemned as an innovator, overthrowing the accepted principles of Locke with a vague, confusing transcendentalism which led no one knew whither; and in literature he was defying the canons of taste and criticism upon which rested all that was great and dear in English poetry. Add to all this his reputation for utter shiftlessness of character; the lack of dependence to be put on his engagements or promises; his willingness to take money or to solicit loans; the name of an opium-eater who was wasting his powers in idle dreaming, or spending them in the meaningless flow of conversation; above all, the abandonment of his family to the charity of the world.

One thing more was needed to complete his humiliation: that he should be wounded in his intellectual pride. When the invitation came to him from Mr. Murray, the publisher, to furnish a translation of Faust, he resented the slight which the offer might seem to carry. "Some one or other of my partial friends," he writes in reply, "has induced you to consider me as the man most likely to execute the work adequately; those excepted, of course, whose higher powers (established by the solid and satisfactory ordeals of the wide and rapid sale of their works) it might seem profanation to employ in any other manner than in the development of their own organization." As a piece of satire nothing could be better. But it has always been a source of regret that, in this instance, Coleridge did not swallow his pride, and attempt a task which no one could have performed so well. His reproduction of the poem might have been, as in the case of his Wallenstein, no mere servile translation, but an improved conception, with an original quality breathed into it by an imagination in no degree inferior to that of its great author. But again, he was sorely wounded by what he calls the "insolence" of another of Mr. Murray's proposals: "that he would publish an edition of my poems, on the condition that a gentleman in his confidence — Mr. Milman! I understand" (Henry Hart Milman, who became the distinguished historian and dean of St. Paul's) — "was to select and make such omissions and corrections as should be thought advisable." These things left

their impression upon his personal appearance. In his old age, he gave one, says Carlyle, "the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy laden, half vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. . . . The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them as in a kind of mild astonishment."

During his lifetime Coleridge was suspected of plagiarism, and after he was dead the charge was alleged against him with indignant severity; as though, in addition to his other failures, he had been deceiving the English people, who, in their ignorance of German philosophy and literature, had naïvely supposed that at least his thought was his own. "A gross literary pirate, whose plunderings were only limited by his ignorance," was the vindictive accusation made by the late Sir William Hamilton, who for a brief moment posed as a sort of oracle, on the ground of his supposed learning. The charge has now been practically disproved. Coleridge did indeed freely appropriate the thought of others, as well as suggestions and materials of thought, but his acknowledgment was in most cases ample enough to cover his indebtedness. If there were things which he did not acknowledge, yet he always placed the thought which he received from others in new combinations, and, above all, he impressed upon it the stamp of his peculiar genius, so that what passed through his mind came forth again with a distinctive quality of his own. As has been well said, what he took he repaid again with interest. In the words of Mr. Brandl, who has made an admirable study of Coleridge's literary work, "no one who conscientiously weighs his expressions will call him a plagiarist." De Quincey, who was the first to detect what seemed like petty pilfering, was amazed that Coleridge should borrow, when he was already rich in himself beyond all estimate; "when he could spin daily and at all hours, for mere amusement of his own activities and from the loom of his own magical brain, theories more gorgeous by far and supported by a pomp and luxury of images such as Schelling — no, nor any German that ever breathed, not John Paul could have emulated in his dreams."

Such, then, were the obstacles against which Coleridge's reputation had to struggle. But there was, after all, a certain divine purpose and consistency in his career, when he was set free from business of every kind, from occupation or profession, from family ties, detached also from his best friends, with hardly even a reputation to sustain; for he was also set free to fulfill his mission to the world in pure, disinterested love, with nothing to lose or gain. Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who was his warm eulogist, also thought that "his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes; it always seemed to me that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or diverted, when it is made the main employment of life." There may be truth in the remark, but, on the other hand, whether justly or not, those who are identified with a profession upon which they are dependent for support do not escape the suspicion of interested motives, as in the widespread conviction of the last century that priests and law-givers created systems of jurisprudence or religion for economical reasons, for the benefit of the few instead of the well-being of the many. From that suspicion Coleridge is exonerated. He was set free to speak out his thought to the world, without fear or favor. It is this which gives to his writings an element of sincerity and power, which was indeed dearly purchased, but was well worth the sacrifice it cost. He became a revelation of the native content of the human soul. He was like some visitant to this earth from another sphere, read-

ing its meaning as no one of its denizens could do. He looked upon it with a keen, impartial eye, noting in the picture it presents a beauty hitherto undiscerned, so that he might

> "add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

It is a peculiarity of these letters of Coleridge that they are as fresh as if they had been written yesterday, so that as we read we can hardly realize that one hundred years have gone by since his rich and exuberant life was finding its first expression. We can also understand better, by their perusal, the impression which he left upon all who came in contact with him, the unbounded admiration and affection which, without any effort, he evoked. We can understand better the rapture into which he threw his friends by his presence and conversation; how Lamb could say of him that "the neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons;" how his friend Thomas Poole, one of the most sensible of men, could say that "God never made a creature more divinely endowed;" or Allston, an American artist who painted his portrait when they were together in Rome, that "in his high poetic mood his countenance was quite beyond the painter's art; it was indeed 'spirit made visible.'" While we may not be able to formulate the secret of his fascination, or explain how he should have risen to fame when only a youth, while his achievement was still so slight, yet some things about him are more clearly evident than they were. In the first place, the world did not lose when he turned from poetry to prose. And in the second place, it was not the opium habit, melancholy as were its effects, which prevented him from giving the complete and permanent form to his thought which the world expected, and perhaps had a right to demand. The misfortune of his intellectual life was in the circumstance that much of his best thought, his rich learning, his deepest inspiration and conviction, should have found its vent in conversation rather than in letters. It may have been that he needed the stimulus of a visible present audience and its immediate response in order to the freedom of the mysterious genius which dwelt within him; or it may have been that in conversation he found the pathway which offered least resistance to his powers, hampered as they were by indolence and weakness of the will. His unexampled power as a talker was exerted while still a student at Cambridge, it was growing through all the years of his misery and depression, and at last it came to its perfection when he took refuge at Highgate. Every man who thinks and observes must needs have some form of utterance, and for this end conversation has its advantages. Its defect as a mode of expression is that it takes the edge of novelty from thought, so that what has been said in speech must afterwards appear as a feebler reminiscence should it be put in writing, and it also deters one from the labor of formal composition. But no estimate of Coleridge is complete which does not allow for the thought and impulse communicated to the world, of which the traces no longer exist except in the testimony of those who sat at his feet to hear, and came away to record the impression. Coleridge took this view of his life when he was charged with dreaming it away to no purpose: "Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation; or the number and value of the minds whom, by his conversation and letters, he has excited into activity and supplied with the germs of their aftergrowth!"

Coleridge died at Highgate in 1834, at the age of sixty-two. During the hours of the last night of his life, when the power of articulation was almost gone, he was dictating to his friend Mr.

Greene a passage for his magnum opus, that mysterious work of which he spoke so often, but which it is now believed had taken form only in his imagination. When Southey heard of his death, he was writing to a friend. "It is just forty years since I became acquainted with Coleridge; he had long been dead to me, but his decease has naturally wakened up old recollections. . . . All who were of his blood were in the highest degree proud of his reputation, but this was their only feeling concerning him." The voice of Wordsworth broke as he read the news, but he recovered himself, and repeated the remark that "he was the most wonderful man he had ever known." Charles Lamb, who survived his friend only a few months, went about saying to himself, "Coleridge is dead." He alone of the many friends gave the deeper expression of the mood of the hour: "His great and dear spirit haunts me; never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died in more passionately than when he lived. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel."

In 1885 the long-delayed recognition was accorded him, when his bust was placed in the shrine of England's greatest dead, the abbey church of Westminster. Since then three biographies have been written of him, to which are now added these autobiographical volumes of his correspondence: intimations, it may be, that now at last his name and reputation are emerging from the shadows of unmerited obloquy; that he is to be judged on his own merits and by the work which he accomplished; that the failures of his life are to be forgotten in grateful commemoration of the good, the beautiful, and the true which it was his mission to reveal to the world.

A few sentences are here taken at random from his letters which deserve a place in his Table Talk: "It is among the feeblenesses of our nature that we are often, to a certain degree, acted on by stories, gravely asserted, of which we do yet most religiously disbelieve every syllable; nay, which perhaps we know to be false." "It is as much my nature to evolve the fact from the law as that of a practical man to deduce the law from the fact." "I find it wise and human to believe, even on slight evidence, opinions the contrary to which cannot be proved, and which promote our happiness without hampering our intellect." "Men of genius have, indeed, as an essential of their composition, great sensibility; but they have likewise great confidence in their own powers." "Deep thinking is attainable only by a man of deep feeling, and all truth is a species of revelation."

And this is a sentence which gives the concentrated essence of the life of Coleridge: "I once had the presumption to address this advice to an actor on the London stage: 'Think in order that you may be able to observe! Observe in order that you may have the materials to think upon! And, thirdly, keep awake ever the habit of instantly embodying and realizing the results of the two; but always think!'"

"A STANDARD DICTIONARY."

We have considered in succession the two recent great lexicographic enterprises undertaken by American scholars, The Century Dictionary and The International Dictionary. Now that A Standard Dictionary[1] has been given to the public, its merits and demerits will be considered quite exclusively from the point of view of the literary worker, who seeks in such a work an apparatus combining handiness, mechanical agreeability and durableness, thoroughness and intelligence, with so much historical fullness as the general literary student and workman may require.

At the outset we must raise a protest against the name adopted by the editor and publishers. It is true that they save their consciences by the use of the indefinite article; nevertheless, the assumption is that the dictionary is and will be known as the Standard, — a piece of effrontery unworthy of the projectors of so excellent a work.

A Standard Dictionary is, from its fullness and general plan, to be compared rather with the Century than with the International, and we shall accordingly confine ourselves essentially to this view. In some not unimportant respects, A Standard, in availing itself of the experience of the Century editors, has made a gain. The obvious advantage of its lesser compass and cheaper price may be passed by with a mere mention, though, practically, it is well worth recognition, and certain of its deeper-lying virtues may be pointed out.

In the ticklish matter of phonetics and orthography, by its adoption of the standard phonetic alphabet used by the Spelling Reform Association of 1877, it introduces for wider attention what is, on the whole, the simplest and best method of phonetic representation yet devised, and one distinctly better than that used by the Century, which is more difficult to be understanded of the people; both dictionaries showing a commendable anxiety to dispense so far as may be with that free use of diacritic signs and arbitrary symbols which made earlier lexicons cumbrous and riddlesome. This is a peculiarly puzzling department of English lexicography, by reason of the wretched disparity between our vocal sounds and their written quasi-equivalents. The printing, in a separate section, of the list of disputed spellings and pronunciations is one of the features of the dictionary, and a very welcome one. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of discussion called up by language use is so hotly contested a moot point as that of pronunciation; here, the preponderance of authority is indicated and the different uses are noted in their order of acceptability, the judgment being that of a board of accredited scholars chosen for the purpose. Such an extensive and convenient summary as this will prove popular, and should help materially in the clarifying of opinion. It is to be regretted, however, that the editor has not seized upon a great general law of English accent and applied it in this list. His board of advisers was made up of fifty-seven students, he reserving to himself the privilege of final decision. There is danger, sometimes, not safety, in num-

[1] *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language.* Upon Original Plans. Designed to Give, in Complete and Accurate Statement, in the Light of the Most Recent Advances in Knowledge, and in the Readiest Form for Popular Use, the Meaning, Orthography, Pronunciation, and Etymology of All the Words and the Idiomatic Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English-Speaking Peoples. Prepared by More than Two Hundred Specialists and Other Scholars, under the Supervision of Isaac K. Funk, D. D. In two volumes. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1893, 1895.

bers, and half a dozen trustworthy philologists would have come nearer constituting the ideal committee. The general law we refer to is simply this: Accent in our tongue is recessive; it works backwards to the root, or, in cases where the root and first syllable do not coincide, to the first syllable, the qualifying laws being euphony and the distribution of secondary accents in polysyllabic words. Hence, of two pronunciations, both of which have some vogue, that is preferable which illustrates most thoroughly the recessive tendency. So far as we can see, A Standard has not followed this safe historically sound rule in its treatment of disputed pronunciations. The familiar noun "accessory" will serve to illustrate. Preference is given to "acces′sory," although the weight of dictionary authority, to say nothing of the consensus of the choicest usage, makes for "ac′cessory," which would have the further decisive merit of being in consonance with the main law just explained. At the present juncture, when both accentuations are heard in the mouths of users of good English, it is better philology to adopt "ac′cessory."

As to the spelling of words in general, — a subject of far more practical interest than that of strict phonetics, — hearty praise may be bestowed upon A Standard, which moves further towards the proper goal than does the Century; that goal being a closer correspondence of vocal sound and written symbol. The Century approves of the amended spellings of the American Philological Society, and prints the list as an appendix; but its later rival gives, in the body of its work, these spellings as the first or preferred form. Thus, in the Century, "woe," its first spelling, is balanced by "wo" in A Standard; the former dictionary giving "wo" lower down as a proposed innovation. The bolder plan of A Standard will be welcomed by all having at heart a more sensible and easy native orthography. As all philologists are aware, the objection to an approximation to phonetic orthography, that it destroys etymological flavors, while introducing spellings which strike the layman as amusing, is never made by those best informed; scholars indeed having been at pains to say again and again that, on the whole, etymology would be helped, not hindered, by such changes. One of the most convenient applications of this improved orthography will be found in the dictionary's spelling of chemical terms; "sulfid," "morphin," and the like will speedily come into common use if the scientists will start the innovation, for then the wayfaring man will regard them as having authority. The change, too, of the final *d* and *ed* to *t*, when so pronounced, raises hopes of the eventual disappearance of an eye-cheat of long standing, which an occasional sturdy scholar or maker of letters like Walter Savage Landor has set at defiance from aforetime. The dictionary has been wisely cautious in stopping ere the danger-line is crossed and the customary forms are visited too roughly. But the main fact, that a popular dictionary should be a pioneer in the matter of improved and approved spelling, is cause for rejoicing, and should do much for the amelioration of existent evils.

In the handling of definitions, with their illustrative quotations, the Century has an advantage over A Standard, partly to be explained by its greater space limits; its quotations are fuller, richer, and the plan, of special utility to the scholar, is followed of indicating the historical development of a given word by arranging the passages chosen in chronological order. A Standard, reversing this, gives the definitions, with the quotations, in what it calls the order of usage, the present-day use first. As a result, it appeals more to the average patron, and less to the student having a nice appreciation of obsolete or obsolescent meanings. This, with its aim in mind, can hardly be called a fault; to many, indeed, it will seem a virtue. A couple of ex-

amples by way of illustration. In the Century, under the word "girl," we are told at the outset that it refers to "a young person, whether a boy or a girl, but most frequently meaning a girl," which is exasperatingly indefinite, while the information, familiar to students of Chaucer, that "girl" was originally applied to either sex, adds here to the confusion. The second definition, "A female child," etc., is what most inquirers wish to know before aught else. A Standard, contrariwise, begins, "*girl.* 1. A female infant or child, or a young unmarried woman," which is much more comprehensive, and not until the fourth definition do we meet with, "A child of either sex." Again, in the case of the word "knave," one of the many English words which have come down in the world since its original state of innocency, the Century reads, "1. A boy; a boy as a servant; a fellow. 2. A friend; a crony. 3. A false, deceitful fellow." Whereas A Standard, concerned primarily with the modern connotation, reads first, "A person of habitual dishonesty; tricky, deceitful man; mean scoundrel; rogue;" relegating the information as to the earlier inoffensive significancy to a subordinate fourth place. The superiority of this method for practical purposes is obvious. Of the definitions themselves, it must be said that they are often clearer and more comprehensive than their correspondents in the Century, and this in departments least to be looked for, — a conclusion that anybody examining the respective treatments of the words "literature" and "poetry" will quickly reach. The cross-references are, as a rule, satisfactory, and the system of grouping a list of special terms under their generic noun, as in the case of the handicrafts, is carried to a fullness never before attempted; thus 275 words bearing on carpentry follow that trade-term. In gathering the quotations, modern authors are prevailingly drawn upon; this again being an advantage or otherwise according to one's point of view, but unquestionably a course to be commended by the larger number. The referring of the quotation to author, work, chapter, and page is also an innovation, and one which at once proves its desirability.

The etymologies, so far as we have been able to examine them, are sound, and in connection with them must be mentioned one of the very best practical improvements of the dictionary: we refer to the relegation of the etymological information to modest parentheses at the end of the article. In this way, those who read as they run get their definition (always what they chiefly want) unclouded by the learned, technical knowledge which in all precedent books of the kind flaunts itself in a prominent place and type. This simple change is so admirable, so truly popular, that it is astounding it has never been thought of and put into play before. It is the testimony of librarians that plain people who consult their treasures are confused and balked constantly by the older method of lugging in the etymological apparatus immediately after the word, — a violation of the natural organic way of acquiring knowledge by moving from the simple and easy to the more complex and special. The dictionary is progressive also in its clearer, more systematic use of compounds, written as one word or with the German double hyphen, in accordance with the principle of a greater or less degree of unity. This is a needed improvement in a matter where confusion worse confounded has long reigned; every man writing English being a law unto himself in respect of compounding words.

A Standard follows the Century in its generous treatment of idioms, colloquialisms, and especially so-called Americanisms, those variations of the parent stock indigenous to the development of English in the United States. Both dictionaries, in truth, are an immense advance upon anything previous in catho-

licity anent the unconventionalities of speech: the latter gives more space to idiomatic locutions, American and British, and hence is more of a treasure-house for this piquant division of the subject; but the former, considering its limits, is very comprehensive. It would not be difficult to criticise A Standard both for exclusions and inclusions under the head of idiomatic phrases, as where it gives in its treatment of the word "girl," above adverted to, the expression "summer girl" (not characterizing it as slang, which it should have done), but does not mention "maiden girl," a much more respectable phrase in *lingua jocosa*. The Century shows itself hospitable to slang, admitting words and expressions by the score that would have horrified Noah Webster, and been frowned upon by the less critical a dozen years ago; but after all, every year chronicles the incorporation of new idioms, words having, like men, their strange eventful histories, and the street argot of to-day proving to-morrow the language of the drawing-room and of literature. Slang, indeed, is idiom in the making, and it is the wise man who shall say what is fittest to survive. Appearing several years after the Century, we find A Standard including the word or phrase which the other very properly eschewed, or of whose existence it was unaware. Thus, it opens the door to locutions like "to be in it" and "get a move on," which still have a vulgar smack, no doubt, and are not in the Century; but then the latter, in accepting "come off" and other terse neoterisms, is equally daring. Martinets and precisians of language will grumble at such license, but the principle of keeping abreast of the colloquial is entirely a right one, and has in mind that it is the dictionary's business to register far more than to dictate. That such expressions as those cited are in the mouth of young America of the better sort is a fact, like it or not as we may. It gives a vivid sense of the truer conception of duty held by the modern lexicographer to compare these latest works with that of Smart, to whom the vulgar speech flavors beyond the pale of Belgravia had no interest.

The problem of new terms, more broadly viewed, is one of prime importance, and A Standard, exercising the privilege of any good dictionary latest to see the light, incorporates many thousands of words not to be elsewhere found: a striking example is "appendicitis," which it may surprise those who have not looked for it there already to miss from the Century; of another new word of medical science, now much in use, "anti-toxin," the same is true. Needless to say that a work following A Standard half a dozen years hence will be in a position to supply gaps in a similar fashion. Absolute contemporaneity is the *sine qua non* of comprehensiveness in vocabulary. The separate treatment of proper names and the space devoted to them call for a word of thanks. The Century fills a large supplementary volume with names, and offers the most ambitious attempt of the kind: the omissions, misstatements, and confusion of cross-references therein to be found have been pointed out by various critics; A Standard throws itself open to the same reproach. The seeker after literary light will be grieved justly to find the dictionary innocent of a reference to the existence of Mr. George Meredith or Mr. William D. Howells. But all things are comparative in this world, and leniency is the proper mood when the lack hitherto of material of the kind is remembered. The Century, and A Standard in less degree, gather together a great mass of information, and, *pace* shortcomings, earn gratitude by even tentative efforts. A useful fresh article in the latter is that on Faulty Diction, for it furnishes a ready aid which can be invoked in the innumerable disputes over alleged solecisms, and maybe the bloodless but bitter word-

wars of the past will be diminished through its agency.

A word may be said on the mechanical excellence of the dictionary in general, facilitating its handling and examination; and in particular as to the convenience of the work through its use of the Denison Patent Index, a time-saving device which speaks for itself. The practical efficacy of a reference book daily consulted rests in its easy manipulation and accessibility; and an index of this kind is of the highest utilitarian value, a fact recognized by the International.

Such are some of the salient features of this work, as they may strike the literary worker who explores A Standard and tests its quality, — a few characteristics, where many more might be touched upon. Enough, however, has been said to imply the opinion, in fine, that this is, on the whole, a soundly constructed, progressive popular dictionary of encyclopædic nature; one that, in spite of occasional slips, and always having in mind its purpose, offers a most satisfactory compromise in the shape of a dictionary of comparatively moderate price and compass. This is high praise, but it seems to be deserved. For more purely historical and scholarly investigation the Century presents superiority; while the great New English Dictionary (Dr. Murray's) will, for such purposes and problems, be the authority for years after its completion.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The fifth volume of the new edition of Poe, under the charge of Messrs. Stedman and Poe, contains The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym and The Journal of Julius Rodman. We shall give the entire work more careful notice when it is complete. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) — The new series of Thomas Hardy's novels is continued by the issue of The Mayor of Casterbridge, to which a humorous little preface is prefixed, and which is adorned with a frontispiece etched by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a map of the Wessex of the novels. (Harpers.) — The Women of Shakespeare, by Louis Lewes, Ph. D. Translated by Helen Zimmern. (Putnams, New York; Hodder Brothers, London.) The good sense shown by the author in his preface, in which he emphatically disclaims any attempt to discover recondite systems of philosophy in the great dramas, and evinces other signs of critical sanity, and the modest candor of the avowal that he cannot promise to say much that is new, naturally prepossess the reader in favor of what proves a rather commonplace book and a hardly needed addition to English Shakespearean literature, whatever may have been its usefulness in its original form. The persons likely to be attracted by the volume will find the sketch of the poet's life and time and of the rise of the English drama an oft-told tale, while Mrs. Jameson has anticipated all that is best in the studies of Shakespeare's women. It is noticeable that while generous space is accorded to some of the characters of early or doubtful plays, little more than three pages of most ineffective criticism is found sufficient for Rosalind (with Celia thrown in), — still another illustration of the truth which the editor of the Variorum Shakespeare has set forth, that As You Like It, that "almost flawless chrysolite of a comedy," is so essentially English that it is well-nigh incomprehensible to the readers of other races. — The seventh and eighth volumes of the attractive new edition of Defoe's Romances and Narratives are occupied with The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) — The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan & Co's. series of standard novels is a volume containing Annals of the Parish and The Ayrshire Legatees. We hardly like to speak of this reprint as a revival of

tales which, with one other of their author's, The Provost, should surely take a high place among Scottish classics, yet we fear that nowadays, even to the tolerably well read, Galt is often little more than a name. Had he been a less voluminous — and unequal — writer, his few altogether admirable works probably would not have been, out of Scotland, so nearly forgotten. If it were not so, it would be almost an impertinence, at this late day, to praise the stories here given, and recount some of their excellent qualities, their insight, humor, freedom from exaggeration of every kind, and above all their lifelikeness ; for in these studies Galt was a realist of the best sort, two generations before the use and abuse of the term. Canon Ainger contributes an appreciative introduction, and the book is very well illustrated by Charles E. Brock. — The third and concluding volume of The Best Plays of Ben Jonson, in the Mermaid Series (imported by Scribners), contains Volpone, Epicœne, and The Alchemist. Brief but sufficient introductions are prefixed to each play, and an etched portrait of William Cartwright, from the picture in the Dulwich Gallery, serves as frontispiece. — The July number of the Oxford English Dictionary, which with all its comprehensiveness modestly calls itself A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, covers the words from Deject to Depravation. (Macmillan.) — Old Pictures of Life, by David Swing. (Stone & Kimball.) The title of these two little volumes is somewhat misleading ; they should have been called, rather, Pictures of Ancient Life. Light essays in a simple, picturesque style, they reproduce for us some of the familiar scenes of history and fiction. A Greek Orator, A Roman Gentleman, Cordelia and Antigone, Thoughts on Greek Literature, — these are some of the subjects in the first volume ; while the contents of the second are somewhat more contemporary and varied. The Submerged Centuries, An Injured World, Excess, The Novel, — in these and a few more essays we have the meditations of a sane and hopeful mind, set down with an orderliness that is quite charming ; the last utterance of one of those courageous, helpful men who are the backbone of a nation. — Literature of the Georgian Era. (Harpers.) The late Professor Minto, in these lectures to students, now posthumously published, has not made it convincingly clear that the time of the four Georges was a distinct literary period. Nor was Mr. Minto's hand unsubdued by journalism, in which he worked so long. After these two statements of exception, which may seem important to a few readers, it is a pleasure to observe that the book is far more readable than most volumes of its sort ; and a method that is now too discursive, and again too anecdotic, for effective concentration, will but serve to heighten the interest of the unstudious and uncritical public in a series of lively papers which has Pope and Shelley for its temporal limits. The fact of Minto's extraordinary power as a teacher is little or not at all displayed in his written word, and only those who knew the man can read between not infrequently commonplace lines the tone of his voice, the glance of his eye, and the intimate, inspiring force of the spoken word.

Finance. Government and Co., Limited, an Examination of the Tendencies of Privilege in the United States, by Horatio W. Seymour. (McClurg.) A small volume, in which the writer endeavors to arouse the attention of what he calls the great middle class to the dangers which lie in the way of the American republic through privileges due chiefly to a protective tariff. His voice is loud, but his cry is somewhat inarticulate. — Honest Money, Coin's Fallacies Exposed, by Stanley Waterloo. (The Equitable Publishing Co., Chicago.) — A Freak in Finance, or The Boy Teacher Taught, Answer to Coin's Financial School, by J. F. Cargill. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) — Cash versus Coin, an Answer to Coin's Financial School. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) — Coin at School in Finance, by George E. Roberts. (W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.) — Money : Gold, Silver, or Bimetallism, by Melville D. Landon, "Eli Perkins." (Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

Fiction. An Experiment in Altruism, by Elizabeth Hastings. (Macmillan.) Half a dozen characters are set forth, showing various attitudes toward the solution of the problems which confront earnest-minded men and women in our great cities, — a woman doctor, an altruist, a reformer, an anarchist, the writer herself who tells the story, a sort of old-maid-of-all-work, as nearly as one can say, besides two or three characters who are bystanders. A little love-story is inwoven, but the main purpose

of the book appears to be to fire off epigrams. Every character except the baby has a cartridge-box full. There is much smoke, and now and then a wounded person is carried off the field; but after the cartridge-boxes are emptied and the air is clear, the impartial reader is not quite sure just what the battle has been about, or whether it is not a sham fight. With so much cleverness as the author shows, her characters are little more than unembodied souls with names. — The Master, by I. Zangwill. (Harpers.) It is impossible not to regret the misdirected labor which has been expended upon this ponderous book. We have seldom met a novel, so excellent at its best, in which padding, sometimes brilliant, sometimes journalistic, sometimes commonplace or even trivial in quality, forms so appreciable an element. The work has little of the spontaneity of the writer's Jewish tales, nor does it compare favorably with them in sincerity, graphic power, insight, humor, and pathos. As we have intimated, the melancholy story of Matthew Strang is in parts exceedingly well told; but the volume as a whole impresses the reader as simply a task in bookmaking set himself by a clever man who holds the pen of a ready writer. — Those who find The Master disappointing can turn for solace to The Children of the Ghetto, a new edition of which has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. In this form the book will probably be seen for the first time by many American readers, to whom it can be heartily commended as a work which, notwithstanding faults of construction, fairly compels interest and admiration, so vivid, sympathetic, and forcible are its sketches of a peculiar people. — Almayer's Folly, a Story of an Eastern River, by Joseph Conrad. (Macmillan.) In spite of plainly evident marks of inexperience on the writer's part, there is undeniable power in this tale, as well as a somewhat unusual measure of freshness and originality. The weak, visionary Almayer, if not an attractive, is a very real figure. Having early wrecked his life in marrying a Malay woman, whose thin veneer of civilization rapidly disappeared, thinking through her to obtain wealth which never comes, though he dreams of it unceasingly, he drags out twenty years of miserable existence amongst half-savage Malays and Arabs, on the banks of the Pantai in Borneo. The story tells of his final and fatal disappointment, when, as the last hope of fortune vanishes, his daughter, the only creature dear to him, leaves him for a husband of her mother's race. The scene, a new one in fiction, of this wretched tragedy is depicted with a vividness which must make it visible even to an unimaginative reader. — Maureen's Fairing, and Other Stories, by Jane Barlow. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) The eight stories in this little volume should have been but seven, for An Escape is quite out of place in this collection of Irish sketches, and its merits hardly entitle it to longer life than is to be found in the pages of a magazine. Otherwise the book is, speaking with some reservations, a not unfit successor of Irish Idylls, showing the same delicacy of touch and fine artistic sense, the same genuine but restrained pathos and delightful humor. The latter quality predominates, for the village of Ballyhoy, where several of these little dramas are enacted, is a more cheerful place than Lisconnel. A love of orderliness, a trait which the inhabitants of either hamlet would hold in small esteem, makes us regret that the two pleasant child-stories should not have been placed next each other and in their proper sequence, as the one given last should really serve as an introduction to the other. — Jacqueline, par Th. Bentzon. (Calmann Lévy.) The lady whose pen-name is Th. Bentzon is perhaps best known in this country as an admirable translator and critic of the higher class of American fiction, of which she has a rarely sympathetic and accurate knowledge. But work of this kind is only an incident in her literary career, which has been mainly that of a novelist. She is hardly at her best in her latest tale, though it shows throughout the ease and skill of a graceful writer and an accomplished story-teller. As often before, her heroine is a young girl, in this case one well born and bred, but as unlike as possible the conventional *jeune fille*. Indeed, through a succession of painful experiences, her personal knowledge of the evil of the world at last far exceeds that likely to be acquired by her English and American compeers. There are many deft touches in the portraiture of Jacqueline, and true ones as well, as for instance in the intimations given of her love for Hubert Marien, the imaginary sentiment of a

schoolgirl for a mature man; but often the persons concerned in her history, however cleverly described, exist for the story, and somehow fail to strongly impress the reader with their vitality. — The sixth and seventh volumes of the Incognito Library (Putnams) are, A Gender in Satin, by Rita, and Every Day's News, by R——. Rita's novelette is, as usual, of a conventional "modern" sort, and of course introduces us to the giddy, elegant, heartless woman of fashion, and the gifted, fascinating cynic whom we know so well. Naturally, the latter destroys the peace of mind of the good heroine, but she has a husband still better than herself, whose love and patience, we are led to believe, will in the end win the victory. Thus, the tale, though of to-day, is moral. The author has skill enough to make it readable, and it will be forgotten as soon as read. Every Day's News is a much better book. The superficially clever, cold-hearted, and vulgar young writer, who catches the tone of the day, and produces novels, psychological, immoral, and worthless, which are widely praised and pecuniarily successful, is very well and truly sketched, as are all the other women who figure in the story. Mr. Henry James's influence is plainly perceptible in the author's manner and style. — The Countess Bettina, the History of an Innocent Scandal. (Putnams.) The inspiration of this tale is not far to seek. If The Prisoner of Zenda and some of its successors had not been written, we probably should never have had The Countess Bettina. The hero, though naturally less brilliant and entertaining, bears a strong family resemblance to the self-possessed, ready-witted man of the world with whom Mr. Anthony Hope has made us acquainted, and the adventures of Jack Dalton are to the full as improbable as those of his prototype, if not quite so skillfully conceived and worked out. His story is told with considerable spirit, and is always readable. — Jack O'Doon, by Maria Beale. (Holt.) A story of the North Carolina coast, wherein the lovely and refined daughter of a rough and eccentric retired sea-captain, a lowly born but sublimely heroic sailor, and a well-born but rather unheroic artist work out their destinies. In this case, the artist wins. The tale is not without cleverness, but is weak in characterization, somewhat mannered in style, and drags in the telling. In brief, it is amateurish, but promising. — Doctor Izard, by Anna Katharine Green [Mrs. Charles Rohlfs]. (Putnams.) The story of the making, career, and unmasking of a Claimant, wherein the writer shows her usual skill in the fabrication and unraveling of mysteries. — The Idiot, by John Kendrick Bangs. (Harpers.) A volume of amusing conversation at a boarding-house table. The character who gives the title to the book does most of the talking, and his monologues are generally readable. The author shares the common fate of humorists who are prolific writers in that his fun sometimes appears forced; but as a whole this little volume affords most entertaining reading, and makes one wish for more from the same source. — Princeton Stories, by Jesse Lynch Williams. (Scribners.) A collection of college stories meriting more than passing comment. Beside being well constructed and well told, they breathe a spirit of commendable vigor and manliness. They naturally possess the interest incident to sketches of picturesque student life, but aside from this they betray an unusual aptitude for story-telling on the part of the author. Princeton men are fortunate in having the life of their college so favorably presented to the outside world. — Foam of the Sea, and Other Tales, by Gertrude Hall (Roberts), will strengthen its author's title to that place among our most careful and imaginative writers which her first volume of stories won for her. These fairy tales for grown-ups are more mystic, more remote from common humanity than the earlier little romances; they are godchildren of the Twice-Told Tales, and with their Hawthornesque flavor they have occasionally something of Hawthorne's power. But the book cannot be called an improvement on Far From To-Day; and one must hope that Miss Hall will not forget the rich dramatic life of those earlier creations, to lose herself in dreams, even though they should be as beautiful as Garden Deadly. — A Street in Suburbia, by Edwin Pugh (Appleton), is in some respects an English counterpart of Chimmie Fadden. The cockney dialect, however, is not likely to win so many readers in this country as the more familiar Bowery lingo; and the Englishman's humor is not so compelling as Mr. Townsend's.

Travel and Description. Lotos-Time in Japan, by Henry T. Finck (Scribners), is an interesting record of the author's experiences and observations in Japan during the months of July and August. Mr. Finck took a pair of keen but friendly eyes with him and kept them wide open, and he tells his story in a racy and entertaining style, though his pages are marred by at least one particularly bad pun. We should expect the author of Romantic Love and Personal Beauty to have something worth saying about Japanese women, and it is interesting to know that he found them remarkably pretty and charming, and, except while walking, graceful. In summing up, Mr. Finck considers the civilization superior to ours in the most essential points. "Japanese civilization is based on altruism, ours on egotism." The book has sixteen full-page illustrations from photographs. But what becomes of the Japanese smile, when these people are being photographed? Can it be that they are never told to look pleasant? — Attractive and inexpensive summer books are Macmillan's Miniature Series in paper covers. The first volumes reissued in this form are Winter's Shakespeare's England, and The Friendship of Nature, by Mabel Osgood Wright. — The Boston Picture Book. (Irving P. Fox, 8 Oliver St., Boston.) An oblong paper-covered book, containing over one hundred views of buildings, monuments, portraits, and bits of scenery in and about Boston, from photographs. The points are well chosen, and the general effect is good.

Music and the Drama. Letters of a Baritone, by Francis Walker. (Scribners.) From letters written during his student days in Florence Mr. Walker has made an exceedingly readable and interesting volume. Heartily believing in Italy as the land to which students of singing should continue to resort, he also owns that "the unscrupulous, plausible wrecker of voices is to be found everywhere," and it is with the hope — a hope that should be largely justified — of saving other aspirants from some of the difficulties he encountered that he publishes this record of his experiences. Not only are his technical hints and suggestions eminently wise and sound, but he gives information as to ways and means which must prove helpful and encouraging to the rather numerous company of impecunious American students. His good sense, and enthusiastic and at the same time intelligent devotion to his art command the respect of the reader, whom, as we have before intimated, he never fails to interest, even when he writes of life in Italy other than in its musical aspects. — Mr. William Winter, who writes criticisms of the modern stage as if he loved to, and not as if he had to, publishes a third series of his Shadows of the Stage (Macmillan), a collection, well ordered, of his occasional comment. In one or two instances, as in the final chapters, he gives broad generalizations which are interesting, but start more questions than they answer. It is refreshing to meet with such honest, old-fashioned views as those which run amuck of Ibsen. The universal stage includes this gentleman, but the orthodox stage reads him out of meeting with a delightful serenity of faith.

Nature and Science. Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology, a Laboratory Guide for High-School and College Students, by Charles Wright Dodge. (Harpers.) The object of this book is to promote original investigation in the study of biology. To this end, the directions for dissecting each organism are followed by a series of questions which are to be answered from the student's own observations. It will easily be seen that this is entirely different from the old-fashioned plan of question and answer in the text. The design is, of course, to make the student more independent of "the book," and at the same time more thorough in his examination of specimens. Unicellular organisms, animals (from sponges to frogs), and plants (from the lowest to the highest) are taken up in order. The volume is intended to be used with the assistance of an instructor. — Insects and Insecticides, a Practical Manual concerning Noxious Insects and the Methods of Preventing their Injuries, by Clarence M. Weed. Revised Edition. (Orange Judd.) Almost every useful plant — herb, shrub, or tree — has one or more insect enemies against which eternal warfare must be waged, and this excellent handbook in its enlarged and improved form, with nearly two hundred illustrations, can hardly fail to be of the greatest value to farmers and horticulturists. While the author's name is a sufficient guarantee of scientific accuracy and thoroughness, the book is emi-

nently practical in method, and insects affecting fruits, shade-trees, ornamental plants, vegetables, etc., are treated of in turn, without reference to technical classification. By way of criticism, it seems to us that sufficient stress is not laid on the value of birds as destroyers of insects, and the great importance of protecting them. The good work of the cuckoos among tent caterpillars and of the rose-breasted grosbeak with the potato beetles, for instance, should not have been ignored. — Lectures on the Darwinian Theory, delivered by the late Arthur Milnes Marshall. Edited by C. F. Marshall. (Macmillan.) This is a remarkably lucid exposition of Darwinism, given in eight interesting lectures, aided by many illustrations, both verbal and pictorial. The first lecture is on the history of the theory of evolution, and the volume closes with a chapter on Darwin's life and work. The author seems to share Wallace's opinion as to sexual selection, and dismisses it with very few words, but otherwise he is in entire sympathy with his subject.

Poetry. Ad Sodales, by Frank Taylor (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford), is a little paper-covered volume of forty pages of very graceful and finished society verse. The sureness of touch and lightness of fancy betoken a new scholar in the school of Locker and Praed. — The End of Elfintown, by Jane Barlow. Illustrated by Laurence Housman. (Macmillan.) This is a little fairy tale done in a fitting verse form, delicate and easy. It is another tiny straw to show us which way the wind of romance is blowing. So, at least, no doubt, Mr. W. B. Yeats and the younger Celts would have us believe. Mr. Housman's drawings are a delightful addition to the volume. — First Poems and Fragments, by P. H. Savage (Copeland & Day), is a modest first book, with the virtues of sincerity and simplicity, of that school of meditative verse whose traditions (and inspirations, indeed) are mainly derived from Emerson or Wordsworth, — the school to which Mr. William Watson and Mr. Archibald Lampman belong. Mr. Savage, however, has none of the felicity of phrase of his Canadian contemporary, while he has all of the Londoner's perilous lack of magnetism. One admires the seriousness of such a first volume, but one misses the ruddy drop of human blood.

Education and Textbooks. Foundation Studies in Literature, by Margaret S. Mooney (Silver, Burdett & Co.), gives in briefest outline some of the best known classic myths, illustrating each with extensive quotations from modern poetry and half-tone reproductions of famous pictures. "This volume has been prepared for students who are old enough to understand that literature is one of the fine arts." — Selections from Herrick, edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. (Ginn), in the Athenæum Press Series, is a careful piece of work. If the editor gives us no new criticism of this master of the lyric, he is at least sane and free from pedantry. There is a glossary, a bibliography, and a good introduction, beside notes in plenty. — Endymion, by John Lyly. Edited by George P. Baker. (Holt.) Mr. Baker's introduction to this play is so scholarly and thorough that one is not disposed to quarrel with the fact that it occupies two thirds of the volume. It is really an exhaustive essay on Lyly and his relation to Elizabeth's court, and makes an extremely valuable addition to this series of English Readings. — Specimens of Exposition, selected and edited by Hammond Lamont (Holt), is one of the series of textbooks, English Readings. The authors presented for study include Matthew Arnold, Burke, James Bryce, Professor Huxley, John Richard Green, Mommsen, Frederick Denison Maurice, William Archer, George C. V. Holmes, Adam Smith, and Josiah Royce. — Rhetoric, its Theory and Practice, by Austin Phelps and H. A. Frink. (Scribners.) Another illustration of the educational truth that the letter is deadly, and that a teacher, if he hopes to be present in spirit, must also be present in the flesh, is copiously offered by this new-old textbook of rhetoric. The basis of it is the late Professor Austin Phelps's English Style in Public Discourse; the superstructure, by Professor H. A. Frink, of Amherst College, has been raised upon Phelps's well-known lectures, with the hope of making the whole work serve all the usual purposes of instruction in rhetoric. "The essential elements of literary power and beauty," says Mr. Frink, "are indefinable, illusive, and are not to be communicated by direct instruction." Yet Mr. Frink quotes twice and with approval Professor Earle's remark that "the oral is the source and parent of all that is developed in the literary,"

and we are consequently the more surprised at his constant implication that the art of what he calls oral address can be better taught than skill in writing. As a matter of fact, in the present case, the original element of Phelps is much more valuable than the added element of Frink; and therefore, so far as the joint book is concerned, Mr. Frink's implication is justified. The many examples of good English have been chosen with judgment, but the authors use too often the dangerous expedient of bad English as a warning. Neither author shows a feeling for style in his own manner of writing. Mr. Frink often permits himself the "periodic" inversion dear to rhetoricians; and in one instance of this, at least, he has come perilously near what the natural man will think bad grammar. The distinctions between words are sometimes arbitrary, and in the article of "memory" used for "reminiscence" Mr. Frink has the great example of Landor against him.

Practical Religion. Master and Men, or The Sermon on the Mountain Practiced on the Plain, by W. B. Wright. (Houghton.) This volume is one of the signs of the times, for it is an earnest translation of the sermon on the mount in the terms of modern life. We say modern life, though among the biographical studies which intercalate the studies of the several texts are St. Paul, Moses, Socrates, King Alfred, and George Fox, along with George Macdonald and General Gordon; for these older worthies are conceived in the spirit of the present day. Mr. Wright looks with almost painful clearness into the direct sun of righteousness. — The Heresy of Cain, by George Hodges. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) A score of discourses refreshingly direct, candid, and practical. They are the words of a man to men, who is not less a man for being a clergyman, and no less a minister of God for being a sympathetic, almost homely man. The book rings true, and comes from a nature generously alive to the needs and cries of the struggling human being who is enmeshed in modern industrial society.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Byways of the Bee.

THAT exemplar of industry presented for our childhood's contemplation, the honey-bee, has many little habits not specified in the rhyme setting forth its estimable qualities. One such habit has always filled me with special delight, for its blending of thrift and happy-go-lucky desultoriness. It is a fact well known to the observer of the ways of the hive that our "busy bee" will often make honey from any sweet substance it comes across, perhaps even neglecting the "opening flower" to do this. An overripe and bursting grape, the pomace of cider, the careful housewife's store of marmalade or of jelly, is sometimes as attractive to the industrious insect as is the nectar secreted by the flower. Whatever our bees do, doubtless also the bees of Hybla and Parnassus did; at any rate, the purveyors of the Muses' honey, to this day, often go hither and thither, sipping a drop here and a *soupçon* there from sweets already crystallized, but now to be changed into some new ambrosial form. And as bees more frequently do this when their hives are stored for the winter, — by way of diversion, perhaps, in the boon and lazy sunshine of autumn, — the poet's gleanings are made in a like season of *insouciance*. At such times, he indulges himself in translating bits of his favorite old authors, tries his hand at parody, experiments with quaint measures and archaic diction, or turns into verse some tempting suggestion thrown out by a brother writer in prose. By and by, he will have filled, as it were, a whole compartment of his hive with snatches and fragments of song, of which the taster will be at no loss to detect the original source; but at the same time, if a fair and generous taster, he may allow that the bee-poet has added some flavor, some sweetness, referable to his own peculiar process of crystallization; or, if not this, at least shall the frank translucence of the latter's borrowings disarm serious displeasure on the part of the taster. With such and no farther apology is offered the

subjoined miscellaneous handful of translation, paraphrase, or parody. The boldest hazard of all shall be made first, — some attempted rendering into English of those Greek lines of wondrous beauty, forever cut into the marble of Shelley's Adonais:

To living men thou wast the star that brought the light;
Shine now among the dead, the Hesper of their night.

CARMEN III. BOOK I.

(HORACE.)

So guide thee the Love that queens it in Cyprus,
The Brothers of Helen so shine on thy way,
And so the great Father of Winds, with strict fetter,
Bind down every gale that would drive thee astray;
That thou, O fair Ship, so dearly entrusted
With Virgil, mayst ride with all speed to thy goal,
And yield him up safe in his far Attic haven,
And so be preserved the one half of my soul!

Surely, a strength as of triple-plate armor
And fibre of oak his heart did inclose,
Who first in frail boat essayed the wroth Ocean,
Nor yet was affrighted when Africus rose
Swift to join battle with northern-bred tempests,
Or the Hyades gloomed, or Notus held sway,—
Mighty sea-despot, unmastered, all-powerful
To raise the wild waters, or smoothly allay!
What onset of Death need he fear, who, intrepid,
Had seen the rough wake of the sea's giant flocks,
The boiling white surge, and the Acroceraunian
Terror of steep-fronted, bolt-riven rocks?

. . . . . .

"THE LETTER THOU HAST WRITTEN ME."

(HEINE.)

The letter thou hast written me,
It does my hope no wrong!
Thou lov'st me not? So let it be.
But ah, thy letter 's long!

Twelve pages, — yes, and closely penned,
A manuscript in small:
Not so one writes when one would send
Farewell for good and all!

SUGGESTED BY "A PUZZLING TALE."

(GRIMM.)

Three lilies bloom in the meadow gay;
Above the grass how they toss and sway!
Their velvet faces together they lay.

Alike they are tall, alike they are straight,
And alike they keep their queenly state,
While the sighing zephyrs upon them wait.

Not lilies are they, but ladies fair;
The spell of a wizard hath chained them there,
And they toss and sway in their despair!

. . . . . .

Once, at the time of even-song,
One of the three, whose love was strong,
Sundered the charm that held her long;
And her joy was great, as her love was great,
When she came, in the dusk, to her own sad gate
And him who had sought her early and late.

"Thou hast mourned me truly, both night and day;
I have seen thee pass on thy sorrowing way,
As hapless I stood in the meadow gay.

"And I lifted my face, and strove to speak,
And tell thee, the one whom thine heart did seek
Rose in thy pathway, a blossom weak.

"And now, if thine eyes have skill to see
And choose thine own from among the three,
Pluck me to-morrow, and I 'll be free!"

Soon as the day began to dawn,
Back must the lady in haste be gone,
Into her flower-cell close withdrawn.

How shall her lord make choice aright?
Two lilies are drenched with the dew of night,
But the third stands tearless, and straight, and bright!

A moment he pauses, with doubting eye:
He passes the two so quickly by;
He gathers the third, with a joyful cry.

Up by her hand the lady he drew,
One kiss he caught from her lips so true,
And away through the morning fields they flew.

A FEBRUARY FYRE.

Our fyre is fed with burrs and thornes,
Envies and malice, slightes and scornes, —
Whatever, as we pass along,
Doth cling to us to doe us wrong.

Our friendly fyre doth also drawe
All winnowed chaffe and rubbish strawe,
All dead leaves sodden by the raine;
All ydle griefes and dotings vaine;
Which throwing in the fyre, we start,
And run our waye, with easie heart.
For nowe, the winter being past,
The Yeare's new seed abroad is cast,
And the faire Garden of the minde,
New bourgeoning, shall the Gardener finde.

TO EARLIE VIOLETS.

Spring is soe untender,
She doth frowne
Laughters downe;
E'en smiles offend her!

Since she doth despise ye,
Goe and finde
Service kinde
With one will prize ye.

To my lady run ye;
She will bende,
Soe, and spende
Sweet sighes upon ye!

'T is enough ye meet her;
Though ye die
'Neath her eye,
What dethe were sweeter?

THE MUSTERING OF GRAY HAIRS.

White are thy temples, and gray is thy crown, ere the season of frost;
But the hairs of thy head all are numbered and named, as a militant host.
They gather invincible, crowd on thee ever, from gray growing white;
Thou regardest thy face, snow-framed, in the pitiless visions of night,
As legion on legion they witness, in toneless yet penetrant voice:
(Drear their notation, yet hearken thou must, for thou hast not thy choice:)

"*Fear* are we called, and we blanch as the earth in gelid December
Ere the cloud-prisoned flakes their way of descent out of heaven remember."

"*Hope-against-Hope* are we called, and we blanch as the young blades of spring,
In the treacherous nights, overswept by a cold and invisible wing."

"*Travail-of-Soul* are we called, and we blanch as the waters that leap
When the cataract draws, and rage in white wrath at the foot of the steep."

"*We* are called *Vain Desire*. We blanch as the sands on the shore,
That ever, since eld, the tides sweep under, fling up, and outpour."

"*We* are called *Vigil-and-Sorrow*. We blanch as the night at the wane,
When Darkness and Dawn meet unknown in a pallor of mist and of rain."

"*We* are called *Break-Heart Remorse*. We blanch as the old field of stubble,
Where the feet of the passer in crimson imprint the legend of trouble."

"*We* are called *Passion-Burnt-Out*. We blanch as when embers corrode,
And the gray film gathers like moss where the rose-flame panted and glowed."

Thus, in the pitiless visions of night, thy face shall appear
Framed with white hairs; and the numbers and names of their host thou shalt hear.

Lastly, the fence being pulled down by many laborious versifiers, the Muse easily finds herself in Gallic fields; or, to return to our metaphor of the apiary, the bee-poet, with a sip of culinary sweets, takes a careless farewell.

THE CRANBERRY TART.

(VILLANELLE.)

All honor to the Cranberry Tart,
And her who fashioned thee at will,
O rarest work of plastic art!

What memories at thine image start,
How didst thou once our senses thrill!
All honor to the Cranberry Tart!

Awhile fond glances would we dart
Ere we thy sweets would wanton spill,
O rarest work of plastic art!

Each gazer fond, with all his heart,
Would then fall to, and eat his fill.
All honor to the Cranberry Tart!

Our adolescent loves depart;
But haply thou canst please us still,
O rarest work of plastic art!

Though newer viands, dishes smart,
Invite with Gallic name and skill,
All honor to the Cranberry Tart,
O rarest work of plastic art!

A Tale of Rival Giants.

— I have lately read a magazine article on the subject of giants, which attributes to those grotesque monsters great good nature with proportionate small wit. Whether this discrimination be just or otherwise, it recalls a story of two giants, which, in my young days, I received by oral transmission from Gaelic kin of mine beyond the water.

Almost all persons visiting the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland, and Fingal's Cave on the west coast of Scotland, have noted the fact that in both places the structures are of the same basaltic rock, apparently carved with exquisite niceness, and so adjusted as to form the greatest natural architectural wonders of the world. The Giant's Causeway projects into the sea, and appears to extend thereunder in the direction of Scotland. Indeed, many physicists regard it as continuous, passing under the water to reappear at Fingal's Cave. Some geologists even maintain that in former days this marvelous stone bridge extended from Scotland to Ireland in unbroken line above the water. It is not thus now, and this is the reason why: —

Once upon a time there lived in the wilds of Galloway a Scottish giant. Like others of his kind, he was bloodthirsty and vainglorious. Modesty dwelt not in him. So when the rumor came to him that across the causeway (which before these unregenerate days did span the sea from Galloway to Antrim) there dwelt an Irish giant of equal proportions, and nowise his inferior in the use of the long-bow, our Cyclops of Galloway was much troubled in his savage mind. The friends of both parties continued to fan the flame of jealousy which burned in the red breast of the Scotsman, to the end that one day he arose in his wrath, performed what was then understood

as an Highland toilet, and, girding up his loins with mickle tartan, he strode across that causeway in search of his detested rival.

Away in Antrim dwelt the Irish giant, in a cottage built to order so as to contain the greater part of his stalwart person. The Irish giant was married, and a red-haired colleen presided over his hearth. Now, this red-haired colleen was a shrewd little woman, and as, when standing on tiptoe, she scarcely came as high as the giant's knee, she had long regarded him with uplifted eyelids.

On the morning when our story properly begins, Bridget Rua (which is Celtic for Red Biddy) saw speeding over the causeway a form more gigantic, more gruesome, and, if possible, more fell of purpose than that of Paddy her lord. With a glance she divined the errand of the intruder, and, experience having taught her that discretion is the better part of valor, she proceeded to ensconce Paddy in a cradle which yet awaited its occupant. "Lie there, Pat," said she, "and portend ye 're asleep."

Scarce was Pat comfortably settled when a heavy step which shook the landscape announced the arrival of Sawney.

"Hoo 's a' wi' !"

"Whist, mon !" ejaculated Red Biddy, raising her finger. "Whist, mon, or ye 'll wake the child !" again raising the admonitory finger.

A change came over the expression of the doughty Scot. His truculence faltered to astonishment.

"You 're joking, mem."

"Divil a joke," said Bridget Rua. "If ye wake the child, there 'll be murther when Paddy comes home."

"Yon the chiel ?" gurgled the dismayed Scot, glancing suspiciously at the supine figure, which extended four feet beyond the crib in both directions.

"Bedad, if ye wait there till Paddy comes home, ye 'll soon larn who the father is, bad 'cess to ye !" said she.

The bewildered Caledonian, his lips frozen with astonishment, once more ejaculated, "Yon the chiel ? I 'll no stay here."

Whereupon, with such speed as terror gives, this giant of the Galloways hastened back to his native province with so great precipitation that the causeway gave away under him; and certain it is that to this day many and many a mile of blue water foams and storms between the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave.

Cannot we trace in Hibernian wit to this day the same dexterous yet artless-seeming ingenuity that informed the clever stratagem of Bridget Rua ?

A Northern Berry.

— I write to sound the praises of a berry ; one that grows the world around in northern countries, but which with us is almost unknown. It is called the cloud-berry in the highlands of Scotland and Wales, in Norway the *multebær*, and in arctic America the yellow-berry. Wherever found and under whatever name, it is admirable.

I saw it first several years ago in Norway, when traveling along the half-beaten track where solid Norwegian comforts could be obtained, and yet where the contaminating influence of the English and American tourist had not made itself felt. Under such propitious circumstances, the fortunate wayfarer may meet the multebær accompanied by rich and foamy cream, which is brought to the table in a bedroom pitcher of a noble size. With the advent of the English tourist, the size of the cream-jug and the quality of its contents will deteriorate, and one must not hope to enjoy the multebær in its best estate where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is heard.

A *multemyr*, or moor where the multebær grows, is a thing of beauty from the time when the white blossoms open, in June, until the frost turns the myr to a mosaic of reds and yellows. The five-petaled flower, three quarters of an inch in diameter, looks, with its yellow centre, like a single white rose. The stem runs along the ground, lifting its blossoms and crinkled dark green leaves above the silvery reindeer moss and alpine plants which surround it. Here are the waxy bells of the arctic cranberry, the pink and white twin flowers of the Linnæa, starry saxifrage, marsh marigolds and violets, purple butterwort, and the white orchids spotted with pink called by the Norwegians "our Lady's hand." On the hillocks and higher rocky ledges about the marsh grow tangles of juniper, heather, dwarf birch, and the soft gray tufts of the arctic willow.

Later, when the opening heather is sending a crimson flush over the swells of land, the myr is at its brightest. The solid round fruit, resembling a large raspberry, turns

a vivid scarlet, while the sepals, curving backwards, are a clear gold color. The leaves, too, by this time, are variegated with buff and maroon, and the brilliant berries of the cornel mingle with alpine gentians of an intense blue.

When the berry is quite ripe it is a pale salmon-yellow, cool, refreshing, and with a peculiar honey-like flavor quite its own. The botany says, "It cloys when eaten in large quantities," but my experience has been that it could never be furnished in an abundance sufficient to produce such a result.

To really appreciate the berry you should gather it yourself, if possible on some barren elevated plateau above tree limit on a fjeld of western Norway. There the air is a delight to breathe, so clean and cool and tonic it is on those wind and storm swept heights, so laden with that aromatic northern fragrance of peat and juniper and heather. In the distance, snow-covered peaks lift themselves above the treeless table-land, and from the precipices come the voices of many streams, blending in a harmony which swells and dies away with the blowing of the winds.

My first gathering of the multebær was one of those happy experiences which come oftenest when unsought. In fact, Gunhilde and I had gone a-fishing for fjeld trout. Gunhilde had no points of resemblance in common with the goddess of northern mythology. She was only a little maiden of eight years, with shy blue eyes and tightly braided flaxen tails. But she was full of kindly, gentle impulses, had the gift of serene silence, and an unwavering love for her barren hills and for trout-fishing.

My light tackle was four thousand miles away, but I did not disdain, therefore, to catch trout by more primitive methods. Gunhilde dug worms in the good old-fashioned way, tying them up in one of her small stockings; then she brought out two young saplings which were to serve as rods, and we started for the fishing-grounds, three miles away.

I will not stop to describe our sport that morning; suffice it to say that Gunhilde and I jerked by main force so many mountain trout from that little stream that we felt fairly entitled to pause, on our way home, at a multemyr, and refresh ourselves largely.

Not only does the multebær grow in comparatively sheltered marshes, but I have found it while passing over the highest ridges of the Hardanger Vidda, a desolate waste where all traces of vegetation had apparently disappeared.

Ole my guide, Freya my pony, and I had had a long, fatiguing day. We had forded swift streams, eaten at noon our *fladbröd* and cheese in a sheltered hollow, and were hurrying to reach a refuge hut still far away, when the sun was low in the sky. For hours the only sign of life had been the whir of the *rypen*, or arctic grouse, as they sprang from our feet as we passed, the twittering of the grassfinch's young brood, and the plaintive cry of gray gulls that swept by us as we skirted some rocky lake shores. All day the clouds had hung low, sometimes inclosing us in a chilling gray mist so dense that Ole's figure, only a few steps ahead, loomed vaguely in distorted giant form; then a sudden current of air would toss the mist to right and left, making a clear passage through which we could see a far-off snowy ridge or stretch of glacier. Once, Ole, with a field-glass, had discerned and pointed out to me a herd of wild reindeer feeding on a distant ledge.

Great masses of granite were strewn over the barren ground, where the only trace of vegetation was a few gray lichens. But while passing by a giant boulder which looked like some relic of Druid worship, I saw a glimmer of scarlet and gold. Slipping down from Freya's back, I went to investigate. There was the multebær growing in a little circle where the rock gave it shelter from the keen winds that blew from the ice-fields. The plant was lower and the leaves were smaller, but the berry was just as large, as juicy, as finely flavored, as on the lower levels. Under the lee of each rock I found a small handful of fruit; how refreshing the cool, juicy berries were to our throats, parched with fatigue! We could not have left them ungathered, though we had still far to go, and the setting sun warned us not to linger.

As the twilight approached, the clouds lifted and ranged themselves in majestic masses above the Haukeli Mountains. The sombre colors turned to rose and violet; every snow peak and glistening slope of glacier reflected the changing tints, every little pool seemed aflame, and the great

polished boulders shone as if with inward fires.

In pleasant contrast to my rough Vidda experience was the next appearance of the multebær. It was in the Latin Quarter of Paris ; not the truly Bohemian neighborhood near the Pantheon, but the "Annex" beyond the Luxembourg gardens, where the English and American students congregate. I had gone one evening with two artist friends to call on a Norwegian lady, an old resident of Paris. We found her in a cosy little sitting-room, surrounded by trophies of travel and home souvenirs. Our talk ranged widely from land to land, for we were all born wanderers, and eager to exchange suggestions for future jaunts. Before we parted, our hostess, after heating water in a quaint little *bouillotte* among the embers, produced a bottle of *multesaft*, or syrup made of multebær juice and sugar, poured a little into some high glasses, added just a dash of Cognac, filled the glasses with boiling water, and brought out a box of Holland ginger-cakes formed like all manner of men and beasts. Then, with a "Vær saa god" from our hostess, we gathered around the tiny table, bright with its curious Norwegian glass and silver. And when we had finished, we three guests stood in a row before the dear old lady, holding up our petticoats on either side, in true peasant fashion, bobbed a little curtsy, and said in chorus, "Tak for maden" (Thanks for the food) ; and she, inclining her snowy head, murmured sweetly, "Velbekommen" (May it agree with you).

In America, the multebær, called there the yellow-berry or cloud-berry, is found on the White Mountains at tree limit, in some parts of Maine, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, on the summits of the Canadian Rockies, and throughout the most northern portions of the continent. It is common on the mossy plains near the Polar Sea, but bears fruit there only in favorable seasons.

While taking a long voyage to the delta of the Mackenzie River, in company with the Northern Brigade of the Hudson Bay Company, I saw the cloud-berry on the shores of Great Slave Lake and at several places along the Mackenzie River. At the most northern point, Peel River post, near the Arctic Sea, I found the half-ripe berry on July 15. The natives sometimes preserve the fruit with syrup made from the sap of the canoe birch tree. This lacks the fine maple flavor, and requires a much larger quantity of sap to form the syrup, but it serves well enough as a substitute for sugar. Even in that country, where life is hard, where the struggle for a bare existence never ceases, there is a summer, a short period when all vegetation seems to spring forward at a bound, when ten days of the unsetting sun is enough to bring leaves from the bud to full perfection. As the snows melt away, the low-growing flowers will be seen already in bloom, and one courageous anemone — the pasque flower — unfolds its fur-covered petals as early on the distant Mackenzie as on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota.

One night, when still within the arctic circle, we stopped for wood at a place where the steep high banks were crowned by a stunted but dense growth of spruce and white birch. It was midnight, but behind the distant foot-hills of the Rockies the sun's beams glanced towards the zenith, and the great spaces above were all aflame with rose-color.

Going on shore, I climbed over the boulders, among which grew the yellow arnica's showy flowers, Siberian asters, and brilliant blue Mackenzie lupine. The hillside was covered with thickets of rose-bushes and the silver-berry, or *sac-à-commis* of the early voyageurs. Making my way through these, I reached the summit, and entered the freer dusky spaces beneath the trees. Here was a soft twilight, where large gray moths flitted to and fro, and where the only sound was the threadlike plaintive note of some anxious little wood-bird, as, unseen by me, he peered down through the thick branches. Far below I could see the great river shining between the tree-trunks, and hear faintly the voices of the Indians as they ran from the shore to the boat with their burdens of wood.

Moss everywhere ! burying the prostrate trees, covering the rugged boulders, filling up hollows, and softening all outlines like a heavy fall of snow. A beautiful carpet, soft as feathers to the touch, formed of miniature fir-trees, palms, and delicate fern patterns. There was the silvery reindeer moss interwoven with sage-green filaments crowned with tiny scarlet salvers, the snowy cetraria, the haircap moss, blood-red peat moss, and dainty gray lichens resting lightly

on the mosses, and bearing a strange resemblance to the dusky moths that hovered above them. My feet sank deep in the soft mosses, and felt the elastic bound of mosses still below, and the breaking and crackling of dry branches of trees long since buried from sight and preserved from decay.

At some former time, Indians had been there for canoe birch, leaving behind them sections of the slender tree-trunks and fragments of bark. The latter had curled in fantastic shapes, some forming baskets, others scrolls and cornucopias, and in these had grown miniature gardens. Trailing mosses drooped over the sides ; here swayed the fragrant bells of the Linnæa ; here were pale green and yellow pyrolas, and the deep pink blossoms of the arctic dew-berry sending out a strong fragrance of bitter almonds. And all around what a wonderful growth of flowers for a forest nook north of the arctic circle ! The lady's-smock grew fair and tall, and near it rosy clusters of valerian. At the foot of the larger plants were beds of low-growing green and white orchids, the waxy moneses, pink and white vetches, arctic anemones, coral-root, broom-rape, and the starlike blossoms of the northern bedstraw. The flowers of spring, summer, and autumn seemed to unite here, the Labrador tea still retaining some spicy white clusters, though the fireweed was opening its crimson blossoms, and the bear-berry was weighed down with its spikes of scarlet berries. And here, growing in the moister places, I discovered my old friend the multebær. I bent down and gathered some trailing sprays, finding them of more luxuriant growth than those of higher altitudes on Norwegian fjelds, though this place was much farther north. Here the great Mackenzie, flowing from the south, brings softer winds, and extends the limit of the forests which give shelter to these delicate flowers.

The hidden wood-bird no longer sounded his note of alarm, and from a thicket swelled the song of a hermit thrush greeting the sun as it rose after its brief hour of eclipse behind the mountain range. But as I listened there came the summons of the boat, the old voyageur cry, " Ah ho ! Ah ho ! Il faut porter ! " I gave one farewell look at this arctic garden, seen for the first time by a white woman's eyes, climbed down through the roses and silver-berries, and a few minutes later our little boat was on its southern way, stemming bravely the mighty flood of the Mackenzie.

A Leaf of Bay. — One of the most pleasant events of the Tasso Centenary has been the reproduction, by Pier Desiderio Pasolini, of Flaminio Nobili's Treatise of Human Love, with autographic notes by his contemporary, Torquato Tasso.

Count Pasolini has, besides the *charme et l'air agréable* of a delightful style, the rarer gift of feeling, and enabling his readers to feel, the reality of figures which the centuries have turned to dust. From old chronicles he evolved a Caterina Sforza of flesh and blood, — " a being breathing thoughtful breath," — as real as any woman of the nineteenth century ; and now, in his preface to simple-minded Flaminio Nobili, he has done the same part by Leonora and Lucrezia d'Este, Duchess Renata, and Francesco-Maria della Rovere.

One would have thought that after Goethe, Byron, Symonds, and the rest of the innumerable train who have dealt with the subject, nothing remained to be said of the Bergamo poet and his time ; but the wand of the diviner reveals fresh water in parched places, and the publication of this pamphlet, annotated by the hand of Tasso, which Pasolini chanced on one day in the old print-shop in Piazza Ara Cœli, has been the occasion of a terse, but vivid and sympathetic study of the elements which went to form the " only Christian of our Renaissance."

As Symonds says, fiction is always less interesting than truth ; and certainly, the melodramatic, romantic, lovelorn Tasso has yielded place to a figure more inherently sad and touching. The former Tasso was the butt of circumstance, the victim of jealousy and tyranny ; but this Tasso is in more grievous case, for his own morbid, sensitive spirit wields the pitiless scourge. He is one born out of time, a dreamy knight who has lapsed two hundred years, and is at war with his age. From outward fret and persecution there is escape to the hermitage of a quiet soul, but " who shall minister to a mind diseased ? "

In my childish days, it was with a sense of elusiveness and disappointment that, in the peaceful convent garden, — it is all rooted up now, leaving Tasso's oak standing stark and solitary, — I thought of the poet's death on the eve of his coronation. Why

might he not have lived for his triumph? pleaded child ignorance impatiently. Why might the wreath rest only on an impassive brow? No solution fell then to the little girl's throbbing question, but now the answer slowly spells itself out: he came the sooner to his crown of *rest;* and it is with nameless but clear relief that, as the evening bells break out over the amaranthine city, I read that last letter written from the airy convent on the Janiculum: —

"What will my Signor Antonio say when he shall hear of his Tasso's death? The news, I incline to think, will not be long in coming; for I feel that I have reached the end of life, no remedy having been found for this troublesome indisposition, added to the many others I am used to, — like a rapid torrent resistlessly sweeping me away. It is too late to speak of my stubborn fate, not to mention the world's ingratitude, which yet willed to have the victory of leading me a beggar to the grave; the while I kept on thinking that the glory which, despite of those that like it not, this age will inherit from my writings would not have left me wholly without guerdon. I have had myself brought to this monastery of St. Onofrio; not only because the air is commended by physicians above that of any other part of Rome, but also, as it were, upon this elevated spot and by the conversation of these devout fathers to commence my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me; and rest assured that as I have loved and honored you always in the present life, so will I perform for you in that other and more real life what appertains not to feigned, but to veritable charity. And to the divine grace I recommend you and myself."

A Plea for a Word. — There is a word that is fast slipping out of use among the educated classes; it is not heard at all in some quarters, having been banished as "bad form," to be avoided as the pious avoid oaths, or as the refined avoid slang and vulgarisms. And yet that which is really signified by this word is perhaps the most lovely and desirable thing in the world; the thing which society, whether in its broad or narrow sense, can least afford to do without; the thing which, at its best, represents the perfected ideal of civilization, embracing all that birth, individual endowment, and the highest mental and moral culture can give. This word is "lady," a word our forefathers and foremothers were not ashamed to use. Indeed, they would have been ashamed not to use it, nor could those of two or more generations back have been very easily made to comprehend the state of that society in which it should be a tabooed word. Yet such it is to-day, and to give utterance to it is to proclaim one's self a social Ephraimite.

Now, we are told on good authority that *nomina sunt consequentia rerum.* Would it be wholly illogical to reverse this saying, and maintain that, to an extent, things are the consequences of names? Philologists relate instances of the vanishing of words among certain tribes of the earth, which vanishing has been invariably accompanied by a gradual disappearance of the ideas expressed by these words. Thus, it would appear that there is a most curious and intimate correspondence between vocables and the thoughts of man, insomuch that the latter, which are the essence of all realities, may almost be said to have or not have their being according to the (acknowledged) existence or non-existence of the former, which are nothing but breath, agitated air, or, in their more permanent form, mere arbitrary symbols. Is not this recognized as a fact in common parlance? To say that a certain word "does not exist in So-and-So's vocabulary" is equivalent to saying that So-and-So is ignorant of, or does not choose to admit, the idea or the thing which that particular word represents. If such ignoring, intentional or otherwise, on the part of an individual can imply so much, what shall we infer from the deliberate and concerted rejection by a whole class — and a class calling itself the highest — of a word which formerly could boast of the best usage? What, indeed, but that this word has, for serious reasons, fallen into disrepute. And with this inference, may there not be a justifiable fear lest the lovely idea should dissolve and perish along with its graceful and fitting vehicle?

That the vehicle in question has not yet wholly vanished off the earth is evident enough; therefore, in accordance with our theory, it is safe, without further evidence, to assume that the idea is still in a more or less flourishing condition. There certainly are things called "ladies." Do they not wear hosiery, and woven undergarments, and cloaks, and boots? Is not provision

made for them at railroad stations, where rooms are set apart in which no smoking is allowed? Do we not hear of them as serving in various industrial capacities, ranging from the counter to the kitchen? Yes, and these, we are told, are the serious reasons, alluded to above, why the taboo has been placed upon a word otherwise inoffensive.

It is amusing to recall the admirable circumlocutory efforts made in my presence by a society woman to save herself from the necessity of uttering this hated word. The piteous gasp with which she at last let it fall from her lips suggested how the Bad Sister in the nursery tale must have appeared when about to open her mouth, knowing that a toad would instantly issue therefrom. There was, as it happened, no other term exactly to express the speaker's meaning; the point under discussion being one, not of sex, for which plain and unadorned "woman" would have served, nor of birth merely, to be sufficiently designated by "gentlewoman," but rather of that mysterious combination of character, temperament, education, and experience into one beautiful whole, which sex, nor birth, nor position, nor any single advantage, outward or inward, can assure, and for which, "up to date," no word has been found so expressive as "lady." Moreover, the speaker herself was notably one of that sort which Dante delicately describes as "those who are gentle, and are not women merely." Yet would she not, except under protest, employ the sole distinctive name of such gentle women.

And this, forsooth, because the name has been misapplied! Frankly I ask it, is this a good reason? Frankly, I do not think that it is. Does it derogate in the least from one's ladyhood that those who have no claim whatever to such estate choose to adopt the title? If it pleases them, can it harm you, my lady? I have heard a specious argument to the effect that it is better the word, as distinguishing a class, should go the way of all titles in this democratic land. But, unfortunately for such an argument, this name has been dropped solely by those who still insist upon retaining a certain show of aristocracy. They have apparently dropped it, not to facilitate the leveling process, but rather to keep up distinctions; if the masses were to see fit to relinquish it, I should look to see it reinstated in glory among the classes, on the same principle that governs the fluctuations of the crease in the legs of trousers.

There is no doubt that it has been an ill-used word, — ill used by those, too, who should best know its real signification. I do not wince, I only smile, when a girl behind a counter directs me to "that other saleslady," or when Mary Cook tells me there is a "lady in the kitchen" to see me. But when an educated woman says, speaking of her husband, perhaps, "Gentlemen like their coffee hotter than ladies," or, "Gentlemen are more easily put out than ladies," then I do not smile, but wince.

Let us not ignore the word; let us all try to use it discriminatingly, and help others to do so. It is only those who truly deserve the name of "lady" who can teach its proper use. "Gentlewoman" does not quite take its place, for, as already intimated, that term most obviously expresses birth. Yet we all know gentlewomen in this sense who are in no other sense ladies, just as we know ladies who are not gentlewomen. The custom of employing the word "lady" for "woman," where a mere matter of sex is implied, is very old-fashioned indeed, and should long ago have fallen into desuetude.

I do not seriously fear the utter disappearance of the thing this noble word stands for. Surely there will always be true ladies, whether they call themselves so or not. But in a decade when the name is being intentionally hustled out into the cold by the very set of women which we should most expect to find cherishing every least thing belonging to the idea of lady, and when the members of another fast-growing set are, it may be unintentionally, so conducting themselves as to make men apprehensive lest the idea itself should be losing credit among the feminine half of creation, it seems well to sound a note of warning in regard to it, to urge a plea for its retention and for maintaining it in good repute.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVI. — OCTOBER, 1895. — No. CCCCLVI.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XXVII.

The Professor threw himself into the situation with a fatherly tenderness which went to Bayard's heart; but the theologian was disconcerted by this glimpse into real life. He had been so occupied with the misery of the next world that he had never investigated the hell of this one. He was greatly perplexed.

"As man to man, Bayard," he said, "you must tell me the exact amount of truth in those womanly alarms which agitate my daughter's heart, and to which I allowed myself to yield without, perhaps, sufficient reflection. I find it difficult to believe that any harm can actually befall you in a New England town. That Windover would really injure you? It seems to me, in cool blood, incredible."

"*Windover* would not," replied Bayard, smiling. "They don't love me, but they don't mob a man for that. *Windover* won't harm me. Did you ever hear a phrase, common along the coast, here, Professor — '*Rum done it*'?"

The Cesarea Professor shook his head. "I am not familiar with the phrase," he urged; "it lacks in grammar" —

"What it gains in pith," interrupted Bayard; "but it sums up the situation. A business that thrives on the ruin of men is not likely to be sensitive in the direction of inflicting unnecessary suffering. I have successfully offended the liquor interests of the whole vicinity. The new chapel represents to them the growth of the only power in this town which they have found reason to fear. That's the amount of it."

"But the churches, Bayard — the Christian classes? The ecclesiastical methods of restraining vice?"

"The ecclesiastical methods do not shut up the saloons," said Bayard gently. "Angel Alley is not afraid of the churches."

"I am not familiar with the literature of the temperance movement," observed the Professor helplessly. "It is a foreign subject to me. I am not prepared to argue with you."

"You will find some of it on my library shelves," said Bayard; "it might interest you some time to glance at it."

"When my manuscript on the New Version is completed, I shall take pleasure in doing so," replied the Professor politely; "but the point *now* is, just what, and how much, do you fear from the state of things to which you refer? Helen is a level-headed girl. I take it for granted that she has not wrought herself into a hysterical fright without basis. I have acted on my knowledge of my daughter's nature. I understand *that*, if I am uninstructed in the temperance agitation."

"Helen has not been misinformed, nor has she overestimated anything," returned Bayard quietly.

"Is it a mob you fear?"

"Possibly; but probably nothing of the kind. My chief danger is one from which it is impossible to escape."

"And that is" —

"Something underhanded. There is a personal element in it."

Bayard rose, as if he would bring the conversation to a check.

"There is nothing to be done," he said, "nothing whatever. Everything shall go on, precisely as it is arranged. I shall not run from them."

"You do not think wise to defer the dedication — for a time?"

"Not an hour! The dedication will take place a week from Sunday."

The Professor was silent. He found it a little difficult to follow the working of this young man's mind.

"And yet," he suggested anxiously, "after the marriage — to-morrow — you will take the temporary absence, the little vacation which your friends advise? You will not think better of that, I hope, for Helen's sake?"

"I shall leave Windover for a week, for Helen's sake," replied Bayard gravely.

In his heart he thought that it would make but little difference; but she should have it to remember that everything had been done. He would not be foolhardy or obstinate. The sacred rights of the wife over the man had set in upon his life. She should be gratified and comforted in every way left to the power of that love and tenderness which God has set in the soul abreast of duty and honor. He would give the agitation in Angel Alley time to cool, if cool it could. He would give himself — oh, he would give himself —

Helen, in the next room, sat waiting for him. She ran her fingers over the keys of the piano; her foot was on the soft pedal; she sang beneath her breath: —

> "Komm beglücke mich?
> . . . Beglücke mich!"

Bayard sought her in a great silence. He lifted her tender face, and looked down upon it with that quiver on the lower part of his own which she knew so well; which always meant emotion that he did not share with her. She did not trouble him to try to have it otherwise. She clung to him, and they clasped more solemnly than passionately.

Around the bridegroom's look in Bayard's face the magic circle of the seer's loneliness was faintly drawn.

If God and love had collided — but, thank God! He and Love were one.

"Lord, I have groped after Thee, and to know Thy will, and to do it if I could. I never expected to be happy. Dost Thou mean this draught of human joy for *me?*"

So prayed Bayard, while her bright head lay upon his breast with the delicate and gentle surrender of the girl who will be wife before another sun goes down.

Out upon the piazza of the Flying Jib the Professor was entertaining visitors, by whose call the lovers were not disturbed. The Reverend George Fenton had unexpectedly and vaguely appeared upon the scene. He was accompanied by a lean, thoughtful man, with clerical elbows and long rustic legs — being no other than Tompkinton of Cesarea and the army cape. Professor Carruth had taken his two old students into the confidence of the family crisis. The Reverend Mr. Fenton looked troubled.

"I had a feeling that something was up. I have been impressed for days with a sense that I ought to see Bayard — to help him, you know — to offer him any assistance in my power. He is in such a singular position! He leads such a singular life, Professor! It is hard for a man situated as I am to know precisely what *to* do."

"The only thing that can be done for him, just now, that I see," suggested the Professor dryly, "is to find him a supply for Sunday. His marriage to my daughter will, of necessity, involve a short absence from his missionary duties."

"I wish I could preach for him!" cried Fenton eagerly. "I should like nothing better. I should love to do so much for him. He never has any supplies or vacations, like the rest of us.

Now I think of it, nobody has been near his pulpit for three years, to help him out — I mean nobody whom *we* should recognize. I 've half a mind to consult my committee. The First Church " —

" *I* will preach for Bayard," interrupted Tompkinton, with his old, slow manner. " My church is so small — we are not important across the Cape, there — it is not necessary for me to consult my committee. I will preach for him with all my heart: in the evening, at all events; all day, if the Professor here will find me a supply of some sort."

" Thank you, gentlemen," observed the Professor quietly. " I will accept your offer, Tompkinton, for the evening. I shall myself occupy Mr. Bayard's pulpit in Windover town hall on Sunday morning."

" *You*, Professor ? "

Fenton turned pale. Tompkinton gave that little lurch to his shoulders with which, for so many years, he had jerked on the army cape in cold weather. Tompkinton was well dressed now, well settled, well-to-do, but the same simple, manly fellow. There was the gentleman in this grandson of the soil, this educated farmer's boy; and an instinct as true as the spirit of the faith which he preached in the old, unnoticed ways, and with the old, unobserved results. Tompkinton spent his life in conducting weekly prayer-meetings, in comforting old people in trouble, and in preaching what he had been taught, as he had been taught it. But he was neither a coward nor a cad for that.

" If I had had a little time to think of this," protested Fenton. " My committee are, to a man, opposed to this temperance movement, and our relation to Bayard is, of course, — you must see, Professor, — peculiar ! But perhaps " —

" Oh, Tompkinton and I can manage," replied the Professor, not without a twinkle in his deep eyes. " I don't suppose the First Church has ever heard of us, but we will do our humble best."

Now, as the event fell out, the Professor and Tompkinton changed their programme a little; and when the time came to do Bayard this fraternal service, — the first of its kind ever offered to him by the clergymen of the denomination in which he was reared, — the Professor drove across the Cape in the hot sun, ten miles, to fill the Reverend Mr. Tompkinton's little country pulpit, and Tompkinton took the morning service for his classmate.

In the evening the Professor of Theology from Cesarea Seminary occupied the desk of the heretic preacher in Windover town hall. The hall was thronged. George Fenton preached to yawning pews; for the First Church, out of sheer, unsanctified curiosity, lurched over, and sixty of them went to hear the eminent Professor. Bayard's own people were present in the usual summer-evening force and character.

The Professor of Theology looked uncomfortably at the massed and growing audience. He was sixty-six years old, and in all his scholarly and Christian life he had never stood before an audience like this. He opened his manuscript sermon, — he had selected a doctrinal sermon upon the Nature of the Trinity, — and began to read it with his own distinguished manner.

The audience, restrained at first by the mere effect of good elocution and a cultivated voice, were respectful for a while; they listened hopefully, then perplexedly, then dully. Sentence after sentence, polished, and sound as the foundations of Galilee or Damascus Hall, fell softly from the lips of the Cesarea Professor upon the ears of the Windover fishermen. Doctrine upon doctrine attacked them, and they knew it not. Proof-text upon proof-text besieged them in vain.

The Professor saw the faces of his audience lengthen and fall; across the rude, red brows of the foreign sailors wonder flitted, then confusion, then dismay. Drunkards, and reformed men, and wretched girls, and the homeless,

wretched people of a seaport town stood packed in rows before the Professor of Theology, and gaped upon him. Restlessness struck them, and began to run from man to man.

"Shut up there!" whispered Job Slip, punching a big Swede. "Be quiet, can't ye, for common manners! You 'll disgrace Mr. Bayard!"

"Be civil to the old cove, for the parson's sake!" commanded Captain Hap, hitting a Finn, and stepping on the toes of a Windover seiner, who had presumed to snicker.

"Why don't he talk English, then?" protested the fisherman.

A dozen men turned and left the hall. Half a dozen followed. Some girls giggled audibly. A group of Norwegians significantly shuffled their feet on the bare floor.

The Professor of Theology laid down his manuscript. It occurred to him, at last, that his audience did not understand what he was saying. It was a dreadful moment. For the first time in his honored life he had encountered the disrespect of a congregation which he could not command. He laid down his sermon on the Nature of the Trinity, and looked the house over.

"I am afraid," he said distinctly, "that I am not retaining the interest of this congregation. I am not accustomed to your needs, or to the manner in which your pastor presents the Truth to you. But for his sake you will listen to me, I am sure."

"Lord, yes," said the seiner in an audible whisper; "we 'd listen to Bunker Hill Monyment for *him*."

This irreverence did not, happily, reach the ears of the Professor of Theology, who, with his famous ease of manner, proceeded to say: —

"My discourse is on the Nature of the Trinity; and I perceive that my thoughts on this subject are not your thoughts, and that my ways of expression are not your ways, and that an interpreter is needed between this preacher and his audience. . . . I have been thinking, since I stood at this desk, about the name which you give to the beautiful new chapel which your pastor will dedicate for you, God willing, next Sunday" —

From a remote corner of the hall a sound like that of a serpent arose, and fell. The Professor did not or would not hear it (no man could say which), and went firmly on: —

"Christlove you call your chapel, I am told. You may be surprised to know it, but the fact is that the sermon which I have been preaching to you, and the thing which the tender and solemn name of your chapel signifies, are one and the same."

"I don't see how he figgers that," muttered the seiner.

"I will try to show you how," continued the Professor, as if he had heard the fisherman.

He abandoned his manuscript on the Trinity, and plunged headlong — not in the least knowing how he was to get out again — into a short extempore talk upon the life of Christ. The fishermen listened, for the old preacher held to it till they did; and as soon as he had commanded their respect and attention, he wisely stopped. The service came to a sudden but successful end; and the exhausted Professor thoughtfully retired from his first, his last, his only experience in the pulpit of the Unsound. The most depressing part of the occasion was that his wife told him it was the best sermon she had heard him preach in thirty years.

. . . . . .

But Bayard and Helen knew these things not, nor thought of them. They had been married, as it was decided, upon that Saturday, the day before. Helen's father married them. There was no wedding party or preparation. Helen had a white gown, never worn before; Jane Granite sent some of her

mother's roses, and Mrs. Carruth, who distinguished herself by abnormal self-possession, fastened one of the roses at Helen's throat. It was thought best that Windover should know nothing of the marriage until the preacher and his bride had left the town; so it was the quietest little wedding that love and the law allow.

And Bayard and Helen went to her old home in the glory and the blossom of the Cesarea June. And the great cross came out upon the Seminary green, for the moon was up that week.

"It used to divide us," she whispered; "it never can again."

She wondered a little that he did not answer, but that he only held her solemnly, in the window where they stood to see the cross.

Helen's happy nature was easily queen of her. She had begun to feel that her anxiety for Bayard's sake was overstrained. Tragic Windover slipped from her consciousness, almost from her memory. She felt the sacred right of human joy to conquer fate, and trusted it as royally as she had trusted him. In spite of himself, he absorbed something of her warm and brilliant hopefulness. When she gave herself, she gave her ease of heart. And so the worn and worried man came to his Eden.

XXVIII.

Helen's happy heart proved prophet; so they said, and smiled. For there was no mob. Sunday dawned like a dream. The sun rode up without cloud or fire. The sea carried its cool June colors. The harbor wore her sweetest face. The summer people, like figures on a gay Japanese fan, moved brightly across the rocks and piers; Bayard and Helen looked out of the windows of the Flying Jib, and watched them with that kindness of the heart for the interests of strangers which belongs to joy alone. A motionless fleet lay in the harbor, opening its silvery wings to dry them in the Sunday sun.

The fishermen had hurried home by scores to witness the dedication. Everybody had a smile for the preacher's bride — the boarder on the rocks, the fisherman from the docks. Every child or woman to whom she had ever done a kindness in her inexperienced, warm-hearted fashion remembered it and her that day. She wore the unornamented cream-white silk dress in which she had been married; for Bayard asked it.

"The people will like to see you so," he said. "It will give them a vision."

All the town was alive and alert. The argument of success, always the cogent one to the average mind, was peculiarly effective in Windover. People who had never given the mission a thought before, and people who had given it many, but never a kindly one, looked at the doors of the new chapel, smothered in wild Cape roses for the solemn gala, and said, "That affair in Angel Alley seems to prosper, spite of everything. There may be something in it, after all."

It was expected that the churches themselves, though reserved on the subject, would be better represented at Christlove, that evening, than they cared to be; for the young people were determined to see the dedication, and would pair off in scores to Angel Alley, leaving their elders behind, to support the ecclesiastical foundations in decorum and devotion, as by the creed and confession bound.

The attendance of other audiences was not encouraged, however, by the pastor in Angel Alley; his own would more than fill the chapel. All the little preparations of the people went on quietly, and he brought them, as it was his will to do, without weariness or worry, to the evening. He wished the dedication of his chapel to be free from the fret and care which turn so many of our religious festivals into scrambles — I had

almost said shambles, for the harm they do to exhausted women and to careworn men.

The day passed easily. Bayard himself, though moving under deep excitement, gave no evidence of it. He was as quiet as the St. Michael in the picture, whose foot was on the dragon, and whose head was in the skies.

The day went uneventfully. The evening was one of Windover's fairest and most famous. The sky gave the ethereal colors of transparent rose-clouds, and the harbor returned them delicately. There was a slight, watery line in the northwest, but the oldest sailors scarcely noticed it. Nothing had happened in any way to hinder the movement of the ceremonial, or to mar its success. There was no mob, nor threat of any. There was no mass, no riot, no alarm. Angel Alley was decorous — if one might say so, obtrusively decorous. Captain Hap, and Job Slip, the special police, and the officers of the mission looked out of narrow lids at Angel Alley, and watched guardedly.

Not a misdemeanor disturbed the calm of this, to all appearance, now law-abiding — nay, law-adoring street. Saloon after saloon that Bayard had closed presented locked front doors to the thirstiest sailor who swaggered from the wharves in search of what he might swallow. Nameless dens that used to flourish the prosperity of their sickening trade were shut.

Old Trawl's door was barred. The Trawls themselves were invisible. There would be no mob. So said the treasurer of the chapel. So said the Windover police. So thought the anxious Professor and his tearful wife. So said Helen, sparkling with the pretty triumph of love and joy.

"Dear! You see we were mistaken. They *do* love you here, in rough old Windover — bless it, after all! We were too anxious — I was worried; I own it, now. I was afraid because you were so precious to me. And I could not be with you . . . if anything . . . went wrong. But *now*" —

"Now," he said, "nothing *can* go wrong. For you are mine, and I am yours, and this is forever."

"I am glad to hear you speak so cheerfully," she said, catching at the lighter note in the chord of his words.

He did not answer her; and when she looked up, she was surprised at the solemn expression of his face.

"Love," he said, "it is time to go. Kiss me, Helen, before we start."

They stood at the window in her own little room in the summer cottage.

The tide was rising, and it gained quietly upon the beaches and the pier. Bayard looked out upon the sea for a moment, out to the uttermost horizon's purple curve. Then he took his wife to his heart, and held her there: within a clasp like that no woman speaks, and Helen did not.

. . . . . .

The Professor and his wife passed down Angel Alley. The Reverend Mr. Tompkinton, and that dear old moderator, the very orthodox but most Christian minister who had always done a brother's deed by the heretic pastor when he could, followed the great Professor. These officers of the evening's ceremony entered the chapel, and — not staying to leave Mrs. Carruth in a front pew, but leading her with them — passed on to the platform.

Whispers buzzed about.

"The minister! Where 's the minister? Has anything happened to Mr. Bayard?"

For the chapel was already full. Captain Hap trotted impatiently down the aisle. Job Slip looked at the policeman in the vestibule in a worried way. But the officer stolidly signaled that all was well; and Captain Hap and Job Slip and scores of watchers breathed again.

The congregation increased quietly. Angel Alley was unprecedentedly still.

The audience was serious and civil. All of Bayard's own people were there, many citizens of Windover, and the young folks from the churches, as expected.

Then, came the throng from the wharves. Then, came the crowd from the streets. Then, came the rough, red faces from foreign ports, and from the high seas, and from the Grand Banks and Georges'. There, came all the homeless, neglected, tossed, and tempted people whom Bayard loved, and who loved him. There, came the outcast, and the forgotten, and the unclean of heart and body. There, came the wretches whom no one else thought of, or cared for. There, came the poor girls who frequented no other house of worship, but were always welcomed here. There, came the common people, who heard him gladly; for to them he spoke, and for them he lived.

The preacher walked down Angel Alley with his wife, in her white dress, upon his arm. The alley was thronged with spectators who did not or who could not enter the chapel. Two policemen stepped forward to escort the minister, but he waved them back. He and Helen walked quietly to the chapel steps, and were about to enter, when a slight disturbance in the crowd, at their immediate side, caused Bayard to look round. A girl was struggling with an officer, to get near enough to speak to the minister.

"Get back there!" commanded the policeman. "Keep back, I say! This is no place nor time for the likes of *you* to pester the minister!"

"Let her come!" ordered Bayard authoritatively. For it was Lena. The girl was pale, and her handsome eyes had a ferocious look.

"I 've got something to tell him," announced Lena, with calm determination. "It 's important, or I would n't bother him, is it likely? I ain't no such a fool nor flat."

She approached, at Bayard's beck, and said a few words in a tone so low that even the wife upon his arm did not understand them.

"Lena still feels a little anxious," said Bayard aloud, distinctly. "Have you any wishes to express, Helen?"

But Helen, smiling, shook her head. She felt exalted and not afraid. She would have gone with him to death; but she did not think about death. She did not believe that his angels would suffer a pebble of Windover to dash against him, nor that a curl of his gold-brown head would come to harm. His mood ruled her utterly. His own exaltation, his beauty, his calm, his spiritual power, made clouds before her eyes, on which he moved as a god.

So they entered the chapel together. As they did so, Bayard turned, and looked back. Before all the people there, the preacher lifted his hat to Lena, and passed on.

The girl's dark face dropped upon her breast, as if she made obeisance before him; then she lifted it with the touching pride of lost self-respect regained. Her lips moved. "He thinks I 'm fit, at last," said Lena.

The preacher and his young wife passed through the rose-wreathed door, and into the chapel. Roses were there, too; their pale, pink lamps burned all over the chapel, wherever hand could reach or foot could climb. This was the decoration chosen to welcome the June bride to Windover — the people's flower, the blossom of the rocks and downs.

It was a pleasant chapel. The library, the gymnasium, the bowling-alley, opened from the prayer-room. Pictures and books and games and lounging-places for tired fellows were part of Bayard's Christianity. Many a fisherman, smoking in the room below, where an oath turned a man out and a coarse phrase was never heard, would listen to the singing of old hymns, above him, and lay his pipe down, and wonder what the music meant, and catch a line he

used to hear his mother sing, and so steal up to hear the rest, and sing the loudest of them all, perhaps, before the hymn was done.

Bayard moved up among his silent people to his place. His wife went with him, and he led her to her mother's side, at his right hand.

"In any event," he thought, "I could reach her in a moment."

His eyes sought hers for that instant. She neither blushed nor paled, but had her sweet composure. In her bridal white she looked like the lily of his life's work, the angel of his worried heart. It seemed to him as if peace and hope came with her, as purity and honor dwelt in her presence. He felt happier and stronger for knowing that she was so near him now, and with a brightening brow he gave the signal for opening the evening's service.

It was a short and pleasant service. The eminent Professor, cordially recognized by the rough audience that he had not allowed to conquer him last Sunday, contributed his most distinguished manner, his best good sense, and the least possible evidence of his theology to the dedicating hour. The old moderator and the pastor's classmate from across the Cape added their heartiest help. Most of the congregation omitted to notice that the clergymen from the city were not present. They were not missed. Who could say if they had been invited to dedicate Emanuel Bayard's chapel? He had pulled along without them for three years. He was incapable of resentment, but it was still possible that habit had its way with the missionary, and that in his hour of success he had simply forgotten them, as in his time of distress and failure they had forgotten him. Who could blame him?

But all the little trouble of the past had melted from his mind and heart; both were clear and happy when he rose at last to address his people. His delicate lips had but parted to speak to them when there started such a storm of welcome from the fishermen as well-nigh swept his self-possession from him. He was not prepared for it, and he seemed almost disturbed. From aisle to aisle, from wall to wall, the wind of sound rose and rolled upon him. At last it became articulate, and here and there words defined themselves.

"God bless him!"

"Bless our dear young parson!"

"Windover fishermen stand by him every time!"

"Blessin's on him, anyhow!"

"Christlove 's good enough for us!"

But when he smiled upon them, they grew quiet, as they had done once before — that evening after the wreck and rescue off Ragged Rock; for these two were the only occasions when the applause of his people had got the better of their pastor.

When he began to speak, it was not without emotion, but in a voice so low that the house had to hold its breath to hear him.

He began by thanking the fishermen of Windover for their trust and their friendship. Both, he said, he valued, and more than they would ever know. Of his own struggles and troubles, of the bitter years that he had toiled among them, he said no word. He spoke of the kindness of Windover, not of its neglect. He spoke of the strength and the goodness of the city rather than of its weakness and its wrong. He spoke of the warm heart of the people, of their readiness to help any need which they understood and in whose claim they believed. He told how generous they were in emergencies. "You give money," he said, "more lavishly than any town I have ever known. When the gales have struck, and the fleets gone down, and when, with widows and orphans starving on my heart and hands, I have asked for bread, Windover has never given them a stone. Your poor have spent themselves utterly upon your poorest,

and your rich have not refused. Windover gives gloriously," said Bayard, "and I am glad and proud to say so."

Their faults, he told them, they had, and he was not there to condone what he had never overlooked. One, above the rest, they had to answer for; and what that was — did he need to name?

"It is not your sin alone," he said firmly. "It is the sin of seaport towns; it is the sin of cities; it is the sin of New England; it is the sin of the nation; — but *it is the sin of Windover*, and my business is with Windover sins. I have fought it since I came among you, without an hour's wavering of purpose, and without an hour's fear of the result; and at all costs, at any cost, I shall fight it till I go from you. For God has set me among you, not to minister to your self-satisfaction, but to your needs."

Bayard paused here, and regarded his people with a long look. Their faces blurred before him for a moment, for his heart was full. He saw them all, in the distinctness with which the public speaker perceives familiar sights; every trifle upon the map of his audience started out.

He saw Captain Hap, anxious and wrinkled, doing usher's duty by the door — Captain Hap, neither pious nor godless, but ready to live for the parson or to die for him, and caring little which; the good fellow, true with the allegiance of age and a loyal nature — dear Captain Hap!

Bayard saw Job Slip, pale with the chronic pallor of the reformed drunkard — poor Job, who drank not now, neither did he taste, but bore the thirst of his terrible desert, trusting in the minister and God Almighty, in the succession of the phrase.

Mari was there, incapable and patient, her face and figure stamped with the indefinable something that marks the drunkard's wife. And Joey, serious and old — little Joey! Bob was there, and Jean, and Tony, and all the familiar faces from the wharves. Mrs. Granite, in her rusty black, sat tearfully on a front settee, with Jane beside her. Jane looked at the minister, before all the people, as she never ventured to look at home. But nobody noticed Jane. Bayard did but glance at her pinched, adoring face; he dared not dwell upon it.

Ben Trawl was not to be seen in the audience. But Lena was. She stood the service through, for she had come in too late to find a seat; she stood behind Johnny's mother, who wore Helen's crape bonnet and veil, poor old lady, with a brown bombazine dress. Lena had a worried look. She did not remove her eyes from the preacher. Lena sang that day, when the people started "the minister's hymn:" —

> "I need Thee every hour,
> Stay Thou near by."

Her fine voice rose like a solo; it had a certain solitariness about it which was touching to hear.

> "Temptations lose their power
> When Thou art nigh."

The melody of the hymn died away into the hush in which Bayard rose again, for it came to his heart to bless his people and his chapel in one of his rare prayers.

"Lord," he said, "Thou art the God of the sea and its perils, of the land and its sorrow. Draw near to these sea-people who tread upon the shore of Thy mercy. I dedicate them to Thee. Father, take them from my hands! Lift them up! Hold them, that they fall not. Comfort their troubles. Forgive their sins. Take them! Take my people from my heart! . . . Lord, I consecrate this house of worship, for their sakes, and in Christ's name, and for Christ's love, to Thee, and to Thy service. . . . Father! Thou knowest how I have loved this people" —

Bayard's voice broke. It was the only

time in all those years. His prayer remained unfinished. The sobs of his people answered him; and his silence was his benediction upon them.

The audience moved out quietly. It was now dark. The lights in the chapel had been noiselessly lighted. The jets of the illuminated words above the door were blazing.

The Professor and the clergymen and Helen's mother stepped apart and out into the street; none of them spoke to Bayard, for his look forbade them. The Professor of Theology was greatly moved. Signs of tears more natural than evangelical were on his aged face. Bayard, lingering but a moment, came down the aisle with his wife upon his arm.

"Love," she whispered, "it is over, and all is well."

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "it is over, and it is well."

They came down and out upon the steps. Bayard stood uncovered beneath the white and scarlet lights, which spelled the words —

"The Love of Christ."

He gave one glance down Angel Alley. It was packed; his people were massed to protect him. Beyond them, marshaled into the darkness and scarcely distinguishable from it, hovered certain sullen groups of frowning men. Not a hand was raised. Not a cry was heard. No. There was to be no mob. He had to meet, not violence, but mute and serried Hate.

Helen clung to his arm with a start. She looked up into his face. Its more than earthly radiance hushed the cry upon her lips. He was transfigured before her. For that moment, all the people — they who loved and they who loved him not — saw him glorified, there, beneath the sacred words whose pure and blazing fires seemed to them the symbol of his soul.

Then, from the darkest dark of Angel Alley a terrible oath split the air. Something struck him; and he fell.

XXIX.

Half a thousand men gave chase; but the assailant had escaped to the common shelter of the coasting town. He had taken to the water.

It was now quite dark; clouds had gathered; the wind had risen suddenly; thunder was heard. A fierce gust tore the dust of Angel Alley, and hurled it after the fleeing criminal; as if even the earth that he trod rejected him. In this blinding and suffocating whirlwind the pursuers stumbled over each other, and ran at haphazard. The police swept every skulking-place, dividing their forces between the alley and the docks. But their man, who was shrewd enough, had evaded them; it was clear that he had marked out an intelligent map of escape, and had been able to follow it.

The baffled police, thinking at least to pacify the angry people behind them, kept up that appearance of energy, with that absence of expectation, for which their race is distinguished.

An officer who was stealthily studying the docks far to the westward, and alone, suddenly stopped. A cry for help reached him; and it was a woman's cry. The voice kept up an interrupted iteration: —

"Police! Help! — Murder! Sergeant! — Help! Help!" as if choked off, or strangled in the intervals.

The sergeant, following the sound as well as he could, leaped down the long, empty wharf from whose direction the cry seemed to come, and peered over the slimy edge. The storm was passing noisily up the sky, and the darkness was of the deepest.

Out of its hollow a girl's voice uprose: "Sergeant! Sergeant! He 's drowning me! But I 've got him!" and bubbled away into silence.

At that moment there was lightning, and the outlines of two figures struggling in the water could be distinctly seen.

These two persons were Lena and Ben Trawl. They seemed to have each other in a mutual death-grip. The girl's hands were at the man's throat. He dashed her under and under the water. But her clutch did not relax by a finger. He held her down. But Lena held on.

"After I 've strangled you!" gasped Lena.

"—— you!" muttered the man. "Drown, then!"

Her head went under; her mouth filled; this time she could not struggle up; her ears rang; her brain burst. But the little fingers on the big throat clutched on. Then she felt herself caught from above — air came, and breath with it — and Ben swore faintly.

"Undo your hands, Lena," said the sergeant. "We 've got him. You don't want to hang him before his time."

Another flash of lightning revealed the sea and sky, the docks and the officers, and Ben, purple and breathing hard, stretched upon the wharf. Lena heard the snap of the handcuffs upon his wrists; and then she heard and saw no more.

The sergeant touched the girl's dripping and unconscious figure with a respect never shown to Lena in Windover police circles before.

"She might not come to, yet," he said; "she 's nigh enough to a drowned girl. Get a woman, can't you, somebody?"

"The man 's all we can manage," replied a brother officer. "Get him to the station the back way — here! Give a hand there! Quick! We 'll have lynch law here in just about ten minutes, if you ain't spry. Hark! D' ye hear that?"

A muffled roar came down the throat of Angel Alley. It grew, and approached. It was the cry of all Windover raging to avenge the Christian hero whom it learned, too late, to honor.

. . . . . .

"Anyhow, he 'll hang for it," muttered Lena, when she came to herself in her decent room. Johnny's mother was moaning over her. Lena pushed the old woman gently away, and commanded the retreating officer: —

"Say, won't he? Out with it!"

"Well," replied the officer in a comfortable tone, "a good deal depends. Liquor men ain't skerce in this county. He 'd get twenty witnesses to swear to an alibi as easy as he 'd get one."

"Let 'em swear," said Lena. "I see him do it. I saw him heave the stone."

"That might alter the case, and again it might n't," said the officer; "it would depend on the value of the testimony — previous reputation, and so on."

Lena groaned.

"But I caught him by the arm! I stood alongside of him. I was watching for it. I thought I 'd be able to stop him. I 'm pretty strong. I grabbed him — but he flung me off and stamped on me. I see him heave the rock. See! there 's the mark, where he kicked me. Then he ran, and I after him. I can swear to it before earth and heaven. I see him fling that rock!"

"You see," observed the officer, "it ain't a case of manslaughter just yet. The minister was breathing when they moved him."

. . . . . .

They carried him to his own rooms, for it was not thought possible to move him further. He had not spoken, or stirred, but his pulse indicated that a good reserve of life remained in him. The wound was in the lung. The stone was a large and jagged one, with a cruel edge. It had struck with malignant power, and by one of those extraordinary aims which seem to be left for hate and chance to achieve.

His wife had caught him as he fell. She had uttered one cry; after that her lips had opened only once, and only to say that she assented to her father's proposal for the removal of her husband to Mrs. Granite's house, and that she entreated them to find some gentle method

of transportation over the rough road. For Windover was a town of many churches, but of no hospital.

Oddly, the only quite coherent thought she had was of a man she had heard about, a carpenter, who fell from a staging on the other side of the Cape. He was put into an express cart and driven home, a seven-mile gallop, over the rudest road in the State, to his wife; naturally, he was dead when he got there. Bayard had been called to see the widow.

Captain Hap stepped up (on tiptoe, as if he had been in a sick-room), and whispered to the surgeon who had been summoned to Angel Alley.

"That will do," said the surgeon. "It has never been tried that I know of, but it is worth trying — most modern ideas are — if practicable."

"The fishermen hev cleared the car, the company has cleared the track, and the motorman is one of his people," said Captain Hap; "an' there 's enough of us to carry him from here to heaven so — so lovin'ly, he 'd never feel a jolt."

The old captain made no effort to wipe the tears which rained down his wrinkled cheeks. He and Job Slip, with Mr. Bond and Bob and Tony, took hold of the stretcher; they looked about, to choose, out of a hundred volunteers, the sixth strong hand.

The Reverend George Fenton, agitated and trembling, forced his way through the parting crowd, and pleaded piteously to be allowed to offer his assistance in carrying his wounded classmate.

"I have never lifted a hand to help him since I came to Windover!" cried Fenton, in the voice of a man who would rather that the whole world heard what he said and knew how he felt. "Let me have this chance before it is too late! . . . I 'm not worthy to touch his bier," added Fenton brokenly.

They gave way to his pleading, and it was done as he asked. Then the wounded man was carried gently to the electric car — "the people's carriage." The fishermen, as the captain said, had captured it; they stood with bowed heads, as the stretcher passed through them, sobbing like children. Throngs of them followed the slowly moving car, which carried Bayard tenderly to his own door. It was said afterwards that scores of them watched all night outside the cottage, peering for some sign of how it fared with him; but they were so still that one might hardly tell their figures from the shadows of the night.

The wind had continued to rise, but the thunder had passed on, and the shower was almost over when Bayard's bearers lifted him across the threshold of Mrs. Granite's door. At that moment one belated flash ran over earth and sea and sky. It was a red flash, and a mighty one. By its crimson light the fishermen saw his face for that last instant; it lay turned over on the stretcher, quietly, towards his wife. The red color dyed her bridal white, and the terrible composure of her attitude was revealed; her hand was fast in his; she seemed to communicate, God knew how, with the unconscious man.

The flash went out, and darkness fell again.

"Then God shut the door," muttered an old and religious fisherman who stood weeping by the fence, among the larkspurs.

. . . . . .

The wind went down, and the tide went out. Bayard's pulse and breath fell with the sea, and the June dawn came. The tide came in, and the wind arose, and it was evening. Then he moaned, and turned, and it was made out that he tried to say, "Helen? — was Helen hurt?" Then the soul came into his eyes, and they saw her.

. . . . . .

He did not sink away that day, nor the next, and the evening and the morning were the third day in the chamber where death and life made duel for him.

He suffered, it is hard to think how much; but the fine courage in his habit of living clung on. The injury was not, necessarily, a fatal one. The great consulting surgeon called from Boston said, "The patient may live." He added, "But the vitality is low; it has been sapped to the roots. And the lung is weak. There has been a strain some time; the organ has received a lesion."

Then Job Slip, when he heard this, thought of the minister's cough, which dated from that battle with the surf off Ragged Rock. And the value of his own cheap life, bought at a price so precious, overwhelmed the man. He would have died a hundred deaths for the pastor. Instead, he had to do the harder thing. It was asked of him to live, and to remember.

In all those days (they were eight in number) Jane Granite's small, soft eyes took on a strange expression; it was not unlike that we see in a dog who is admitted to the presence of a sick or injured master. God was merciful to Jane. The pastor had come back. To live or to die, he had come. It was hers again to work, to watch, to run, to slave for him; she looked at the new wife without a pang of envy; she came or went under Helen's orders; she poured out her heart in that last torrent of self-forgetful service, and thanked God for the precious chance, and asked no more. She had the spaniel suffering, but she had the spaniel happiness.

. . . . . .

For seven days and nights he lay in his shabby rooms, a royal sufferer. The Christ above his bed looked down with solemn tenderness; in his moments of consciousness (but these were few) he glanced at the picture.

Helen had not left his room, either day or night. Leaning upon one arm on the edge of the narrow bed, she watched for the lifting of an eyelid, for the motion of a hand, for the ebbing or the rising of a breath. Sometimes he knew her, and seemed to try to say to her how comforting it was to him to have her there, in the dreary old rooms, where he had dreamed of her sumptuous presence, where they meant to begin their life and love together.

But he could not talk. She found herself already anticipating the habit of those whom the eternal silence bereaves, recalling every precious phrase that his lips had uttered in those last days; she repeated to herself the words which he had said to her on Sunday morning — "Nothing *can* harm us now; for you are mine, and I am yours, and this is forever."

As the seventh day broke he grew perceptibly stronger. Helen yielded to her father's entreaties, and for a moment absented herself from the sick-room — for she was greatly overworn — to drink a breath of morning air. She sat down on the step at the front door of the cottage. She noticed the larkspur in the garden, blue and tall; bees were humming through it; the sound of the tide came up loudly. Jane Granite came and offered her something, she could not have said what; Helen tried to drink it, but pushed the cup away, and went hurriedly upstairs again.

A cot had now been moved in for her beside Bayard's narrow bed. She sat down on the edge of it, between her father and her husband. The Professor stirred to step softly out.

"Dear Professor!" said Bayard suddenly. He looked at the Christ on the wall, and smiled. "We meant — the same thing — after all," he whispered.

Then he put his hand in his wife's, and slept.

It came on to be the evening of the eighth day. He had grown stronger all the day, but he suffered much.

"Folks are keepin' of him back by their prayers," said the religious old fisherman who leaned every day upon the garden fence. "He can't pass."

But Job Slip and Captain Hap, who

sat upon the doorsteps, listening from dawn to dark for any sign from Bayard's room, said nothing at all.

It came to be evening, and the tide had risen with the wind. The sea called all night long. Helen sat alone with her husband.

He did not wander that night, but watched her face whenever he was not asleep.

"Kiss me, Helen," he sighed at midnight.

She stooped and kissed him, but her lips took the air from him, and he struggled for it.

"You poor, poor girl!" he said.

The wind went down, and the tide went out. The dawn came with the ebb. Bayard fell into a sleep so gentle that Helen's heart leaped with hope. She stole out into the study. Captain Hap was there; his shoes were off; he stepped without noise. The sunrise made a rose-light in the rooms.

"It is real sleep," breathed Helen. "Don't wake him, Captain."

But when the old sailor-nurse would have taken her place for the morning watch, she shook her head. She went back and lay down on the cot beside her husband; he moved his hand as if he groped for hers, and she was sorry that he had missed it for a moment.

"It shall not happen again," she thought.

Then exhaustion and vigil overcame her, for she had watched for many nights, and, thinking that she waked, she slept.

When she came to herself it was broad, bright day. Her hand had a strange feeling; when she tried, she could not move it, for he held it fast. There were people in the room — her father, her mother, Captain Hap. She stirred a little, leaning towards her husband's pillow.

"Dear, are you better this morning?"

But some one came up, and gently laid a hand upon her eyes.

XXX.

Job Slip went down to the water, and it was dark. He walked apart, and took himself into that solitary place on the wharves which he remembered, where he had knelt in the rain, one night, and said "God," for Mr. Bayard.

A mackerel keg was there, the same one, perhaps; he overturned it, and sat down, and tried to understand. Job had not been able to understand since Mr. Bayard was hurt. Thought came to him slowly, and with pain like that caused by the return of congested blood to its channels.

"He is dead," said Job. "Lord A'mighty, he ain't alive! Seems I could n't get it into my head. They 've killed him. He 's goin' to be buried."

Job clenched his gnarled hands together, and shook them at the sky; then they dropped.

"Seems like shakin' fists at *him*," thought Job. "I ain't a-goin' to. S'posen he 's up yander? That 's the idee. Lord A'mighty, what do you mean by it? You did n't stop to think of us reformed men, did you, when you let this happen? . . . For Christ's sake. Amen," added Job, under the impression that he had been giving utterance to a prayer.

"Mr. Bayard?" called Job aloud. He slipped off the keg and got upon his knees. As he changed his position, the fisherman vaguely noticed the headlight of the schooner on which he was to have taken his trip, that night. "There goes the Tilly E. Salt," he said, interrupting himself; "she 's got to weigh without me, this time. I 'm guard of honor for the — the — I can't *say* it!" groaned Job. "It 's oncredible, him bein' in a — him put in a — Lord! he 's the livin'est man I ever set my eyes on; he CAN'T die! . . . Mr. Bayard? *Mr. Bayard, sir?*"

Job paused, as if he expected to be answered. The water dashed loudly

against the old pier. The distant cry of the buoy came over the harbor. The splash of retreating oars sounded faintly somewhere, through the dark.

"He 's livin' along," said Job, after some thought. "He can't get fur out of Angel Alley. He would n't be happy. He 'd miss us, someways; he 's so used to us. He 's hoverin' in them hymn-toons and that gymnasium he set so much by. I 'll bet he is. He 's lingerin' in us poor devils he 's spent three year makin' men of. . . . He 's a-livin' *here.*"

Job struck his own broad breast, and then he struck it again. A shudder passed over his big frame; and then came the storm. He had not wept before since Mr. Bayard died. The paroxysm wearied and weakened him, and it was the piteous fact that these were the next words which passed the lips of the half-healed drunkard: "God A'mighty, if I only had a drink!"

. . . . . .

Two hours afterwards Job Slip came up the wharves; he came as he went, alone; he walked with a steady step; he held his head high in the dark. He whispered as he walked: —

"I did n't — no, I did n't do it. . . . Bein' left so — I 've alwers had you, sir, before, you know. It makes a sight o' difference when a man hain't anybody but God. He 's a kinder stranger. I did n't know one spell there — but I was goin' under. . . . You won't desert a fellar, will you — yander? I 'll do you credit, sir, see if I don't. I won't disgrace you, ——d if I will!"

At that moment Job shied suddenly, like a horse, clear from one side of the wharf to the other. He cried aloud, —

"Why, why, what 's here? What 's got me?"

Fingers touched him, but they were of flesh; little fingers, but they were warm, and curled confidingly in Job's big hand.

"Joey? *You?* Little Joey! Why, father's sonny boy! You come just in the right time, Joey. I was kinder lonesome. I miss the minister. I ain't — just feelin' right."

"Fa—ther," said Joey pleasantly, "Marm said to find you, for she said she fought you 'd need you little boy."

"And so I do, my son, and so I do!" cried Job.

With Joey's little fingers clasped in his, Job walked up Angel Alley, past the doors of the dens that were closed, and the doors that were open still; and if the ghost of the dear, dead minister had swept visibly before Job and Joey, no man could have tempted or disturbed them less.

. . . . . .

In his own chapel in Angel Alley Bayard lay in state. It was such state as the kings of the earth might envy, and its warriors and its statesmen and its poets do not know. It was said that his was the happiest dead face that ever rebuked the sadness of the living, and the fairest that they who wept for him had ever seen. Death had not marred his noble beauty; and in death or life there was no comelier man. All the city thronged to show him reverence who had lived among them, baffled, doubted, and sick at heart; and it appeared that those who had done the least for him then would have done most for him now: the people of ease; the imitators; the conformers, and the church members who never questioned their own creeds or methods; the summer strangers playing at life upon the harbor coast, and visitors from a distance where the preacher had his fame.

But when these superior and respectable persons crowded to give their tardy tribute to him, they were told that there was no room for them in the chapel; nay, they could scarcely find footing in the dust of Angel Alley. For they were held back by the sacred rights of "nearest mourners;" and Bayard's mourners claimed him. It was said that

hundreds of sunburnt men had stood waiting in the street since midnight for the opening of the doors, and the chance to enter. Then there had passed up the steps of Christlove Chapel the great mass of the neglected and the poor, the simple and the sodden and the heart-broken, and those who had no friends but only that one man; and God had taken him. The fishermen of Windover and the poor girls, the widows of Windover and her orphaned children, the homeless foreign sailors and the discontented laborers from the wharves, poured in; and the press was great.

He lay among them royally, wrapped in his purple pall. And he and Helen knew that her bridal roses withered forever out of mortal sight upon his breast. But she had given him up at this last hour to his people; he was theirs, and they were his, and what they willed they did for him, and she did not gainsay them. They covered him with their wild flowers, after the fashion of the Cape; and clumsy sailors brought big hothouse bouquets flaring on wires and splashed with tears, "to give the minister." And his dead heart, like his living one, was found large enough to hold them all.

One poor girl brought no flowers to Bayard's burial. Lena brought only sobs instead, and watered his pall with her tears, and hid her face, and passed on with her hands before it.

Now, around the bier there stood a guard of honor strange to see; for it was chosen from the Windover drunkards whom the pastor had saved and cured. Among them, Job Slip stood proudly in command at the minister's head: the piteous type of all that misery which Bayard had died to lessen, and of that forgotten manliness which he had lived to save.

There was no dirge sung at Christlove Chapel when he was borne from it. A girl's voice from a darkened corner of the gallery started "the minister's hymn," but trembled, and broke quite down. So the fishermen took it up, and tried to sing —

"I need thee every hour."

But they too faltered, for they needed him too much; and in silence, trying not to sob, with bared, bowed heads they passed out gently (for his spirit was upon them), thinking to be better men.

. . . . . .

One of the summer people, a stranger in the town, strolling on the beach that day, was attracted by an unusual and impressive sight upon the water, and asked what that extraordinary display of the signs of public mourning meant.

An Italian, standing by, made answer: —

"The Christman is dead."

The man tried to explain further, but choked, and pointed seaward, and turned away.

For, from every main in the harbor, as far as eye could see, the flags of Windover floated at half-mast. The fishermen had done him this honor, reserved only for the great of the earth and for their own dead mates, and most sacred for these last.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE GENIUS OF JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.

I.

WITHOUT losing a single ship or a single battle, Japan has broken down the power of China, made a new Korea, enlarged her own territory, and changed the whole political face of the East. Astonishing as this has seemed politically, it is much more astonishing psychologically; for it represents the result of a vast play of capacities with which the race had never been credited abroad, and capacities of a very high order. The psychologist knows that the so-called "adoption of Western civilization" within a time of thirty years cannot mean the addition to the Japanese brain of any organs or powers previously absent from it. He knows that it cannot mean any sudden change in the mental or moral character of the race. Such changes are not made in a generation. Transmitted civilization works much more slowly, requiring even hundreds of years to produce certain permanent psychological results.

It is in this light that Japan appears the most extraordinary country in the world; and the most wonderful thing in the whole episode of her "Occidentalization" is that the race brain could bear so heavy a shock. Nevertheless, though the fact be unique in human history, what does it really mean? Nothing more than rearrangement of a part of the preëxisting machinery of thought. Even that, for thousands of brave young minds, was death. The adoption of Western civilization was not nearly such an easy matter as unthinking persons imagined. And it is quite evident that the mental readjustments, effected at a cost which remains to be told, have given good results only along directions in which the race had always shown capacities of special kinds. Thus, the appliances of Western industrial invention have worked admirably in Japanese hands, — have produced excellent results in those crafts at which the nation had been skillful, in other and quainter ways, for ages. There has been no transformation, — nothing more than the turning of old abilities into new and larger channels. The scientific professions tell the same story. For certain forms of science, such as medicine, surgery (there are no better surgeons in the world than the Japanese), chemistry, microscopy, the Japanese genius is naturally adapted; and in all these it has done work already heard of round the world. In war and statecraft it has shown wonderful power; but throughout their history the Japanese have been characterized by great military and political capacity. Nothing remarkable has been done, however, in directions foreign to the national genius. In the study, for example, of Western music, Western art, Western literature, time would seem to have been simply wasted. These things make appeal extraordinary to emotional life with us; they make no such appeal to Japanese emotional life. Every serious thinker knows that emotional transformation of the individual through education is impossible. To imagine that the emotional character of an Oriental race could be transformed in the short space of thirty years, by the contact of Occidental ideas, is absurd. Emotional life, which is older than intellectual life, and deeper, can no more be altered suddenly by a change of *milieu* than the surface of a mirror can be changed by passing reflections. All that Japan has been able to do so miraculously well has been done without any self-transformation; and those who imagine her emotionally closer to us to-day than she may have

been thirty years ago ignore facts of science which admit of no argument.

Sympathy is limited by comprehension. We may sympathize to the same degree that we understand. One may imagine that he sympathizes with a Japanese or a Chinese; but the sympathy can never be real to more than a small extent outside of the simplest phases of common emotional life, — those phases in which child and man are at one. The more complex feelings of the Oriental have been composed by combinations of experiences, ancestral and individual, which have had no really precise correspondence in Western life, and which we can therefore not fully know. For converse reasons, the Japanese cannot, even though they would, give Europeans their best sympathy.

But while it remains impossible for the man of the West to discern the true color of Japanese life, either intellectual or emotional (since the one is woven into the other), it is equally impossible for him to escape the conviction that, compared with his own, it is very small. It is dainty; it holds delicate potentialities of rarest interest and value; but it is otherwise so small that Western life, by contrast with it, seems almost supernatural. For we must judge visible and measurable manifestations. So judging, what a contrast between the emotional and intellectual worlds of West and East! Far less striking that between the frail wooden streets of the Japanese capital and the tremendous solidity of a thoroughfare in Paris or London. When one compares the utterances which West and East have given to their dreams, their aspirations, their sensations, a Gothic cathedral with a Shintō temple, an opera by Verdi or a trilogy by Wagner with a performance of *geisha*, a European epic with a Japanese poem, how incalculable the difference in emotional volume, in imaginative power, in artistic synthesis! True, our music is an essentially modern art; but in looking back through all our past the difference in creative force is scarcely less marked, — not surely in the period of Roman magnificence, of marble amphitheatres and of aqueducts spanning provinces, nor in the Greek period of the divine in sculpture and of the supreme in literary art.

And this leads to the subject of another wonderful fact in the sudden development of Japanese power. Where are the outward material signs of that immense new force she has been showing both in productivity and in war? Nowhere! That which we miss in her emotional and intellectual life is missing also from her industrial and commercial life, — largeness! The land remains what it was before; its face has scarcely been modified by all the changes of Meiji. The miniature railways and telegraph poles, the bridges and tunnels, might almost escape notice in the ancient green of the landscapes. In all the cities, with the exception of the open ports and their little foreign settlements, there exists hardly a street vista suggesting the teaching of Western ideas. You might journey two hundred miles through the interior of the country, looking in vain for large manifestations of the new civilization. In no place do you find commerce exhibiting its ambition in gigantic warehouses, or industry expanding its machinery under acres of roofing. A Japanese city is still, as it was ten centuries ago, little more than a wilderness of wooden sheds, — picturesque, indeed, as paper lanterns are, but scarcely less frail. And there is no great stir and noise anywhere, — no heavy traffic, no booming and rumbling, no furious haste. In Tōkyō itself you may enjoy, if you wish, the peace of a country village. This want of visible or audible signs of the new-found force which is now menacing the markets of the West and changing the maps of the far East gives one a queer, I might even say a weird feeling. It is almost the sensation received

when, after climbing through miles of silence to reach some Shintō shrine, you find voidness only and solitude, an elfish, empty little wooden structure, mouldering in shadows a thousand years old. The strength of Japan, like the strength of her ancient faith, needs little material display: both exist where the deepest real power of any great people exists, — in the Race Ghost.

II.

As I muse, the remembrance of a great city comes back to me, — a city walled up to the sky and roaring like the sea. The memory of that roar returns first; then the vision defines: a chasm, which is a street, between mountains, which are houses. I am tired, because I have walked many miles between those precipices of masonry, and have trodden no earth, — only slabs of rock, — and have heard nothing but thunder of tumult. Deep below those huge pavements, I know there is a cavernous world tremendous: systems underlying systems of ways contrived for water and steam and fire. On either hand tower façades pierced by scores of tiers of windows, — cliffs of architecture shutting out the sun. Above, the pale blue streak of sky is cut by a maze of spidery lines, — an infinite cobweb of electric wires. In that block on the right there dwell nine thousand souls; the tenants of the edifice facing it pay the annual rent of a million dollars. Seven millions scarcely covered the cost of those bulks overshadowing the square beyond, — and there are miles of such. Stairways of steel and cement, of brass and stone, with costliest balustrades, ascend through the decades and double-decades of stories; but no foot treads them. By water-power, by steam, by electricity, men go up and down; the heights are too dizzy, the distances too great, for the use of the limbs. My friend who pays rent of five thousand dollars for his rooms in the fourteenth story of a monstrosity not far off has never trodden his stairway. I am walking for curiosity alone; with a serious purpose I should not walk, — the spaces are too broad, the time is too precious, for such slow exertion; — men travel from district to district, from house to office, by steam. Heights are too great for the voice to traverse; orders are given and obeyed by machinery. By electricity far-away doors are opened; with one touch a hundred rooms are lighted or heated.

And all this enormity is hard, grim, dumb; it is the enormity of mathematical power applied to utilitarian ends of solidity and durability. These leagues of palaces, of warehouses, of business structures, of buildings describable and indescribable, are not beautiful, but sinister. One feels depressed by the mere sensation of the enormous life which created them, life without sympathy; of their prodigious manifestation of power, power without pity. They are the architectural utterance of the new industrial age. And there is no halt in the thunder of wheels, in the storming of hoofs and of human feet. To ask a question, one must shout into the ear of the questioned; to see, to understand, to move in that high-pressure medium, needs experience. The unaccustomed feels the sensation of being in a panic, in a tempest, in a cyclone. Yet all this is order.

The monster streets leap rivers, span seaways, with bridges of stone, bridges of steel. Far as the eye can reach, a bewilderment of masts, a web-work of rigging, conceals the shores, which are cliffs of masonry. Trees in a forest stand less thickly, branches in a forest mingle less closely, than the masts and spars of that immeasurable maze. Yet all is order.

III.

Generally speaking, we construct for endurance, the Japanese for impermanency. Few things for common use are made in Japan with a view to durability. The straw sandals worn out and replaced

at each stage of a journey; the robe consisting of a few simple widths loosely stitched together for wearing, and unstitched again for washing; the fresh chopsticks served to each new guest at a hotel; the light *shōji* frames serving at once for windows and walls, and repapered twice a year; the mattings renewed every autumn, — all these are but random illustrations of countless small things in daily life that illustrate the national contentment with impermanency.

What is the story of a common Japanese dwelling? Leaving my home in the morning, I observe, as I pass the corner of the next street crossing mine, some men setting up bamboo poles on a vacant lot there. Returning after five hours' absence, I find on the same lot the skeleton of a two-story house. Next forenoon I see that the walls are nearly finished already, — mud and wattles. By sundown the roof has been completely tiled. On the following morning I observe that the mattings have been put down, and the inside plastering has been finished. In five days the house is completed. This, of course, is a cheap building; a fine one would take much longer to put up and finish. But Japanese cities are for the most part composed of such common buildings. They are as cheap as they are simple.

I cannot now remember where I first met with the observation that the curve of the Chinese roof might preserve the memory of the nomad tent. The idea haunted me long after I had ungratefully forgotten the book in which I found it; and when I first saw, in Izumo, the singular structure of the old Shintō temples, with queer cross-projections at their gable-ends and upon their roof-ridges, the suggestion of the forgotten essayist about the possible origin of much less ancient forms returned to me with great force. But there is much in Japan besides primitive architectural traditions to indicate a nomadic ancestry for the race. Always and everywhere there is a total absence of what we would call solidity, and the characteristics of impermanence seem to mark almost everything in the exterior life of the people, except, indeed, the immemorial costume of the peasant, and the shape of the implements of his toil. Not to dwell upon the fact that even during the comparatively brief period of her written history Japan has had more than sixty capitals, of which the greater number have completely disappeared, it may be broadly stated that every Japanese city is rebuilt within the time of a generation. Some temples and a few colossal fortresses offer exceptions; but, as a general rule, the Japanese city changes its substance, if not its form, in the lifetime of a man. Fires, earthquakes, and many other causes partly account for this; the chief reason, however, is that houses are not built to last. The common people have no ancestral homes. The dearest spot to all is, not the place of birth, but the place of burial; and there is little that is permanent save the resting-places of the dead and the sites of the ancient shrines.

The land itself is a land of impermanence. Rivers shift their courses, coasts their outline, plains their level; volcanic peaks heighten or crumble; valleys are blocked by lava-floods or landslides; lakes appear and disappear. Even the matchless shape of Fuji, that snowy miracle which has been the inspiration of innumerable artists for centuries, has been changed since my advent to the country, and not a few other mountains have in the same short time been changed much more. Only the general lines of the land, the general aspects of its nature, the general character of the seasons, remain fixed. Even the very beauty of the landscapes is largely illusive, — a beauty of shifting colors and moving mists. Only he to whom those landscapes are familiar can know how their mountain vapors make mockery of real changes

which have been, and ghostly predictions of other changes yet to be, in the history of the archipelago.

The gods, indeed, remain, — haunt their homes upon the hills, diffuse a soft religious awe through the twilight of their groves, perhaps because they are without form and substance. Their shrines seldom pass utterly into oblivion, like the dwellings of men. But every Shintō temple is necessarily rebuilt at more or less brief intervals; and the holiest, — the shrine of Ise, — in obedience to immemorial custom, must be demolished every twenty years, and its timbers cut into thousands of tiny charms, which are distributed to pilgrims.

From Aryan India, through China, came Buddhism, with its vast doctrine of impermanency. The builders of the first Buddhist temples in Japan — architects of another race — built well; witness the Chinese structures at Kamakura that have survived so many centuries, while of the great city which once surrounded them not a trace remains. But the psychical influence of Buddhism could in no land impel minds to the love of material stability. The teaching that the universe is an illusion; that life is but one momentary halt upon an infinite journey; that all attachment to persons, to places, or to things must be fraught with sorrow; that only through suppression of every desire — even the desire of Nirvana itself — can humanity reach the eternal peace, certainly harmonized with the older racial feeling. Though the people never much occupied themselves with the profounder philosophy of the foreign faith, its doctrine of impermanency must, in course of time, have profoundly influenced national character. It explained and consoled; it imparted new capacity to bear all things bravely; it strengthened that patience which is a trait of the race. Even in Japanese art — developed, if not actually created, under Buddhist influence — the doctrine of impermanency has left its traces. Buddhism taught that nature was a dream, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; but it also taught men how to seize the fleeting impressions of that dream, and how to interpret them in relation to the highest truth. And they learned well. In the flushed splendor of the blossom-bursts of spring, in the coming and the going of the cicadæ, in the dying crimson of autumn foliage, in the ghostly beauty of snow, in the delusive motion of wave or cloud, they saw old parables of perpetual meaning. Even their calamities — fire, flood, earthquake, pestilence — interpreted to them unceasingly the doctrine of the eternal Vanishing.

"*All things which exist in Time must perish. The forests, the mountains, — all things thus exist. In Time are born all things having desire.*

"*The Sun and Moon, Sakra himself, with all the multitude of his attendants, will all, without exception, perish; there is not one that will endure.*

"*In the beginning things were fixed; in the end again they separate: different combinations cause other substance; for in nature there is no uniform and constant principle.*

"*All component things must grow old; impermanent are all component things. Even unto a grain of sesamum seed there is no such thing as a compound which is permanent. All are transient; all have the inherent quality of dissolution.*

"*All component things, without exception, are impermanent, unstable, despicable, sure to depart, disintegrating; all are temporary as a mirage, as a phantom, or as foam. . . . Even as all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so end the lives of men.*

"*And a belief in matter itself is unmentionable and inexpressible, — it is neither a thing nor no-thing: and this*

is known even by children and ignorant persons."

IV.

Now it is worth while to inquire if there be not some compensatory value attaching to this impermanency and this smallness in the national life.

Nothing is more characteristic of that life than its extreme fluidity. The Japanese population represents a medium whose particles are in perpetual circulation. The motion is in itself peculiar. It is larger and more eccentric than the motion of Occidental populations, though feebler between points. It is also much more natural, — so natural that it could not exist in Western civilization. The relative mobility of a European population and the Japanese population might be expressed by a comparison between certain high velocities of vibration and certain low ones. But the high velocities would represent, in such a comparison, the consequence of artificial force applied; the slower vibrations would not. And this difference of kind would mean more than surface indications could announce. In one sense, Americans may be right in thinking themselves great travelers. In another, they are certainly wrong; the man of the people in America cannot compare, as a traveler, with the man of the people in Japan. And of course, in considering relative mobility of populations, one must consider chiefly the great masses, the workers, — not merely the small class of wealth. In their own country, the Japanese are the greatest travelers of any civilized people. They are the greatest travelers because, even in a land composed mainly of mountain chains, they recognize no obstacles to travel. The Japanese who travels most is not the man who needs railways or steamers to carry him.

Now, with us, the common worker is incomparably less free than the common worker in Japan. He is less free because of the more complicated mechanism of Occidental societies, whose forces tend to agglomeration and solid integration. He is less free because the social and industrial machinery on which he must depend reshapes him to its own particular requirements, and always so as to evolve some special and artificial capacity at the cost of other inherent capacity. He is less free because he must live at a standard making it impossible for him to win financial independence by mere thrift. To achieve any such independence, he must possess exceptional character and exceptional faculties greater than those of thousands of exceptional competitors equally eager to escape from the same thralldom. In brief, then, he is less independent because the special character of his civilization numbs his natural power to live without the help of machinery or large capital. To live thus artificially means to lose, sooner or later, the power of independent movement. Before a Western man can move he has many things to consider. Before a Japanese moves he has nothing to consider. He simply leaves the place he dislikes, and goes to the place he wishes, without any trouble. There is nothing to prevent him. Poverty is not an obstacle, but a stimulus. Impedimenta he has none, or only such as he can dispose of in a few minutes. Distances have no significance for him. Nature has given him perfect feet that can spring him over fifty miles a day without pain; a stomach whose chemistry can extract ample nourishment from food on which no European could live; and a constitution that scorns heat, cold, and damp alike, because still unimpaired by unhealthy clothing, by superfluous comforts, by the habit of seeking warmth from grates and stoves, and by the habit of wearing leather shoes.

It seems to me that the character of our footgear signifies more than is commonly supposed. That footgear represents in itself a check upon individual

freedom. It signifies this even in costliness; but in form it signifies infinitely more. It has distorted the Western foot out of the original shape, and rendered it incapable of the work for which it was evolved. The physical results are not limited to the foot. Whatever acts as a check, directly or indirectly, upon the organs of locomotion must extend its effects to the whole physical constitution. Does the evil stop even there? Perhaps we submit to conventions the most absurd of any existing in any civilization because we have too long submitted to the tyranny of shoemakers. There may be defects in our politics, in our social ethics, in our religious system, more or less related to the habit of wearing leather shoes. Submission to the cramping of the body must certainly aid in developing submission to the cramping of the mind.

The Japanese man of the people — the skilled laborer able to underbid without effort any Western artisan in the same line of industry — remains happily independent of both shoemakers and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy, and his heart is free. If he desire to travel a thousand miles, he can get ready for his journey in five minutes. His whole outfit need not cost seventy-five cents; and all his baggage can be put into a handkerchief. On ten dollars he can travel for a year without work, or he can travel simply on his ability to work, or he can travel as a pilgrim. You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes, but any civilized man cannot; and the Japanese has been a highly civilized man for at least a thousand years. Hence his present capacity to threaten Western manufacturers.

We have been too much accustomed to associate this kind of independent mobility with the life of our own beggars and tramps, to have any just conception of its intrinsic meaning. We have thought of it also in connection with unpleasant things, — uncleanliness and bad smells. But, as Professor Chamberlain has well said, "a Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world." Your Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily, if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath, if he has not. In his little bundle, there are combs, toothpicks, razors, toothbrushes. He never allows himself to become unpleasant. Reaching his destination, he can transform himself into a visitor of very nice manners, and faultless though simple attire.

Ability to live without furniture, without impedimenta, with the least possible amount of neat clothing, shows more than the advantage held by this Japanese race in the struggle of life; it shows also the real character of some weaknesses in our own civilization. It forces reflection upon the useless multiplicity of our daily wants. We must have meat and bread and butter; glass windows and fire; hats, white shirts, and woolen underwear; boots and shoes; trunks, bags, and boxes; bedsteads, mattresses, sheets, and blankets: all of which a Japanese can do without, and is really better off without. Think for a moment how important an article of Occidental attire is the single costly item of white shirts! Yet even the linen shirt, the so-called "badge of a gentleman," is in itself a useless garment. It gives neither warmth nor comfort. It represents in our fashions the survival of something once a luxurious class distinction, but today meaningless and useless as the buttons sewn on the outside of coat-sleeves.

V.

The absence of any huge signs of the really huge things that Japan has done bears witness to the very peculiar way in which her civilization has been working. It cannot forever so work; but it has so worked thus far with amazing success. Japan is producing without capital, in our grim sense of the word.

She has become industrial without becoming essentially mechanical and artificial. The vast rice crop is raised upon millions of tiny, tiny farms; the silk crop, in millions of small poor homes; the tea crop, on countless little patches of soil. If you visit Kyōtō to order something from one of the greatest porcelain-makers in the world, one whose products are known better in London and in Paris than even in Japan, you will find the factory to be a wooden cottage, in which no American farmer would live. The greatest maker of *cloisonné* vases, who may ask you two hundred dollars for something five inches high, produces his miracles behind a two-story frame dwelling containing perhaps six small rooms. The best girdles of silk made in Japan, and famous throughout the Empire, are woven in a house that cost scarcely five hundred dollars to build. The work is, of course, hand-woven. But the factories weaving by machinery — and weaving so well as to ruin foreign industries of far vaster capacity — are hardly more imposing, with very few exceptions. Long, light, low one-story or two-story sheds they are, about as costly to erect as a row of wooden stables with us. Yet sheds like these turn out silks that sell all round the world. Sometimes only by inquiry, or by the humming of the machinery, can you distinguish a factory from an old *yashiki*, or an old-fashioned Japanese school building, unless indeed you can read the Chinese characters over the garden gate. Some big brick factories and breweries exist; but they are very few, and even when close to the foreign settlements they seem incongruities in the landscape.

Our own architectural monstrosities and our Babels of machinery have been brought into existence by vast integrations of industrial capital. But such integrations do not exist in the Far East; indeed, the capital to make them does not exist. And supposing that in the course of a few generations there should form in Japan corresponding combinations of money power, it is not easy to suppose correspondences in architectural construction. Even two-story edifices of brick have given bad results in the leading commercial centre; and earthquakes seem to condemn Japan to perpetual simplicity in building. The very land revolts against the imposition of Western architecture, and occasionally even opposes the new course of traffic by pushing railroad lines out of level and out of shape.

Not industry alone still remains thus unintegrated; government itself exhibits a like condition. Nothing is fixed except the Throne. Perpetual change is identical with state policy. Ministers, governors, superintendents, inspectors, all high civil and military officials, are shifted at irregular and surprisingly short intervals, and hosts of smaller officials scatter each time with the whirl. The province in which I passed the first twelvemonth of my residence in Japan has had four different governors in five years. During my stay at Kumamoto, and before the war had begun, the military command of that important post was three times changed. The government college had in three years three directors. In educational circles, especially, the rapidity of such changes has been phenomenal. There have been five different ministers of education in my own time, and more than five different educational policies. The twenty-six thousand public schools are so related in their management to the local assemblies that, even were no other influences at work, constant change would be inevitable because of the changes in the assemblies. Directors and teachers keep circling from post to post; there are men little more than thirty years old who have taught in almost every province of the country. That any educational system could have produced any grand results under these conditions seems nothing short of miraculous.

We are accustomed to think that some degree of stability is necessary to all real progress, all great development. But Japan has given proof irrefutable that enormous development is possible without any stability at all. The explanation is in the race character, — a race character in more ways than one the very opposite of our own. Uniformly mobile, and thus uniformly impressionable, the nation has moved unitedly in the direction of great ends; submitting the whole volume of its forty millions to be moulded by the ideas of its rulers, even as sand or as water is shaped by wind. And this submissiveness to reshaping belongs to the old conditions of its soul life, — old conditions of rare unselfishness and perfect faith. The relative absence from the national character of egotistical individualism has been the saving of an empire; has enabled a great people to preserve its independence against prodigious odds. Wherefore Japan may well be grateful to her two great religions, the creators and the preservers of her moral power: to Shintō, which taught the individual to think of his Emperor and of his country before thinking either of his own family or of himself; and to Buddhism, which trained him to master regret, to endure pain, and to accept as eternal law the vanishing of things loved and the tyranny of things hated.

To-day there is visible a tendency to hardening, — a danger of changes leading to the integration of just such an officialism as that which has proved the curse and the weakness of China. The moral results of the new education have not been worthy of the material results. The charge of want of "individuality," in the accepted sense of pure selfishness, will scarcely be made against the Japanese of the next generation. Even the compositions of students already reflect the new conception of intellectual strength only as a weapon of offense, and the new sentiment of aggressive egotism. "Impermanency," writes one, with a fading memory of Buddhism in his mind, "is the nature of our life. We see often persons who were rich yesterday, and are poor to-day. This is the result of human competition, according to the law of evolution. We are exposed to that competition. We must fight each other, even if we are not inclined to do so. With what sword shall we fight? With the sword of knowledge, forged by education."

Well, there are two forms of the cultivation of Self. One leads to the exceptional development of the qualities which are noble, and the other signifies something about which the less said the better. But it is not the former which the New Japan is now beginning to study. I confess to being one of those who believe that the human heart, even in the history of a race, may be worth infinitely more than the human intellect, and that it will sooner or later prove itself infinitely better able to answer all the cruel enigmas of the weird Sphinx of Life. I still believe that the old Japanese were nearer to the solution of those enigmas than are we, just because they recognized moral beauty as greater than intellectual beauty. And, by way of conclusion, I may venture to quote from an article on education by Ferdinand Brunetière, which I found in the Revue des Deux Mondes: —

"All our educational measures will prove vain, if there be no effort to force into the mind, and to deeply impress upon it, the sense of those fine words of Lamennais: '*Human society is based upon mutual giving, or upon the sacrifice of man for man, or of each man for all other men; and sacrifice is the very essence of all true society.*' It is this that we have been unlearning for nearly a century; and if we have to put ourselves to school afresh, it will be in order that we may learn it again. Without such knowledge there can be no society and no education, — not, at

least, if the object of education be to form man for society. Individualism is to-day the enemy of education, as it is also the enemy of social order. It has not been so always; but it has so become. It will not be so forever; but it is so now. And without striving to destroy it — which would mean to fall from one extreme into another — we must recognize that, no matter what we wish to do for the family, for society, for education, and for the country, it is against individualism that the work will have to be done."

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE COUNTESS POTOCKA.

The marriage of the youthful Princess Hélène Massalski with the Prince Charles de Ligne was the result of a long process of social diplomacy, conducted by the Marquis de Mirabeau and the ladies of the De Ligne family through their agent, a certain Madame de Pailly, who played the part of a general pacificator and go-between. The easy-going rules of the Abbaye aux Bois, which allowed its more favored pupils frequent opportunities of seeing and being seen at juvenile balls and fêtes, had brought the beautiful and well-dowered little Pole to the notice of various great ladies with sons to "establish;" and before the child had attained her fifteenth year, matrimonial proposals, of different degrees of importance and advantage, had been made for her.

Among these was the Duc d'Elbeuf, second son of the Comte de Lorraine, Grand Ecuyer of France, and of almost royal blood. This alliance would naturally have gratified the pride of Hélène's guardian, the Prince Bishop of Wilna, but, influenced by her, he rejected it. Young as she was, she had a secret preference for a suitor far less desirable in position and character. This was the Prince Frédéric de Salm, whom she had met at a child's party, and whose beauty of person and gayety of manner had captivated her fancy.

The prince, though not yet thirty years of age, was already deeply in debt, and a libertine of the most pronounced kind. Neither of these facts weighed very seriously in the society of those times; the evil odor which attached to his name arose from a more damaging accusation. He lay under the suspicion of lacking personal courage. There was an ugly story afloat of a duel with one of the king's officers, when M. de Salm appeared in a cloak which he refused to remove, and under which was concealed a steel cuirass. This fact was not discovered until his opponent, making a rapid pass, encountered the cuirass with his sword; the recoil threw him to the ground, and the seconds had great difficulty in preventing the prince from running him through then and there, before he could recover his footing!

Of all this, however, the little convent-bred heiress could know nothing. She saw in the Prince de Salm only an elegant courtier, the inheritor of a great name, and, what was even more important, a splendid family hôtel on the Quai d'Orsay. Parisian to her finger-tips in all her instincts and desires, a residence in Paris seemed of more consequence to her than the husband who should share it with her; and actuated by this double motive, she worked upon her uncle to reject one suitor after another, in the hope that with time his objections to the one chosen by herself might be overcome.

While she thus objected and temporized, the Prince Charles de Ligne, on

his side, exhibited a similar coldness with regard to the proposed match. His indifference verged on reluctance. Twelve years the senior of Hélène, serious and studious in his tastes, with a passion for art, music, and science, for humanitarian projects and military tactics, there was little to excite his enthusiasm in the prospect of becoming the husband of an untrained and half-educated child of fifteen. His heart was, moreover, filled with the image of another woman, and hints had not been wanting as to Hélène's preferences in the De Salm matter.

"The little person in question," he writes icily to his aunt, "as it seems to me, is rather decided in her views, for so young a girl; and certainly not overdelicate in her tastes, since her liking seems to be for the Prince Frédéric de Salm, with his abominable reputation. I dare say the affair will come to nothing. It appears to take a long time to get an answer out of the uncle."

But the likings or dislikings of boys and girls were insignificant factors of great marriages in the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding the disinclination of the Princess Hélène and the indifference of the younger Prince de Ligne, the negotiations went on. Madame de Pailly came and went, explaining, protesting, promising. Hélène's imagination was skillfully fired by descriptions of the splendor of the château of the De Lignes in the Pays-Bas, of the almost royal state of their residence in Brussels, of the diamonds and the equipages which would be hers; and hints were dropped as to the ease with which the Prince Charles might be persuaded to spend the winters in Paris, where his father was in high favor and a chosen intimate of the queen's coterie. These arguments at last prevailed. The youthful pair gave consent, the prince bishop gave consent, the De Ligne connection were delighted, and on the 25th of May, 1779, the contract of marriage was duly signed at Versailles, in the presence of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the assembled court. The Princess Hélène received by way of dowry three palaces and a château in Poland, a number of *terres considérables*, 1,800,000 roubles, and a revenue of 60,000 livres in *rentes;* the prince bishop, furthermore, making himself responsible for all expenses whenever the young couple chose to sojourn in Paris. It is easy to suppose that this last article was dictated and suggested by the bride. The Prince de Ligne, on his part, settled on his son an income of 30,000 livres, which he engaged to double in case children should be born of the marriage; he also undertook to provide a residence for the Prince and Princess Charles, either at the château of Bel Œil or in his palaces at Brussels or Vienna. The future thus secured, the marriage ceremony took place four days after the signing of the contract, at the Abbaye aux Bois; the Duchesses de Choiseul, de Mortemart, de Chatillon, and various other great ladies attending in the capacity of witnesses.

Hélène had previously been allowed one interview with her fiancé, — under decorous surveillance, of course. She kept her eyelashes modestly lowered, but this did not hinder her from sketching his portrait afterward, at full length, for the benefit of her comrades of the convent: "He is fair. His figure is slender. He resembles his mother, who is very handsome and has an aristocratic air; but there is something German about him, which I cannot exactly describe, but which does not quite please me."

Her trousseau was, to her thinking, infinitely more interesting than the bridegroom. It was valued at 100,000 crowns, beside lace, jewels, and a superb *corbeille* presented by the De Lignes. There were certain diamond bracelets and *girandoles*, — the latter enormous earrings, of great value, for wear on state occasions, — on which her mind was intent; and one of her chief anxieties was that they might not arrive from Flanders in time for the

wedding. They came, however; so did Prince Charles, and his father, who fell in love at once with his daughter-in-law, who was "adorably pretty" in her *toilette de mariage.* Her *attitude décente* and *pleine de sensibilité* gave great satisfaction to all her "witnesses." The bride presented each of her companions in the *Classe Rouge* with a pretty trinket, and the prince bishop treated the whole school, even the little Blues, to a magnificent collation "with ices," beside the largesse to each of a charming bag of bonbons. Under these joyous auspices, the newly wedded pair departed, at the conclusion of the ceremony, in a post-chaise with six horses and postilions in pink and silver, and took the road to Brussels at a triple gallop.

A splendid fête at Bel Œil followed their arrival. For a whole day, the peasants on the vast estate, costumed *à la Watteau* as shepherds and shepherdesses, disported themselves on the lawns, amid a brilliant crowd of gentry and nobility. There were music, dancing, puppet shows, a theatre, a vast banquet for everybody, and in the evening an illumination and a display of fireworks. The prince seemed to be greatly pleased with the beauty and precocious talent of his young wife, and his mother writes to her sister-in-law a month after the marriage: "Our new child is charming, sweet, and docile. She seems to have no will of her own, and is pleased with everything. She is, in short, all that we could desire in a daughter, and every one who has met her since she came is delighted."

It is sufficiently amusing to hear Hélène spoken of as possessing "no will of her own." She was, in fact, as her history proves, headstrong and willful to the last degree; "as obstinate as the Pope's mule," her biographer frankly confesses.

It was an oddly assorted family of which she now found herself a member. There was her husband, the eldest son, his brief liking for his inconsequent bride soon cooling into reserve and alienation. His sister Christine, the Princess Clary, the favorite of her father, who was accustomed to call her his *chef d'œuvre*, was a graceful, gracious creature, full of tact and judgment, who might have been a valuable friend and guide to her young sister-in-law, had it not been for the insistent jealousy of her mother, who felt that she, and she alone, had the right to "form" her son's wife, and would brook no interference.

To be "formed" by the elder Princess de Ligne could scarcely have been an agreeable process. She was a dominant influence in her family, but this was from the rigidity of her morals and the firmness of her will rather than from the attachment she inspired in her husband and children. The Prince de Ligne frankly acknowledged her merits, and treated her always with a charming courtesy. "My wife is an admirable woman," he was accustomed to say; "she is sometimes out of humor, but this quickly passes, drowned in the tears which fill her eyes, and does no harm to any one, because she has an excellent heart."

It was easy for the prince to bear his wife's humors, because, personally, they caused him no inconvenience whatever. He was never long at home, and she was always at her best in his company. It was during his long absences that her sterner qualities exhibited themselves, when, intent on repairing the breaches which his extravagance had made in their fortunes, she put the establishment on the most economical footing, and pared and scraped, to the discomfort of everybody, only to have her amiable prodigal return in due time and resume his favorite pastime of "flinging millions out of the windows." Hélène, who had a born gift as *ménagère*, would gladly have assisted in these thrifty intervals, but her offers of help were resented and dryly refused. Economy *per se* could scarcely be palatable to a pleasure-loving child of sixteen, and, repulsed and wearied by her mother-in-law's stern tute-

lage, she welcomed her spouse and his father back from their long absences as a prisoner welcomes freedom.

It was with her father-in-law that she felt most in sympathy, among these new relatives. Their natures and their tastes were in many ways accordant. The elder Prince de Ligne was one of the most agreeable men of his time. Possessed of great personal beauty, with manners full of grace, a tender and penetrating voice, and that indefinable quality which we call "charm;" gay, entertaining, full of wit, of good nature, he was also a deep thinker, and a close reasoner on men and manners. He was equally a favorite with the court circles of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, with the gentry and peasantry of his own Low Countries, with Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, and the great Catherine herself; in fact, his influence with the latter lady was so great as to lead to the suspicion that, at one time or another, he may have figured in the list of her innumerable lovers. He was of her company when, in 1784, she made that famous journey to the Crimea which had for its secret object the meeting with the Emperor Joseph of Austria, which later led to the first partition of Poland.

"I felt as if dreaming," writes the Prince de Ligne in one of his brilliant letters, "when I found myself in the depths of an enormous coach big enough for six, — a coach which was a real car of triumph, ornamented with devices in precious stones, and drawn by sixteen Tartar horses, — seated between two personages, the heat of whose august shoulders nearly stifled me, and heard, as in a dream, one say to the other, 'They tell me I have thirty millions of subjects, counting males only,' and the other reply, 'And I have twenty-two millions, all included.' Then they fell to work, disposing, in the course of their conversation, of towns, cities, and even provinces, changing them about without seeming to consider it anything at all, till at last I said, 'Your Majesties are only putting wretchedness in the place of misery;' whereupon the Emperor replied, addressing the Empress, 'Madame, we are spoiling him. He has not the least respect for either of us.'"

It was during this journey of Catherine's that Potemkin, the then reigning favorite, arranged a series of theatrical effects along the route, by which smiling villages were made to appear at stated intervals, with here and there, at greater distances, towns and even cities, — the latter, erections of painted canvas, — while *figurantes* from the opera, appropriately dressed, played the part of a contented peasantry, living happily among their fields and dancing on the green. The imperial cortége rolled by over the heavy roads, and hey, presto! the village with its cheerful inhabitants was whipped up, hurried over roundabout ways, and set down a few miles farther on, to rejoice the eyes of the deceived Empress, and confirm her opinion that Russia was a land of ideal prosperity, and that statements to the contrary must be held as vexatious and unwarrantable. So easily are the great ones of the earth juggled and befooled by lesser creatures whom they reckon their puppets and tools.

But, delightful as was the Prince de Ligne in imperial and royal circles and the great world of fashion, he was no less so in the bosom of his own family. His infidelities and extravagances were forgotten and condoned the moment he appeared. It was easy to blame during his absence; even his severe wife could find nothing to reproach him with when he was present. His coming animated the household like the breaking out of the sun. The sparkle of his talk, the magic of his good humor, waked every one to joy and laughter. With his arrival, fêtes, balls, amusements of all sorts, recommenced; the dull surface of everyday life shone and scintillated. He professed a preference for Brussels over any

other city, and a passion for living on his estate. "What a beautiful life is mine spent at my beloved Bel Œil!" he would cry rapturously; and twenty-four hours later he would be off full whirl for Paris, Vienna, London, wherever his vagrant fancies led him, to return no more for months.

For Marie Antoinette the Prince de Ligne professed a *vrai culte*. "Who could see her without adoring her?" he wrote, thirty years after her death. But his true culte, the passion of his heart, was for his oldest son Charles, the husband of Hélène. His own boyhood had been most unhappy, under the rule of an august, capricious, and unloving father; he avenged himself on past sorrow by lavishing a double measure of tenderness on his own child, together with a romantic admiration which made him more like a lover than a parent. "*Mon brave Charlot*," "*mon génie*," "*mon excellent ouvrage*," he calls him; nothing could be more intimate than their relations. There is one charming description of a skirmish between the Prussian and Austrian troops in 1778, when the father and son rode to the charge hand in hand, and the elder said to the younger, "It would be pleasant to be wounded by the same ball, would it not, my boy?" "Charlot is so brave that it is a joy to see him," he writes; and in another place comes this message: "Embrasse ta mère pour avoir eu l'esprit de me faire un fils comme toi."

It was through the influence of this *volage* father-in-law that the Princess Hélène, five years after her marriage, achieved the desire of her heart, a home in Paris. In September, 1784, her husband purchased a handsome hôtel on the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, and here, two years later, their first and only child was born, a daughter, to whom was given the name Sidonie.

It is needless to say with what delight Hélène found herself once more a dweller in her beloved Paris. Many of her old schoolfellows of the abbaye, who had married into illustrious families, were leaders of the world of fashion; she lost no time in renewing acquaintance, and everywhere was received with effusion. Her beauty and *esprit*, the splendor of her equipages and appointments, her natural coquetry and desire to please, her extravagance, the very levity and inconsequence of her character, exactly fitted her to shine in the glittering court circle of the period. It was never more brilliant or more reckless of expense or consequences. Already the menacing shadows of the Revolution were dimming the outer edges of the brightness, but, heedless of impending fate, the gay crowd fluttered and buzzed, unconscious as a flight of gauzy-winged insects on the brink of a whirlpool.

The lessons inculcated by her mother-in-law, the tastes which her studious husband had set himself to foster, melted as in a moment from the memory of Hélène. She spent her days in a whirl of enjoyments, returning home only to dress or sleep, and scarcely ever seeing her husband, who, absorbed in his own pursuits, rarely accompanied her into society. A crowd of admirers surrounded her; she knew how to retain them without distinguishing any one with a compromising preference. The gravity of Prince Charles de Ligne and his literary and artistic tastes seemed to set him widely apart from the world of fops and flatterers in which she lived; they voted him a bore, and she soon learned to regard him as an insignificant person, upon whom occasional raillery, and even ridicule, could be safely lavished.

It was not a pleasant position for a young man of spirit, that of husband to a reigning beauty whose circle regarded him with well-bred contempt; and it is not to be wondered at that his dislike of the Paris *ménage* increased with every month of their stay. He took advantage of the brief *rapprochement* which followed the birth of their little daughter to

persuade Hélène to return to Bel Œil for the summer, and departed with his father for Russia at the command of the imperious Empress, leaving her there.

A good deal of inevitable friction attended this long summer sojourn. The elder Princess de Ligne had decided views as to the management of infants. Hélène was not suffered to interfere in the smallest particular, and, thwarted and set aside, grew to feel that her child belonged to the De Lignes rather than to herself, and took little interest in it. Nor was the winter more to her taste. The insurrection which had broken out in Flanders made Brussels an unsafe residence, and the entire family removed to the palace in Vienna, where the regiment of Prince Charles happened to be stationed. It had been for years one of the homes of the De Lignes. The Princess Clary and her sisters had grown up there, and all the prettiest women of the court were their early playmates, and as intimate with their brothers as with themselves. Prince Charles probably did not dislike the opportunity of showing his disdainful wife that whereas in Paris he was neglected and undervalued, in Vienna he ranked as a person of consequence; and she, resenting every difference in custom and etiquette between the two courts, and finding that of Austria formal and provincial, made scornful comparisons. There was, beside, the Countess Kinsky.

This beautiful young woman, as fascinating as she was beautiful, had a strange and romantic history. Born Countess Diedrichstein, her parents and those of the Count Kinsky had arranged a union between them while she was still in earliest youth. She saw her bridegroom for the first time when he arrived for the marriage ceremony. At its conclusion, he escorted her courteously to her home, and said, "Madame, we have obeyed our relations. It pains me to leave you, but it is my duty to explain that I have for a long time past been attached to a lady without whom it would be impossible for me to support life. I am now about to rejoin her." He then kissed her hand, sprang into a post-chaise which stood waiting, and departed at a gallop. She never saw him again.

Left thus in this singular position of being neither maid, wife, nor widow, the young countess developed, under the shadow of her cruel destiny, into one of the chief ornaments of the Austrian court. Of exquisite beauty, with great loveliness of nature and an intellect of more than common strength and cultivation, she combined every quality which would naturally attract and rivet the affections of a man as capable of a strong devotion and as fastidious as the Prince Charles de Ligne. That she was the dominating influence of his life there seems no room to doubt; and no doubt, also, the subtle instinct of Hélène detected the relation. She might not love her husband, but she could easily be jealous of him.

With the spring came the question of return to Bel Œil, which the unquiet state of political affairs in the Netherlands rendered unsafe. Prince Charles departed with his regiment, which was under orders to rejoin its army corps; leaving the question still under discussion. Scarcely had he gone when he received a letter from his wife asking leave to make a visit to Poland, that she and her uncle might have the opportunity to talk over a variety of business affairs. The permission was granted without demur, on the condition that the little Sidonie should be left behind in the care of her grandmother; and early in September Hélène left Vienna for Warsaw, where at that time the prince bishop was living. It was the final parting between the husband and wife, though neither of them had a suspicion of the fact.

Warsaw presented a spectacle of extraordinary splendor. The king and court were there in attendance on the

meeting of the Diet, and the little city was crowded with illustrious and picturesque figures. In dress and equipage the Polish nobility of that day were the most superb in Europe. A half-barbaric splendor distinguished their entertainments. The fantastic customs of ancient chivalry were still to a great degree preserved. At a banquet, it was nothing unusual for a knight to fill his lady's slipper with champagne or tokay, and carry it from one to the other round a glittering circle as a drinking-cup, from which the health of the fair owner was enthusiastically quaffed by all present.

The Princess Charles made her appearance on this dazzling scene preceded by a reputation for beauty and wit which at once lent her vogue, and she was speedily on intimate terms with all who were best worth knowing in the court circle. Enchanted with her liberty, with her native land, she gave herself up to unrestrained enjoyment. She forgot the past, her husband and her child. The Princess Charles de Ligne existed no longer; she was once more Hélène Massalski.

The winter flew as on wings. Spring came, summer was at hand; no slightest sign did she give of a desire to return to her home or family. The De Lignes, hurt and angered at her prolonged absence, disdainfully forbore to urge her. Indifferent to their opinions, she came and went, as the sittings and adjournments of the Diet dictated, between Warsaw and her uncle's country-seat at Werky, and asked no better than to have her present existence continue forever.

An influence as sudden as it was powerful had taken possession of her life. She had made the acquaintance of a man who was to rule all her future fate. This was the Count Vincent Potocki, grand chamberlain to the king, great-nephew to Stanislaus Leszczynski, his predecessor, and, as a consequence, cousin-german to Maria Leszczynski, wife of Louis XV., and former queen of France. To this illustrious descent Count Potocki, who was at that time thirty-seven years of age, added extraordinary personal attractions. His portrait is thus sketched by his biographer: —

"The Count Vincent was remarkably handsome, distinguished, and elegant, his manners affable and fascinating at the outset; but on a closer view one discovered in him more of subtlety than frankness, more of egotism than devotion, and a great dryness of heart. He lacked firmness in his decisions, and he was easily influenced by his subordinates. His immense fortune, always involved in speculations or risky commercial enterprises, was not nearly as remunerative as he would fain have had the world believe, and this fact often threw him into ill temper."

The grand chamberlain had been twice married. From his first wife, Ursula Zamoyski, he had been promptly divorced, after the easy-going Polish fashion, which at that day regarded such separations as lightly as in some parts of our own country they are regarded now. His second wife, Anna Mycielska, who was passionately devoted to him, had borne him two sons. The younger was but a few weeks old when Count Potocki made Hélène's acquaintance, and the countess, detained by the state of her health, was still at their country-place in the Ukraine.

The attraction was mutual, but evidenced in very different ways. Count Vincent's emotions were by no means so violent as to deprive him of reasoning power. Hélène's great fortune had its weight with him as well as her charms of person and the flattering preference which she evinced for his society. He understood perfectly how to play upon her impetuous and undisciplined nature: he affected a cautious reserve, a distant admiration, held back as if fearful of compromising her or himself, and by this avoidance stimulated her passion as fuel stimulates flame.

She, for her part, took absolutely no

thought of convention or the opinion of the world. She loved for the first time; loved with the fiery ardor of her youth and her race, and without reserve abandoned herself to the new and powerful emotion. Her one imperative desire was to win full response from the man she loved. For his sake, she altered all her habits, dropped out of society, professed a preference for quiet, and let fall a word now and then as to the evils of modern dissipation and its waste of time! The world, quick to guess at the reasons for this remarkable change, laughed in its sleeve — and out of it; and still the exigeant lover kept aloof, told his feelings with his eyes rather than with his tongue, and bewildered Hélène with his coldness and discretion.

It is droll to hear that her disquiet and suspense led her to make a confidante of his first wife, now remarried to the Count de Mniseck. She, delighted at the chance of avenging herself on the rival who had supplanted her, lent her aid to establishing an understanding between her late husband and this new object of his affections. Letters flew to and fro, in which the word *amitié* continually occurred, but never the word *amour*. Little by little the intimacy strengthened. The grand chamberlain became Hélène's business adviser. This led to constant interviews, always conducted, with due regard to propriety, in the presence of secretaries and ladies in waiting; till the day came, as such days always will, when, half by accident, half by design, a private meeting took place, in which the boundary between love and friendship was overstepped, and each made to the other an avowal of attachment. After this, sure of his ground, Count Potocki took on masterful airs. He exacted that Hélène should burn her husband's letters and those of all her early friends; he regulated her visitors and intimacies, and little by little confined her to a narrow circle in which he rejoiced with undisputed authority.

Just at this crisis the Countess Potocka rejoined her husband at Warsaw. Rumors had already reached her, and, with the sharpened perception of jealous love, she at once detected in her husband a change which confirmed her apprehensions. Cut to the heart and wounded in her tenderest affections, she reproached him for his unfaithfulness, and firmly refused to make the acquaintance of her rival.

"It is of no use to argue," she told him. "I cannot and will not receive a woman who, whatever your relations may be, has robbed me of your heart."

In vain the count expostulated, protested, explained. The indignant wife continued inexorable, and the Princess de Ligne, when she presented herself, found the door of the countess closed against her.

Deeply wounded by this affront, Hélène gave way to the natural violence of her temper. She demanded of Count Potocki that he should force his wife to atone for an insult which dishonored her in the eyes of the world. In vain he sought to appease her; she refused to listen, and, after a stormy scene, they parted in anger.

Ardent and undisciplined natures are most subject to swift reactions. Penitence trod closely on the heels of Hélène's wrath. Broken-hearted at the misunderstanding with her lover, she wrote to him next day, in a letter which agitation rendered almost illegible: —

"I am alone in the world. I have alienated all my friends at your command, and broken all my old ties. I had only you left, and yesterday you canceled and took back every expression of affection which you ever uttered to me. How little there is left for me to live for you can easily imagine. Farewell, dear Vincent. Whatever happens, you are the object of my eternal love; of my eternal regret, if indeed we are parted forever.

"If you are quite decided not to see me again, send back my letters, and write at the end of this the one word 'Adieu.'"

This letter, dispatched by a trusty messenger, was returned unopened by the Countess Potocka, with this brief indorsement: "The count left this morning for Niemirow." This news flung Hélène into a tumult of despair. She realized the situation. Her weak and selfish lover had fled, to escape the embarrassments of their equivocal position, leaving her alone and unaided to confront the world and the triumphant malice of the Countess Potocka. But she was not a woman to sit tamely down under such an affront. Madame Potocka little knew the impetuosity of her rival, or she would have thought twice before driving her to extremes. In five minutes Hélène had made up her mind; and with her, to resolve and to act were identical impulses. She ordered a post-chaise, and in half an hour after the return of her note she was on the road to Niemirow, attended by a single maid. The postilions were urged to utmost rapidity; and a few hours after his own arrival on his estates, Count Potocki was startled by the unexpected apparition of his abandoned lady-love.

His sensations were probably tinged with dismay rather than with delight, but her beauty, her emotion, the very indiscretion which evinced the strength of her attachment, combined to complete the conquest of his vacillating affections. His wife, his children, every other duty and claim vanished from his mind; Hélène reigned supreme; and after the first transport of reconciliation had subsided, it was agreed between them that steps should at once be taken to secure a divorce from their respective partners, after which they would be free to marry.

Letters were accordingly dispatched post-haste to the Countess Anna, the Prince Charles de Ligne, and the Prince Bishop of Wilna. In the first, Count Potocki offered his wife the guardianship of her two sons and a considerable settlement, if she would join him in effecting the annulment of their marriage; in the second, Hélène boldly demanded of her husband her freedom, her fortune, and her daughter; in the third, they united in imploring the intervention of the bishop in securing the accomplishment of their wishes.

It does not seem to have occurred to the writers of these letters that any one could object to their projects. Divorce was an every-day affair in Poland, and what we intensely desire we are apt to consider proper and reasonable. The replies proved unexpectedly disappointing.

"Have you forgotten," wrote the Countess Anna, "that we married because of the strong mutual attraction between us, and not merely because our relatives wished it? Such a union should be eternal; God has set his seal of approval upon ours by giving us children. You may look upon it more lightly, but I shall be faithful to our vows, convinced that not my duty only, but my happiness as well, lies in so doing.

"Have you forgotten how, when our little François was born, you knelt in the next room, praying that God would spare me and our child? You loved me then; look closely into your own soul, and I think you will find that you love me still. My own feeling for you is ineffaceable. I have shown you my heart without disguise; now read your own. A single word will secure my pardon and forgiveness for all; that word I await with the utmost impatience."

Prince Charles de Ligne dryly and formally refused to consent to a divorce or to relinquish the guardianship of his daughter. The elder prince wrote to the Prince Bishop of Wilna as follows: —

"I am persuaded that a woman enslaved by a silly and tyrannical Pole can have no power to influence her guardian, who is the granduncle of Sidonie as well, from paying over the moneys which by right and agreement, and with the full consent of all parties concerned, were reserved for lifting the mortgages on the estates in Galicia. She neither can have

nor ought to have any control over such property so long as she is living under the influence of a man who is openly managing her affairs to the detriment of her daughter and rightful heiress.

"As I am firmly persuaded that should the Princess Charles marry Count Potocki she would be far more wretched than she is now, I, as well as her husband, utterly refuse to consent to a divorce.

"The diamonds and other property of the princess shall at once be sent after her, and she is requested to forward to Pradel the various engravings and drawings belonging to the Prince Charles which are in her possession."

Many articles of value belonging to Hélène had been left behind, at the hurried departure of the family from Brussels, three years previously, and some debts had been left unpaid, from the difficulty of calling in the bills at such short notice. Madame de Ligne took advantage of this circumstance to address to her daughter-in-law the following bitter and insulting letter: —

BRUSSELS, *February* 24, 1791.

Your husband has written me, madame, that it is his desire that all the property belonging to you in this house should be forwarded to Poland, with the exception of some of the books. I was on the point of complying with his wishes, when your creditors, getting wind of my intentions, put in an objection. Not being able, as they state, to get any reply from you to the letters they have written, they very naturally object to the removal of the articles which serve as their sole security. It is only out of respect for me, and because I have pledged myself to write to you on the subject, that they have consented to be patient a little longer, till sufficient time has elapsed for you to receive this letter and return an answer.

I must therefore request, madame, that if you wish to save yourself from the scandal of having your effects sold at public auction, you will at once forward an order on the bank, so that by the first of April I may be in a position to satisfy these claims. The bills that have been sent in, together with others of which I have knowledge, amount to 5000 florins of our money. As I do not propose to remain in Brussels later than the 15th of April, I hereby give you notice that if by the first of that month I have not received money from you, I shall send your belongings to be sold for whatever they will bring, for the satisfaction of your creditors, after which I shall concern myself no longer with your affairs.

The prince bishop's reply was dry and evasive. He answered, through his secretary, that the matter required consideration, and he could take no decided step till he had thought it over.

These letters left Hélène in a painful position. She was living at Niemirow, in a small château belonging to Count Potocki, which bordered on the larger estate of Kowalowka, where his sons with their attendants were domiciled. To save appearances so far as was possible, he had left the place pending the result of their applications, so the blow fell upon her when she was quite alone. With the easy optimism which was part of her character, she had persuaded herself that all would go well; now she saw herself discredited with her relations, compromised in the eyes of the world, whose sympathies were with the Countess Anna, and, in spite of her large income, pinched for money. She had never for a moment entertained the idea of becoming the mistress of Count Potocki, but having, under a rash impulse, placed herself in opposition to conventional law, she now felt its sting. She had burned her bridges; she could not return to her old life; all her hope lay in the loyalty and fidelity of the man for whom she had sacrificed so much, and on these, as she instinctively felt, she could not rely. She knew that his affection would not

stand the strain of adverse circumstances and threatened disgrace, and his coldness and changed manner during his brief visits confirmed her fears. The climax of her misfortune seemed to be reached when the count fell ill of a putrid fever, and for three months lay between life and death at Kowalowka, — close to her, but inaccessible; for she only ventured to penetrate to his sick-room disguised and at long intervals, to assure herself that he was properly cared for by the nurses who had him in charge. It was truly a terrible time, and she had not a single friend at hand to help her to endure it.

Count Potocki recovered at last, and, after a tedious convalescence, departed for Galicia. His shallow heart had been touched by Hélène's devotion and solicitude, and he went away renewing his vows of fidelity, and swearing to leavé no stone unturned toward the accomplishment of the coveted divorce. His promises tranquilized her, but a heavy sadness hung over her spirits which nothing seemed able to dissipate. It was exactly at this moment of depression, when hope was at its lowest ebb, that, in the twinkling of an eye, all the circumstances of her life were changed and every impediment to happiness was removed. She received news of the death of her husband.

The Prince Charles de Ligne had been struck by a ball, and instantly killed, in an engagement between the French and Austrian forces on September 14, 1792. His brilliant military courage had won him distinction, and to every one but his wife his loss was a cause of profound regret. To her it brought nothing but the sense of joyful deliverance. Not an impulse of pity or sorrow dampened her delight.

"I am free!" she wrote exultantly to the grand chamberlain. "It is the divine will. *That cannon was loaded from all eternity.*" The last sentence is a quotation from Madame de Sévigné.

Naturally, the blow fell most heavily on the heart of the bereaved father. Years afterward, in alluding to the loss of almost his entire fortune, he said, "When the soul has once been crushed by the death of what it holds most dear, it can defy the storms of Fate. Persecution, injustice, ruined fortune, — all, all seem insignificant."

Prince Charles de Ligne left a will, in which he ordered that his heart should be buried separately from his body, and wrapped in a handkerchief which had been used by "her whom I love, and who during my life has possessed all my heart. I beg of her goodness that she will embroider in my hair on the handkerchief, upon the first corner the word 'Alona,' on the second 'Tendresse Délicieuse,' on the third 'Indissoluble,' and on the fourth 'From the 21st of May, 1787, to ——,' the date of my death, whatever it may be." He requested that the portraits of his intimate friends should be hung together in a tower at Bel Œil, with his bust in the middle, "*the face turned toward the portrait of Madame de Kinsky*," and that over the door should be inscribed these words, "Chambre des Indissolubles." To Madame de Kinsky, also, he bequeathed his favorite dog, "who has been to me what I have been to her, a good dog and always faithful." Eighty thousand florins were left to a child frankly designated as "*ma fille bâtarde, Christine*," of whom he made his sister, the Princess Clary, the personal guardian. There was no mention of his wife in the will, except in one bitter sentence when devising to his daughter Sidonie her mother's portrait, "with the proviso that she shall take pains in no respect to imitate or resemble her." It was the Countess Kinsky who placed in the coffin the handkerchief with the four embroidered corners, "*pour lui obéir autant que possible.*"

"As if death had received from heaven the cruel mission of removing all obstacles to Hélène's wishes," the loss of Prince Charles was almost immediately followed by that of the younger son of

the Countess Anna, who died at Kowalowka of a malignant sore throat, and so suddenly that she could not be summoned to take leave of him. Almost at the same moment Hélène received tidings of the death of her brother, the Prince Xavier Massalski, which left her heiress of another enormous fortune. The impediments to her marriage, which had seemed so insurmountable, melted in a moment into thin air. The Countess Anna, heart-broken at the loss of her child, withdrew all objections to the divorce, stipulating only that she should have the guardianship of the older boy, and that the marriage should be formally annulled by the papal court at Rome. This last clause involved a considerable delay, and it is not impossible that the countess hoped that with time the vagrant heart of her spouse might swing back to its original allegiance.

Hélène made haste to apprise her uncle of the happy change in her fortunes. That easy-going prelate was persuaded without difficulty to see that Count Potocki living could be made infinitely more useful by way of a nephew than Prince Charles de Ligne dead. He accordingly withdrew all opposition to the match, and invited his niece to join him at Werky, his country-seat, where he was then residing, and await under his protection the papal authorization needed for the legalization of her second marriage. Three months later, he was further persuaded by the impatient lovers to allow of its immediate celebration without waiting longer to hear from Rome, an irregularity for which his niece and her husband were to suffer heavily in later years. The ceremony took place at midnight, in the chapel of the Bernardine convent, in the neighborhood of Werky.

As Hélène entered the church, she experienced a strange and sudden emotion of fear and anguish. Sinking upon her knees, she remained for some moments motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground. The count offered his hand to raise her; she recoiled from him with a look of terror. A fearful hallucination had taken possession of her mind. Three dark biers seemed to shape themselves, over which she must pass on her way to the altar. Terrified by her paleness and the expression of her eyes, Count Potocki asked in a low tone what was the matter. At the sound of his voice the vision fled; she rose, firmly mounted the three steps of black marble which had simulated the sinister shapes of her dream, and the ceremony proceeded. At its close the newly married couple returned to Werky, and in the bliss of their long-deferred union that momentary anguish was speedily forgotten.

After a prolonged stay in Lithuania the Count and Countess Potocki went back to the Ukraine, and Hélène was triumphantly installed mistress of Kowalowka, upon whose outskirts she had passed the most humiliating months of her life, — disregarded, unhappy, and alone. The sorrows of the past were forgotten, and, tenderly and joyously, she wrote her husband, absent from her for a few days: —

"To-morrow I hope to see you, and to find you exactly the same as when you left me; for there is no smallest particular in which I would have you changed. Mind, temper, talents, faults even, are exactly pleasing to me. If you were to become more perfect, you would no longer be the Vincent for whom I have committed so many follies, — follies which would seem unpardonable except for the merciful Heaven which has taken pity upon us, and out of all folly has brought forth wisdom."

So privately had the marriage been celebrated, and so slowly did news travel to a distance in those days, that it was not till the following year, and after the birth of a son to Hélène and her husband, that the Countess Anna, who was living with her child in Paris, was apprised of it. The decree of divorce not having been sent her for signature, she supposed matters to have remained *in*

statu quo, and her resentment on learning the true state of affairs found vent in the following letter to the Prince Bishop of Wilna: —

"I learn, Monseigneur, that the count my husband is living publicly at Kowalowka with the Princess de Ligne, who has assumed the name of the Countess Potocka. As the act annulling my marriage has neither been signed by me nor approved by the court of Rome, I leave at once for Warsaw, to take steps to break up this illegal union; and henceforward I refuse all consent to a divorce."

This letter fell like a bombshell in the midst of all parties concerned. The bishop, absorbed in the political agitations of the period, had suffered the informalities attending his niece's marriage to escape his mind. She and her husband had been equally careless of the matter. A large sum was needed to secure the action of the papal court, and this it had not been convenient to pay, their extravagant way of living and the grand chamberlain's passion for play keeping them always short of ready money. Delighted with her husband and child, busy in the beautification of her new home, Hélène had lived unthinkingly on in a state of supreme content, when suddenly, like a flash of lightning which reveals a lurid abyss, came her uncle's letter, full of fury and reproach at their unpardonable and immoral neglect of so vital a matter. The bishop did not hesitate to accuse Count Potocki of having deliberately deferred the legalization of the marriage, because he preferred to enjoy his wife's revenues without the burden of a lawful tie, and he concluded by renouncing all further concern with his niece and her affairs.

To a dispassionate observer it would seem equally culpable in a guardian and church dignitary to promote a union not strictly in accordance with law, use his personal influence to persuade a somewhat reluctant priest to perform the ceremony, and later forget to inquire whether the formalities essential to its legalization had or had not been complied with. But this mixture of *insouciance* and violence was in accordance with the character of the prince bishop, — a character blent of contradictory qualities: good humor and unreason, strength and weakness, all easy indulgence at one moment, stern and unjust the next, disposed always to throw on others the blame which rightfully he should have shared.

Months of anxiety and miserable uncertainty followed the receipt of these letters. It was not till the close of the following year, and after the birth of a second son to Hélène, that the Countess Anna was persuaded to withdraw her opposition to the divorce. Meanwhile, terrible events had occurred in Poland. An insurrection against the yoke of Russia had broken out; for many weeks the insurgents held possession of Warsaw. The prince bishop, together with many nobles of the Russian party, was thrown into prison, and on the 28th of June, 1794, the mob, "desirous of emulating the horrors of Paris," broke in, and with savage cruelty put to death every prisoner in the place, the bishop among them. In him Hélène lost her nearest relation and most powerful friend.

The defeat of the patriots under Kosciusko followed, and the final partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Lithuania fell to the share of the Czarina, and her first step was to sequestrate the estates of all the Polish nobility. As the Bishop of Wilna had perished because of his adherence to the Russian cause, justice would seem to dictate that his property should be exempted from confiscation, but other influences were at work. The Prince de Ligne had written to the Empress, begging her intervention in behalf of his granddaughter Sidonie, who, as he stated, was in danger of being despoiled of her rightful share in the inheritance of her granduncle by reason of the greed of her mother's second husband. The Czarina, therefore, took possession of the effects of the prince

bishop, to hold them, as it were, in trust for the benefit of Sidonie, then nine years of age.

While this matter was still in abeyance, the Countess Potocka gave birth to her third and last child, a daughter, who died at the end of six weeks. Following this loss came a fresh stroke of misfortune. The implacable Countess Anna put in a claim to the effect that as the birth of the two elder children antedated by many months the decree of divorce, they must be held as illegitimate and incapable of inheriting property; thus leaving her own son, the young Count François, sole heir to the estates of his father.

The only hope of evading this claim, which was based on a strict construction of the law, lay in the mercy of the Empress Catherine, who had it in her power to change the act of annulment to the date of application before the marriage, and thus restore a legal status to the children. Count Potocki hastened to St. Petersburg to implore the help of the all-powerful Czarina. Many long and tedious weeks' of delay were necessary to obtain a hearing, with much bribery, petitioning, and pulling of wires; but in the end the Empress, who seems to have acted in the matter with unusual impartiality and kindness, granted his request. After looking carefully into the matter, and satisfying herself as to the exact truth of the counter-statements, she redated the decree of divorce, thus relieving Hélène of her cruel and ambiguous position, and securing the legitimacy of her sons, while at the same time she guarded the rights of the other children, and insisted upon a generous provision for the little François and the Princess Sidonie. Money matters were more stringent than ever with the count and countess thenceforward, but for the moment that seemed a matter of insignificance, as, embracing her babies with tears of joy, Hélène gayly cried, "At last you are true Potockis, though it has cost us dear to make you so."

Three weeks after the departure of the grand chamberlain from St. Petersburg, the Empress died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure. He had achieved his mission just in time.

Three tranquil years followed, the best of Hélène's life. Happy with the husband who, with all his faults, was to her the ideal of human perfection, and with the children whom she adored, she played with infinite enjoyment and grace the part of châtelaine in her beautiful Ukraine home. The French Revolution had filled Poland with *émigrés* of high rank, and among those in the neighborhood of Kowalowka were a number of old friends: the Marquis de Mirabeau, the Prince Valentin Esterhazy, the Count and Countess d'Aragon, and the Countess Diane de Polignac, with her brothers and their children. To all these the Countess Potocka extended a generous hospitality. For the Marquis de Baden and his family, who had fled from their burning château in a state of complete destitution, she did more; for she received them as inmates of her family, on a visit which lasted for years, — a kindness which did the more honor to her heart since it would seem to be their misfortunes rather than their personal attractions which commended them to her; the marquis being a dry, formal little gentleman, and his wife and daughters suspicious, difficult of temper, and disposed to be quarrelsome.

This interval of serenity had a sudden and terrible interruption. In March, 1797, the little Vincent, Hélène's second son, died, after a brief illness, of malignant sore throat; and two years later his brother followed him, victim of the same dread disease, to which the name of diphtheria had not yet been given. Hélène's anguish at this double bereavement nearly cost her her life. At the burial of the second boy, as she stood by the side of the tomb in which already two of her children reposed, and saw the little coffin of the third lowered into it, recollection of the dark vision of her marriage

night swept over her. "Three! There are really three!" she exclaimed, with a piercing cry, and fell to the ground, insensible.

It was long before her despair gave place to melancholy resignation, which disguised itself in cheerfulness only when she was in the presence of her husband. No other child came to them, and as time wore on the complications and perplexities of their entangled affairs pressed upon them more and more heavily. In the year 1800 Count Potocki made a second journey to Russia, to petition the Emperor Paul for relief from the exactions and confiscations which threatened the loss of nearly their entire fortune. Hélène remained behind, the prey to apprehensions of various kinds, among which jealousy predominated. She distrusted her husband as much as she adored him; all the fine phrases and protestations with which his letters were filled could not disguise from her his preoccupations and infidelities, and she was never easy when he was out of her sight. She busied herself with the estate and with trying to bring order out of their mismanaged affairs, but it was a hopeless task. Matters were in desperate confusion. The serfs of Kowalowka were ground down to the extreme of penury by an iron-heeled intendant. She could do little to alleviate the suffering which she saw about her.

She tells a pathetic story, in one of her letters, of a peasant whom she found cast despairingly down on the earth beside his dying ox. When she asked why he did not detach the animal and get it home, he explained that this was the one day of the week when he was suffered to work for himself; all the others belonged to the count; if he lost this, he and his family must die of hunger.

"I have given orders," she adds, "that no one shall be forced to labor for us more than three days out of the six; and as I cannot see all the people myself, I have asked them to choose two of the most reasonable among them who shall come every Saturday and tell me of any complaints which should rightfully be made." She speaks of peasants cruelly beaten by the sub-intendant, and of her interference in their behalf. "I am told that they all bless me," she says; and indeed her management of the estate shows equal benevolence of heart and capacity for business.

An accent of bitterness betrays itself occasionally. "I only ask and desire to be your head servant, to obey and carry out your wishes," she writes, "but I will not endure that any one else in your employment shall boast an authority superior to mine. If I make mistakes, very well; whether I do or not will soon be seen; at all events, I am not likely to leave matters worse than I found them."

Count Potocki's mission to St. Petersburg proved altogether fruitless. His insight into human nature was not profound, and he had little idea of diplomacy or finesse; in addition he was indolent and pleasure-loving, and when rebuffed found it easier to let the matter drop, and turn to something more agreeable, than to persist firmly in an unwelcome solicitation. Such trifling methods availed little at the Russian court in the first year of our century, and after some months of idling and drifting he summoned to his aid his far cleverer wife. She joined him at St. Petersburg in September.

From the notes which she kept from day to day we can get an idea of the remarkable confusion of the time. The increasing insanity of the Emperor Paul was manifesting itself in a series of "accentuated follies" which kept every Russian subject, and in especial every resident of the capital, in daily terror for his life and liberty. Extraordinary ukases daily appeared; were daily revoked, altered, reissued. No one could follow the strange mutations of the law and be sure whether or not he was offending against it. One morning, the wearing of frock-coats, waistcoats, and

trousers was prohibited, and all mankind was commanded to appear in uniform, with breeches and high top-boots *à la postillon*. Another time, it was round hats that were interdicted. Later, the Emperor forbade the Academy of Sciences to employ the word "revolution" when speaking of the movements of the heavenly bodies! Next, the actors of the theatre were ordered to use the word "permission," instead of the word "liberty," in the phrasing of their handbills. All tri-colored stuffs and ribbons were strictly proscribed. Two newspapers which had ventured on a veiled allusion to a recent attempt to assassinate the king of England were suppressed, and various persons who had discussed the news were arrested, closely questioned, and subjected to several days' imprisonment. Persons desirous of quitting St. Petersburg for any absence, long or short, were commanded to report their intention a fortnight beforehand, that the Czar might have time to consent to or forbid the journey. A strict ordinance made it obligatory for all persons, of whatever age or sex, or whatever the state of the weather, to leave their carriages whenever that of the Czar appeared, and stand humbly by the roadside till he had passed. Every day, invalids, aged persons, delicate women, were to be seen shivering on the snowy *pave*, while the all-powerful autocrat rolled past; and the situation was complicated from the fact that the Emperor elected to go out in all manner of disguises and in every sort of vehicle, so that to recognize him in time was almost impossible; notwithstanding which, infractions of the rule were punished in the most merciless manner with the knout or Siberia. Meeting an Englishman one day who did not take off his hat to him, the Emperor angrily demanded the reason. He was told that the man was so shortsighted that he had failed to recognize his Majesty. Paul thereupon issued a decree ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life. Years afterward, the Duke of Wellington had the privilege of seeing this curious state document.

It was a veritable Reign of Terror. A gloom that could be felt rested upon the capital. Every one trembled for himself and all belonging to him. Even the Empress and the grand dukes were not exempt from the consequences of these edicts; in fact, the half-crazed Emperor was on the point of sentencing all the members of his own family to imprisonment, when, on the 23d of March, 1801, the saving catastrophe occurred in the assassination of the Czar. All St. Petersburg drew a long breath of relief; there was but one feeling, that of escape from imminent danger, and a veiled rejoicing which every one shared, though no one ventured openly to express it.

The new Emperor, Alexander, had always shown a warm sympathy for the persecuted Poles, and was disposed, so far as was possible, to stand their friend. Thanks to this clement disposition and to the tact and grace of Hélène, who influenced the negotiations far more than did her husband, the Potockis succeeded in their suits. Kowalowka could not be reclaimed; it was too deeply burdened with debts; but the estates in Lithuania were relieved from sequestration. After some months of travel, the count and countess established themselves at Brody, in Galicia, an estate smaller in extent than Kowalowka, but warmer, sheltered in situation, and infinitely more comfortable.

The next two years were passed in rather a dull round of employments and amusements; the chief variety in Hélène's lonely and somewhat sombre life being the periodic attacks of fierce jealousy which the inconstancy of her husband provoked. In 1803, her anger and suffering on account of a certain Mademoiselle Karwoska were so great that she actually resolved on separating herself from Count Potocki, and set out for Germany to join her friend the Princess Ja-

blonowska. Here a singular encounter took place. She met her former father-in-law, the Prince de Ligne, and through his advice and influence was induced to return to her husband.

He pointed out to her that the only possible justification for her conduct lay in the profound and passionate strength of her attachment to Count Potocki. If she now abandoned him, she must evermore seem in the eyes of the world a mere vulgar coquette, the slave of fragile and temporary caprices. He spoke also of her daughter Sidonie, describing the grace and sweetness of her early maidenhood, and the tender affection and respect with which she had been trained to regard her mother, whose history had been carefully concealed from her. An adept in the springs and intricacies of human nature, the Prince de Ligne perfectly understood the character of his late *belle-fille*, its fervor, its impetuosity, its latent capacities for generosity, and in his gravely-kind, sweet-toned argument he played on her impulses as upon an instrument. Hélène was touched to the heart by a tenderness so little expected or deserved. With torrents of tears she consented to all that he required, and at once set out on her return to her husband. He, for his part, had passed some days of anxiety, but, understanding her nature quite as well as did the Prince de Ligne, was not unprepared for the sudden reaction which brought her back to him, and was only too ready to welcome and pardon. A reconciliation followed, which lasted for a few happy days, after which misunderstandings began again.

The tenderness then newly awakened in her mind for her only living child increased as time went on, and correspondence brought them nearer to each other. It opened her eyes to the injustice of which she had been guilty in placing her fortune so completely in the power of Count Potocki. At his death it would revert to his son, leaving Sidonie unprovided for. Long meditation over this matter led to a singular resolution. In 1806 she proposed to Count Potocki that a match should be made between his son and her daughter, by which the estates should be united, and all difficulties as to inheritance amicably settled.

It was a strange proposal, and, stranger still, all parties concerned were gradually inclined to agree to it. A year later the marriage actually took place at Teplitz, September 8, 1807. The young people were well pleased with each other, and from the very outset the union was harmonious and peaceful. The embarrassment of a meeting between the respective mothers of the bride and the bridegroom was alleviated by the tact and self-control of Hélène, who announced herself too unwell to be present at the marriage ceremony. She sent her daughter a superb *parure* of diamonds and pearls, and a few weeks after the marriage had the joy of folding in her arms the child whom she had last seen as an infant a year old.

Their meeting took place in Paris. A year previously, having made an advantageous sale of part of their Polish property, the Count and Countess Potocki had purchased an hôtel in the Rue Caumartin, and removed their residence thither. They maintained an almost royal state: the furniture of the house was valued at nearly a million of francs, an army of servants waited on their will, their *chef* was one of the most celebrated of the day, and three times a week they gave a splendid dinner to ten or twelve persons, followed by a reception. It is amusing to note that these *recherché* banquets took place at five P. M., the fashionable dining hour of the period; and Hélène notes as an evidence of the sparkle and wit of the conversation, which made all present oblivious of the flight of time, that her guests sometimes remained as late as eleven o'clock at night!

It is not difficult to understand the constant money difficulties of the Potockis when we read the details of their

extravagant manner of living. In going from Poland to Paris they traveled separately, giving each other rendezvous at this point or that; because each necessarily journeyed with so large a suite that to unite them taxed the resources of the road too heavily. The count was accompanied by four secretaries, two intendants, a physician, two *valets de place*, and four lackeys, beside a couple of private postilions who rode with those provided by the posting service. He was preceded by a courier, who went ahead to secure and prepare his lodgings for the night. Four large carriages were needed to convey this train of attendants, beside an immense *fourgon* for the baggage: and all this that one inconsiderable Polish gentleman, not traveling in a public capacity, should make in comfort a three weeks' slow journey on wheels!

Sidonie was as much enchanted with her mother as her mother was with her. In her lonely childhood, presided over by the stern Princess de Ligne, the girl had dreamed dreams about this beautiful unknown parent, whose picture she possessed, and from whom came occasional perfumed letters and gifts. She had always "longed to have a mother like other girls," and their meeting was full of happy emotions. Hélène pressed her child to her heart, wept over her, pulled out her comb to let her long fair hair fall over her shoulders, turned her from side to side, crying in a voice suffocated by sobs, "It is such a long time, — such a long time!" Sidonie, on her part, submitted with the sweetest grace to this inspection, saying between tears and laughter, "Now, mamma, it is your part to make me over into your own daughter. You must help me to learn all that you find wanting in me."

The rooms were heaped with *cartons* containing gifts for the bride from her delighted mother: feathers, flowers, ribbons, fans, cashmere shawls, trinkets in coral, in amber, in shell, and a quantity of beautiful gowns, both for state occasions and for daily use. With the glee of a child, Sidonie ran from one room to another, her young husband following, charmed with her pleasure. Count François easily fell under the spell of his fascinating mother-in-law, she learned to love him, and the affection and devotion of these dear children became from that time forward the chief happiness of her life.

The even tenor of her existence, with her beloved daughter at hand, was broken only when Count Potocki returned, as he often did, to Poland, leaving her behind in Paris. His absences were often inexplicably long, and anonymous letters apprised her of the fact that he was still under the spell of "the Karwoska." More than once, in a frantic paroxysm of jealousy, Hélène departed for Poland at a gallop, with but a single hour of preparation, intent on surprising her prodigal in the midst of his sins; but somehow he and "the Karwoska" were more alert than she was, and she never quite attained the confirmation of her suspicions. Her physicians considered that these frantic journeys shortened her life.

In the year 1810, at a ball given in Paris by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, Count Potocki had the extraordinary experience of meeting, in the same room and at the same time, all his wives, past and present: the Maréchale de Mniseck with her husband, the Countess Anna, and Hélène. He bore himself under these untoward circumstances with the greatest ease, saluted each lady courteously, and betrayed no embarrassment of manner; but Hélène was so discomposed by the *contretemps* that she escaped from the fête as soon as possible, and could not be persuaded to go out again so long as her predecessors remained in Paris.

She died on the 30th of October, 1815, at the age of fifty-two, in the arms of the child whom for so many years she had abandoned and forgotten, and during the absence of the husband whom she

so passionately loved. His grief was extreme. "She is dead, and all my happiness has perished with her," he writes. Nevertheless, a few years later, we hear of him as the suitor of his divorced wife, the Countess Anna, who signs the letter accepting his offer, "Your wife in the past, and your wife in the future." Only the death of the count prevented this singular second union!

Another extract, "even more stupefying," concludes the narrative. It is taken from the registers of the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

"Hélène Massalski, wife of Potocki, in the second row to the right of the tomb of Marshal Ney, 44th division: interred temporarily for five years the 2d of November, 1815; removed the 21st of March, 1840, to the *fosse commune*, where she remains."

So all that life could give to our little fairy princess, born under such brilliant auguries, dowered with so many gifts, the spoiled pet of the Abbaye aux Bois, the favorite pupil of Madame de Rochechouart, was a few years of checkered splendor, a love always uneasy and often thwarted and betrayed, and in the end a nameless and forgotten grave.

"La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis — bon soir."

Susan Coolidge.

THE ARCTIC.

Is it a shroud or bridal veil
That hides it from our sight,
The lonely sepulchre of Day,
Or banquet-hall of Night?

Are those the lights of revelry
That glimmer o'er the deep,
Or flashes of a funeral pyre
Above the corpse of Sleep?

Beyond those peaks impregnable
Of everlasting snow,
One star — a steadfast beacon — burns,
To guard the coast below,

Whence come the ghostly galleons
The pirate Sun to brave,
And furl the shadowy flag of Death
Above a warmer grave.

John B. Tabb.

AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

III.

THE VENETIAN DAY.

WHEN we open our blinds in the early morning, a gray fog envelops all Venice. We can just see the gondoliers, at the boat-landing beneath us, burnishing with laborious care the steel prows and the brass sea-horses that deck their craft. But little by little the fog grows transparent, and the two pale domes of St. Mary of Safety, shimmering with the tints of an opal in the early sunlight, define themselves on the pale blue sky. The Venetian day has begun.

If any single building in Venice is conspicuous not only as a beautiful, but as a characteristic and unique landmark, it is this white-domed church. Many neighboring cities possess towers that resemble those of Venice. In fact, there are one or two others here in Venice that are so confusingly like the great Campanile that we cannot reckon its towering mass as peculiar to Venice alone. St. Mark's Church is too hidden to be a prominent landmark in a general view, and the Ducal Palace is too simple in outline to count by itself as a noticeable feature from a distance. But from every side of approach the coupled domes of Santa Maria della Salute nobly mark the entrance to the Grand Canal. It is not often that such signal success awaits the architect who conceives a general scheme so unusual and so fantastic. Still more rarely does this happen when he is bound by the dogmas and proportions of classic orders. It is true, one does not find here extreme purity of detail, yet whether seen on the canal side, where, reached by a beautiful flight of steps, the church rises above a deserted little piazza, or from the side of the Giudecca, where its domes and twin towers soar above a green grove of trees, it forms a wonderful and successful composition; and its general mass is perhaps the most beautiful that any Renaissance church can offer.

Besides, as is fitting in Venice, its white walls rise visibly from the sea, and its pearly domes are reflected upon a mile or two of green waters. Venice would doubtless be beautiful if it did not thus front upon and mirror itself in these broad expanses of shining sea; but what an added charm this gives to it! We go to Venice, perhaps, thinking to study architecture, and the sparkling lagoon with its craft and sea life quite entices us away from buildings. With a fresh breeze we leave the Riva, and gradually the city grows distant, and, hanging between sea and sky, fades away into such opalescent and translucent hues as its glass-workers have caught and imprisoned in their handiwork of beaker and vase. The green waters are flecked with whitecaps. Fishing *burchios*, with dragnets spread and sails half raised, drift broadside with the wind. Up through the winding channel, that is marked by long lines of piles, come huge *trabaccoli* with bellying sails banded and starred with red and yellow. Very handily do these great boats tack and sail to windward. Both they and the *bragozzi* of Chioggia are boxlike, flat-bottomed structures, with no centre or weather boards; and the secret of their power lies in the great rudder which goes far below the boat's bottom, and forms a most effective centre-board that can be raised in shallow waters. Their rounded bows end in extraordinary curves, and on each side of the bow is carved and painted an immense eye. "What are they for?" we ask of the gondolier. "You would not look right, signori," says he, "without eyes, and my gondola would look queer without its steel prow;" and in like man-

ner, and because it always has thus been adorned, the trabaccolo must have its useless eyes, and has had them since Greeks rowed from Athens to Syracuse, or Romans cruised off the Carthaginian shore.

A wealth of color, orange, or red, or brown, or pale blue, is given to the views of the lagoon by the sails of all these craft. We see them in every variety, as the fishing-boats cruise outside of Chioggia and along the coast by Rimini and Ancona. When the fishermen come to Venice very early on Sunday morning to mass, and to market, their boats, draped with loose-hanging sails and drying nets, are moored in picturesque masses along the Riva and against the wooded banks of the Public Gardens. They look like a row of brilliant butterflies sunning their outspread wings. One sail bears on its glowing surface a huge Madonna, another a flying horse, and still others crosses, circles, and bands, all broadly sponged by rude hands upon the canvas. The forecastle, also, is adorned with sacred paintings and carvings, and an angel is painted on either side of the stern. A handsome crew, looking and talking like pirates and cut-throats, are thus surrounded by holy pictures and images. Each sailor wears an amulet around his neck, and at the mast-head swings a tangled flag-vane decked with pious emblems and surmounted by the cross.

When we leave the broad and silvery stretches of the lagoon, how green and silent are the shallow, smooth waters as the gondola glides by the white dome and turrets of the church at the Campo Santo, or through the dull canals of Murano, amid heavy-laden barges and by deserted houses! By such ways we come to where the lonely tower of Torcello keeps watch over wide expanses of flat and marsh. Remembering that we are architects, we hastily look at the Byzantine capitals and ambones in the chill death-stricken church, and come back, shuddering at the damp and the cold, to find the azure sky, the fresh greensward, the distant snow-clad Alps, and the far-stretching luminous waters of the lagoon more beautiful and enchanting than ever.

A huge chimney on the outside of one house on the canal attracts us. We land, and a whole family welcomes us to a table where steaming *polenta* is served for the midday meal. This huge chimney, like many another at Burano and Chioggia, serves a fireplace large enough to have windows in it and a seat all around the hearth. One can walk all about in these fireplaces, and they make one think of winter evenings and northern climes. But after all, an architect hardly comes to Venice to study such cosy nooks, and it would seem as if even the enticing green lagoon should not call him away from such a city of palaces. In fact, sooner or later, the palaces do assert their right to admiration. One is then most forcibly struck with their essentially modern character. Whether Gothic or Renaissance, the palace façades are free and open, with rows of windows and airy galleries, — truly modern fronts. It was an original and clever notion of the Gothic palace builders to frame in their great masses of windows with broad bands enriched with dog-tooth or carving. Colored materials also lend to the Gothic palaces their charms, and serpentine and porphyry toned by the hand of time enliven these gracious buildings with their soft hues. Cusp and arch and balcony and trefoil and cornice assume elegant curves. There is no rudeness or coarse picturesqueness, such as often characterizes northern Gothic work. A front like that of Desdemona's house would not look rough or uncouth, nor out of keeping with modern life, in any modern city. It is the northern Gothic detail become polished and refined and modern. No wonder that when the English Gothic revival was at its height, thirty years ago, its disciples drew inspiration from Venice. Without such help, they found it a difficult problem to turn an English or French mediæval façade,

with great wall surfaces and a few pointed windows, into a modern front, where the essential thing is to permit floods of light to penetrate a deep building.

As we float down the Grand Canal, we pass one by one the great Renaissance palaces, and we are again struck, as in the case of the Gothic palaces, not only with their grandeur, but with their modern character. In designing great buildings to-day, much help may be gained by studying these rich, well-lighted, stately fronts. But to any one who has been studying Renaissance detail at Urbino or Rome, or among the tombs of Florence, or who cares for the work of Donatello and Mino da Fiesole, the carving on this Renaissance work in Venice, beautiful though it be, is yet a disappointment. We can say this, even remembering the dainty work that covers the church of the Miracoli. It may be the material in which it is wrought, or it may be the touch of the workman, but, despite its amount and richness, there is something hard and mechanical about the Venetian Renaissance carving, and it falls far short of the Florentine and Roman standard. Perhaps, as the architecture of Venice is so largely one of incrustation and of applied and inlaid marbles, we unconsciously miss the serious solid stonework of Florence and Rome, or the rugged qualities of the terra cotta of more northern cities. To be sure, the great later palaces are built of solid stone, but in them we should be glad to find even the carving we criticise in the earlier palaces. We may agree to except Sansovino's stately library, but in the others the carvings and the details seem clumsy and out of scale. We long to see these superb masses carried out with mouldings and carving such as adorn the Cancelleria or Farnese, or the other Renaissance palaces in Rome, or the Pandolfini and Rucellai palaces in Florence, and with details such as Bramante and Alberti and Peruzzi would have permitted in their work. But after wondering, as we float along the Grand Canal, how the architects of these imposing piles were satisfied with such clumsy detail, we enter the grand apartments in the Doges' Palace. Here Scamozzi and Palladio and Sansovino worked hand in hand with Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian, and Bonifazio, to record the victories and the glory of their country. All over the walls are paintings of the naval combats of Venice. Galleys with many banks of oars charge upon Saracens and Genoese, and amid the golden frames and azure skies of the ceilings Venice sits enthroned, and the heroes and heroines both of Parnassus and of the Old Testament lend their vigorous sensuous presence to give color and life to the surrounding decorations. Nowhere have painter, carver, and architect worked in better accord, and nowhere with more brilliant results. What a stately series of chambers! What combinations of dark paneling and gorgeous gold frames and decorative coloring! They are the most splendid and sumptuous rooms in Europe, — so wonderful, so handsome, so sumptuous, that they make a distinct architectural impression on every one.

Venice stands alone among cities in the number of such impressions offered to her visitors. The world does not contain many buildings the first sight of which sends a thrill through the frame, and which become indelibly impressed on the memory. One does not forget the nave of Amiens cathedral, as the host is raised and solemn stillness broods over the crowds of ardent worshipers; or St. Paul's dome in London, raising its great cross above bridge and river and city into the murky sky; or St. Ouen's crown of Normandy, shooting its tangled traceries high above roof and pinnacle out of the green treetops in the little wooded park at Rouen; or the stately grandeur of the Farnese palace; or the awe-inspiring size of the mighty Coliseum. Such effective scenes are to be met with here and there in Europe, but they are more abundant

in Venice than elsewhere. For here the church of St. Mark, within and without, is unique, and beyond comparison with any other Christian church; the Salute and San Giorgio, the Ducal Palace and the Piazzetta, are certainly objects of the most wondrous grace; and possibly, to the architect, the interior of the Ducal Palace yields to none of them for the impression it leaves of grandeur, stateliness, and a familiar because modern type of beauty.

They let one wander at will around the lofts and galleries of San Marco. All through those "dim caves of beaten gold" one can keep close company with the gaunt long-robed prophets, the white-winged angels, the martyrs, and the patriarchs set in that golden firmament. Below us we see the worshipers kneeling in crowds on that wonderful storm-tossed pavement, and our eyes try to pierce the gloom where, under the sumptuous *baldacchino*, rest in splendor the much-traveled remains of St. Mark.

We emerge upon the outer galleries amid the forest of marble vegetation and the myriad statues of angels, prophets, and saints. We touch the Greek horses that were modeled perhaps in the days of Pericles, and then we look down with a momentary surprise on the sunlit Piazza, bright with the world of to-day, the smart Italian officers, the eager tourists, and the happy children from beyond sea feeding the doves of St. Mark.

To-day there is *festa* in San Marco, and an unusual vesper service at the high altar; so we descend, and from a dark corner watch the solemn evening pageant. In the deep shadows of the sanctuary blaze countless lights. The aged dignitaries, in rich and sparkling vestments, move here and there, and kneel and read, while younger men serve the incense and reverently bear the great books; and all the while the white-robed choir of men in the gallery above sing the vesper music. As the loud organ begins to grow a little wearisome there is a sudden hush. Then on the stillness, from far aloft above the sanctuary's gloom, is heard the sweet treble of a boys' choir, and the harmony of their evening choral floats through the golden vaults. Three verses of what sounds like an old German hymn they sing; simple, harmonious, innocent, solemn. Sweet choral from innocent throats! Noble temple! Worthy house of prayer! rich as no other with gold, and color, and ritual, and rising clouds of incense!

The organ notes cease. The day dies. We grope our way through the darkly glittering church, and come out upon the Piazzetta, to find it also flooded with a golden haze. The white churches and palaces set against the golden sky are repeated in the golden waters, and the last rays of the setting sun permeate and glorify this new golden miracle.

Later, when the darkness of evening falls over the city, we turn the corner of Sansovino's library and wander across the Piazzetta. The black vault of the sky is studded with sparkling stars, and above San Giorgio the full moon rides high, showering with its light the surrounding waters, and defining in dark masses the island church. Upwards shoots the slender tower above that long line of dome and nave, while the buildings of the port and the convent bring down the composition to the water-line. Yes, perhaps the interior of San Giorgio, though correct and refined, is cold and repelling. Perhaps the façade does lend itself to Mr. Ruskin's criticisms so that he can bring himself to say that "it is impossible to conceive a design more gross, more barbarous, more childish in conception, more severe in plagiarism, more insipid in result, more contemptible under every point of rational regard." And yet the less critical observer must avow that, whether you call it stage effect or architecture, a great thing was done when the architect turned that wonderful site to such advantage, and gave to the world such a beautiful object as that graceful church. Certainly this mass of

rose and amber, poised between the sky and the wide waters of the lagoon, is one of the few groups of building in this wide world which most appeals to the traveler, and which no visitor to Venice can ever forget.

The night advances. Tattoo is sounded; across the moonlit waters we hear the bugles respond to the band, as the patrol marches merrily down the Riva degli Schiavoni. We look over to San Giorgio from beneath the awnings of our balcony. The black reflection of its tower comes in a long line to our feet across the silvery ripples. Gondolas flit here and there, and cross the dazzling track of the moonlight. Tinkling guitars sound from the barges. A tenor on the steps of the Salute sings, and from far up the canal the guitars and chorus send an answering refrain. Our day in Venice closes! "Venezia benedetta non te vogio piu lasar." So sings the chorus as it floats away into the night; and then all is silence, save for the sound of lapping waves and the distant warning cry of a belated gondolier.

Robert Swain Peabody.

WEATHER AND WEATHER WISDOM.

"Il me semble que personne n'aime autant *tout* que moi; . . . toutes les saisons, tous les états atmosphériques, la neige en hiver, les pluies d'automne, le printemps et ses folies, les tranquilles journées, et les belles nuits avec ses étoiles brillantes." — MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

"Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees,"

man finds himself linked inseparably to those manifestations of nature's processes which we call the weather: oscillations of heat and cold; the succession of calm and storm, each with its varying interludes of sunlight, cloud, shower, rainbow, mist, fog, rain, snow, hail, and sleet. And although talking of the weather is popularly considered the refuge of the commonplace, a safe alternative to silence, the weather is, in "this kaleidoscopic medley of atoms in transient combination we call the earth," not only essentially the one perennially interesting subject, but the one which of all others helps to keep alive poetry in a world tending more and more to prose.

The first strivings of the human mind after the relation of physical comfort or discomfort to outside causes must have been in the direction of awe, wonder, then curiosity, finally prescience, concerning the threat or promise of the weather. All early myth and folk-lore is penetrated by weather observation and weather poetry, as it might be called, for all rudimentary mythic conceptions gave personal identity to wind, cloud, sun, hail, and rain. More than this, some explanation of existing conditions which made the gods presiding over the weather sometimes favorable, and again threatening, to mortals, is generally to be found in the chronicles or legends of primitive peoples. For example, the Maoris have an elaborate myth recounting the passion of the sky for the earth, which resulted in a numerous progeny: the ocean, the wind, the forests, the hills, etc. Yet so tender and so clinging remained the intermingling embrace of these lovers that the offspring, dwarfed, crushed, denied free play, leagued together to push apart their father and mother: forests and hills rose between them, the ocean rushed in. Thus divorced from his spouse, the sky, bending low, often weeps and rages in convulsions of sorrow and of wrath, while the earth rends her breast, and her sighs in soft exhalations arise. Trained although moderns are to understand the general facts of physical science, this in-

stinct to vitalize and personify the elements and every manifestation of force in nature still remains inherent in human minds. At any portent in the sky it is the imagination which first asserts itself: gods are in the storm, and certain similes of demons, dragons, giants, phantoms, which in the old mystic period of religion, with its belief in the conflict in the air of opposing spiritual forces menacing flesh and blood, came spontaneously to savage minds, still seem better to express the monstrous shapes of mists like Titans climbing the mountain side, the writhing column of a waterspout, the marshaling of clouds foretelling the approach of winter, even the flaming shafts of a stormy sunrise, than the scientific jargon of relative humidity, rotatory motion, atmospheric pressure, or optical phenomena. In fact, had meteorology been from the beginning of things established as a fixed science, with clear formulas of cause and effect, a powerful stimulus to thought and observation would have been lost, and all the arts would have missed a source of inspiration. And not even in an epoch of signal service bulletins founded on reports of the divergences of the weather over an entire continent, and a clear theory of the laws governing atmospheric currents and the phenomena of storms, is meteorology established as a fixed science. Where the weather is concerned, it is still the unexpected that happens, very much as it happened when weather wisdom was made up of the results of experience and intuition, and prediction still wore the garb of fancy. Indeed, in certain periods when the weather tries to sound all its stops, and to invent new combinations in the way of blizzards, cyclones, deluges of forty days and forty nights, frosts in May, or even halcyon calms or a stretch of idyllic spring in January, the merely scientific mind limps after it in vain. The blizzard of March, 1888, came without other warning than that of a peculiar appearance in the heavens on Sunday noon, as if a black band of cloud had been stretched across the zenith. The great snowstorms, attended by intense cold, which swept over the country last February, breaking the record of winter temperature all through the Southern States, were left chiefly to herald their own approach; but this they did effectively with sun-dogs and halos round the moon so preternaturally luminous as to create a weird impression on the mind of the most casual spectator. The terrible gulf storms of August and October, 1893, were also unsignaled, except by the bulletins they sent forth in the great columns of vapor blown up from behind the southern horizon, twisted into marvelous shapes under the force of a violent wind which belonged only to the regions of the upper air. These clouds, resembling nothing so much as the steam from a boiling caldron, altered all the conditions of the atmosphere: hills and mountains seemed to soar to aerial heights; there was a tremendous magnification of all distances; any descent became a gulf. Even in this latitude, no one, after a glance at the sky, could have the faintest doubt that the weather was brewing mischief, yet the barometer failed to show any remarkable fluctuations.

It is this continued mystery concerning the operations of the weather in the face of every scientific device for comparing and noting each modification, change, and feature, which helps to keep alive a certain superstitious instinct. The oldest proverbs and prophecies still enjoy a lease of life: —

> "If St. Paul be fair and clear,
> Then betides a happy year."

> "If St. Swithin weep, that year, the proverb says,
> The weather will be foul for forty days."

> "If Janiveer calends be summerly gay,
> 'T will be winterly weather till the calends of May.
> If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
> Winter will have another flight."

So on endlessly. And any modern weather prophet who undertakes to set

down a schedule, so to say, of the weather for six months to come, foretelling on some particular date a storm of destructive fury, is certain to find hundreds of believers in his auguries; and on the morning of the predicted calamity not a few usually rational people will rise with a belief that something portentous is at hand.

The actual cause of those violent storms which come without warning seems to be that there are accidents in the upper atmosphere, due to the encounter of currents of unequal velocity and temperature, or of two or more areas of pressure moving in opposite directions, resulting in sudden and dangerous variations of wind, and in unusual precipitation of rain, hail, or snow.

Goethe, in one of his conversations with Eckermann, speaking of his strong faith in the barometer, remarks: —

"The thing is very simple, and I abide by what is simple and comprehensive without being disturbed by occasional deviations. High barometer, dry weather, east wind; low barometer, wet weather and west wind: this is the general rule. Should wet clouds blow hither now and then when the barometer is high and the wind east, or if we have a blue sky with a west wind, this does not disturb me or make me lose my faith in the general rule. I merely observe that many collateral influences exist, the nature of which we do not understand. . . . Nature has ever something problematical in reserve which man's faculties are insufficient to fathom."

Old sailors and fishermen on the seacoast, shepherds in hilly and mountainous regions, are instinctively weather-wise, and their least word is often worth more than whole volumes on the subject of meteorology. Men alongshore judge chiefly by the look of the horizon in connection with the direction of the wind and the turn of the tide. They also talk oracularly about the change of the moon. Landsmen observe the shape of the clouds in reference to the wind, the creeping up or down of mists, the comparative nearness or remoteness of certain points in the distance. Each wind has its own distinguishing characteristic. "Beware of the butt end of a nor'wester and the tail end of a nor'easter," they will say. Southerly winds are to be mistrusted, since they gather fury in a region where their progress is unrecorded save by disaster; let the wind "shift a p'int," and it may be better calculated on. Scuds on the water foretell rain; so does the descent of smoke from a chimney; also light, fleecy morning vapors which take no shape; as well as "mare's-tails," those plumy, radiating, far-off cirri which spread in two directions, showing contrary currents in the upper atmosphere.

Another bit of weather-lore in doggerel is, —

> "Mackerel sky,
> Never long dry."

When the whole circumference of the heavens from horizon to zenith is filled with alternate waves of cloud and azure, so dappled and blended together, so light, foamy, aerial, that one's sense is lost in watching the multitudinous luminous ripple, especially if the phenomena occur at night, with the moon irradiating the whole upper ocean, — that is a mackerel sky. Very sickly glittering stars; very brilliant and very large stars; stars surrounded by a sort of nimbus; any kind of a circle or circles round the moon; also great shapes of vapor resembling the hulk of a ship, called by some "Noah's Ark," — all these signs and indications are declared by the wise to foretell bad weather, together with an infinity of other signs and other indications, all of which not unfrequently, in a dry time, exert their force in vain. "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?" asks Elihu of Job.

Borne forward as is the earth in the midst of the infinite heavens at a speed of more than a million and a half miles

a day; penetrating a space filled with myriads of bodies, coexistent and related to it as it to them in the very constitution of law and matter; drawn hither and repelled thither by attractions, by perturbations; whirling on its axis at the rate, in this latitude, of about fourteen miles a minute; balancing itself by the action of opposite forces, — we unimportant atoms on the earth's surface, adhering to it only by virtue of its central attraction, in no wise essential to the general scheme of things, yet snatching thirstily at our little interval of time with a sense of its pathetic insignificance in the infinity of space and eternity, and discussing eagerly the Whence and Whither of the cosmic revelation, — we unimportant atoms, I say, should be presumptuous atoms if we considered that physics, laws of gravitation, attraction, rotation, and mutation, permitted the wisest to sum up the weather and its phenomena in a cut-and-dried formula.

That may be done for climate. Mrs. Hackit, for example, "regulated her costume by the calendar, and brought out her furs on the first of November, whatever might be the temperature. She was not a woman to accommodate herself to shilly-shally proceedings," — meaning the weather. Climate, in comparison with the weather, is simple as a question of the Rule of Three. Given a certain distance from the equator, a certain altitude, a certain relative position to the great seas, lakes, or mountains, and a certain average of dryness or humidity, heat or cold, is the result. The weather calls for quite a different set of propositions, and with the clearest equations its x, y, z, remain unknown quantities until practically realized. It has been said that climate is the rule, and weather the exception; and indeed, the charm of the weather, like that of a woman, lies in its infinite variety. A good climate is an excellent thing to fall back on, like a small fixed income; yet what gives even the best of climates its constant heightening of values, its changing harmonies of color and light, belongs to the bold, speculative spirit of the weather, always embarking on fresh venture and pushing innovation to its limit. A bad climate, on the other hand, may be said to be like a chronic disease, mitigated by the weather's manifold possibilities of stimulus and solace, just as an arid region is sometimes raised into beauty by startling atmospheric effects. The weather has altered the whole face of the earth, it has altered history. Let the learned deal with glacial periods and other primitive upheavals, but what was the deluge except universal bad weather? Was it not weather that conquered the Spanish Armada, preserved England and the Protestant faith, thus maintaining the balance of Europe, not to say throwing the weight of the scale on the side of modern progress? Was it not weather — Tolstóy and scientific historians notwithstanding — that conquered Napoleon in Russia? Since, had he but consulted the storks and the cranes, in the autumn of 1812, — so the story goes, — he would have known that a winter of unprecedented cold was at hand; for they broke up their households and flew south weeks before the time of their usual migration. A gleam of unexpected sunshine has precipitated epoch-making battles, and fog and rain, snow and hail, have fought for and against the side of the heaviest artillery. "Capt. January," that powerful auxiliary of the Czar Nicholas in the war of the Crimea, was nothing but the weather. Arctic explorers could long ago have conquered all the difficulties offered by the arctic climate; what defeats them is some unexpected combination of arctic weather. The subject of what malapropos bad weather has done for the private history of each one of us has never been gone into exhaustively, and it would require a separate chapter to give any adequate idea of how powerfully, in the way of lapsed opportunities and defeated cli-

maxes, the weather preponderates as a factor in human success or failure.

Our civilization sometimes seems to be chiefly a defense against the weather, "the heat o' the sun" and "the furious winter's rages;" and what offered such ample leisure for those early mellow civilizations which girdled the happy Mediterranean to put their great thoughts into stupendous works of art was the fine climate. Was it because the Romans suffered from ennui that, not content with being masters of a world where sunshine and clear skies were the rule, and no exception, they were smitten by the desire to find out what was behind the fogs of Britain and the winds of Gaul and Germany, and, invading those gloomy regions of cloud, tempest, and ice, yielded up their secret of a fine climate to a clever enemy? "Climate," by the way, comes from a Greek word, while "weather," bristling with every possibility which can make it the scourge of men, is Teutonic in its origin.

Is it necessary to say that the unequal distribution of land and water on the face of the globe, the irregularities of the earth's surface, the earth's daily revolutions, the succession of day and night, sunlight and darkness, causing fluctuations of temperature, all help to create those two powerful spirits of the weather, the vapor and the wind? "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours," Hamlet says, with one of those felicitous guesses at the mystery of things which discount the worth of arduous scientific discoveries. Seas, lakes, rivers, every pond and pool and marsh, all are alike constantly engaged in yielding up vapor. From each hollow, each ravine, ascends, palpably or impalpably, a mist. As soon as the sun declines from field, meadow, and lawn, the invisible atmospheric moisture, the presence of which is revealed only by the most delicate gauge, but which gives color to the grass, the flowers, the foliage, the blue bloom to the distance and to the air, becomes visible in the shape of dew, popularly supposed to descend from the skies. Should the air be colder than the grass, this moisture may arise in the shape of fog; but if, as is usual in settled weather, the air remains warmer than the herbage, it takes the form of spheroidal drops on each blade of grass or leaf,

"And hangs a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

A rose drenched in dew, one of the loveliest of objects, is also a sure harbinger of a fine day, since dew is never developed except when the evenings are calm and clear, all indications normal. On cloudy or windy nights dew does not take shape, and the weather-wise, finding the grass dry at dawn, predict rain. Yet it must be added that an especially heavy white frost, which is merely frozen dew, the result of the operation to which we have alluded, called scientifically nocturnal radiation, is supposed to indicate a change of weather within forty-eight hours, probably a southerly storm.

From the fact that in most parts of the earth the atmosphere must always be more or less saturated with humidity, it is clear that any decrease in temperature, from change of wind or other cause, will make this humidity visible in the form of mist, fog, or cloud, which is a mere grouping of vapors in some clearly defined shape. Thus, sometimes, in a mountain region, one feels, while watching the mists boil up from the ravines and valleys as from a veritable witch's caldron, as if one were admitted to the laboratory where weather is made. Some of these seething vapors, like wreaths of steam from a locomotive or factory engine, mount beautifully and majestically, maintaining color and form, until, dissipated by the sun's rays or absorbed

by the drier air, they disappear, and leave no trace. Again, they creep, they climb, they reach some point of vantage and take possession; gradually the valleys become a sea of fog; the mountain peaks first loom, then seem to recede as they are by degrees swallowed up; the sun grows unreal, its light fantastic, then is obscured. Mists do not invariably rise. Often, on the leeward side of one of the high peaks of a range, a transparent wreath of vapor will appear like a pennon, flutter for a time, then vanish. Now it is here, now it is gone; but it comes again, and the watcher knows what it means. Certain mountains, like Pilatus at Lucerne, for example, may cover and uncover their heads without its meaning more than some local access of humidity; but in any chain there is almost certain to be one elevation where the storm plants its white standard, then summons its hosts. Soon similar ragged fragments of mist follow all along the line; when these finally meet, merge, and descend, spreading a threatening mass over the landscape, the deluge is at hand.

These unceasing activities of vapor in its many forms are such obvious effective agents in making the storm and the whirlwind, it is not strange that from the earliest times they have powerfully impressed the imagination of men. The Old Testament is full of rich and poetic metaphors concerning the clouds. In the mythology of the Greeks the clouds became animate creatures, playing an active part in every-day existence. The greatest of gods and goddesses summoned clouds like chariots to transport them hither and thither; they appeared to mortals in the form of cloud, veiled their operations behind a cloud, and, watching the fortune of their favorite heroes in battle, encircled them in clouds and snatched them from danger. Clouds were indeed the favorite stage mechanism on Olympus. In the Clouds of Aristophanes, Socrates thus invokes them: "O Sovereign King, immeasurable Air, who keepest the earth balanced, and blazing Ether, and sublime goddesses, ye Clouds of lightning and of thunder, arise, appear, dread queens, in midair, to your Thinker." And again: "Come, then, ye reverend Clouds, honor this neophyte with your dread beauty! Whether upon Olympos' holy snow-swept peaks ye sit, or in the gardens of father ocean weave the dance, or on the white eyries of Mimas, listen, receive our sacrifice, and be gracious to our rites."

In fact, along with the mountains and the sea, clouds possess the attribute of lifting, transforming, and glorifying themselves into shapes of such wonderful sublimity that they give us perpetually a fresh creation to marvel at and rejoice in; and (to quote Ruskin) "there is added to this a spirit-like feeling, a capricious mocking imagery of passion, of life totally different from any effects of inanimate form that the earth can show," — all of which helped to lend a sort of probability to early myths that those vital yet elusive shapes harbored the operations of the gods.

To come back, however, to some realizable modern idea, let us take that of Shelley, who, with curious scientific accuracy as well as poetic felicity, says of the cloud: —

> "I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the sky:
> I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
> I change, but I cannot die."

It is this incessant metamorphosis of the vapors in the atmosphere which gives us constantly a new heaven and a new earth; no day the repetition of a vanished day, but each as it were redipped in the colors of living fire. Watch on successive fine mornings the first vibrations of color in the east, and no opal is so variable in hue. If yesterday the horizons showed a universal soft rose flush, to-day they were violet, and to-

morrow may be pale primrose, yellow, or orange, or shading imperceptibly into mellow blendings of every tint. A year ago this summer, Jupiter and Venus, with the old moon at times making a third in the northeast, were set, dawn after dawn, against skies each day different, yet so exquisite in tone, so unerringly lovely, one felt involuntarily, "Who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?" Yet this wealth of coloring was but a study of vapors playing their variations on the broken beams of light; vapors, rising, falling, held in suspense, their lease of existence depending on propitious or contrary air currents, relative humidity, and radiation. Compare the different aerial conditions of sunbeam, mist, and cloud which attend the sun's setting, and awake not only a feeling of poetry, a kind of artistic perception, but an instant sense of what the foretokening may mean regarding the next day's weather: a ball of fire seeming to burn on the far edge of the world, then to drop into a gulf of nothingness, leaving behind only a tawny and crimson glimmer; a dull orb holding up a screen of dun violet, through which it smoulders like a burned-out coal (one of the strange effects which the Japanese so easily transfer to their pictures); a luminary descending in an intolerable blaze of glory, absorbing into itself every ray of color and light, and leaving a pale primrose sky behind; a heavy bank of clouds, from which the sun sinks hopelessly, then, the moment he is beneath the horizon, turns every wreath of vapor in the whole firmament to gold, rose, purple, or crimson.

Each of us recalls certain sunsets which continue to burn in the memory. Once, at Antwerp, watching from the window of a hotel near the Quai Van Dyck, overlooking the river and its lowlands, the flight of a shower which had come up late on an August day, I saw, through the thin rain which fell as if a mist of gold, the sun break forth from the heavy storm clouds and emerge into an open space. Instantly all the many windings of the Scheldt between its pale green banks were changed to dazzling sheen, still seen through that thin, slow-dropping golden mist of rain. The piled-up vapors, retreating, gathered overhead as into a vast canopy with an intensely luminous lining, while the upper masses turned amber, tawny, and purple with veinings of crimson. Wider and wider opened the azure rift in the west as the tempest moved eastward, but still that same transparent shower of gold continued to fall between me and the sun, — a shining veil which hid nothing, yet transfigured every object, and caught up the masts and rigging of the shipping along the piers, and the many windings of the river, into a full tide of glory.

It is not alone the landscape which weather-effects can change as by the trick of a stage transformation scene. London on a misty morning, with the dome of St. Paul's hanging in midair above the vapors; Paris with its bridges and its towers half hidden in fog and rain, the gargoyles on the pinnacles of Notre Dame pouring forth streams of water, disclose new beauties, or become fantastic and unreal with aspects unappreciable in every-day schemes of form and color. Every New England village enjoys at least once or twice each winter a mystical transfiguration after a fall of snow which follows a slight rainfall, or an "ice-storm," as a freezing rain is called, when every tree and shrub becomes a fairy structure, every twig and bough a wand made up of starry crystals. In fact, delightful as is fine weather, it becomes monotonous without the different effects which attend the coming and going of storms, etherealizing the every-day and familiar. Bad weather has such wonderful activities, — at once creator and destroyer as it is, — from retouching with color the emerald of fern and moss and the turquoise of Alpine forget-me-nots to lashing the sea into tempest.

Lovers of sunshine and blue skies as we may be, we still best kindle into a sense of freedom at an encounter with storm and tempest. Take, for example, a day in mid-ocean, with the sea black, writhing, convulsed with fury, as if bound in fetters from which it longs to escape; the sky alternately bright and obscured by misty scud, as from the windward a series of squalls come flying up, whitening the black waters as they strike, and sending before them a blinding mist of salt spray, until they break — a solid mass of wind and hail and rain and snow — upon the ship, which trembles and pitches to leeward, staggering like a wounded thing. When one squall has passed, and the sun shines again out of a vivid blue sky dappled with fleecy clouds, and only the changing colors in the horizon and the heaving yeast of the black waves show the danger past and the danger to come, we have a joy in the rush and roar of the elements; the sense of a power rushing on uncurbed to do its will has lent us its quickening impulse. Let me quote a passage from George Meredith full of this tingle and thrill of exultation: —

"Rain was universal: a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder muttered remote, and between the muffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling much like that of the swine's trough fresh filled, as though a vast assembly of the hungered had seaten themselves clamorously and fallen on to meats and drinks in silence save of the claps. A rapid walker, poetically and humorously minded, gathers multitudes of images on his way. And rain the heaviest you can meet is a lively companion whom the resolute pacer scorns disdainful of wet clothes and squeaking boots. Southwestern rain-clouds are never long sullen; they enfold and will have the earth in a good strong glut of the kissing overflow; then, as a hawk with feather in his beak of the bird in his claw lifts head, they rise and take veiled feature in long climbing watery lines; at any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the green of grass in early dew; or along a traveling sweep that rolls asunder overhead, heaven's laughter, of purest blue among titanic white shoulders; it may mean fair smiling for a while or the lightest interlude, but the watery lines and the drifting, the chasing, the upsoaring, all in a shadowy fingering of form and the animation of the leaves of the tree pointing them on, the bending of the treetops, the snapping of branches, and the hurrahings of the stubborn hedge which wrestles with the flaws yielding but a leaf at most, and that on a fling, make a glory of contest and wildness without. Let him be drenched, but his heart will sing. The taking of sun and rain alike befits men of our climate, and he who would have the secret of a strengthening intoxication must court the clouds of the southwest with a lover's blood."

Love of the weather is, no doubt, like love of landscape, a modern sentiment, the beau-ideal of the ancients being a place

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly."

And it is perhaps our clearer apprehension of certain fixed laws of nature, our sense of practical conquest of the forces of the physical world, and, above all, our nineteenth-century contrivances for personal comfort which enable us to bring this enlargement of view, this æsthetic perception, into our enjoyment of any display of elemental force. Ignorant, superstitious, with a sense of being at the mercy of vindictive powers, the early peoples might well shrink and cower before experiences which thrill with rapture our blood and our brain. Indeed, in certain provinces of France, the church-bells are still rung during violent storms, to show the demons which are making mischief in the air that the celestial

powers are being invoked. Throughout the Bible, there is everywhere shown, together with a high sense of the sublimity attending all its phenomena, a terrible dread of the wind, and prefigured in Revelation are "four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree."

Of course we know that, in spite of its occasional devastating fury, nothing is actually so beneficent as the wind: that it results from the earth's accumulation of solar energy; that without the wind the vapors encompassing the globe would cling like a pall, cold, dead, miasmatic; that the wind is simply a rush of air towards a vacuum, thus maintaining the general equilibrium, since hot air must rise and cold fall, creating constantly local eddies which are influenced by, and influence in their turn, the two great upper currents to and from the equator and the poles.

That to the idea of wind can be linked images of vague horror may be seen in Claudio's shuddering appeal: —

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
. . . . . .
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world."

Yet in the zephyr which only stirs the poplar and the birch, in the breeze which fans and refreshes, and in the rising gale are stimulus and inspiration.

"If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable!"

So Shelley wrote, under the intoxication of longing to become a part of the great onward sweep of the west wind. On a hot day in summer, when nothing moves under the untempered brilliance of sun and sky, when the leaves of the trees hang like the tongues of panting dogs, the first cool breath of air which turns the leaves of the willows hoary and makes the poplars silver brings a quickened impulse to existence. The gust may be but a passing sigh; it may be the precursor of a general change of weather; it may be the herald of an advancing cyclone. From the summer solstice to the equinox, the great upper atmospheric currents, charged with electricity, come often into sharp encounter, creating the dangerous eddies which end in cyclones, hurricanes, and whirlwinds. It has already been observed that the shape and color of the clouds are most frequently the index to any powerful atmospheric disturbance, and before a real equatorial cyclone the cumuli become fantastic and threatening in form, taking on orange and crimson lights, throwing coppery reflections on sea and land, while round the horizon are to be observed bands of black cloud. The barometer (usually) begins to fall, and an oppressive calm along with a suffocating air helps to make the presence of something portentous felt. The cyclone which has been already revolving in the upper air descends. "Jagged remnants of reddish or black cloud are borne furiously along by the tempest. An obscure mass becomes visible in the stormy part of the sky, and, increasing in size, gradually covers the firmament with a veil of darkness, often accompanied by a blood-red glitter. . . . The gusts which rend the air during the time the cyclone continues are said to create a noise like the roaring of wild beasts. . . . Generally speaking, the action of electricity is superadded to the violence of the air in motion; flashes of lightning descend like sheets of flame."

Of the ravages and disaster wrought by these terrible disturbances we know only too much, even in our latitude. "Then the beasts go into dens, and remain in their places," says the book of Job. "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind: and cold out of the north."

It is by experience of these cyclones, whirlwinds, blizzards, that we in some

measure realize how we are but creatures of the atmosphere, over which we have no control, although by some knowledge of the general laws of its currents and their periodic disturbances and fluctuations we may be able not only to predict the approach of most storms, but to use judgment and discretion in choosing a place to live where comparative peace and safety may brood over the habitations of men. But this part of the subject is beyond our scheme. Sitting out on a summer's night under the open heavens, with the translucent atmosphere left by the mellow sunset behind us, and facing the horizon, where already burns Mars, and rise one by one the constellations, we become curiously sensible of the rapidity of the earth's motion as we dip to the east. The mind conceives the idea of our whirl through space with a high, exulting, fortifying sense of our being related to the great universal plan. But the inspiration of such moments can be only momentary. Finite we are, and we love the finite, and find our comfort in the nearness and the littleness of things. Great disasters and upheavals, like the Samoan storm, like the volcanic eruption which swallowed up Krakatoa, have their influence in keeping alive a sense of the contrast between our individual dream of the world and the universal plan. Do we not still remember vividly the sequel of the catastrophe of Krakatoa; how, through the autumn and winter, every sunrise and sunset, endlessly prolonged, was invested with strange and beautiful lights, trembling, palpitating, and burning over the sky, — not only rose and amber and orange and violet, but gradations of lucent colors without a name, half chrysoprase, half amethyst, never before seen except in the visions of the Apocalypse or the waving of the banners of the aurora borealis?

Nevertheless, the truly precious signs to the lover of weather and of weather-lore are to be read in the aspects of earth and sky in every hour of the day and every day of the year. And certain writers who, within the circle of the horizon seen from their own windows, have noted and preserved every prognostic, every breath of change, every modification of the weather, its relation to their own habits, their own health, and the habits and health of their own four-footed live creatures, to the coming and going and mating and nesting of the birds, the blossoming of the flowers, and the fruit and seedtime of harvest, like Gilbert White, Thoreau, Richard Jefferies, and others, have discovered the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and have gone far to secure immortality for themselves. Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal is chiefly a chronicle of the weather; and her fervid sympathy for nature in every mood, for each subtle effect of passing light, each cloud whose shadow traveled across the mountains, each wind which ruffled the lake, made her the inspiration of two poets. If "spring comes slowly up this way," in the Lake Country, weather they have always there in full measure, pressed down and running over. Here are a few entries in the Journal, to which it was Wordsworth's habit to turn as to his own commonplace book: —

"Incessant rain from morning till night. . . . Sauntered a little in the garden. The blackbird sat quietly, its nest rocked by the wind and beaten by the rain."

"A fine mild rain. Everything green and overflowing with life, and the streams making a perpetual song along with the thrushes and all the little birds."

"A cold, dry, windy morning. . . . The waves round the little island seemed like a dance of spirits that rose out of the water."

"A rainy day. Coleridge intending to go, but did not get off."

"Tremendous wind. The snow blew from Helvellyn horizontally like smoke. W. came in late. He had been sur-

prised and terrified by a sudden rushing of winds which seemed to bring earth and sky and lake together, as if the whole were going to inclose him."

"The moon immensely large; the sky scattered over with clouds; soon the sound of the pattering shower and fearful gusts of wind."

"W. and I drank tea at Coleridge's. A cloudy sky; the distant prospect obscured. The only leaf on the top of a tree, the sole remaining leaf, danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind."

This leaf was destined to dance on forever, for it reappears in Coleridge's Christabel: —

"There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

It is hardly strange that Shakespeare's universal art, comprehending all nature, should embrace the most alert impressions about every kind of weather. His constant allusions to the seasons of the year, with their accompanying heat or cold, storm or calm, fall so easily into their places and are so unerringly true, we accept them with the same unconscious refreshment we experience in the unexpected view from a window opening upon a lovely landscape. The songs and sonnets in particular are penetrated by a sense not only of nature, but of the various meanings of the weather.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;"

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky;"

"When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;"

"The rain it raineth every day,"

occur to the memory on the instant in speaking of the songs, while every subtile meaning of the sonnets is translated into images which seem to come from a consciousness steeped in a sense of the beauty of the exquisite pauses of a summer's day, the meanings of the intervals between the seasons. What illustration could be at once so true yet so unexpected as this?

"Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow."

Yet let Shakespeare refine as he may in cunning detail upon this sentiment of a summer's day, an autumn sunset, a bright morning ending in tempest, the metaphor never surcharges the idea, only serves to deepen the single impression. Maeterlinck has with such inadequate sense of proportion been called the Belgian Shakespeare that one queries whether the comparison was made from his pressing into his service natural, or rather, supernatural effects, as in Princess Maleine, where the sky portents and the storm usurp the chief place in the drama. When Shakespeare introduces the war of the elements, it is subordinated to human passions. Titania's account of the bad weather which resulted from the quarrel between her and Oberon, frosts and floods and mists, making the seasons

"change
Their wonted liveries,"

is so true to nature that learned commentators have ransacked all meteorological lore to fix the date of the year which the poet has made so disastrous.

In The Tempest also is displayed a most absolute mastery of weather-effects, so minutely faithful to an actual experience of a storm at sea that again the critics have looked for book and chapter which contains a description of that particular tempest. It might indeed seem as if a Shakespearean society could find matter for a whole winter's study in the question of whether Shakespeare himself was ever on the ocean. The probabilities, considering what we know of the period and the unceasing activities of his not very long life, would appear to be against

it, yet his knowledge of and his feeling for the sea are so comprehensive that one could find not a little to bear out the assertion that nothing in nature had so powerfully impressed his imagination, — not alone

> "the murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,"

but the "multitudinous seas," where

> "The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,"

as if he had been actually rocked

> "In cradle of the rude imperious surge."

Although splendid passages abound in Milton's works describing natural effects, where

> "Hot, cold, moist, dry, four champions fierce,
> Strive here for mastery,"

and Byron's rhapsodies before storm and tempest have risen spontaneously to the lips of generations of men, and Shelley — aerial spirit that he was of fire and dew — colored the whole fabric of his poetry through and through with his intense perception of elemental beauty, Scott must yet be ranked next to Shakespeare in his power of giving with just one decisive touch the keynote of weather which throws lights and shadows upon his scene.

With Wordsworth and Tennyson began what might be called the weather cult; that is, the entire impenetration of the theme and motive with the moods of the atmosphere. Dickens may be said to have been the first novelist who pressed fog, wind, and rain into his action as distinctively as characters of flesh and blood; and this impressionism has since been carried to its extreme limit in certain books of Victor Hugo's, Pierre Loti's, Black's, and Craddock's. In Travailleurs de la Mer and Pêcheur d'Islande, what might be called the meteorological novel is raised to its apotheosis. Maupassant, although generally confining himself to pure dramatic motive, has, in one of his short stories, giving an account of a timid lad left alone all winter in a hut at the top of the Gemmi Pass in Switzerland, described the desolation of a world of snow and the freezing cold with the most striking effect. In fact, all literature, from the Œdipus Colonneus where the protagonist is summoned by the thunder to meet the gods, and the Odyssey where Ulysses is forced to contend with wind, seas, and waves roaring, down to the last new novel, — which "gives us pause," between the hero's stammered words of love, to recount the rising of a cloud, the regathering of the winds, a sudden opening in the drift of billowy vapors revealing the moon in a quiet sky trembling with misty stars, — is more or less colored by the old indestructible instinct vitalizing and animating earth, air, fire, and water, seeing spirits frown in the cloud and smile in the sunshine.

Sculpture can find little motive in the incompleteness, the sense of transition, which characterizes the weather, and in painting, the pictures of Salvator Rosa, Gustave Doré, and others, in striving after the passion and intensity of overstriking natural effects, show that such attempts are apt to result in the bizarre. Some critics would say the same of the great Turner himself; yet the wonderful force and vitality of his storms at sea are their own justification, while his Frosty Morning, and his countless studies of Venice, London, and the Alps, under every possible aspect of sky and cloud, point to a clear knowledge of, beside an insatiable desire to fathom, the secret of all weather phenomena. Not a few painters have studied some single condition of the landscape, — a clear, lucid, wind-swept atmosphere, Indian summer haze, or gathering tempest; maintaining that special phase as the very essence of their whole work. No one more skillfully than Constable has used all the meaning of tossing clouds, contrasts of sunlight and shadow, to give his pictures the movement, drama, breath, and pulsation of life. Ruysdael knew nature's own harmonizing secret, whether he depicted storm or calm, and Hobbema

invariably expresses the sentiment of the weather; in tempest, his trees seem to feel the stir of the wind to their inmost trembling fibre. Corot painted first his skies, or, it might better be said, his clouds; then so reflected their color in every detail of the landscape that no painter has ever, perhaps, so truly yet so unobtrusively succeeded in giving an impression of the passing influences of the weather. His pools not only image the skies, but tremble at the breath of the breeze; his trees shiver and sway; the very grass shows a premonition of change. Cazin, again, employs every mood of nature; and to speak of Manet and Monet and Whistler is to suggest the trick of changing lights before storm, the flight of a shower across harvest fields, a beautiful phase of weather which is only a phase; the subtly varied monotony of a glimmering, watery expanse under a great dusky sky, touched by the indefinable effluence, half smoke, half mist, which floats above cities. These vapory effects of weather give a large part of their charm to the landscapes of Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, and, above all, Daubigny. Little as Millet used the landscape except as a background, often enough the painful toil of his peasants is accented by the gloom of the listless, empty sky, the low, hurrying, threatening clouds, and the herbage shuddering in the wind.

It is, however, to music, the concrete expression of harmonious motion, beyond the other arts, that we must turn to find definitely realized our conception of the free and spontaneous play of the elements, their turmoil and wild strife, their brooding and repose; though not in the way of a definite description, bringing up a particular visible scene. It is true that Beethoven's Sixth Symphony follows the variations of weather in a summer's day, culminating in a shower, with flashes of lightning and thunderclaps; and Chopin, in his Sixth Prelude, has refined upon the idea of dripping rain until we not only hear the drops, but feel their monotonous plash, and, as some one has said, smell the rain; and in certain great compositions the *motif* of storm is repeated in endless iteration, and made, with other motives, a part of the dramatic movement. In spite of these instances, music has its distinctive way of reaching the imagination without attempting to imitate the effect of special sights or sounds. Indeed, although Beethoven, in the Pastoral Symphony, did translate his impressions of a June day into music, it was not his habit, nor did it accord with his belief that the chief function of music is to kindle the imagination beyond the effect of any outside sounds or symbols. Mozart confessed that he composed most spontaneously when traveling in a comfortable carriage, looking out at the landscape, while it was the way of Haydn to take for his theme the incidents of a summer excursion. Still, little as there is in the best music which requires to be labeled as meaning this or that particular thing, what can better express the rush and roar of a mighty wind through a forest than one of the fugues of Bach, starting with one voice, then the same measure repeated by another and another in succession, each constantly reappearing in fresh combination, until all unite and swell into one chorus! Music's wonderful translation of the deep stirring of our spirit before the forces of nature finds its symbol in the decoration of old-fashioned organs in remote French cathedrals, where angels, windy-winged, with far-blown hair, seem to float upon the breeze of harmonious sound.

The weather, flickering, unstable, inconsistent, walls us round with influences and impressions from our cradles to our graves; its insignificantly little meanings appoint our lives and become the test of our rational behavior, as, for example, "When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks," while its greater meanings give us a quickened and multiplied consciousness of all that is beautiful and won-

derful in created things. Perpetually renewing itself, weaving and unweaving its effects, like a Penelope undoing to-night what was toilsomely accomplished yesterday, it is always working out its own slow, careful processes, with one unfading result in view, — renovation, metamorphosis, resurrection.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XIX.

RECOVERING, I found myself lying on a couch, in a large, well-lighted room hung about with pictures and adorned with trophies of the hunt. A wide window faced the foot of the bed where I lay, and through it I could see — though the light hurt my eyes greatly — the Levis shore, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. I lay and thought, trying to discover where I was. It came to me at last that I was in a room of the Château St. Louis. Presently I heard breathing near me, and, looking over, I saw a soldier sitting just inside the door.

Then from another corner of the room came a surgeon with some cordial in a tumbler, and, handing it to me, he bade me drink. He felt my pulse; then stooped and put his ear to my chest, and listened long.

"Is there great danger?" asked I.

"The trouble would pass," said he, "if you were stronger. Your life is worth fighting for, but it will be a fight. That dungeon was slow poison."

"You must have a barber," added he; "you are a ghost like this."

I put my hand up, and I found my hair and beard were very long and almost white. Held against the light, my hands seemed transparent. "What means my coming here?" asked I.

He shook his head. "I am but a surgeon," he answered shortly, meanwhile writing with a flourish on a piece of paper. When he had finished, he handed the paper to the soldier, with an order. Then he turned to go, politely bowing to me, but turned again and said, "I would not, were I you, trouble to plan escape these months yet. This is a comfortable prison, but it is easier coming in than going out. Your mind and body need quiet. You have, we know, a taste for adventure," — he smiled, — "but it is not wise to fight a burning powder magazine."

"Thank you, monsieur," said I, "I am myself laying the fuse to that magazine. It fights for me by and by."

He shrugged a shoulder. "Drink," said he, with a professional air which almost set me laughing, "good milk and brandy, and think of nothing but that you are a lucky man to have this sort of prison."

He bustled out in an important way, shaking his head and talking to himself. Tapping the chest of a bulky soldier who stood outside, he said brusquely, "Too fat, too fat; you 'll come to apoplexy. Go fight the English, lazy ruffian!"

The soldier gave a grunt, made a mocking gesture, and the door closed on me and my attendant. This fellow would not speak at all, and I did not urge him, but lay and watched the day decline and night come down. I was taken to a small alcove which adjoined the room, where I slept soundly.

Early the next morning I waked, and there was Voban sitting just outside the alcove, looking at me. I sat up in bed and spoke to him, and he greeted me in an absent sort of way. He was changed as much as I; he moved as one in a dream; yet there was the ceaseless activity of the eye, the swift, stealthy motion of the hand. He began to attend me, and I questioned him; but he said he had orders from Mademoiselle that he was to tell nothing — that she, as soon as she could, would visit me.

I felt at once a new spring of life. I gave him the letter I had written, and bade him deliver it, which he promised to do; for though there was much in it not vital now, it was a record of my thoughts and feelings, and she would be glad of it, I knew. I pressed Voban's hand in leaving, and he looked at me as if he would say something; but immediately he was abstracted, and left me like one forgetful of the world.

It was about three hours after this that as, clean and well shaven, I lay upon the couch in the large room, propped up by pillows, the door opened, and some one entered, saying to my guard, "You will remain outside. I have the Governor's order."

I knew the voice; an instant, and I saw the face shining with expectancy, the eyes eager, yet timid, the body bent forward, a small white hand pressed to a pulsing breast — my one true friend, as I had called her often, the jailer of my heart.

I stretched out my arms. She gave a little cry, and, running to me, was clasped to my breast. For a moment she was all trembling and excited, her hand softly clutching at my shoulder, tears dripping from her eyes and falling on my cheek, as hers lay pressed to mine; but presently she grew calm, and her face was lifted with a smile, and, brushing back some flying locks of hair, she said in a tone most quaint and touching too, "Poor gentleman! poor English prisoner! poor hidden lover!" and then there came a little burst of tears again, and with it a smile so rare that I was won all over again to love her, as if I never had set my heart upon her. Something not known before was born in me, some fresh sense of gratitude, and I seemed to feel that though this was the love I had known, it was that love grown into new expression, and behind it were strange events yet to be told.

"I ought not, I ought not," she said, "show my feelings thus, nor excite you so" — My hand was trembling on hers, for in truth I was most weak, though my mind was alert and strong enough, as I thought. "It was my purpose," she added, "to come most quietly to you; but one cannot always rule one's self to stillness; there are times when reserve is impossible. One must cry out, or the heart will burst."

I spoke then as a man may who has been delivered from bondage into the arms of love and beauty and the good open world; and she became very quiet, looking at me in her grave, sweet way, her deep eyes shining with a sincerity and honesty beyond my telling. I saw the perfect *naïveté* of the child, joined to a large wisdom, come of that very *naïveté*, which had looked upon life without ever a craven thought; which, in the midst of vexing problems of the emotions and sore dangers, never paltered, never juggled with conscience — did only what her good heart told her should be done, and questioning always, Is this right? To decide with a clear mind in such matters as had troubled her daily life these past two and a half years was a task which might well have driven many a lady to despair. She had decided, had acted, had gone on towards one end; perils like bayonets thrusting out at every corner, pitfalls at all points. The thoughts most in my heart spoke to her now almost unconsciously.

"Honest, honest eyes," said I — "eyes that never deceive, and never were deceived."

"All this in spite of what you do not know," she answered, with a sweet smile which stirred me; and for an instant a look elfish and childlike came into her eyes, and she drew back from me, stood in the middle of the floor, and caught her skirts in her fingers.

"See," she said, "is there no deceit here?"

Then she began to dance softly, her feet seeming hardly to touch the ground, her body swaying like a tall flower in the wind, her face all light and fire. I was charmed, fascinated. I felt my sleepy blood stirring to the delicate rise and fall of her bosom, the light of her eyes flashing a dozen colors. There was scarce a sound — her steps could not be heard across the room.

All at once she broke off from this, and stood still.

"Did my eyes seem all honest then?" she asked, with a strange, wistful expression. Then she came to the couch where I was, and looked at me as if she would read my soul.

"Robert," said she, "can you, do you trust me, even when you see me at such witchery?"

"I trust you always," I answered. "Such witcheries are no evils that I can see."

She put her finger upon my lips, with a kind of bashfulness. "Hush, till I tell you where and when I danced like that, and then, and then" —

She settled down in a low chair. "I have at least an hour," she continued. "The Governor is busy with my father and General Montcalm, and they will not be free for a long time. For your soldiers, I have been bribing them to my service these weeks past, and they are safe enough for to-day. Now I will tell you of that dancing.

"One night last autumn there was a grand dinner at the Intendance. Such gentlemen as my father were not asked; only the roisterers and hard drinkers, and gambling friends of the Intendant. You would know the sort of upspring it would be. Well, I was sitting in my window, looking down into the garden; for the moon was shining, and I love to gaze into the moonlit night. Presently I saw a man appear below, glance up towards me, and beckon. My heart beat hard at first, for I thought it might be you; but no, it was Voban. I hurried down to him, and he told me that there had been a wild carousing at the palace, and that ten gentlemen had determined, for a wicked sport, to mask themselves, go to the citadel at eleven o'clock, fetch you forth, and make you run the gauntlet in the yard of the Intendance, and afterwards set you fighting for your life with another prisoner, a common criminal. To this, Bigot, heated with wine, made no objection. Monsieur Doltaire was not present; he had, it was said, taken a secret journey into the English country. The Governor was in Montreal, where he had gone to discuss matters of war with the Council.

"There was but one thing to do — get word to General Montcalm. He was staying at the moment with the Seigneur Pipon at his manor by the Montmorenci Falls. He must needs be sought there: he would never allow this shameless thing. So I bade Voban go thither at once, getting a horse from any quarter, and to ride as if for his life. He promised, and left me, and I returned to my room to think. Voban had told me that his news came from Bigot's valet, who is his close friend. This I knew, and I knew the valet too, for I had seen something of him when my brother lay wounded at the palace. Under the best circumstances General Montcalm could not arrive within two hours. Meanwhile, these miserable men might go on their dreadful expedition. Something must be done to gain time. I racked my brain for minutes, till the blood pounded at my temples, and I could not think at all. So I resolutely bound a handkerchief round my eyes, and lay down, holding myself

very still, that I should not lose command of will and action. Presently a plan came to me.

"There is in Quebec one Madame Jamond, a great Parisian dancer, who, for reasons which none knows save perhaps Monsieur Doltaire, has been banished from France. Since she came to Canada, some nine months ago, she has lived most quietly and religiously, though many trials have been made to bring her talents into service; and the Intendant's efforts have been constant to have her dance in the palace for his guests. But she would not.

"Madame Lotbinière had come to know Jamond, and she arranged, after much persuasion, for lessons in dancing to be given to Lucie, myself, and Georgette. To me the dancing was a keen delight, indeed almost a passion. In it I seemed to forget the bitterness of my troubles, as when listening to great music or reading a noble poem. Yet the dancing did more; for in it nothing was mechanical, artifice was sunk in the music of motion, and as I danced I saw and felt a thousand things, I cannot tell you how. Now my feet appeared light as air, like thistledown, my body to float. I was a lost soul flying home, voices calling to me as I passed, and flocks of birds singing me to come with them down pretty scented lanes to waters in tender meadows, with nests in yellow boughs upon the banks, and gardens of apples and honey-sweet flowers near.

"Then all that changed, and I was passing through a bitter land, with harsh shadows and tall cold mountains, and great sadness even in the timid sunlight. From clefts and hollows figures flew out and caught at me with filmy hands, and little arrows pointed with flame kept falling round me, crying as they fell. All these melancholy things pursued me as I flew, till my wings drooped, and I felt that I must drop into the dull marsh far beneath, round which traveled a lonely mist.

"But this too changed, and I passed through a land all fire, so that, as I flew swiftly, my wings were scorched, and I was blinded often, and often missed my way, and must change my course of flight. It was all scarlet, all that land — scarlet sky and scarlet sun, and scarlet flowers, and the rivers running red, and men and women in long red robes, with eyes of flame, and voices that kept crying, 'The world is red like wine, and all life is a fever!' Sometimes as I flew I wheeled and wheeled, and a wild spirit worked in me, so that I would have flown down and joined the scarlet people, but that I remembered there is a place called the White Valley, where the heart has no mad struggles or sick desires. So I kept on, and at last, passing out of that cheerless world, I came into the good stillness . . . and knew that I was but a girl dancing, after all."

She paused for a moment, seeming to come out of a dream, and then she laughed a little. "Will you not go on?" I asked softly.

"Sometimes, too," she said, "I fancied I was before a king and his court, dancing for my life or for another's; and oh, how I scanned the faces of my judges, as they sat there in their lazy glory watching me; some throwing crumbs meanwhile to fluttering birds that whirled round me as I danced, some stroking the ears of hounds that gaped at me, while the king's fool at first made mock at me, and the face of a man behind the king's chair smiled like Satan. Ah, Robert, I know you think me fanciful and foolish, as indeed I am; but you do know that out of dreams comes life itself, and nothing is so dreamlike as life, so weird, so undefinable.

"I danced most constantly, practicing hour upon hour with Jamond, who came to be my good friend; and you shall hear from me some day her history — a sad one indeed. She is a woman who has been sinned against, not sinning. But these special lessons went on secretly, for

I was sure, if people knew how warmly I followed this recreation, they would set it down to willful desire to be singular — or worse. It gave me new interest in lonely days. So the weeks went on. Meanwhile, there were many trials for me with Monsieur Doltaire; but of these I shall have to speak at another time.

"Robert, that wicked night I sent Voban to General Montcalm, and, as I said, a thought came to me: I would go to Jamond, beg her to mask herself, go to the Intendance, and dance before the gentlemen there, keeping them amused till the General came, as I was sure he would at my suggestion, for he is a just man and a generous. All my people, even Georgette, were abroad at a soirée, and would not be home till late. So I sought Mathilde, who had been with me for some weeks, — silent always, — and she hurried with me, my poor daft protector, to Jamond's, whose house is very near the Bishop's palace. We were at once admitted to Jamond, who was lying upon a couch. I hurriedly told her what I wished her to do, what was at stake, everything but that I loved you; laying my interest upon humanity and to your having saved my father's life. She looked troubled at once, then took my face in her hands. 'Dear child,' she said, 'I understand. You have sorrow too young — too young.' 'But you will do this for me?' I cried. She shook her head most sadly. 'I cannot. I am lame these two days,' she answered. 'I have had a sprain.' I sank on the floor beside her, sick and dazed. She put her hand pitifully on my head, then lifted up my chin. Looking into her eyes, I read a thought there, and I got to my feet with a spring. 'I myself will go,' I said; 'I will dance there till the General comes.' She put out her hand in protest. 'You must not,' she urged. 'Think: you may be discovered, and then the ruin that must come!'

"I drew myself up, for I seemed to feel this was a thought from God. 'I shall put my trust in Him who thus far has preserved me,' said I. 'I have no fear. I will do this thing.' She caught me to her breast. 'Then God be with you, child,' was her answer; 'you shall do it.' In ten minutes I was dressed in a gown of hers, which last had been worn when she danced before King Louis. It fitted me well, and with a wig the color of her hair, brought from her boxes with great swiftness, and use of paints which actors use, I was transformed. Indeed, I could scarce recognize myself without the mask, and with it on my mother would not have known me. 'I will go with you,' she said to me, and she hurriedly put on an old woman's wig and a long cloak, quickly lined her face, and we were ready. She walked lame, and must use a stick, and we issued forth towards the Intendance, Mathilde remaining behind."

Alixe paused, and sat looking at me as if to see the effect of her words. Presently she shook her head, and said with a quaint pity, "They have put an old head on young shoulders," referring to my gray hair.

"I was about to say the same of you, sweetheart," I answered. "Will you not go on?" I touched her soft hair with my fingers, which were too weak and thin now to be rough, though they were awkward as of old.

She made a playful motion, which recalled her as I first knew her in the old garden at the Manor, the lilacs, berries, and orchard blossoms round her, her feet buried in the pretty flowers of early summer, her apron full of the yellow apples of wild mandrake. There came to me, too, though I was so eager to know the end of her tale, the words of a song written by my master at the university. I quoted from it to her in a low voice.

"You should not flatter me," she softly said, blushing. Then after a moment she went on: "When we got to the palace, and were admitted, I asked for the Intendant's valet, and we stood waiting in the cold hall until he was brought. 'I come from Monsieur Voban, the bar-

ber,' I whispered to him, for there were servants near; and he led us at once to his private room. He did not recognize me, but looked at us with sidelong curiosity. 'I am,' said I, throwing back my cloak, 'a dancer, and I have come to dance before the Intendant and his guests.' 'His Excellency does not expect you?' he asked. 'His Excellency has many times asked Madame Jamond to dance before him,' I replied. He was at once all complaisance, but his face was troubled. 'You come from Monsieur Voban?' he inquired. 'From Monsieur Voban,' answered I. 'He has gone to General Montcalm.' His face fell, and a kind of fear passed over it. 'There is no peril to any one save the English gentleman,' I urged. A light dawned on him. 'You dance until the General comes?' he asked, pleased at his own penetration. 'You will take me at once to the dining-hall,' said I, nodding. 'They are in the Chambre de la Joie,' he rejoined. 'The Chambre de la Folie,' I added; and he led the way. When we came near the chamber, I said to him, 'You will tell the Intendant that a lady of some gifts in dancing would entertain his guests, if he would have it so; but she must come and go without exchange of individual courtesies, at her will, and without remark.'

"He opened the door of the chamber, and we followed him; for there was just inside a large oak screen, and from its shadow we could see the room and all therein. At the first glance I shrank back, for, apart from the noise and the clattering of tongues, such a riot of carousal I have never seen. It seemed to me brutal and coarse, and I was shocked to note gentlemen whom I had met in society, with the show of decorum about them, loosed now from all restraint, and swaggering like woodsmen at a fair. I felt a fear go through me, and I drew back sick; but that was for an instant, for even as the valet came to the Intendant's chair a dozen or more men, who were sitting near together in noisy yet half-secret conference, rose to their feet, each with a mask in his hand, and made as if to go towards the door, amid the remarks of others of the guests. I felt my blood fly back and forth in my heart with great violence, and I leaned against the oak screen for support. 'Courage,' said the voice of Jamond in my ear, and I ruled myself to quietness.

"At that instant the Intendant's voice stopped the men in their movement towards the great entrance door, and drew the attention of the whole company. 'Messieurs,' said he, not loud, 'a lady has come to dance for us, so be you on your best behaviors. She makes conditions which must be respected. She must be let come and go without individual courtesies; as if, indeed, she were on the stage, and we her audience. Messieurs,' he added, 'I grant her request in your name and my own.'

"There was a murmur of 'Jamond! Jamond!' and every man stood looking towards the great entrance door. The Intendant, however, was gazing towards the door where I was, and I saw he was about to come, as if to welcome me. Welcome from François Bigot to a dancing-woman! So, on the instant, I slipped off the cloak, looked at Jamond, who murmured once again, 'Courage,' and then, with a prayer on my lips, I stepped out swiftly, and made for a low, large dais at one side of the room. I was so nervous that I knew not how I went. The faces and forms of the company were blurred before me, and the lights shook and multiplied distractedly. The room shone brilliantly, yet just under the great canopy, over the dais, there were shadows, and they seemed to me, as I stepped under the red velvet, a relief, a sort of hiding-place from innumerable candles and hot unnatural eyes.

"When once I stepped there, I was changed. I did not think of the applause that greeted me, the murmurs of surprise, approbation, questioning, rising

round me. Suddenly, as I paused and faced them all, and held myself quiet and still, all nervousness passed out of me, and I saw nothing — nothing but a sort of far-off picture. My mind was caught away into that world which I had created for myself when I danced, and these rude gentlemen were but visions. All sense of indignity passed from me. I had no maidenly shrinking; I was a woman fighting for a life and happiness. I was holding men back from doing a hateful act, stopping the clock of events.

"As I danced I did not know how time passed — only that I must keep those men where they were till General Montcalm came. After a while, when the first dazed feeling had passed, I could see their faces plainly through my mask, and I knew that I could hold them; for they ceased to lift their glasses, and stood watching me, sometimes so silent that I could hear their breathing only, sometimes making a great applause, which passed into silence again quickly. Once, as I wheeled, I caught the eyes of Jamond watching me closely, and the Intendant never stirred from his seat, and scarcely moved, but kept his eyes fixed on me. Nor did he applaud. There was something painful in his immovability. I saw it all as in a dream, yet I did see it, and I was resolute to achieve a triumph over the wicked designs of base and abandoned men. I feared that my knowledge and power to hold them might stop before help came. Once, in a slight pause, when a great noise of their hands and a rattling of scabbards on the table gave me a short respite, some one — Captain Lancy, I think — snatched up a glass, and called on all to drink my health. 'Jamond! Jamond!' was the cry, and they drank; the Intendant himself standing up, and touching the glass to his lips, then sitting down again, silent and immovable as before. One gentleman, a nephew of the Chevalier la Darante, came swaying towards me with a glass of wine, begging me in a flippant courtesy to drink; but I waved him back, and the Intendant said most curtly, 'Monsieur la Darante will remember my injunction.'

"Again I danced, and I cannot tell you with what anxiety and desperation, for there must be an end to it before long, and your peril, Robert, come again, unless these rough fellows changed their minds. Moment after moment went, and though I had danced beyond reasonable limits, I still seemed to get new strength, as I have heard men say, in fighting, they 'come to their second wind,' a rude but faithful phrase. At last, at the end of the most famous step that Jamond had taught me, I stood still for a moment to renewed applause; and I must have wound these men up to excitement beyond all sense, for they would not be dissuaded, but swarmed towards the dais where I was, and some called for me to remove my mask. Then the Intendant came down among them, bidding them stand back, and himself stepped towards me. I felt affrighted, for I liked not the look in his eyes, and so, without a word, I stepped down from the dais, — I did not dare to speak, lest they should recognize my voice, — and made for the door with as much dignity as I might. But the Intendant came to me with a mannered courtesy, and said in my ear, 'Madame, you have won all our hearts; I would you might accept some hospitality — a glass of wine, a wing of partridge, in a room where none shall disturb you!' I shuddered, and passed on. 'Nay, nay, Madame Jamond, not even myself with you, unless you would have it otherwise,' he added.

"Still I did not speak, but put out my hand in protest, and moved on towards the screen, we two alone, for the others had fallen back with whisperings and side-speeches. Oh, how I longed to take the mask from my face and spurn them! The hand that I put out in protest the Intendant caught within his own, and would have held it, but that I drew it

back with indignation, and kept on towards the screen. Then I realized that a new-comer had seen the matter, and I stopped short, dumfounded, for it was Monsieur Doltaire! He was standing beside the screen, just within the room, and he sent at the Intendant and myself a keen, piercing glance, his face most cold and hard.

"Now he came forward quickly, for the Intendant also half stopped at sight of him, and a malignant look shot from his eyes; hatred showed in the profane word that was chopped off at his teeth. When Monsieur Doltaire reached us, he said, his eyes resting on me with intense scrutiny, 'His Excellency will present me to his distinguished entertainer?' He seemed to read behind my mask. I knew he had discovered me, and my heart stood still. But I raised my eyes and met his gaze steadily. The worst had come. Well, I would face it now. I could endure defeat with fortitude and courage. He paused an instant, a strange look passed over his face, his eyes got hard and very brilliant, and he continued (oh, what suspense that was!): 'Ah yes, I see — Jamond, the perfect and wonderful Jamond, who set us all a-kneeling at Versailles. If Madame will permit me?' He made to take my hand. Here the Intendant interposed, putting out his hand, also. 'I have promised to protect Madame from individual courtesy while here,' he said. Monsieur Doltaire looked at him keenly. 'Then your Excellency must build stone walls about yourself,' he rejoined, with cold emphasis. 'Sometimes great men are foolish. To-night your Excellency would have let' — here he raised his voice so that all could hear — 'your Excellency would have let a dozen cowardly gentlemen drag a dying prisoner from his prison, forcing back his Majesty's officers at the dungeon doors, and, after baiting, have matched him against a common criminal. That was unseemly in a great man and a King's chief officer, the trick of a low law-breaker. Your Excellency promised a lady to protect her from individual courtesy, if she gave pleasure — a pleasure beyond price — to you and your guests, and you would have broken your word without remorse. General Montcalm has sent a company of men to set your Excellency right in one direction, and I am come to set you right in the other.'

"The Intendant was white with rage. He muttered something between his teeth, then said aloud, 'Presently we will talk more of this, Monsieur. You measure strength with François Bigot — we will see which proves the stronger in the end.' 'In the end the unjust steward kneels for mercy to his master,' was Monsieur Doltaire's quiet answer; and then he made a courteous gesture towards the door, and I went to it with him slowly, wondering what the end would be. Once at the other side of the screen, he peered into Jamond's face for an instant, then he gave a low whistle. 'You have an apt pupil, Jamond, one who might be your rival one day,' said he. Still there was a puzzled look on his face, which did not leave it till he saw Jamond walking. 'Ah yes,' he added, 'I see now. You are lame. This was a desperate but successful expedient.'

"He did not speak to me, but led the way to where, at the great door, was the Intendant's valet standing with my cloak. Taking it from him, he put it round my shoulders. 'The sleigh by which I came is at the door,' he said, 'and I will take you home.' I knew not what to do, for I feared some desperate act on his part to possess me. I determined that I would not leave Jamond, in any case, and I felt for a weapon which I had hidden in my dress. We had not, however, gone a half dozen paces in the entrance hall when there were quick steps behind, and four soldiers came towards us, with an officer at their head — an officer whom I had seen in the chamber, but did not recognize.

"'Monsieur Doltaire,' the officer said; and Monsieur stopped. Then he cried in surprise, 'Legrand, you here!' To this the officer replied by handing Monsieur a paper. Monsieur's hand dropped to his sword, but in a moment he gave a short, sharp laugh, and opened up the packet. 'H'm,' he said, 'the Bastile! The Grande Marquise is fretful, eh, Legrand? You will permit me some moments with these ladies?' he added. 'A moment only,' answered the officer. 'In another room?' Monsieur again asked. 'A moment where you are, Monsieur,' was the reply. Making a polite gesture for me to step aside, Monsieur Doltaire said, in a voice which was perfectly controlled and courteous, though I could hear behind all a deadly emphasis, 'I know all now. You have foiled me, blindfolded me and all others, these three years past. You have intrigued against the captains of intrigue, you have matched yourself against practiced astuteness. On one side, I resent being made a fool and tool of; on the other, I am lost in admiration of your talent. But henceforth there is no such thing as quarter between us. Your lover shall die; and I will come again. This whim of the Grande Marquise will last but till I see her; then I will return to you — forever. Truly, your lover shall die, your love's labor for him shall be lost. I shall reap where I did not sow — his harvest and my own. I am as ice to you, Mademoiselle, at this moment; I have murder in my heart. Yet warmth will come again. I admire you so much that I will have you for my own, or die. You are the high priestess of diplomacy; your brain is a statesman's, your heart is a vagrant; it goes covertly from the sweet meadows of France to the marshes of England, a taste unworthy of you. You shall be redeemed from that by Tinoir Doltaire. Now thank me for all I have done for you, and let me say adieu.' At that he stooped and kissed my hand. 'I cannot thank you for what I myself achieved,' I said. 'We are to be at war, you threaten, and I have no gratitude.' 'Well, well, adieu and au revoir, sweetheart,' he answered. 'If I should go to the Bastile, I shall have food for thought; and I am your hunter to the end. In this good orchard I pick sweet fruit one day.' His look fell on me in such a way that shame and anger were at equal height in me. Then he bowed again to me and to Jamond, and, with a sedate gesture, walked away with the soldiers and the officer.

"You can guess what were my feelings. You were safe for the moment — that was the great thing. The terror I had felt when I saw Monsieur Doltaire in the Chambre de la Joie had passed, for I felt he would not betray me. He is your foe, and he would kill you; but I was sure he would not put me in danger while he was absent in France — if he expected to return — by making public my love for you and my adventure at the palace. There is something of the noble fighter in him, after all, though he is so evil a man. A prisoner himself now, he would for the moment have no means to hasten your death. But I can never forget his searching, cruel look when he recognized me! Of Jamond I was most sure. Her own past had been full of sorrow, and her life was now so secluded and religious that I could not doubt her. Indeed, we have been blessed with good, true friends, Robert, though they are not of those who are powerful, save in their loyalty."

Alixe then told me that the officer Legrand had arrived from France but two days before the eventful night of which I have just written, armed with an order from the Grande Marquise for Doltaire's arrest and transportation. He had landed at Louisburg, and had come on to Quebec overland. Arriving at the Intendance, he had awaited Doltaire's coming. It was like some special providence that the arrest should occur when my dear girl was most in danger. Doltaire had stopped to visit General Montcalm

at Montmorenci Falls, on his way back from Virginia, and had thus himself brought my protection and hurried to his own undoing. I was thankful for his downfall, though I believed it was but for a moment: a man of such amazing address, who could make black to appear white, is not easily brought to doom, especially when his tyrant is a woman, or a man under a woman's will.

I was curious to know how it chanced I was set free of my dungeon, and I had the story from Alixe's lips; but not till after I had urged her, for she was sure her tale had wearied me, and she was eager to do little offices of comfort about me; telling me gayly, while she shaded the light, freshened my pillow, and gave me a cordial to drink, that she would secretly convey me wines and preserves and jellies and such kickshaws, that I should better get my strength.

"For you must know," she said, "that though this gray hair and transparency of flesh do become you, making your eyes look like two jets of flame and your face to have shadows most theatrical, a ruddy cheek and a stout hand are more suited to an English soldier. When you are young again in body, these gray hairs shall render you distinguished."

Then she sat down beside me, and clasped my hand, now looking out into the clear light of afternoon to the farther shores of Levis, showing green here and there from a sudden March rain, and very white elsewhere, the boundless forests beyond, and near us the ample St. Lawrence still covered with its vast bridge of ice, anon into my face, while I gazed into those deeps of her blue eyes that I had drowned my heart in. They were so true, so resolute, so unwavering. I loved to watch her, for with me she was ever her own absolute self, free from all artifice, lost in her perfect naturalness, let out of prison into the open road where Love walks, baring its head to the sun and the inspiring day, resting at night in a still cottage among the vines: a healthy, perfect soundness, a primitive simplicity beneath the artifice of usual life. She had a beautiful hand, long, warm, and firm, and the fingers, when they clasped, seemed to possess and inclose your hand — the tenderness of the maidenly, the warmth and protectiveness of the maternal. She carried with her a wholesome fragrance and beauty as of an orchard, and while she sat there I thought of the engaging words: —

"*Thou art to me like a basket of summer fruit, and I seek thee in thy cottage by the vineyard, fenced about with good commendable trees.*"

Of my release she spoke thus: "In two days Monsieur Doltaire was conveyed overland to Louisburg *en route* for France, and he sent me by his valet, before he left, a small arrow studded with emeralds and pearls, and a skull all polished, with a message that the arrow was for myself, and the skull for another, — remembrances of the past, and earnests of the future, — truly an insolent and terrible man. When he was gone I went to the Governor, and, with great show of interest in many things pertaining to the government, — for he has ever been flattered by my attentions, poor little bee in the buzzing hive! — came to the question of the English prisoner. I told him it was I that prevented the disgrace to his good government by sending to General Montcalm to ask for your protection.

"He was deeply impressed by my love of his viceregal welfare, and he opened out his vain heart in divers ways about the state. But I may not tell you of these — only what concerns yourself; the rest belongs to the Governor's honor. When he was in his most pliable mood, praising me in an absurd fashion, I grew deeply serious, and told him there was a danger which perhaps he did not see. Here was this English prisoner, who, they said abroad in the town, was dying, as indeed his jailer had also declared, even Gabord, with whom he had fought. There

was no doubt that the King would approve the sentence of death, and if it were duly and with some display enforced, it would but add to the Governor's reputation in France. But should the prisoner die in captivity, or should he go an invalid to the scaffold, there would only be pity excited in the world for him. For his own honor, it were better the Governor should hang a robust prisoner, who in full blood should expiate his sins upon a tall scaffold in the sight of all the land. The advice went down like wine; and when he knew not what to do, I urged your being brought here, put under guard, and fed and nourished for your end. Again I was thanked: and so it was.

"The Governor's counselor in the matter will remain a secret, for by now he will be sure that he himself had the sparkling inspiration. There, dear Robert, is the present climax to many months of suspense and persecution, the like of which I hope I may never see again. Some time I will tell you all: those meetings with Monsieur Doltaire, his designs and approaches, his pleadings and veiled threats, his numberless small seductions of words, manners, and deeds, his singular changes of mood, when I was uncertain what would happen next; the part I had to play to know all that was going on in the Château St. Louis, in the Intendance, and with General Montcalm; the difficulties with my own people, to whom I am a riddle they cannot solve; the despair of my poor father, who does not know that it is I who have kept him from trouble by my influence with the Governor. For since the Governor and the Intendant are reconciled, he takes sides with General Montcalm, the one sound gentleman in office in this poor country — alas!"

Soon afterwards we parted. She passed out, telling me I might at any hour expect a visit from the Governor, and I was left to good dreams and great thanksgiving.

XX.

The Governor visited me. His attitude was marked by nothing so much as a supercilious courtesy, a manner which said, You must see I am not to be trifled with; and though I have you here in my Château, it is that I may make a fine scorching of you in the end. Now he vaingloriously insisted that the English would be destroyed, if they came to take Quebec; again, sought, crudely, to have me divulge the plans of our generals, as though I were in constant correspondence with them; and he bade me see what a wretch I had been to seek escape. He would have me consider if he were the sort of gentleman to bear trifling. Out of his wisdom, he had freed me from the dungeon, to render me a fitter sacrifice to international honor. He would make of me an example to amaze and instruct the nations — when I was robust enough to die. I might easily have flattered myself on being an object of interest to the eyes of nations. He did not say that a girl yet in her teens had told him what to do. I almost pitied him; for he appeared so lost in self-admiration and the importance of his office that he would never see disaster when it came.

"There is but one master here in Canada," he said, "and I am he. If things go wrong, it is because my orders are not obeyed. Your people have taken Louisburg; had I been there, it should never have been given up. Drucour was hasty — he listened to the women. I should allow no woman to move me. I should be inflexible. They might send two Amhersts and two Wolfes against me, I would hold my fortress."

"They will never send two, your Excellency," said I.

He did not see the irony, and he prattled on: "That Wolfe, they tell me, is bandy-legged; is no better than a girl at sea, and never well ashore. I am always in raw health — the strong mind in the

potent body. Had I been at Louisburg, I should have held it, as I held Ticonderoga last July, and drove the English back with monstrous slaughter."

Here was news. I had had no information in many months, and all at once two great facts were brought to me.

"Your Excellency, then, was at Ticonderoga?" said I.

"I sent Montcalm to defend it," he replied pompously. "I told him how he must act, I was explicit, and it came out as I had said: we were victorious. Yet he would have done better had he obeyed me in everything. If I had been at Louisburg" . . .

Vain old braggart! how might an excellent soldier like General Montcalm be ruined by his stupid vanity! But what had I to do with that? I hoped to see him humbled by Amherst or Wolfe, and to give him a taste of what he had given me, with an added humiliation which I had never felt. Indignities and sufferings had not shaken my pride; for rash I may have been, but I had been no fool. I could not at first bring myself to flatter the viceregal peacock; for it had been my mind to fight these Frenchmen always; to yield in nothing; to defeat them like a soldier, not like a juggler. But I brought myself to say half ironically, "If all great mean had capable instruments, they would seldom fail."

"You have touched the heart of the matter," he said credulously. "I took Oswego, I held Ticonderoga; give me faithful service, and who shall take Quebec?"

"I would care less to engage with your Excellency than any general I know," answered I; and I thought, Surely now he will see I am but fooling him, and retort upon me with harsh treatment; but he took me seriously instead.

"It is a pity," he remarked, with complacent severity, "that you have been so misguided and criminal; you have, in some things, more sense than folly."

I bowed as to a compliment from a great man. Then, all at once, I spoke to him with an air of apparent frankness, and said that if I must die, I cared to do so like a gentleman, with some sort of health, and not like an invalid. He must admit that at least I was no coward. He might fence me about with what guards he chose, but I prayed him to let me walk upon the ramparts, when I was strong enough to be abroad, under all due espionage. I had already suffered many deaths, I said, and I would go to the final one looking like a man, not like a relic of humanity.

"Ah, I have heard this before," said he. "Monsieur Doltaire, who is in prison here, and is to fare on to the Bastile, was insolent enough to send me message yesterday that I should keep you close in your dungeon. But I had had enough of Monsieur Doltaire; and indeed it was through me that the Grande Marquise had him called to durance. He was a muddler here. They must not interfere with me; I am not to be cajoled or crossed in my plans. We shall see, we shall see about the ramparts," he continued. "Meanwhile prepare to die." This he said with such importance that I almost laughed in his face. But I bowed with a sort of awed submission, and he turned and left the room.

I grew stronger slowly day by day, but it was quite a month before Alixe came again; for the Château did not face the river, and my room was at the back, and she must come by the front entrance. But sometimes I saw her walking on the banks of the river, and I was sure she was there that I might see her, though she made no sign towards me, nor ever seemed to look towards my window. Nor yet was there any message from her.

Spring was now come. The snow had gone from the ground, the tender grass was springing, and the air was so soft and kind that war's alarms seemed unmannerly breaches of nature's peace. One fine day, at the beginning of May,

I heard the booming of cannons and a great shouting, and, looking out, I could see crowds of people upon the banks, and many boats in the river, where yet the ice had not entirely broken up. By stretching from my window, through the bars of which I could get my head, but not my body, I noted a squadron sailing round the point of the Island of Orleans. I took it to be a fleet from France bearing reinforcements and supplies — as indeed afterwards I found was so; but the reinforcements were so small and the supplies so limited that it is said Montcalm, when he knew, cried out, "Now is all lost! Nothing remains but to fight and die. I shall see my beloved Candiac no more."

For the first time all the English colonies had combined against Canada. Vaudreuil and Montcalm were at variance, and Vaudreuil had, through his personal hatred and envy of Montcalm, signed the death-warrant of the colony by writing to the colonial minister that Montcalm's agents, going for succor, were not to be trusted. Yet at that moment I did not know these things, and the sight made me grave, though it made me sure also that this year would find the British battering this same Château, and, by God's help, flying our good ensign where the golden lilies shook in the wind above me.

I need not set down the many details of my cramped life in the Château, the close vigilance of my sentinels, my strict confinement, the liberal supplies of food and wine that were sent me, and the surly treatment of my guards, who said that while good Frenchmen had not food enough to keep body and soul together, I was stuffed with delicacies. I sought to mollify them by presents of gold, and succeeded to some small degree.

Presently there came word from the Governor that I might walk upon the ramparts, and I was taken forth for several hours each day; always, however, under strict surveillance, my guards, well armed, attending, while the ramparts were, as usual, patrolled by soldiers. I could see that ample preparations were being made against a siege, and every day the excitement increased. I got to know more definitely of what was going on, when, under vigilance, I was allowed to speak to Lieutenant Stevens, who also was permitted some such freedom as I had enjoyed when I first came to Quebec. He had private information that General Wolfe or General Amherst was likely to proceed against Quebec from Louisburg, and he was determined to join the expedition.

For months he had been maturing plans for escape. There was one Clark, a ship-carpenter (of whom I have before written), and two other bold spirits, who were sick of captivity, and it was intended to fare forth one night and make a run for freedom. Clark had had a notable plan. A wreck of several transports had occurred at Belle Isle, and it was thought to send him down the river with a sloop to bring back the crew, and break up the wreck. It was his intention to arm his sloop with Lieutenant Stevens and some English prisoners the night before she was to sail, and steal away with her down the river. But whether or not the authorities suspected him, the command was given to another.

It was proposed, however, on a dark night, to get away to some point on the river, where a boat should be stationed, — though that was a difficult matter, for the river was well patrolled and boats were scarce, — and drift quietly down the stream, till a good distance below the city. Mr. Stevens said he had delayed the attempt on the faint hope of fetching me along. Money, he said, was needed, for Clark and all were very poor, and common necessaries were now at exorbitant prices in the country. Tyranny and robbery had made corn and clothing luxuries. All the old tricks of Bigot and his La Friponne, which, after the outbreak the night of my arrest at the Seigneur Duvarney's, had been some-

what repressed, were in full swing again, and robbery in the name of providing for defense was the only habit.

I managed to convey to Mr. Stevens a good sum of money, and begged him to meet me every day upon the ramparts, until I also should see my way to making a dart for freedom. I advised him in many ways, for he was more bold than shrewd, and I made him promise that he would not tell Clark or the others that I was to make trial to go with them. I feared the accident of disclosure, and any new failure on my part to get away would, I knew, mean my instant death, consent of King or no consent.

One evening, a soldier entered my room, whom in the half-darkness I did not recognize, till a voice said, "There 's orders new for dickey-bird, aho!"

"What are they, Gabord?" said I, most glad to see him. "You always come with crisis."

"Not dungeon now, but this room Governor bespeaks for gentlemen from France; he tires of this prison-making here."

"And where go I, Gabord?"

"Where you will have fighting," he answered.

"With whom?"

"Yourself, aho!" A queer smile crossed his lips, and was followed by a sort of sternness. There was something graver in his manner than I had ever seen. I could not guess his meaning. At last he added, pulling roughly at his mustache, "And when that 's done, if not well done, to answer to Gabord the soldier; for, God take my soul without bedgoing, but I will call you to account."

"You speak in riddles," said I. Then all at once the matter burst upon me. "The Governor quarters me at the Seigneur Duvarney's?" I asked.

"No other," answered he. "In three days to go."

I understood him now. He had had a struggle, knowing of the relations between Alixe and myself, to avoid telling the Governor all. And now, if I involved her, used her to effect my escape from her father's house! Even his peasant brain saw my difficulty, the danger to my honor — and hers. In spite of the joy I felt at being near her, seeing her, I shrank from the situation. If I escaped from the Seigneur Duvarney's, it would throw suspicion upon him, upon Alixe, and that made me stand abashed. Besides, if the Seigneur and his wife suspected Alixe's love for me — But what then? said I to myself. I had the right to love her, the right — Yet no, what right had I to anything — a prisoner under a foul suspicion, a man condemned to death! But I had done nothing; my conscience was clear of dishonor save in the minds of my foes. Yet inside the Seigneur Duvarney's house I should now feel unhappy, bound to certain calls of honor concerning his daughter and himself. I stood long, thinking, Gabord watching me.

Finally, "Gabord," said I, "you and I have fought; you have known me these two years better than any other. Tell me, as you are a man, if I am worth a woman's love or a man's respect."

"I 'm but a common soldier," he replied, "and I may not know, yet I 've seen no better gentleman in the world."

"I thank you, Gabord," I answered. "I want no other man to speak for me. Then see: I give you my word of honor that I will not put Mademoiselle or Monsieur Duvarney in peril."

"You will not try to escape?"

"Not to use them for escape. To elude my guards, to fight my way to liberty — yes — yes — yes!"

"But that mends not. Who 's to know the lady did not help you?"

"You. You are to be my jailer again there?"

He nodded, and fell to pulling his mustache. "'T is not enough," he said decisively.

"Come, then," said I, "I will strike a bargain with you. If you will grant

me one thing, I will give my word of honor not to escape from the Seigneur's house."

"Sing on."

"As you say, I am not to go to the Seigneur's for three days yet. Arrange that Mademoiselle may come to me to-morrow at dusk, — at six o'clock, when all the world dines, — and I will give my word. No more do I ask you — only that."

"Done," said he. "It shall be so."

"You will fetch her yourself?" I asked.

"Gabord will fetch her on the stroke of six. Guard changes then, and Governor sits at dinner."

Here our talk ended. He went, and I plunged deep into my great plan; for all at once, as we had talked, came a thing to me which I shall make clear erelong. I set my wits to work. Once since my coming to the Château I had been visited by the English chaplain who had been a prisoner at the citadel the year before. He was now on parole, and had freedom to come and go in the town. The Governor had said he might visit me on a certain day every week, at a fixed hour, and the next day at five o'clock was the time appointed for his second visit. Gabord had promised to bring Alixe to me at six.

The following morning I met Mr. Stevens on the ramparts. I told him it was my purpose to escape the next night, if possible. If not, I must go to the Seigneur Duvarney's, where I should be on parole — to Gabord. I bade him fulfill my wishes to the letter, for on his boldness and my own, and the courage of his men, I depended for escape. He declared himself ready to risk all, and die in the attempt, if need be, for he was sick of idleness. He could, he said, mature his plans that day, if he had more money. I gave him secretly a small bag of gold, and then I made explicit note of what I required of him: that he should tie up in a loose but safe bundle a sheet, a woman's skirt, some river grasses and reeds, some phosphorus, a pistol and a knife, and some saltpetre and other chemicals; and that evening, about nine o'clock, which was the hour the guard changed, he was to tie this bundle to a string which I let down from my window, and I would draw it up. Then, the night following, the others must steal away to that place near Sillery, — the west side of the town was always ill guarded, — and wait there with a boat. He should see me at a certain point on the ramparts, and, well armed, we also would make our way to Sillery, and from the spot called the Anse du Foulon drift down the river in the dead of night.

He promised to do all as I wished. When he left me, I walked for full two hours, feeling stronger every moment, and more eager for my expedition. I felt that the great crisis had come, and I laughed to think of the part I was about to play.

When I was taken back to the Château, I employed myself in writing a letter to Voban, in which I told him that he would find a little bag of gold hidden under a certain tree at Sillery, which stood beside a windmill, and that he must keep this for my use in the future, or for his purposes if he ever needed it; for I knew that so long as Bigot ruled his life and safety were in peril, especially since Doltaire was gone. I also told him that if he chose rather to go with me he would find me by that same tree the next night at eleven o'clock. I did not fear to tell him these things, for he was too old a friend; and Alixe should bear the letter, which would insure it not miscarrying.

The rest of the day I spent in fashioning strange toys out of willow rods. I had got these rods from my guards, to make whistles for their children, and they had carried away many of them. But now, with pieces of a silk handkerchief tied to the whistle and filled with air, I made a toy which, when squeezed,

sent out a weird lament. Once when my guard came in, I pressed one of these things in my pocket, and it gave forth a sort of smothered cry, like a sick child. At this he started, and looked round the room in trepidation; for, of all peoples, these Canadian Frenchmen are the most superstitious, and may be worked on without limit. The cry had seemed to come from a distance. I looked around, also, and appeared serious, and he asked me if I had heard the thing before.

"Once or twice," said I.

"Then you are a dead man," said he; "'t is a warning, that!"

"Maybe it is not I, but one of you," I answered. Then, with a sort of hush, "Is 't like the cry of La Jongleuse?" I added. La Jongleuse is their fabled witch, or spirit, of disaster.

He nodded his head, crossed himself, mumbled a prayer, and turned to go, but came back. "I 'll fetch a crucifix," he said. "You are a heathen, and you bring her here. She is the devil's dam."

He left with a scared face, and I laughed to myself quietly, for I saw success ahead of me. True to his word, he brought a crucifix and put it up — not where he wished, but, at my request, opposite the door, upon the wall. He crossed himself before it, and was most devout.

It looked singular to see this big, rough soldier, who was in most things a swaggerer, so childlike in all that touched his religion. With this you could fetch him to his knees; with it I would cow him that I might myself escape.

At half past five the chaplain came, having been delayed by the guard to have his order indorsed by Captain Lancy of the Governor's household. To him I told my plans so far as I thought he should know them, and then I explained what I wished him to do. He was grave and thoughtful for some minutes, but at last consented. He was a pious man, and of as honest a heart as I have known, albeit narrow and confined, which sprang perhaps from his provincial practice and his theological cutting and trimming. We were in the midst of a serious talk, wherein I urged him upon matters which shall presently be set forth, when there came a noise outside. I begged him to retire to the alcove where my bed was, and draw the curtain for a few moments, nor come forth until I called. He did so, yet I thought it hurt his sense of dignity to be shifted to a bedroom.

As he disappeared the door opened, and Gabord and Alixe entered. "One half hour," said Gabord, and went out again.

Alixe started forward to me with a warm word, but I put my finger on my lips, and pointed to the bedroom. We embraced, and were lost in a happy silence for a minute, and then she said: —

"I have not been idle, Robert, but I could not act, for my father and mother suspect my love for you. I have come but little to the Château without them, and I was closely watched. I knew not how the thing would end, but I kept up my workings with the Governor, which is easier now Monsieur Doltaire is gone, and I got you the freedom to walk upon the ramparts. Well, once before my father suspected me, I said that if his Excellency disliked your being in the Château, you could be as well guarded in my father's house, with sentinels always there, until you could, in better health, be taken to the common jail again. What was my surprise when yesterday came word to my father that he should make ready to receive you as a prisoner; being sure that he, his Excellency's cousin, and the father of the man you had injured, and the most loyal of Frenchmen, would guard you diligently, thus securing the country and its Governor; for he would now use all extra room in the Château for the entertainment of gentlemen and officers lately come from France. And so in two days you are to come to us.

"When my father got the news, he was

thrown into dismay. He knew not what to do. On what ground could he refuse the Governor? Yet he felt it his duty to do so, on thinking of me. Again, on what ground could he refuse this boon to you, to whom we all owe the blessing of his life? On my brother's account? But my brother has written to my father justifying you, and magnanimously praising you as a man, while hating you as an English soldier. On my account? But he could not give this reason to the Governor. As for me, I was silent, I waited — and I wait; I know not what will be the end. Meanwhile preparations go on to receive you."

Had ever prisoner a more singular history, or lover a more difficult position? Beaming with joy at our meeting as Alixe was, she was much troubled also. Yet I could see that her mood was more tranquil since Doltaire was gone. A certain restlessness had vanished; there was now a soft firmness, a greater calm even in her perplexity. Her manner had much dignity, and every movement a peculiar grace and elegance. She was dressed in a soft cloth of a gray tone, touched off with red and slashed with gold, and a cloak of gray, trimmed with fur, with bright silver buckles, hung loosely on her, thrown off at one shoulder. There was a sweet disorder in the hair, which indeed was prettiest when freest.

When she had finished speaking, she looked at me, as I thought, with a little anxiety.

"Alixe," I said, "we have come to the cross-roads, and the way we choose now is for all time."

She looked up, startled, yet governing herself, and her hand sought mine and nestled there. "I feel that, too," she replied. "What is it, Robert?"

"I cannot in honor escape from your father's house. I cannot steal his daughter and his safety too" —

"You must escape," she interrupted firmly.

"From here, from the citadel, from anywhere but your house; and so I will not go to it."

"You will not go to it?" she repeated slowly and strangely. "How may you not? You are a prisoner. If they make my father your jailer" — She laughed.

"I owe that jailer and that jailer's daughter" —

"You owe them your safety and your freedom. Oh, Robert, I know, I know what you mean. But what care I what the world may think by and by, or to-morrow, or to-day! I have a conscience clear of offense."

"Your father" — I persisted.

She nodded. "Yes, yes, you speak truth, alas! And yet you must be freed. And" — here she got to her feet, and with flashing eyes spoke out — "and you shall be set free. Let come what will, I owe my first duty to you, though all the world chatter; and I will not stir from that. As soon as I can make it possible, you shall escape, Robert."

"You shall have the right to set me free," said I, "if I must go to your father's house. And if I do not go there, but out to my own good country, you shall still have the right before all the world to follow, or to wait till I come to fetch you."

"I do not understand you, Robert," said she. "I do not" — Here she broke off, looking, looking at me, and trembling a little.

Then I stooped and whispered softly in her ear; she gave a little cry, and drew back from me; yet instantly her hand came out and caught my arm.

"Robert, Robert! I cannot, I dare not!" she cried softly. "No, no, it may not be," she added in a whisper of fear.

I went to the alcove, drew back the curtain, and asked Mr. Wainfleet to step forth.

"Sir," said I, picking up my Prayer Book and putting it in his hands, "I beg you to marry this lady and myself."

He paused, dazed. "Marry you — here — now?" he asked shakingly.

"Before ten minutes go round, this lady must be my wife," said I.

"Mademoiselle Duvarney, you" — he began.

"Be pleased, dear sir, to open the book at '*Wilt thou have,*'" said I. "The lady is a Catholic, she has not the consent of her people; but when she is my wife, made so by you, whose consent need we ask? Can you not tie us fast enough, a man and woman of sense sufficient, but you must pause here? Is the knot you tie safe against picking and stealing?"

I had touched his vanity and his ecclesiasticism. "Married by me," he replied, "once chaplain to the Bishop of London, you have a knot that no sword can cut. I am in full orders. My parish is in Boston itself."

"You will hand a certificate to my wife to-morrow, and you will uphold this marriage against all gossip?" asked I.

"Against all France and England," he answered, roused now.

"Then come," I urged.

"But I must have a witness," he interposed, opening the book.

"You shall have one in due time," said I. "Go on. When the marriage is performed, and at the point where you shall proclaim us man and wife, I will have a witness."

I turned to Alixe, and found her pale and troubled. "Oh, Robert, Robert!" she cried, "it cannot be. Now, now I am afraid, for the first time in my life, dear, the first time!"

"Dearest lass in the world," I said, "it must be. I shall not go to your father's. To-morrow night, I make my great stroke for freedom, and when I am free I shall return to fetch my wife."

"You will try to escape from here to-morrow?" she asked, her face flushing finely.

"I will escape or die," I answered; "but I shall not think of death. Come, heart of my heart, come and say with me that we shall part no more — in spirit no more; that, whatever comes, you and I have fulfilled our great hope, though under the shadow of the sword."

At that she put her hand in mine with a great pride and sweetness, and said, "I am ready, Robert. I give my heart, my life, and my honor to you — forever."

Then, with great sweetness and solemnity she turned to the clergyman: "Sir, my honor is also in your hands. If you have mother or sister, or any care of souls upon you, I pray you, in the future act as becomes good men."

"Mademoiselle," he said earnestly, "I am risking my freedom, maybe my life, in this; do you think" —

But here she took his hand and pressed it. "Ah, I ask your pardon. I am of a different faith from you, and I have known how men forget when they should remember." She smiled at him so perfectly that he drew himself up with pride.

"Make haste, sir," said I. "Jailers are curious folk."

The room was not yet lighted, the evening shadows were creeping in, and up out of the town came the ringing of the vesper bell from the church of the Recollets. For a moment there was stillness in the room and all around us, and then the chaplain began in a low voice: "*I require and charge you both*" — and so on. In a few moments I had made the great vow, and had put on Alixe's finger a ring which the clergyman drew from his own hand. Then we knelt down, and I know we both prayed with the good man, most fervently, that we might "ever remain in perfect love and perfect peace together."

Rising, he paused, and I went to the door and knocked upon it. It was opened by Gabord. "Come in, Gabord," said I. "There is a thing that you must hear."

He stepped back and got a light, and then entered, holding it up, and shutting the door. A strange look came upon his face when he saw the chaplain, and a stranger when, stepping beside Alixe, I

took her hand, and Mr. Wainfleet declared us man and wife. He stood like one dumfounded, and he did not stir as Alixe, turning to me, let me kiss her on the lips, and then went to the crucifix on the wall and kissed the feet of it, and stood for a moment, praying. Nor did he move or make a sign till she came back and stood beside me.

"A pretty scene!" he burst forth then with anger; "but, by God! no marriage is it!"

Alixe's hand tightened on my arm, and she drew close to me.

"A marriage that will stand at Judgment Day, Gabord," said I.

"But not in France or here. 'T is mating wild, with end of doom."

"It is a marriage our great Archbishop at Lambeth Palace will uphold against a hundred popes and kings," said the chaplain with importance.

"You are no priest, but holy peddler!" cried Gabord roughly. "This is a mating as the birds mate, not as Christian men, and fires of hell shall burn — aho! I will see you all go down, and hand of mine shall not be lifted for you!"

He puffed out his cheeks, and his great eyes rolled so like fire-wheels that I almost fell a-laughing.

"You are a witness to this ceremony," said the chaplain. "And you shall answer to your God, but you must speak the truth for this man and wife."

"Man and wife?" laughed Gabord wildly. "May I die and be damned to" —

Like a flash Alixe was beside him, and put to his lips most swiftly the little wooden cross that Mathilde had given her. "Gabord, Gabord," she said in a sweet, sad voice, "when you may come to die, a girl's prayers will be waiting at God's feet for you."

He stopped, and stared at her. Her hand lay on his arm, and she continued: "No night gives me sleep, Gabord, but I pray for the jailer who has been kind to an ill-treated gentleman."

"A juggling gentleman, that cheats Gabord before his eyes, and smuggles in a mongrel priest!" he blustered.

I waved my hand at the chaplain, or I think he would have put his Prayer Book to rougher use than was its wont, and I was about to answer, but Alixe spoke instead, and to greater purpose than I could have done. Her whole mood changed, her face grew still and proud, her eyes flashed bravely, so that I had a spirit of great elation.

"Soldier," she said, "vanity speaks in you there, not honesty. No gentleman here is a juggler. No kindness you may have done warrants insolence. Do not presume. To bring great misery on us you have the power, and you may have the will, but, by God's help, both he and I, my husband and myself, shall be delivered from cruel hands. At any moment I may stand alone in the world, friends, people, the Church, and all the land against me: if you desire to haste that time, to bring me to disaster, because you would injure my husband," — how sweet the name sounded on her lips! — "then act, but do not insult us. But no, no," she broke off softly, "you spoke in temper, you meant it not, you were but vexed with us for the moment. Dear Gabord," she added, "did we not know that if we had asked you first, you would have refused us? You care so much for me, you would have feared my linking my life and fate with one" —

"With one the death-man has in hand, to pay price for wicked deed," he interrupted.

"With one innocent of all dishonor, a gentleman wronged every way. Gabord, you know it so, for you have guarded him and fought with him, and you are an honorable gentleman," she added gently.

"No gentleman I," he burst forth, "but jailer base, and soldier born upon a truss of hay. But honor is an apple any man may eat since Adam walked in garden. 'T is honest foe, here," he con-

tinued magnanimously, and nodded towards me.

"We would have told you all," she said, "but how dare we involve you, or how dare we tempt you, or how dare we risk your refusal? It was love and truth drove us to this; and God will bless this mating as the birds mate, even as He gives honor to Gabord who was born upon a truss of hay."

"Aho!" said Gabord, puffing out his cheeks, and smiling on her with a look half sour, and yet with a doglike fondness, "'t is poor nesting for wren and dickey-bird; but Gabord's mouth is shut till 's head is off, and then to tell the tale to Twelve Apostles!"

Through his wayward, illusive speech we caught his meaning. He would keep faith with us, and be best proof of this marriage, at risk of his head even.

As we spoke, the chaplain was writing in the blank fore-pages of the Prayer Book. Presently he said to me, handing me the pen, which he had picked from a table, "Inscribe your names here. It is a rough record of the ceremony, but it will suffice before all men, when tomorrow I have given Mistress Stobo another record."

We wrote our names, and then the pen was handed to Gabord. He took it, and at last, with many flourishes and aho's, and by dint of puffings and rolling eyes, he wrote his name so large that it filled as much space as the other names and all the writing, and was indeed like a huge indorsement across the record.

When this was done, Alixe held out her hand to him. "Will you kiss me, Gabord?" she said.

The great soldier was all taken back. He flushed like a schoolboy, yet a big humor and pride looked out of his eyes.

"I owe you for the sables, too," she said. "But kiss me, not on my ears, as the Russian count kissed Gabord, but on both cheeks."

This won him to our cause utterly, and I never think of Gabord, as I saw him last in the sway and carnage of battle, fighting with wild uproar and covered with wounds, but the memory of that moment, when he kissed my young wife, comes back to me.

"Go nest, go nest," he said, in his whimsical metaphors, "and happy be, and hunter's arm kill not!"

At that he turned to leave. "Gabord shall hold the door for minutes ten, aho!" he added; and he waited for the chaplain, who blessed us then with tears in his eyes, and smiled a little to my thanks and praises and purse of gold, and to Alixe's sweet gratitude. With lifting chin — good honest gentleman, who afterwards proved his fidelity and truth — he said that he would die to uphold this sacred ceremony. And so he made a little speech, as if he had a pulpit round him, and he wound up with a benediction which sent my dear girl to tears and soft trembling: —

"*The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you, the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace now and evermore.*"

A moment afterwards the door closed, and for ten minutes I looked into my wife's eyes, my dear wife's face, and, looking, told her my plans for escape. Little time was there for tale of love, but yet we read all through a rich volume of confidence and affection; and when Gabord opened the door upon us, we had passed through years of understanding and resolve. Our parting was brave — a bravery on her side that I do not think any other woman could match. She was quivering with the new life come upon her, yet she was self-controlled; she moved as in a dream, yet I knew her mind was alert, vigilant, and strong; she was aching with thought of this separation, with the peril that faced us both, yet she carried a quiet joy in her face, a tranquil gravity of bearing.

"What God hath joined" — said I gravely at the last.

"Let no man put asunder," she answered softly and solemnly.

"Amen," said Gabord, and turned his head away.

Then the door shut upon me, and though I am no Catholic, I have no shame in saying that I kissed the feet on the crucifix which her lips had blessed.

Gilbert Parker.

THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY ON TWO SHILLINGS A DAY.

Good taste, good health, good nature, open-mindedness, open-heartedness, ready adaptability, and keen perception are of far more account in foreign travel than much money. While it is reassuring, of course, to have a store of funds to fall back on, the lavish use of money on the road is one of the greatest obstacles to success. Thus, foreign travel, instead of being a peculiar privilege of the rich, as it is usually considered, comes quite as near being a peculiar privilege of the poor. There are annoyances connected with making use of workingmen's excursions, walking in heat and dust to save carriage hire, riding on night trains to save lodging-bills, selecting dishes for nutriment, attending dull services for views of church interiors, hunting for cheap lodgings when leg-weary. But these very annoyances are pleasant to recall, and they have the compensation, at the time, of bringing their victim into close touch with the average life of average people. Being no novice at cheap travel, the fact that money was not plentiful with me did not hold me back for a moment, when I found myself, in the summer of 189–, with a few weeks on my hands to do with as I would. This time it should be the Wordsworth Country. I would have no set itinerary. I would linger or move on, ride or walk, as my own mood and the mood of the neighborhood might determine. I would tramp much, and saunter more, and lounge most of all. Thus would the fondest dream of half a score of years come true.

At Liverpool I made up an oilcloth pack of only a few pounds' weight, which could be borne on my back or carried in my hand. It contained several handkerchiefs, two pairs of stockings, buttons, needles, thread, and a change of underwear; a towel, a bath-sponge, a cake of soap, a toothbrush, a comb, Baedeker's Great Britain, and Wordsworth's Poems. For more ready reference, I added to the usual contents of my pockets a flask of whiskey, a few Bath buns, and a canvas-mounted map reduced from the ordnance survey. My other belongings were dispatched to London to await my coming; for I was sure to turn up there sooner or later, as every visitor to England does.

I embarked on a slow and cheap night train for Windermere, the southeastern gateway of the Lake District. Not a soul was stirring in the village when the train arrived, at five o'clock in the morning. It was therefore impossible to get a meal there, and I set out at once for Ambleside, four miles or so to the northward, breakfasting as I went on my Bath buns. The tops of all the mountains were glistering with snow, though it was near the middle of May. The narrow, river-like lake, Windermere, was a turquoise blue; the sky was cloudless; the air was at once frosty and fragrant with spring flowers; the birds were very troubadours. My blood was soon tingling with ozone and exercise. I was buoyant, exultant, mad with delight. In my passion to reach the amphitheatre at the head of the lake, in which I knew Am-

bleside must be nestled, I fairly ran along the villaed, wooded shore road.

Ambleside, like most of the lake towns, is full of lodgings at from ten to fifteen shillings per week. Cheaper rooms are scarce. So when Mrs. John Hyson offered me a large front chamber, with a glorious outlook on Wansfell Pike, for eight and sixpence, I quickly clinched the bargain. It turned out not to be a bad one, though I afterwards discovered two or three smaller rooms at seven shillings, — just a shilling a night. Mrs. Hyson was eager to give me food as well as lodging; and I should have much preferred to let her have her way, had she not insisted on two shillings a day for it. As it was, I resisted her importunity, salving her wounded feelings by contracting to have served every morning a sixpenny breakfast, consisting of a pot of tea, dry toast, and eggs or bacon. For the other meals, I gathered from the village stores a goodly supply of easily handled staples — bread and cheese, meat pies, and dried fish — and a few delicacies. In this way I was able to keep my entire daily expenditure down to the two shillings I had set myself as a limit. My method was to eat an eight-o'clock breakfast, stow away a good lunch in my pockets, and take to the mountains for the day. On my return at night, I spread out a supper in my room, where a pot of tea was brought when I desired. Supper over, I went to bed immediately, overpowered by the delicious lassitude that accompanies purely physical weariness. And then the luxury of twelve to thirteen hours' wholesome sleep!

These absences on the mountains included some vigorous and interesting tramping. On one day it was Hawkshead, Esthwaite Lake, Coniston, Elterwater, and Loughrigg Tarn, — all familiar names to the Wordsworth lover; on another, Rydal and Grasmere, White Stones, The Stake, Silver How, Sour Milk Ghyll, Easdale Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Dungeon Ghyll Force, — a twenty-mile loop with some very rough climbing; on still another, Kirkstone Pass, Caudale Moor, Red Screes, Brothers' Water, Patterdale, Ullswater, Helvellyn, and Grasmere, — twenty-five miles at the least. This tramp was spiced with real danger. On the Grisedale Road, a rugged mountain pass, I was surprised by a heavy fall of snow, almost out of a clear sky. The path, at no time too easy to trace, was obliterated within five minutes after the snow began. Instead of seeking for the shelter of a rock and waiting for the squall to pass, as would have been discreet, like poor Lucy Gray I "wandered up and down," slumping, wading, slipping, falling, bumping, scraping, until there was hardly a sound spot on my body. A bone might have been broken as easily as not; and had this happened, the chances are I should have starved before assistance came, —

> "Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
> Remote from public road or dwelling,
> Pathway or cultivated land,
> From trace of human foot or hand;"

for when I did at last strike the Grasmere Road, after several hours of anxious, painful wandering, it was at a point some miles beyond the junction with the Grisedale Road, at which I should have emerged. My anxiety during this experience was increased by the certain knowledge that it was in this very pass that the young man Charles Gough (the subject of Wordsworth's Fidelity, just quoted from, as well as of a poem by Scott) lost his life by sliding from a snow-covered rock.

Driving snow changed to pouring rain. It was eight o'clock before I arrived at Mrs. Hyson's. I begged permission to drink my tea in the kitchen, that night, before the open fire. It was readily granted. Mrs. Hyson had all along been spoiling for a gossip. What she got from me is immaterial. I learned from her that she was a widow with six children, — two at home, and four out in

the world, one of the latter a coachman in America. For a living, besides taking tourist lodgers, she did dressmaking. She had once lodged an American lady "with a lot of cheek," who had contrived, the Lord knows how, to secure a plate from which Wordsworth had eaten. "That was all she knew about Wordsworth; though of course he must be great, or people would n't come over the water to see where he was buried. Some did say as how Bobby Burns was the better poet, and she thought herself as he was; not as she had a right to pass judgment as had never read Wordsworth's writings, but she 'd seen the insides of some of his books, and they did n't fancy her eyes." Speaking of Burns led her to congratulate herself that none of her offspring had taken to rhyming. "Poets are that unthrifty, besides, they mostly don't live to be old. Susie, how old was Shakespeare when he died?" appealing to her fifteen-year-old daughter, to display her book-learning. "There, I told you so!" when Susie had answered. "I misdoubt my man, who was always a-saying rhymes, would n't 'a' died so unseasonable if he 'd kept away from the verse-books."

During my stay, the good widow played a neat trick on me, of which I may speak, for I have long ago forgiven it. She secretly drew from my flask a swallow or two of whiskey a day, then poured in an equal amount of water. Detection was very slow in coming, since it was the lack of quality, and not of quantity, that first aroused my suspicion.

It was on one of the tramps from Mrs. Hyson's that I lit upon the spot about which my finest memories of the lake-land cluster. I was crossing from Little Langdale Valley to Great Langdale Valley, with the Langdale Pikes in my view, when I came to an isolated house, upon the front wall of which "Ginger Beer, Milk and Lemonade" were advertised. It was a warm day for the season, and I was thirsty; so I went in and purchased a glass of cool rich milk and some oat cakes, for a penny. There was a beautiful tarn close by the house, and glorious fells were about it. Altogether the spot pleased me so that I begged the inmates to take me as a boarder. They were quite willing to do it, at a price that just suited me, — two shillings a day. I paid them in advance for a week, promising to return Saturday, when my time would be up at Ambleside. Their receipted bill is a curiosity: —

"s.	d.	
14	0	Receved the some of forten shillens for one weak Bord and Lodgens at Blea Tarn doo to W. Robbins."

That night I discovered from my Baedeker that I had unwittingly engaged lodgings in the very cottage lived in by the "Solitary" of Wordsworth's Excursion. Here is the poet's description: —

"A little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet, treeless nook with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.
There crows the cock, single in his domain:
The small birds find in spring no thicket there
To shroud them; only from the neighboring vales
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.
. . . . . .
Full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy — no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself

With the few needful things that life requires.
In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected ! "

Fourscore years have passed since this was written. There are thickets now suitable for the birds, and beautiful birds to fill them. There are many scattered trees and a young larch plantation. A huge crooked larch guards the house on one side, and a maple on the other. The house is fronted by several walled-in flower-plots, and flanked by a hen-house and a wagon-house. It has a two-story ell of comparatively recent date. The cock is no longer "single in his domain." Shepherd dogs sleep in the sun; young ducks, with legs set too far back on their bodies, lurch about the yard, and old ducks run out their tongues and hiss like impudent children. But with these few exceptions the quoted lines still hold good.

The room assigned to me was in the upper story of the ell. It was a simple little chamber with a single northwest window, whose sill was wide enough for a window-seat, — unlooked-for blessing! It contained plain bedroom furniture and a fireplace. Its only adornments were a tiny chromo of a shipwreck, a gilt-framed drawing of Christ, and two unframed illuminated Scripture texts: "Riches and Honour are with me" (Prov. viii. 18); "Blessed are the Poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. v. 3), — sentiments befitting the place.

The kitchen, which, with the dairy, took up all the first story of the original house, was eloquent of industry and good cheer. Spick-and-spanness was its most salient characteristic. Scoured brass candlesticks stood on the mantel, shining tin dishes were ranged in rows on the wall-racks, pewter mugs hung everywhere. It had bald patriarchal rafters and a huge fireplace in which flames were incessantly busy. The floor was stone.

The face of Mrs. Robbins is as beamy as the tinware on the racks. Mrs. Robbins is the presiding genius of the kitchen. She is also the real head of the household, notwithstanding she calls her husband "the master." She is short of stature. Her chin is sharp, her eyes are piercing, her nose is hooked like the beak of a bird of prey; her cheek-bones protrude, and her cheeks are deeply sunken because of her not having had a tooth in her head for sixteen years. She is probably not over fifty, — though a multitude of wrinkles, the lace cap which she ordinarily wears, and the weight of her clogs, added to the premature caving-in of her countenance, make her look at least ten years older. When the lace cap gives place to an old rusty round-crowned man's hat, as it does in rainy weather, she is a grotesque figure indeed.

Her favorite phrase, her first response, in fact, to almost every address, is, "Oh, to be sure!" and she gives this response with such a variety of emphasis and intonation that it is almost a language in itself. She can express as much with this one phrase as many people with a whole dictionary; still, she by no means confines herself to it, for she is inordinately fond of talking. Though as busy as the proverbial ant, which she further resembles in slimness of figure, she will stop any where, any when, to talk about any thing. I failed to discover a subject that she was at a loss to make an observation on, and her observations were almost invariably as bright and keen as her eye, for she is a practical philosopher withal. But nothing interests her quite as much as the weather, inasmuch as on it more than on anything else depends the welfare of her farm. It is a lesson in the relativity of things to find the weather a source of real permanent interest to anybody. By the light of this interest the conventional phrases of small talk are marvelously illuminated. "Oh, to be sure! A bonny rain! Ye can almost ken the grass grow," she would say, after one of the sudden, severe showers

of the district, and you could see in her eye visions of fleecy flocks and successful Ambleside market-days.

Next to the weather in her interest is the dairy. She took me in there one day with the air of bestowing a great privilege, as indeed she was; for it was just such a dairy, in all but size, as George Eliot assigned to Mrs. Poyser. "It was a scene to sicken for with a sort of calenture in hot and dusty streets, such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water; such soft coloring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, gray limestone, and rich orange-red rust on the iron weights and hooks and hinges." Mrs. Robbins gets from one shilling to one shilling sevenpence per lump for her butter, according to season, and each lump is supposed to weigh a pound. It really weighs a trifle more, for she keeps a venerable penny on the pound-weight, "for good measure and good luck," as her mother and grandmother did before her.

How proud she was to impart to me her bits of house and farm lore: the proper treatment of hens and ducks; the nursing, weaning, and bringing-up of children and calves; the virtues of shepherd dogs; the advantages of a mountain brook as a refrigerator and a wash-tub. And I confess that I prize these bits more than any knowledge of schools. I remember fondly that a hawthorn hedge is an ideal clothes-line; that in Westmoreland the last butter in the autumn is considered the choicest (not June butter, as with us); and that cedar shavings, which may be had for the asking at the Keswick pencil factory, are the very best preventive of moths. I remember still more fondly Mrs. Robbins's little oddities of speech; her motherly insistence on warming my bed with bottles; her cajolery in imposing on me delicious home-made wine, when I came in, heated and fagged, from a tramp; her regret at my not being able to tarry long enough for the apples and cherries, — "Oh, to be sure! I 'm that sorry! Ye 'll no be here to pluck 'em;" her simplicity in thinking people must all go to bed early in the part of America I came from, because we had short twilights; her fluttering anxiety lest some accident befall me on my sea-voyage home. In brief, Mrs. Robbins is one of the dearest of dear motherly women; beyond that words cannot go in praise.

"The master" works out by the day, if work is to be had, and often he has to walk five miles to find it. Then he does not get home until nine o'clock at night, when it is still light in this latitude. If not working out, he tends his own sheep on the fells, or does such farm work as may be urgent. He is a slender, ruddy-faced man, younger in looks and in years than his wife, almost boyish in jollity. When he came in from his work to the big, hearty fire, he used to "hope" (with a facetious wink) "that his women folks had behaved while he 'd been gone, and had n't given me no sort of trouble, as they sometimes did him." He was sure to insist on my lifting his enormous clogs as often as he took them off, and never failed to be convulsed with mirth over my display of effort. Unfortunately, a husky utterance made his broad dialect almost jargon to me.

A gayer pair is rarely seen. Their satisfaction in each other, particularly their appreciation of each other's wit, is almost comical. The glee with which the mistress receives the sallies of the master is as fresh and unfeigned as if they had not been repeated in her hearing a hundred times. Her low chuckle in expectation of a hit, her gasping "Oh, to be sure!" when the expected hit is made, are worth going very far to hear. The infinite pains she is at to interpret his jokes to me, because I cannot penetrate the dialect in which they are delivered, are an even higher proof of her

admiring devotion. And yet, with all the mirth of their living, this quaint couple are conscious, and, unintentionally, make others conscious, of a never-lifted burden of hard work for a bare subsistence. The dull ache of habitual submission is theirs. Their faces, in repose, express the blank weariness of the faces of Millet's peasant canvases. The faces of their four children, three daughters and a son, express little else at any time. They seem to have inherited all the gloom of their parents, and none of their sprightliness.

I was disappointed not to take my meals with the family, but their hours of eating were literally "too many" for me, — one breakfast at half after five and another at eight, dinner at half after eleven, supper at four, and tea at half after seven; so my meals were served to me in my room by the youngest daughter, a shy savage, who earns an occasional penny by opening the gate across the road for passing carriages, and who helps the family out further by gathering armfuls of dry wood high up on the fells. My breakfast came at seven, my dinner at twelve, and my supper at six, except in the event of an all-day tramp; then I carried a lunch with me for the midday, and had dinner at night. Breakfast consisted of bacon and fried eggs, bread and butter, and a pot of tea; dinner, of bacon or corned beef (fresh beef on market-days) and potato, bread and butter, pudding, cheese, and plenty of milk; supper, of boiled eggs, bread and butter, marmalade, a Chester cake, and a pot of tea. The tea was always served in gilt-rimmed china, and was supplemented by thick cream. The bread was ready sliced and spread with delicious unsalted butter, — sliced thin and spread thick, according to the good English custom. The cheese was a home-made wonder. The pudding deserves consideration. It was a meal by itself; always served piping hot and brown, in a dish of family size, with a generous pitcher of rich cream for sauce. My mountain appetite made so little ado over an entire pudding that my pudding capacity came to be a standing joke in the family. One only of the pudding series did I fail to sequestrate at a sitting. It was a suet affair, cooked in a bag, not unlike the "haggis" celebrated in verse by Burns; "our master's favorite pudding," Mrs. Robbins confided to me. After such a confidence, I should have been a brute not to leave a portion to be warmed over for the master's supper. It was early in the season for vegetables, but except in this item and that of fresh meat the *menu* was all that could be wished. And even bacon does very well, after all, if you are constantly in the open air.

From Blea Tarn, as from Ambleside, I tramped to a distance; though far less frequently, I was so well content to roam the nearer fells. Two tramps covered from thirty to thirty-five miles each. The first was down from the tarn into Little Langdale Valley; up through Wrynose Pass, where three shire stones mark the meeting of the counties Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland; down again into Wrynose Bottom; along the banks of the river of the famous sonnet series, the Duddon, whose water is so clear that pebbles at the bottom of still pools ten to twelve feet deep seem just under the surface, and of so beautiful a green as to suggest the occurrence of *crême de menthe* in a state of nature; past Seathwaite, distinguished for an immense and ancient yew-tree and a pretty country church, in the yard of which Wonderful Walker is buried; past Dunnerdale Hall and Ulpha Inn; on and on almost to the sea; then back, past Broughton Mills; over Walney Scar, whence the sea appears a long shimmering horizon; through Coniston, Yewdale, Tilberthwaite Glen, and Little Langdale Valley, home.

The second was also over Wrynose Pass to Wrynose Bottom, but there it diverged through Butterilkel into Mitterdale in the valley of the Esk; across to

Santon Bridge in the valley of the Irt; through Windgate and richly wooded Wastdale to Wastwater, the deepest of the lakes, whose head is inclosed by the highest of the mountains, as well as by those with the hardest lines, the sheerest cliffs, and the blackest shadows; through the tiny village of Burnthwaite; up a hard and stony mountain path to Styhead Pass, whence the contrast between the dunness of bare mountains and the fertility of green valleys was most striking, whence too I saw what I did not suppose existed, — something more desolate than a mountain covered with nothing but heather, — a mountain whose heather had just been burned to blackness; on past Styhead Tarn; up and up into the clouds and snow about Sprinkling Tarn; gradually down past Angle Tarn, a three-cornered blotch of ink watched over by Bow Fell; then quickly down into Oxendale; and finally up Wall End to Blea Tarn.

To live always away from the great centres of human life is dwarfing to a man of any original power. It was so even to Wordsworth, as the product of the last thirty years of his life sorrily testifies. His best work was certainly done while something of the turmoil of the world was still in his soul. Nevertheless, the possible range of a sojourn in a mountain solitude is amazingly large.

Here in the mountains about the tarn I have seen dark and light clouds commingle through the twilight in the strangest fashion, just as I used to see them as a child elsewhere. I had time then to look about me, and there were no brick walls in the way. Here, as there, I have traced the course of a dainty shallop through a glorified island-filled sea; have encouraged white-night-shirted youngsters to perseverance in pillow-fights; have laid wagers on my favorites in four-horse-chariot races; have watched with breathless interest the tourneyings of mailed knights before battlemented castles for the favors of brocaded ladies; have sighed over the glister of sheep supernaturally white, tended by impossibly beautiful shepherds and shepherdesses; have shuddered at wild beasts crowding tropical forests as they crowded the full-page pictures of an old-fashioned school geography, and at boundless open plains haunted by more and worse crawling and hissing things than are mentioned in the whole book of Revelation. A crooked, isolated tree never failed to become, just before the sun dropped, a bent, ragged, and aged beggar leaning on a twisted staff. These fancies are simple, childish pleasures, but no wise one will venture to depreciate them on that account.

Nor will any wise one scorn the athletics of a mountain district, — animal delight in animal movement, all the "aching joys" and "dizzy raptures" of mountain climbing. Untrammeled physical motions may here perfectly express the feelings that elsewhere have to stay unexpressed, or be, at best, imperfectly expressed by a trammeled tongue. There is zest always in complete expression, and zest (who does not know it?) is the one thing needful. The skin steams, the blood boils, the heart throbs, the muscles creak, the head whirls, the throat is parched. One leg will hardly move before the other, because each weighs as much as a leg in a nightmare. But there is no cessation. Up and up and up you strain, just for the godlike sensation of sprawling at last upon the breezy mountain top, deliciously fatigued. And the bit of snow you find there is none the less grateful because it kindles one thirst while it quenches another. You run recklessly to the very bottom of the opposite slope, there to drink from a pellucid brook a draught as potent as a mediæval love-philter, if to a different end; to cool hot cheeks on dark velvety moss; better still, to strip to the skin, and loll on the trunk of a fallen tree in the atomized spray of a roaring force; even to plunge for a divine burning-freez-

ing instant into the icy pool at the force's foot.

Slumping through markless bogs, overclimbing stony heights, and trailing watercourses in total disregard of beaten tracks may result in loss of time and bearings, but it is almost equally sure to result in the discovery of a ghyll or force or beck not down on the ordnance map, and so, in a sense, one's very own. I have groveled along a cliff, and strained giddily far over its brim, because the spot was a likely one for a tarn; and often have I been rewarded by a fragment of primeval chaos, an uncanny pool of black water, a tarn without a name, that almost made me lose my grip for joy. No conventional tourist ever saw or will see it, until the flying-machine becomes a luxurious mode of locomotion.

It is every bit worth while to rise long before light, make yourself a cup of tea, and climb for a sunrise; to run to catch a sunset from the best point of vantage before the glory passes; to delay the bedtime, and stumble through the night over uneven, unfamiliar ground, for the caresses of the moon or the fanning of the night-wind. Bird's-nesting, hunting, and fishing are kindred worthy resources that need not be described.

Complete antithesis to these joys of energy, but equally fine, are the joys of indolence. It is superb to be so little of a time-slave and so fresh of mind as to take a genuine interest in the gambols of the roly-poly lambs, who look and act for all the world (particularly the black-legged ones) like youngsters in the first pair of trousers. To be heather-cushioned on a sunny slope, with freedom to gaze at sky or tarn or mountains, to think, to day-dream, to smoke a pipe, to read poetry and romance, to listen, if it be a Sunday, to the distant church-bells (sweet music, because all sound and no summons!), and with equal freedom to forget any or all of these things in snug slumber, is to be an Olympian. Under such conditions, even the

> "Drowzy, frowzy poem called 'The Excursion,'
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

takes on a degree of interest. Many, many days did I pass in similar indolence before an open fire in a deserted mountain forge, about a mile from the tarn, — an uncanny spot that had a mysterious attraction for me.

Of quite another sort is the ravishment that comes from myriad manifestations of color, light, and form in nature. Mountain outlines harden and soften with the changes of the atmosphere. Dripping morning mists brood over the lakes like mother-birds. They curl along the lines of the hedges in shapes as fine, free, and fantastic as those of a cigarette-smoker's breath. A rain-cloud clings to a mountain as passionately as Francesca to Paolo, in Dante's other world, displaying a form almost as fair. A luminous afternoon haze mystifies the landscape as a gauze curtain does a scene on the stage. Clouds are piled together like plucked cotton-bolls in the Southern cotton-fields. Unseen currents draw out cloud masses into finest threads, and make them into films and laces; it is as if ghostly spiders were weaving their webs, or disembodied Bohemian glass-blowers were plying their trade in the sky. Colored lights, purple and violet, red and orange, pink and salmon, spread momentary unearthly glories over pikes and fells. Brunette clouds coquettishly don pink caps. The face of the heavens blushes at the woo-ings of the night. Dark blue crags recline on cushions of soft yellow light. Frequent showers span the heavens with frequent rainbows; rainbows tremble always by the sunlit water-breaks.

Flowers also stir the beauty sense. I came one day on such a gorgeous mass of yellow mountain globe-flowers that my head was turned as completely as another's might have been by a successful lottery drawing. I fairly tore the yellow beauties up by handfuls, until my arms were overflowing. Then I

dropped my plunder under a tree, threw myself down beside it, and wantonly tossed the golden rotundities through a slanting sunbeam, just for the pleasure there was in their shimmer. It was as well that as anything, for them and me. They would surely have perished in my arms before I could have got them home, however tenderly I held them. In this region, any turning in the path may open up the brazen, barbaric, but beautiful spectacle of a stretch of broom or gorse bloom. More soulful, if less splendid, are the violets; and nothing in nature or out of it is finer as a color combination than fresh dewy banks of pale yellow primroses and dark blue violets growing together. The rich color and heavy fragrance of a bed of wild hyacinths, when the birds are whistling love notes above it, and the sun is warm upon it, and the maples and leaving oaks are tender pink and green around it, make one drunk with passion. Other flowers speak tender or startling messages from their homes of moss, or sod, or fern: cowslips, daisies, wild geraniums, saucy buttercups, flaky anemones, white strawberry blooms, tiny yellow trefoils, starlike stitchworts, bird's-eye veronicas, lesser celandines, lilylike but noisome wild garlics, delicate lavender-robed cuckoo-flowers.

The sounds are hardly less seductive, and in these the birds play the largest part. Bustling blackbirds bicker about the ash-trees; starlings flirt vocally among the elms; swallows twitter from the eaves and chimneys; skylarks trill in the face of the sun; hedge sparrows and bulfinches vie in arias; green linnets exult among the hazel leaves; thrushes render intimate soul-music; turtle-doves coo ventriloquently; venerable rooks caw gravely; cuckoos gurgle mysteriously. Then there are the tinkling of the little brooks, the trumpeting of the forces, the reverberation of the thunder, the whistle and roar and sough of the winds, the patter of the raindrops on the leaves, the call of the shepherds, the barking of the shepherd dogs, the hoarse baaing of the sheep and the plaintive bleating of the lambs, and the manifold eloquence of the mountains after a shower, when fountains of rich sound gush from a thousand unsuspected mouths. This mountain and sky environment is extraordinarily friendly to the sober pleasure of contemplation. Natural symbolism is helpful, like church symbolism, while the one has no more binding force than the other. Without insisting, then, that the analogies nature has always impelled men to draw are infallible, or indeed possess any authority whatever, the fact remains that the drawing is inevitable, and that there is a very real pleasure in it.

For instance, it is impossible, when height after height is attained only to reveal another higher up and farther on, not to ponder the deceptiveness of ideals; or, when the outlook from a mountain's summit turns out to be far less entrancing than from its slope, not to realize that sheer ignorance impels us to renounce the best the world can give us, — to struggle for something that, when it is got, is less fine than the best; or, when a tarn, ordinarily saturnine and reticent, is made to break into millions of shifting sparkles and great moving patches of white light by a stiff breeze from a certain quarter, not to recall how still, dark, inert men have become oriflammes under the sweep of a great crisis; or, when a gold cloud loses its gold by being driven out of the reach of the sun, not to remember the souls that have forever lost their glow from the withdrawal of the luminous rays of love; or, when peering and peering into the depths of the sky reveals nothing, not to wonder at the hopeless folly of men in trying to pierce the mystery of life.

Stumbling over a dead lamb in a lonely spot on the mountains is like stumbling over a dead hope. Black tragedies and gray commonplaces are as useful foils in life as black and gray clouds in a sunset. A white path that seems to

lead off and up into a higher, finer world begins to descend just when it appears most ascendant. The flickering play of light and shade among the pikes and vales is as fitful as the movement of joy and sorrow through the world. The straining of mighty mountains through æons, with nothing to show for it but rocks and stunted growths, pathetically symbolizes the petty issues of the great ambitions of great minds. The calm and smiling cruelties of nature suggest at once the inevitableness and the irony of fate.

If I may be pardoned for speaking of so intimate a thing, here in the mountains, if anywhere, are the consolations of religion. Here, if anywhere, the throb of universal joy is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the pang of universal pain is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the gripe of universal law is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the radiance of universal charm is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the broil of universal strife is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, is peace that passeth knowledge; that too, in very truth, is God. Here, if anywhere, may be had, momentarily at least, the consciousness of the relation that always exists, though oftenest obscured, between the soul of man and the soul of all things; and this consciousness is communion, if anything is. Feeling and sharing the pain and the joy, the travail and the peace, the relentlessness and beauty of the Spirit of the Universe brings illuminating moments. In them we are for the nonce

> "a mood of the life
> Of the spirit in whom we exist,
> Who alone is all things in one."

The time came at last to resume my journey. With very real regret I said good-by to kind Mrs. Robbins and her family, and at just four o'clock in the afternoon I had my last view from Esk Hause of the tarn and the Solitary's cottage. Then I renewed my acquaintance with Styhead Pass, whence I made the comparatively easy descent, with Great Gable on the left and Glaramara on the right, into Borrowdale, the valley through which the river Derwent flows to Derwentwater. Near the bottom was Seathwaite Force, standing out in exquisite relief against a tender green larch plantation; and a little farther on, Taylor's Ghyll Force was turning an immense gaunt water-wheel. In Seathwaite village, to which I came about six o'clock, was a spruce-looking house advertising "Beds and Refreshment," at which I should have done well to put up for the night. But I did not then feel the need of either bed or refreshment. So I rashly held on without halting through that and the next village, Seatoller. When, at last, I was both tired and hungry, not a house was to be seen. There was a sheepfold, though, half buried in a clump of trees, on the farther bank of the Derwent. I crossed a foot-bridge, and made an examination of the interior. The earth floor was bare and damp, but there was a loft on one side, covered with bracken that tempted my weary limbs. It promised well for a bed, and my pack would make the best sort of a pillow. I was hungry, to be sure, but I was more tired than hungry. So I climbed the loft, dug my feet as far as possible into the bracken, and went to sleep amid the ravishing lullabies of the birds who were still singing in the trees outside.

About ten o'clock I awoke in the dark, very cold and very hungry. My head was aching like mad. I drew out my whiskey flask, but it was empty, — criminal carelessness that deserved punishment and got it. A few miserable naps were all that came to me, and at the first trace of dawn I made my way down and out. Moving produced a dreadful nausea, and I lay for several minutes in the wet grass just outside the door, too faint to lift my head. As soon as I was able to stir, I crawled north-

ward (it could not be called walking), passing a number of houses. Unfortunately, it was Sunday morning, and nobody was up. The exertion warmed me a little, but relieved neither the headache nor the nausea, and about five o'clock I was fain to stagger into an open barn abutting on the road. Too listless even to protect myself from the cold with a layer of bracken, I slept two hours. Then I started on again, sufficiently relieved to notice the rich beauties of Derwentwater, on whose west shore I was. I had learned my lesson: not that it is foolish to sleep in barns and folds, — I have often done it since with most gratifying results, — but that it is foolish to go to bed without supper, without sufficient covering, above all without whiskey in the flask. The lullabies of the birds about the fold had been almost worth the misery, but it was inexpressibly humiliating to think that I might have had the music minus the misery for only so much forethought as is represented by a large swallow of liquor.

The first person I saw, that morning, was a girl with a milk-pail emerging from a barn. My stomach not being yet bold enough for milk, I asked her, politely enough, if she could get me a cup of hot water. The hot-water fad had not then struck the Lake District, and the poor thing took me for a madman. Ejaculating a husky "No, I don't think I could. We don't sell it," she disappeared, with a frightened face. Had I asked for tea instead of water, she would have comprehended readily enough, and treated me quite differently. At the next house I knocked timidly. The people were just getting up. I was ordered to wait by a nondescript head in a chamber window, and after a little was admitted by a half-dressed man. The man lit a fire, whose warmth was very grateful. The "women folks" would soon be down, and we would all have breakfast together. The "women folks" proved to be a wife and grown-up daughter: both were tall, slim, blonde, red-haired, and talkative. Within fifteen minutes from my knock at the door I was enjoying a family breakfast of tea, toast, and eggs. It cost me ninepence; but a shilling's worth of medicine could not have made me over so speedily. On the strength of it, I walked nearly thirty miles that Sunday, up and down the shores of beautiful Derwentwater, over a mountain pass to Honister Crag, northwesterly along the shores of the lakes, Buttermere and Crummock, into Lorton Vale, and on to Cockermouth, Wordsworth's birthplace, and the northwestern gateway of the Lake District. On the shore of Crummock I was regaled at a prosperous farmhouse with oat cake and three glasses of milk, for which I was allowed to pay only a penny; but, thrown off my guard by such generosity, at Lorton I was forced to pay a shilling for a lunch of bread and cheese and milk that should not have been more than threepence. At Cockermouth I got a meat pie and some ale for fourpence, thus bringing the cost of my food for the day up to two shillings twopence, one shilling twopence in excess of my allowance for food. But as supper and lodging had cost me nothing the night before, the two-shillings-per-day limit had not really been exceeded. At the Brown Cow I secured a bed for a shilling, though it involved more haggling to get it at that price than I should have had courage for, had not the memory of the Lorton swindle been rankling in my soul.

That night being my last in the Wordsworth Country, I naturally fell into a reminiscent mood. With the single exception of the night when I had made a fool of myself, I had had a comfortable place to sleep in and plenty of wholesome food. I had come to appreciate more keenly the great qualities of a great poet; to know with a new knowledge, and to love with a new love, flowers and birds, skies and waters and

mountains; to feel color, form, and chiaroscuro more intensely, and to value at their real worth the splendid human qualities of plain people. I had also been face to face with God. I had received bodily refreshment, mental stimulus, and spiritual help.

And all for an outlay of a paltry fourteen shillings a week! It was a good investment. It seemed so to me then; it seems so to me now. All travelers may not be as fortunate in their hosts as I was, but everywhere in the Lake District lodgings are wholesome, prices cheap, and people cordial. Any man who has held through thick and thin his childishness, his boyishness, his love of people, his love of beauty, and his sense of reverence will find it one of the best sections of Great Britain for leisurely, economical travel. Nervousness, hustling, dissipation, faddism, pedantry, are not of it. Quiet and simplicity and sincerity and sanity are of it, and of these are worn-out lives made new.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

THE MYSTERY OF WITCH-FACE MOUNTAIN.

IV.

Since the knight-errantry of wolf and bear and catamount and fox has scant need of milestones, or signposts, or ferries, or the tender iteration of road-taxes, the casual glance might hardly perceive the necessity of opening a thoroughfare through this wilderness, for these free-booters seemed likely to be its chief beneficiaries. A more rugged district could not be found in all that massive upheaval of rocks and tangled wooded fastnesses stretching from the northeast to the southwest some twenty miles, and known as Witch-Face Mountain; a more scantily populated region than its slopes and adjacent coves scarcely exists in the length and breadth of the State of Tennessee. The physical possibilities were arrayed against the project, so steep was the comblike summit on either side, so heavy and tortuous the outcropping rock that served as the bony structure of the great mountain mass. True, the river pierced it, the denudation of solid sandstone cliffs, a thousand feet in height, betokening the untiring energy of the eroding currents of centuries agone. This agency, however, man might not summon to his aid, being "the act of God," to use the pious language of the express companies to describe certain contingencies for which they very properly decline the responsibility. Against the preëmptions of the gigantic forests and the gaunt impassable crags and the abysmal river might be enlisted only such enterprise as was latent in the male inhabitants of the vicinity over eighteen years of age and under fifty, thus subject to the duty of working on the public roads. Nevertheless, the county court had, in a moment of sanguine exuberance, entertained and granted an application from the adjacent landowners to order a jury of view to lay out a public road and to report at the quarterly session.

Precursors of the jury of view in some sort two young people might have appeared, one afternoon, a fortnight, perhaps, after the inquest, as they pushed through the woody tangles to the cliffs high above the river, the opposite bank of which was much nearer than the swirling currents, crystal brown in the romantic shadows below. They walked in single file, the jury of view in their minds, and now and then referred to in their sparse speech.

"Mought make it along hyar, Ben." The girl, in advance, paused, bareheaded, each uplifted hand holding out a string of her white sunbonnet, which, thus distended, was poised, winglike, against the amber sky and behind the rough tangle of auburn hair. She turned, as she spoke, to face her companion, taking a step or two backward as she awaited his answer.

"Look out how ye air a-walkin', Narcissa! Ye 'll go over the bluff back'ards, fust thing ye know," the man called out eagerly, and with a break of anxiety in his voice.

She stretched the sunbonnet still wider with her upreaching arms, and with a smile of tantalizing glee, showing her white teeth and narrowing her brown eyes, she continued to walk backward toward the precipice, — with short steps, however; cautious enough, doubtless, but calculated to alarm one whose affection had given many a license to fear.

Still at too great a distance for interference, Ben affected indifference. "We-uns 'll hev the coroner's jury hyar agin, afore the jury o' view, ef ye keep on; an' ye ain't got on yer bes' caliker coat, noways."

He climbed swiftly up the ascent and joined her, out of breath and with an angry gleam in his eyes. But she had turned her face and steps in the opposite direction, the mirth of the situation extinguished for the present.

"Quit talkin' that-a-way 'bout such turr'ble, turr'ble things!" she cried petulantly, making a motion as if to strike him, futile at the distance, and with her frowning face averted.

"Sech ez yer new coat? I 'lowed 't war the apple o' yer eye," he rejoined, with a feint of banter.

She held her face down, with her features drawn and her eyes half closed, rejecting the vision of recollection as if it were the sight itself. "I can't abide the name o' cor'ner's jury, — I never wants ter hear it nor see it agin! I never shall furgit how them men all looked a-viewin' the traveler's body what I fund dead in the road; they looked like jes' so many solemn, peekin', heejus black buzzards crowdin' aroun' the corpse; then a-noddin' an' a-whisperin' tergether, an' a-findin' of a verdic', ez they called it. They fund nuthin' at all. 'T war *me* ez done the findin'. I fund the man dead in the road. An' *I* ain't a-goin' ter be a witness no mo'. Nex' time the law wants me fur a witness I 'll go to jail; it 's cheerfuller, a heap, I 'll bet!"

As she still held her head down, her bonnet well on it now, her face with its *riant* cast of features incongruously woe-begone, overshadowed by the tragedy she recounted even more definitely than by the brim of her headgear or the first gray advance of the dusk, he made a clumsy effort to divert her attention.

"I 'lowed ye war mightily in favor of juries; ye talk mighty nigh all day 'bout the jury of view."

"I want a road up hyar," she exclaimed vivaciously, raising her eyes and her joyous transfigured face, "a reg'lar county road! In the fall o' the year the folks would kem wagonin' thar chestnuts over ter sell in town, an' camp out. An' all the mounting would go up an' down it past our big gate ter the church house in the Cove. I 'd never want ter hear no mo' preachin'. I 'd jes' set on our front porch, an' look, an' look, an' look!"

She cast up her great bright eyes with as vivid and immediate an irradiation as if the brilliant procession which she pictured deployed even now, chiefly in ox-wagons, before them. She caught off her bonnet from her head, — it seemed a sort of moral barometer; she never wore it when the indications of the inner atmosphere set fair. She swung it gayly by one string as she walked and talked; now and again she held the string to her lips and bit it with her strong, even teeth, reckless of the havoc in the clumsy hem.

"Then county court days, — goin' to

county court, an' comin' from county court, — sech passels an' passels o' folks! I wisht we-uns hed it afore the jury o' view kem, so we-uns mought view the jury o' view."

"It 's along o' the jury o' view ez we-uns will git the road, — ef we do git it," the young man said cautiously.

It was one of his self-imposed duties to moderate, as far as in him lay, his sister's views, to temper her enthusiasms and abate her various and easily excited anger. He had other duties toward her which might be said to have come to him as an inheritance.

"Ben 's the boy!" his consumptive mother had been wont to say; "he 's sorter slow, but mighty sure. 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-Fast is a better.' Ef he don't sense nare 'nother idee in this life, he hev got ter l'arn ez it 's his business ter take keer o' Nar'sa. Folks say Nar'sa be sp'iled a'ready. So be, fur whilst Ben be nuthin' but a boy he 'll l'arn ter do her bid, an' watch over her, an' wait on her, an' keer fur her, an' think she be the top o' creation. It 'll make her proud an' headin', I know, — she 'll gin her stepmammy a sight o' trouble, an' I ain't edzactly lamentin' 'bout'n that, — but Ben 'll take keer o' her all her life, an' good keer, havin' been trained ter it from the fust."

But his mother had slept many a year in the little mountain graveyard, and her place was still empty. The worldly-wise craft of the simple mountain woman, making what provision she might for the guardianship of her daughter, was rendered of scant effect, since her husband did not marry again. The household went on as if she still sat in her accustomed place, with not one deficiency or disaster that might have served in its simple sort as a memorial, — so little important are we in our several spheres, so promptly do the ranks of life close up as we drop dead from their alignment.

The panoply against adversity with which Narcissa had been accoutred by a too anxious mother, instead of being means of defense, had become opportunities of oppression. Her brother's affectionate solicitude and submissiveness were accepted as her bounden due, as the two grew older; her father naturally adapted himself to the predominant sentiment of the household; and few homes can show a tyrant more arrogant and absolute than the mountain girl whose mother had so predicted for her much hardship and harshness, and a troubled and subordinate life.

It was with that instinct to guard her from all the ills of life, great and small, that Ben sought to prepare her for a possible disappointment now.

"Mought n't git the road through, nohow, when all 's said," he suggested.

"Whut fur not?" she exclaimed, bringing her dark brows together above eyes that held a glitter of anger.

"Waal, some o' the owners won't sign the application, an' air goin' ter fight it in the court."

She put her bonnet on, and looked from under its brim up at the amber sky. It was growing faintly green near the zenith, toward which the tall tops of the dark green pines swayed. The great growths of the forest rose on every side. There was no view, no vista, save the infinitely repeated umbrageous tangle beneath the trees, where their boles stood more or less distinct or dusky till merged indefinitely into shadow and the distance. Looking down into the river, one lost the sense of monotony. The ever-swirling lines of the current drew mystic scrolls on that wonderfully pellucid brown surface, — so pellucid that from the height above she could see a swiftly darting shadow which she knew was the reflection of a homeward-bound hawk in the skies higher yet. Leaves floated in a still, deep pool, were caught in a maddening eddy, and hurried frantically away, unwilling, frenzied, helpless, unknowing whither, never to return, — allegory of many a life outside those darkling solemn mountain

woods, and of some, perhaps, in the midst of them. The reflection of the cliffs in the never still current, of the pines on the summits, of the changing sky growing deeper and deeper, till its amber tint, erstwhile so crystalline, became of dull tawny opaqueness, she marked absently for a while as she cogitated on his answer.

"What makes 'em so contrairy, Ben?" she asked at last.

"Waal, old man Sneed 'lows thar 'll be a power o' cattle-thievin', with the road so open an' convenient. An' Jeremiah Sayres don't want ter pay no road-taxes. An' Silas Boyd 'lows he don't want ter be obligated ter work on no sech rough road ez this hyar one air obleeged ter be; an' I reckon, fust an' last, it *will* take a power o' elbow grease."

He paused, and looked about him at the great shelving masses of rock and the steep slants, repeated through leagues and leagues of mountain wilderness. Then seating himself on one of the ledges of the cliff, his feet dangling unconcernedly over the abysses below, he continued: "An' Con Hite, — he 's agin it, too."

She lifted her head, with a scornful rising flush.

"Con Hite dunno *what* he wants; *he* ain't got a ounce o' jedgmint."

"Waal, one thing he *don't* want is a road. He be 'feard it 'll go too close ter the still, an' the raiders will nose him out somehows. Now he be all snug in the bresh, an' the revenuers none the wiser."

"An' Con none the wiser, nuther," she flouted. "The raiders hev smoked out 'sperienced old mountain foxes a heap slyer 'n Con be. He ain't got the gift. He can't hide nuthin'. I kin find out everythin' he knows by jes' lookin' in his eye."

"That 's just 'kase he 's fool enough ter set a heap o' store by ye, Nar'sa. He ain't so easy trapped."

"Fool enough fur ennythin'," she retorted.

"An' thar 's old Dent Kirby. He 'lows the road will be obligated ter pass by the witch-face arter it gits over yander nigh ter the valley, whar the ruver squeezes through the mounting agin. He be always talkin' 'bout signs an' spells an' sech, an' he 'lows the very look o' the witch-face kerries bad luck, an' it 'll taint all ez goes for'ard an' back'ard a-nigh it."

"Ben," said the girl in a low voice, "do you-uns b'lieve ef thar war passin' continual on a sure enough county road that thar cur'ous white light would kem on the old witch's face in the night-time? Ain't that a sort'n spell fur the dark an' the lonesomeness ter tarrify a few quaking dwellers round about? Surely many folks comin' an' goin' would n't see sech. Ghostful things ain't common in a crowd." She moved a little nearer her brother, and laid a hand on the strong muscles of his shoulder.

"Some folks can't see the witch-face at all, noways," he replied stolidly. "I hearn the coroner 'low he could n't."

Narcissa spoke with sudden asperity: "I reckon he hev got sense enough ter view a light whenst it shines inter his eyes. He 'pears ter be feeble-minded ginerally, and mought n't be able ter pick out the favor o' the features on the hillside, but surely he 'd blink ef a light war flickered inter his eyeballs."

The road was her precious scheme, and she made shift to believe that with the order of the worshipful Quarterly County Court declaring it open, with a duly appointed overseer and a gang of assigned work-hands and the presidial fostering care of a road commissioner, the haggard old semblance must needs desist from supernatural emblazonment in the awe-stricken nights, and that logic and law would soon serve to exorcise its baleful influence.

Her mien grew graver as she reflected on the *résumé* of objections to the project. Her white bonnet threw a certain white reflection on her flushed face. Her eyes were downcast as she looked at the river

below, the long lashes seeming almost to touch her cheek. She scarcely moved them as she turned her gaze upon her brother, still seated on the verge of the cliff.

"Waal, sir, I wonder that the pore old road petition hed life enough in it ter crawl ter the court-house door. With all them agin it, thar ain't nobody ter be fur it, sca'cely."

"Oh yes," he admitted. "Them air fur it ez b'lieves highways improves proputty, an' hev got land lyin' right alongside whar the road is axed ter be run; them ez ain't got proputty alongside ain't nigh so anxious. That thar strange valley man ez they say hev got a lung complaint, he won't sign nuther. He owns the house he built up thar on the flat o' the mounting an' cornsider'ble land, though he don't keep no stock nor nuthin'. 'Lows the air be soft an' good for the lung complaint. He 'lows he hev been tryin' ter git shet o' the railroads an' dirt roads an' human folks, an' he s'posed he *hed* run ter the jumpin'-off place, the e-ends o' the yearth; but hyar kems the road o' civilization a-pursuin' him like the sarpient o' the Pit, with the knowledge o' good an' evil, a grain o' wheat an' a bushel o' chaff, an' he reckons he 'll hev ter cut an' run agin."

Narcissa's lips parted slightly. She listened in amazement to this strange account of an aversion to that gay world in processional, chiefly in white-covered wagons, which she longed to see come down the county road.

"He be a powerful queer man," said Ben slowly, "this hyar Alan Selwyn."

And she felt that this was true.

She had sat down beside her brother on the rock, and together they looked down meditatively on the river. It was reddening now with the reflections of the reddening clouds. The water, nevertheless, asserted itself. Lengths of steely brilliancy showed now and again amidst the roseate suffusion, and anon spaces glimmered vacant of all but a dusky brown suggestion of depth and a liquid lustre.

"Nar'sa," he said at last in a low voice, "ye know they 'lowed that the traveler what war throwed off an' killed, some say by his runaway horse, war a-comin' ter see *him*, — this Alan Selwyn."

She looked at her brother with startled eyes. The white bonnet seemed to focus and retain the lingering light in the landscape. Without its aid he might hardly have made shift to see her face.

"They 'lowed they knowed so by the papers the man had on him, though this Selwyn 'lowed *he* could n't identify the dead man."

She gazed wonderingly at him, then absently down at the sudden scintillating white glitter of the reflection of the evening star in the dusky red water. It burned with a yet purer, calmer radiance in the roseate skies. She felt the weight of the darkening gloom, gathering beneath the trees around her, as if it hung palpably on her shoulders.

"Waal, I b'lieve ef that thar man had been able ter speak ter ye when ye fund him, like ye said he tried ter do, I b'lieve he would hev tole ye suthin' 'bout that thar valley man. *He* 's enough likelier ter hev hed suthin' ter do with the suddint takin' off o' the feller than Con Hite."

She looked up, her face aghast. "Who says Con Hite — Why?" She paused, her voice failing.

"Waal, ye know Con be a-moonshinin' agin, an' some 'lows ez this hyar traveler warn't a traveler at all, but a revenuer, — strayed off somehows from the rest o' 'em."

"Oh, how I wish he 'd stop moonshinin' an' sech!"

She moved so suddenly on the edge of the precipice, as she lifted her hands and drew down her sunbonnet over her face, that Ben's glance was full of a startled terror.

"Move back a mite, Nar'sa; ye 'll go over the bluff, fust thing ye know! Yes, Con 's mighty wrong ter be moonshinin'. The law is the right thing. It purtects us. It holps us all. We-uns owe it obejiunce, like I hearn the man say in a speech down yander in" —

"The law!" cried Narcissa, with scorn. "Con Hite kin tromp on the revenue law from hyar ter the witch-face, fur all I keer. Purtects! I pity a man ez waits fur the law ter purtect him; it 's a heap apter ter grind him ter pomace. *I* mind moonshinin' 'kase it 's dangersome fur the moonshiners. The law — I don't count the fibble old law!"

She sat brooding for a time, her face downcast. Then she spoke in a low voice: —

"Why n't ye find out, Ben? What ails ye ter be so good-fur-nuthin'? Thar be other folks beside Con ez air law-breakers." She edged nearer to him, laying her hand on his arm. "Ye 've got to find out, Ben," she said insistently. "Keep an eye on that thar valley man, an' find out all 'bout'n him. Else the killin' 'll be laid ter Con, who never done nuthin' hurtful ter nobody in all his life."

"The idee jes' streck me ter-day whenst I viewed him along about that road. Whenst that thar dead man tuk yer han' an' tried ter find a word of speech — Why, hullo, Narcissa!"

With a short cry she had struggled to her feet. The gathering gloom, the recollection of the tragedy, the association of ideas, bore too heavily on her nerves. She struck petulantly at his astounded face.

"Why air ye always remindin' me?" she exclaimed, with a sharp upbraiding note. And then she began to cry out that she could see again the coroner's jury pressing close about the corpse, with a keen ravenous interest like the vile mountain vultures, and then colloguing together aside, and nodding their heads and saying they had found their verdict, when they had found nothing, not even the poor dead man; and she saw them here, and she saw them there, and everywhere in the darkling mountain woods, and she would see them everywhere as long as she should live, and she wished with all her heart that they were every one at the bottom of the black mountain river.

And the slow Ben wondered, as he sought to soothe her and take her home, that a woman should be so sensitive to the mention of one dead man, and yet given to such wishes of the wholesale destruction of the harmless coroner's jury, because their appearance struck her amiss, and they collogued together, and nodded their heads unacceptably, and found their verdict.

V.

Except in so far as his sedulously cultivated fraternal sentiments were concerned, the peculiar domestic training to which Ben Hanway had been subjected had had slight effect in softening a somewhat hard and stern character. To continue the canine simile by which his mother had described him, his gentleness and watchful care toward his sister were not more reassuring to the public at large than is the tender loyalty of a guard-dog toward the infant of a house which claims his fealty; that the dog does not bite the baby is no fair augury that he will not bite the peddler or the prowler. The fact that the traveler had borne letters addressed to Alan Selwyn, and no other papers, and yet Alan Selwyn could not or would not identify him, had already furnished Hanway with an ever-recurrent subject of cogitation. It had been the presumption of the coroner's jury, since confirmed by inquiry of the postmaster, that, going for some purpose to Alan Selwyn's lodge in the wilderness, the unknown traveler had, in passing,

called for his prospective host's mail at the Cross-Roads, some fifteen miles distant and the nearest post-office, such being the courtesy of the region. A visitor often insured a welcome by thus voluntarily expediting the delivery of the mail some days, or perhaps some weeks, before its recipient could have hoped to receive it otherwise. Hanway had long been cognizant of this habit of the Cross-Roads postmaster to accede to such requests on the part of reputable people, but he was reminded forcibly of it the next morning. A neighbor, homeward bound from a visit to the valley, had paused at Hanway's house to leave a letter, with which he had charged himself, addressed to Selwyn.

"I 'lowed ye mought be ridin' over thar some day, bein' ez ye air toler'ble nigh neighbors," he said.

And Hanway the more willingly undertook the delivery of the missive since it afforded him a pretext for the reconnoissance which he had already contemplated.

Rain-clouds had succeeded those fine aerial flauntings of the sunset splendors, and he set out in the pervasive drizzle of a gray day. Torn and ragged with the rain and the gusts, the white vapor seemed to come to meet him along the vistas of the dreary dripping woods. The tall trees that shut off the sky loomed loftily through it. Sometimes, as the wind quickened, it deployed in great luminously white columns, following the invisible curves of the atmospheric current; and anon, in flaky detached fragments, it fled dispersed down the avenues like the scattered stragglers of a routed army. The wind was having the best of it; and though it still rained when he reached the vicinity of Alan Selwyn's lonely dwelling, the mist was gone, the clouds were all resolved into the steady fall of the torrents, and the little house on the slope of the mountain and all its surroundings were visible.

A log cabin it was, containing two rooms and the unaccustomed luxury of glass windows; so new that the hewn cedar logs had not yet weathered to the habitual dull gray tone, but glowed jauntily red as the timbers alternated with the white and yellow daubing. A stanch stone chimney seemed an unnecessary note of ostentation, since the more usual structure of clay and sticks might serve as well. It reminded Ben Hanway that its occupant was not native to the place, and whetted anew his curiosity as he looked about, the reins on his horse's neck, in his slow approach. It was a sheltered spot; the great mountain's curving summit rose high toward the north and west above the depression where the cabin stood; across the narrow valley a still more elevated range intercepted the east wind. Only to the south was the limited plateau open, sloping down to great cliffs, giving upon a vast expanse of mountain and valley and plain and far reaches of undulating country, promising in fair weather high, pure, soft air, a tempered gentle wind, and the best that the sun can do.

He noted the advantages of the situation in reference to the "lung complaint," feeling a loser in some sort; for he had begun to suspect that the consumptive tendencies of the stranger were a vain pretense, assumed merely to delude the unwary. He could not have doubted long, for when he dismounted and hitched his horse to the rail fence he heard the door of the house open, and as its owner, standing on the threshold in the wind and the gusty rain, called out to him a welcoming "Hello," the word was followed by a series of hacking coughs which told their story as definitely as a medical certificate.

Ben Hanway was not a humane man in any special sense, but he was conscious of haste in concluding the tethering of the animal and in striding across the vacant weed-grown yard striped with the ever-descending rain.

"Ye 'd better git in out'n all this wind

an' rain," he said in his rough voice. "A power o' dampness in the air."

"No matter. There 's no discount on me. Don't take take cold nowadays. I 've got right well here already."

The passageway was dark, but the room into which Ben was ushered, illumined by two opposite windows, was as bright as the daylight would allow. A roaring wood fire in the great chimney-place reinforced its pallid gray suffusions with glancing red and yellow fluctuations. The apartment was comfortable enough, although its uses were evidently multifarious, — partly kitchen, and dining-room, and sitting-room. Its furniture consisted of several plain wooden chairs, a table and crockery, a few books on a shelf, a lounge in the corner, and a rifle, after the manner of the mountaineers, over the mantelpiece. Upon the shelf a cheap clock ticked away the weary minutes of the lonely hours of the long empty days while the valley man abode here, exiled from home and friends and his accustomed sphere, and fought out that hopeless fight for his life.

Ben Hanway gave him a keen, covert stare, as he slowly and clumsily accepted the tendered chair and his host threw another log on the fire. Hanway had seen him previously, when Selwyn testified before the coroner's jury, but to-day he impressed his visitor differently. He was tall and slight, twenty-five years of age, perhaps, with light brown hair, sleek and shining and short, a quick blue eye, a fair complexion with a brilliant flush, and a long mustache. But the bizarre effect produced by this smiling apparition in the jaws of death seemed to Hanway's limited experience curiously enhanced by his attire. True, it was only an old smoking-jacket, out at the elbows, ragged at the cuffs, and frayed at the silk collar; but Hanway had never before seen a man wear a red coat, or such footgear as the slipshod embroidered velvet slippers in which he shuffled to a chair and sat down, tilted back, with his hands clasped behind his head. To be sure, he could but be grave when testifying before a coroner's jury, but Hanway was hardly prepared for such exuberant cheerfulness as his manner, his attire, and his face seemed to indicate.

"Ain't ye sorter lonesome over hyar?" he ventured.

"You bet your sweet life I am," his host replied unequivocally. A shade crossed his face, and vanished in an instant. "But then," he argued, "I did n't have such a soft thing where I was. I was a clerk — that is, a book-keeper — on a salary, and I had to work all day, and sometimes nearly all night!"

He belittled his former vocation with airy contempt, as if he did not yearn for it with every fibre of his being, — its utility, its competence, its future. The recollection of the very feel of the fair smooth paper under his hand, the delicate hair-line chirography trailing off so fast from the swift pen, could wring a pang from him. He might even have esteemed an oath more binding sworn on a ledger than on the New Testament.

"And we were a small house, anyway, and the salary was no great shakes," he continued jauntily, to show how little he had to regret.

"An' now ye hain't got nuthin' ter do but ter read yer book," said the mountaineer acquiescently, realizing, in spite of his clumsy mental processes, how the thorn pierced the bosom pressed against it.

Selwyn followed his guest's glance to the shelf of volumes with an unaffected indifference.

"Yes, but I don't care for it. I wish I did, since I have the time. But the liking for books has to be cultivated, like a taste for beer; they are both a deal too sedative for me!" The laugh that ensued was choked with a cough, and the tactless Hanway was moved to expostulate.

"I wonder ye ain't 'feard ter be hyar all by yerse'f, hevin' the lung complaint."

"Why, man alive, I'm well, or so near it there 's no use talking. I could go home to-morrow, except, as I have built the house, I think I 'd better stay the winter in it. But before the cold weather comes on they are going to send up a darky to look after me. I only hope *I* won't have to wait on *him*, — awful lazy nigger! He used to be a porter of ours. Loafing around these woods with a gun on his shoulder, pretending to hunt, will be just about his size. He 's out of a job now, and comes cheap. I could n't afford to pay him wages all the time, but winter is winter."

He was silent a moment, gazing into the fire; then Hanway, gloomily brooding and disturbed, for the conversation had impressed him much as if it had been post-mortem, so immediate seemed his companion's doom, felt Selwyn's eye upon him, as if his sentiment were so obvious that the sense of sight had detected it.

"You think I 'm going to die up here all by myself. Now I tell you, my good fellow, dying is the very last thing that I expect to do."

He broke out laughing anew, and this time he did not cough.

Hanway could not at once cover his confusion. He looked frowningly down at the steam rising from his great cowhide boots, outstretched as they dried in the heat of the fire, and slowly shifted them one above the other. The flush on his sunburned cheek rose to the roots of his dark hair, and overspread his clumsy features. He did not give token of any very great delicacy of feeling, but he regretted his transparency, and sought to nullify it.

"Not that," he said disingenuously; "but bein' all by yerse'f, I wonder ye ain't willin' fur the county road ter be put through. 'T would run right by yer gate, an' ye could h'ist the winder an' talk to the folks passin'. Ye would n't be lonely never."

For the first time Selwyn looked like a man of business. His eyes grew steady. His face was firm and serious and noncommittal. He said nothing. Hanway cleared his throat and crossed his legs anew. The thought of his true intention in coming hither, not his ostensible errand, had recurred more than once to his mind, — to lay bare the secret touching the visitor to Selwyn's remote dwelling, whom he could not or would not identify; and if there were aught amiss, as he suspected, to take such action thereupon as in the fullness of his own good judgment seemed fit. But since the man was evidently so sharp, he had hitherto feared even indirectly to trench upon it; here, however, the opening was so natural, so propitious, that he was fain to take advantage of it.

"An' see," he resumed, "what dangers kem o' hevin' no road. That thar man what war killed las' month, ef we hed hed a reg'lar county road, worked on an' kep' open, stiddier this hyar herder's trail, this-a-way an' that, he could hev rid along ez free an' favored, an' " —

"Why," Selwyn broke in, "the testimony was to the effect that he was riding a young, skittish horse, which was startled by stray hogs breaking at a dead run through the bushes, and that the horse bolted and ran away. And the man died from concussion of the brain. That would have happened if we had a road of the first class, twenty feet wide, instead of this little seven-foot freak you all are so mashed on."

His face had not lost a tinge of its brilliant color. His animated eyes were still fired by that inward flame that was consuming his years, his days, even his minutes, it might seem. His hands, fine, white, and delicate, were thrust jauntily into the pockets of his red jacket, and Hanway felt himself no nearer the heart of the mystery than before. The subject, evidently, was not avoided, held naught of menace. He went at it directly.

"Seems strange he war a-comin' ter

visit you-uns, an' hed yer mail in his pocket, an' ye never seen him afore," he hazarded, "nor knowed who he war."

"But I have found out since," Selwyn said, his clear eyes resting on his visitor without the vestige of an affrighted thought. "He was Mr. Keith, a chemist from Glaston; he was quite a notable authority on matters of physical science generally. I had written to him about — about some points of interest in the mountains, and as he was at leisure he concluded to come and investigate — and — take a holiday. He did n't let me know, and as I had never seen him I did n't at first even imagine it was he."

There was a silence. Selwyn's blue eyes dwelt on the fast-descending lines of rain that now blurred all view of the mountains; the globular drops here and there adhering to the pane, ever dissolving and ever renewed, obscured even the small privilege of a glimpse of the door-yard. The continual beat on the roof had the regularity and the tireless suggestion of machinery.

"How did ye find out?" demanded Hanway, his theory evaporating into thin air.

"Why, as he did n't reply to my letter about a matter of such importance" — he checked himself suddenly, then went on more slowly — "it occurred to me that he might have decided to come, and might have been the man who was killed. So I wrote to his brother. He had not been expected at home earlier. His brother does n't incline to the foul-play theory. The horse he rode is a wild young animal that has run away two or three times. He had been warned repeatedly against riding that horse, but he thought him safe enough. The horse has returned home, — got there the day my letter was received. So the brother and an officer came and exhumed the body: he was buried, you know, after the inquest, over in the little graveyard yonder on the slope of the mountain."

Selwyn shivered slightly, and the fine white hands came out of the gaudy red pockets, and fastened the frogs beneath the lapels across his chest, to draw the smoking-jacket closer.

"Great Scott! what a fate, — to be left in that desolate burying-ground! Death is death, there."

"Death is death anywhar," said the mountaineer gloomily.

"No. Get you a mile or two of iron fence, and stone gates, and lots of sculptured marble angels around, and death is peace, or rest, or heaven, or paradise, according to your creed and the taste of the subject; but here you are done for and dead."

Hanway, in the limited experience of the mountaineer, could not follow the theory, and he forbore to press it further.

"Well, they took him home, and I was glad to see him go. I was glad to see them filling that hole up. I took a pious interest in that. I should have felt it was waiting for me. I shoveled some of the earth back myself."

The wind surged around the house, and shook the outer doors. The rain trampled on the roof like a squadron of cavalry. With his fate standing ever behind him, almost visibly looking over his shoulder, although he saw it not, the valley man was a pathetic object to the mountaineer. Hanway's eyes were hot and burned as he looked at him; if he had been but a little younger, they might have held tears. But Hanway had passed by several years his majority, and esteemed himself exempt from boyish softness.

Selwyn shook off the impression with a shiver, and bent forward to mend the fire.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked, seeking a change of subject.

"At home sowin' turnip seed, mos'ly. I never hearn nuthin' 'bout'n it all."

Selwyn threw himself back in his chair, his brow corrugated impatiently at this renewal of the theme, and in the emer-

gency he even resorted to the much-mooted point of the thoroughfare.

"I suppose all the family there are dead gone on that road?" he sought to make talk.

"Dad an' aunt M'nervy don't keer one way nor another, but my sister air plumb beset fur the jury of view to put it through."

"Why?" Selwyn had a mental vision of some elderly, thrifty mountain dame with a long head turned toward the enhancement of the values of a league or so of mountain land.

Hanway, slow and tenacious of impressions, could not so readily rouse a vital interest in a new subject. He still gazed with melancholy eyes at the fire, and his heart felt heavy and sore.

"Waal," he answered mechanically, "she 'lows she wants ter see the folks go up an' down, an' up an' down."

Selwyn's blue eyes opened. "Folks?" he asked wonderingly. The rarest of apparitions on Witch-Face Mountain were "folks."

Hanway roused himself slightly, and raucously cleared his throat to explain.

"She 'lows thar 'll be cornsider'ble passin'. Folks, in the fall o' the year, mought be a-wagonin' of chestnuts over the mounting an' down ter Colb'ry; an' thar 's the Quarterly Court days; some attends, leastwise the jestices; an' whenst they hev preachin' in the Cove; an' wunst in a while thar *mought* be a camp-meetin'. She sets cornsider'ble store on lookin' at the folks ez will go up an' down."

There was a swift movement in the pupils of the valley man's eyes. It was an expression closely correlated to laughter, but the muscles of his face were still, and he remained decorously grave.

There was some thought in his mind that held him doubtful for a moment. He had a certain delicacy of feeling and kindly impulses that one often considers a matter of culture. His craft was cautious of its kind, and his manner was quite incidental as he said, "And the others of the family?"

"Thar ain't no others," returned Hanway, stolidly unmarking.

"Oh, so you are the eldest?"

"By five year. Narcissa ain't more 'n jes' turned eighteen."

The valley man's face was flushed more deeply still; his brilliant eyes were elated.

"*Narcissa!*" he cried, with the joy of delighted identification. "She is the girl, then, that testified at the inquest. *Narcissa!*"

Hanway lifted his head, with a strong look of surly objection on his heavy features. Selwyn noted it with a glow of growing anger. He felt that he had said naught amiss. People could not expect their sisters to escape attracting notice, especially a sister with a remarkable name and endowed with a face like this one's.

"Narcissa, — that 's an odd name," he said, partly in bravado, and partly in justification of the propriety of his previous mention of her. "I knew a man once named Narcissus. Must be the feminine of Narcissus. Good name for her, though." The recollection of the white flower-like face, the corolla of red-gold hair, came over him. "Looks just like 'em."

Hanway, albeit all alert now, descried in this naught more poetical than the fact that Selwyn considered that his sister resembled a man of his acquaintance. As for that fairest of all spring flowers, it had never gladdened the backwoods range of his vision.

The exclusive tendency of the human mind is tested by this discovery of a casual resemblance to a stranger. One invariably sustains an affront at its mention. Whatever one's exterior may be, it possesses the unique merit of being one's own, and the aversion to share its traits with another, and that other a stranger, is universal. In this instance the objection was enhanced by the fact that the

stranger was a man; *ergo*, in Hanway's opinion, more or less clumsy and burly and ugly; the masculine type of his acquaintance presenting to his mind few of the superior elements of beauty. He resented the liberty the stranger took in resembling Narcissa, and he resented still more Selwyn's effrontery in discovering the likeness.

"Not ez much alike ez two black-eyed peas, now. I reckon not, — I reckon not," he sneered, as he rose to bring his visit to an end.

His host's words of incipient surprise were checked as Hanway slowly drew forth from his pocket a letter.

"Old man Binney war at the Cross-Roads Sad'day, an' he fotched up some mail fur the neighbors. He lef' this letter fur you-uns at our house, 'lowin' ez I would fetch it over."

Selwyn sat silent for a moment. He felt that severe reprehension and distrust which a man of business always manifests upon even the most trifling interference with his vested rights in his own mail matter. The rural method of aiding in distributing the mail was peculiarly unpalatable to him. He much preferred that his letters should lie in the post-office at the Cross-Roads until such time as it suited his convenience to saddle his horse and ride thither for them. The postmaster, on the contrary, seized the opportunity whenever responsible parties were "ridin' up inter the mounting" to entrust to them the neighborhood mail, thus expediting its delivery perhaps by three weeks, or even more, and receiving in every instance the benediction of his distant beneficiaries of the backwoods.

"I 'll write to the postmaster this very day!" Selwyn thought, as he tore the envelope open and mastered its contents at a swift glance. A half-suppressed but delighted excitement shone suddenly in his eyes, and smoothed every line of agitation and anxiety from his brow.

"I 'm a thousand times obliged to you for bringing it," he exclaimed, "and for staying awhile and talking! I wish you would come again. But I 'm coming to see you, to return your call." He laughed gayly at the sophisticated phrase. "Coming soon."

Hanway's growl of pretended pleasure in the prospect was rendered nearly inarticulate by the thought of Narcissa. He had not anticipated a return of the courtesy. He had no welcome for the valley man, and somehow he felt that he did not altogether understand Narcissa at times; that she had flights of fancy which were beyond him, and took a mischievous pleasure in tantalizing him, and was freakish and hard to control.

Moreover, under the influence of this reaction of feeling a modicum of his doubts of Selwyn had revived. Not that he suspected him, as heretofore, but a phrase that had earlier struck his attention came back to him. Selwyn had written, he said, to the stranger to come and "investigate," and he had hesitated and chosen his phrases, and half discarded them, and slurred over his statement. What was there to "investigate" in the mountains? What prospect of profit worth a long, lonely journey and a risk that ended in death? The capture of moonshiners was said to be a paying business, and an informer reaped a reward in proportion to the danger he encountered. Hanway wondered if Con Hite could be the point of "investigation," if the dead man were indeed of the revenue force.

"Oh, you need n't shut the door on me," Selwyn said, as they stood together in the passage, and Hanway, with his instinct to cut him off, had made a motion to draw the door after him; "this mountain air is so bland, even when it is damp." He paused on the dripping threshold, with his hands in the pockets of his red jacket, and surveyed with smiling complacence the forlorn, weeping day, and the mountains cowering under their misty veil, and the sod-

den dooryard, and the wild rocks and chasms of the gorge, adown the trough of which a stream unknown to the dry weather was tumbling with a suggestion of flight and trouble and fear in its precipitancy. "I 'm well, well as a bear; and I 'm getting fat as a bear, doing nothing. Feel my arm. I 'm just following the example of the bears about this time of the year, — hibernating, going into winter quarters. I 'm going to get this place into good shape to sell some day. I have bought that land over there all down the gorge from Squire Helm; and last July I bought all that slope at the tax sale, but that is subject to redemption; and then I am trying to buy in the rear of my wigwam, too, — a thousand acres."

"Ye kin sell it higher ef the road goes through," said Hanway doubtfully.

It seemed very odd that the man who protested that his stay in the mountains was so temporary, and whose stay in the world was evidently so short, should spend his obviously scanty substance in purchase after purchase of the worthless mountain wilderness. To be sure the land was cheap, but it cost something. And Hanway looked again at the frayed cuffs and elbows of the red smoking-jacket. In his infrequent visits to Colbury, he had noted the variance of the men's costumes with the mountain standard of dress. He saw naught like this, but he knew that if ever the sober burghers lent themselves to this sort of fantastic toggery, it was certainly whole.

"Say, my friend, what day does the jury of view hold forth?" Selwyn called out after the slouching figure, striped with the diagonal lines of rain and flouted by the wind, tramping across the dead weeds of the yard to his horse.

"Nex' Chewsday week," Hanway responded hoarsely.

"Well, if this weather holds out, it is to be hoped that the gentlemen of the jury are web-footed!" Selwyn exclaimed.

He shut the door, and as he went back to his lonely hearth his eyes fell upon the letter lying on the table.

"Now," he said as he took it again in his hand, "if fate should truly cut such a caper as to make my fortune in this forlorn exile, I could find it in my heart to laugh the longest and the loudest at the joke."

VI.

If it had been within the power of the worshipful Quarterly County Court to issue a mandamus to compel fair weather on that notable Tuesday when the jury of view were to set forth, the god of day could scarcely have obeyed with more alacrity that peremptory writ once poetically ranked as "one of the flowers of the crown." The burnished yellow sunshine had a suggestion of joyous exuberance in its wide suffusions. Even the recurrent fluctuations of shadow but gave its pervasive sheen the effect of motion and added embellishment. The wind, hilarious, loud, piping gayly a tuneful stave, shepherded the clouds in the fair fields of the high sky, driving the flocculent white masses here and there as listed a changing will. The trees were red and yellow, the leaves firm, full-fleshed, as if the ebbing sap of summer still ran high in every fibre; their tint seemed no hectic dying taint, but some inherent chromatic richness. Fine avenues the eye might open amongst the rough brown boles that stood in dense ranks, preternaturally dark and distinct, washed by the recent rains, and thrown into prominence by the masses of yellow and red leaves about their roots, carpeting the ground, and the red and yellow boughs hanging low above. They dispensed to the light, clarified air an aromatic richness that the lungs rejoiced to breathe, and all their flare of color might have seemed adequate illumination of their demesne without serving writs of mandamus on the sun; and in-

deed, the Quarterly County Court was fain to concern itself with far lesser matters, and wield slighter weapons. The jury of view, in a close squad, ambling along at an easy gait, mounted on nags as diverse in aspect, age, and manner as their riders, sufficiently expressed its authority and their own diligence in its behests, and their spirits had risen to the propitious aspect of the weather and the occasion. Their advent into this secluded region of the district — for to secure a strict impartiality they were not of the immediate neighborhood, and had no interest which could be affected by their report — was not hailed with universal satisfaction.

"Jes' look at 'em, now," said old man Binney, as he stood in his door, leaning on his stick, to watch them pass, — "a jury o' view. An' who ever viewed a jury a-horseback afore? An' thar ain't but seben on 'em!" — laboriously counting, "five, six, seben. Thar 's *twelve* men on a sure enough jury! I counted the panel ez hung Ezekiel Tilbuts fur a-murderin' of his wife. I war thar in town whenst they fetched in thar verdic'. I dunno what the kentry be a-comin' ter! Shucks! I ain't a-goin' ter abide by the say-so o' no sech skimpy jury ez this hyar. I 'll go ter town an' see old Lawyer Gryce 'bout it, fust."

And with this extremest threat of vengeance he brought his stick down on the floor with so vigorous a thump that it had a certain profane effect; then having from under his bushy gray eyebrows gazed at the diminishing group till it was but a dim speck in the distance, he went in muttering, banging the door as if to shut out and reject the sight. His objection might have been intensified had he known that the days were at hand when legislative wisdom would still further reduce this engine of the law, making it consist of one road commissioner and two freeholders, the trio still pridefully denominated a "jury of view."

Others, however, favoring the enterprise, cheerfully fell into the line of march; and as the way lengthened the cavalcade grew, mustering recruits as it went.

Disputatious voices suddenly sounded loud on the clear air in front of them, mingled with the thud of horses' hoofs, the jingle of spurs, and now and again the whinny of a colt; and at the intersection of the trail with a narrow winding path there rode into view old "Persimmon" Sneed, — as he was sometimes disrespectfully nicknamed, owing to a juvenile and voracious fondness for the most toothsome delicacy of autumn woods, — arguing loudly, and with a lordly intolerance of contradiction, with two men who accompanied him, while his sleek claybank mare also argued loudly with her colt. She had much ado to pace soberly forward, even under the coercion of whip and spur, while her madcap scion galloped wildly ahead or lagged far in the rear, and made now and then excursions into the woods, out of sight, to gratify some adolescent curiosity, or perhaps, after the fashion of other and human adolescents, to relish the spectacle of the maternal anxiety. Ever and anon the sound of the mare's troubled call rang on the air. Then the colt would come with a burst of speed, a turbulent rush, out of the underbrush, and, with its keen head-tones of a whinny, all funnily treble and out of tune, dash on in advance. The rider of this preoccupied steed was a grizzled, lank, thin-visaged mountaineer, with a tuft of beard on his chin, but a shaven jowl, where, however, the black-and-gray stubble of several days' avoidance of the razor put forth unabashed. He shook his finger impressively at the jury of view as he bore down upon them.

"Ef ye put this hyar road through my land," he said solemnly, "I 'll be teetotally ruinationed. The cattle-thievin' that 'll go on, with the woods so open an' the roads so convenient, an' yit no travel sca'cely, will be a scandal ter the

jay-bird. I won't hev so much lef' ez the horn of a muley cow!"

And with this extreme statement he whirled his horse and rode on at the head of the cavalcade in dignified silence. He was not a dweller in the immediate vicinity, but hailed from the Cove, — a man of substance and a large cattle-owner, pasturing his herds, duly branded, on a tract of unfenced wilderness, his mountain lands, where they roamed in the safe solitudes of those deep seclusions during the summer, and were rounded up, well fattened, and driven home at the approach of winter. He was the typical man of convictions, one who entertains a serious belief that he possesses a governing conscience instead of an abiding delight in his own way. He had a keen eye, with an upward glance from under the brim of his big wool hat, and he looked alert to descry any encroachment on his vested rights to prescribe opinion. The jury of view were destined to find it a doubtful boon that the road law interposed no obstacle to prevent their hearing thus informally the views of those interested.

Persimmon Sneed's deep feeling on the subject had been evinced by his dispensing with the customary salutations, and one of the jury of view, with a mollifying intention, observed that they would use their best judgment to promote the interests of all parties.

"Ai-yi!" said Persimmon Sneed, ruefully shaking his head. "But s'pose ye hev got mighty pore jedgmint? Ye 'll be like mos' folks I know, ef ye hev. I 'd ruther use my own best jedgmint, a sight."

At which another of the jury suavely remarked that they would seek to be impartial.

"That 's jes' what I kem along fur," exclaimed Persimmon Sneed triumphantly, — "ter show ye edzac'ly whar the bull's eye be. Thar ain't no use fur this road, an' ye air bound ter see it ef ye ain't nowise one-sided and partial."

The jury relapsed into silence and rode steadily on.

The true raw material of contradiction lay in three younger men among the spectators, contumacious, vehement, and, albeit opposed to the road, much inclined to spoke the wheel of old Persimmon Sneed, however that wheel might revolve.

"I got caught on a jury in a criminal case with him wunst," Silas Boyd, a heavy, thick-set, tall, dark young fellow with a belligerent gray eye and a portentously square jaw, said *sotto voce* to his next comrade. "I hev sarved on a jury with him, — locked up fur a week 'thout no verdic'. He ain't got no respec' fur no other man's say-so. An' he talks 'bout *his* oath ez ef he war the only man in Tennessee ez ever war swore on the 'Holy Evangelists o' Almighty Gawd' in the court-house. He fairly stamped on my feelin's, in that Jenkins case, ter make me agree with him; but I could n't agree, an' it hung the jury, ez they say. I wisht they hed hung the foreman! By Hokey, I despise a hard-headed, 'pinionated man."

"Look at his back," rejoined Jeremiah Sayres, a man given to theory, and who had a light undecided tint of hair and beard and scraggy mustache, and a blond complexion burned a permanent solid red by the summer sun. "I 'd know his dispositions by his back." He waved his hand at the brown jeans coat that draped a spare and angular but singularly erect back, which scarcely seemed to move in response to the motions of the mare pacing briskly along. "What sorter back is that fur a man risin' fifty year old? — straight ez my ramrod, an' ez stiff. But, Silas, ef ever ye git the better o' him, ye hev got ter break it."

"I hearn his las' wife married him ter git rid o' him," put in the third, Peter Sims, given to gossip. "She 'lowed he warn't nigh so tarrifyin' 'roun' his own house, a-feedin' the peegs, an' ploughin' an' cuttin' wood, an' sech, *occupied some-*

hows, ez he war a-settin' up in his Sunday best at her house, with nuthin' ter do, allowin' she *hed* ter marry him, whether or not, 'kase he would n't hev 'No' fur a answer."

"An' look at it now!" exclaimed Silas Boyd, unexpectedly reinforced by the matrimonial phase of the question. "That thar man hev bodaciously argued an' contradicted two wimmin out'n this vale o' tears. An' everybody knows it takes a power o' contradiction to outdo a woman. He oughter be indicted for cold-blooded murder! That 's what!" He nodded vindictively at the straight jeans-clad back in advance of him.

Over and again the party called a halt, to push about in search of a practicable seven-foot passage amongst crags and chasms, and to contend with the various insistence touching devious ways preferred by the honorary attendants, who often seemed to forget that they themselves were not in the exercise of a delegated jury duty. Tangles impeded, doubts beset them, although the axe by which the desired route had been blazed out aforetime by the petitioners had been zealous and active; but the part of a pioneer in a primeval wilderness is indeed the threading of a clueless labyrinth, and both sun and compass were consulted often before the continued direction of the road could be determined and located.

In such cases, to the lovers of the consistent in character, the respective traits of old Persimmon Sneed and Silas Boyd were displayed in all their pristine value; for although their interests were identical, both being opposed to the opening of the road, the dictatorial arrogations of the elder man and the pugnacious persistence of the younger served to antagonize them on many a minor point in question, subsidiary to the main issue, as definitely as if they were each arrayed against the other, instead of both being in arms under the "No Road" banner.

"Mighty nigh ez interestin' ez a dog-fight," said Jeremiah Sayres in an aside to one of the jury.

Midday found them considerably advanced on their way, but brought to a halt by an insistence on the part of Silas Boyd that the road should be diverted from a certain depression showing marshy tendencies to the rugged slope where the footing was dry but difficult.

"That 's under water more 'n haffen the winter, I 'll take my everlastin' oath. Ef the road runs thar, that piece will take enough mendin' in a season ter keep up ten mile o' dry road," he argued vehemently.

"Water ain't dangersome, nowise," retorted the elderly Persimmon, with a snarling smile. "Healthier 'n whiskey, my frien', — *heap* healthier 'n whiskey."

Boyd's serious countenance colored darkly red with wrath. Among the aggressive virtues of old Persimmon Sneed were certain whiskey-proof temperance principles, the recollection of which was peculiarly irritating to Silas Boyd, known to be more than ordinarily susceptible to proof whiskey.

"I be a perfessin' Baptis', Mr. Sneed," he retorted quickly. "I got no objection ter water, 'ceptin' fur the onregenerate an' spurners o' salvation."

Now Persimmon Sneed had argued the plan of atonement on every possible basis known to his extremely limited polemical outlook, and could agree with none. If any sect of eclectics had been within his reach, he would most joyfully have cast his spiritual fortunes with them, for he felt himself better than very many conspicuous Christians; and as he would have joyed in a pose of sanctity, the reproach of being a member of no church touched him deeply.

"I ain't no ransomed saint, I know," he vociferated, — "I ain't no ransomed saint! But ef the truth war known, ye ain't got no religion nuther! That lee-

tle duckin' ez ye call 'immersion' jes' diluted the 'riginal sin in ye mighty leetle. Ye air a toler'ble strong toddy o' iniquity yit. That thar water tempered the whiskey ye drink mighty leetle, — mighty leetle!"

The Christian grace of Silas Boyd was put to a stronger test than it might have been deemed capable of sustaining. But Sneed was a far older man, and as nothing short of breaking his stiff neck might suffice to tame him, Silas Boyd summoned his self-control, and held his tingling hands, and gave himself only to retort.

"I would n't take that off'n ye, Mr. Sneed, 'ceptin' I be a perfessin' member, an' pity them ez is still in the wiles an' delusions o' Satan."

What might have ensued in the nature of counterthrust, as Persimmon Sneed heard himself called by inference an object of pity, the subsidiary group were spared from learning, for at that moment the sound of steps heralded an approach, and Ben Hanway came into the circle, and sought to claim the attention of the party, inviting them to dine and pass the nooning hour at his house. His countenance was adjusted to the smile of hospitality, but it wore the expression like a mask, and he seemed ill at ease. He had been contending all the morning with Narcissa's freakishness, which he thought intensified by the presence of the valley man, who was returning the civility of that ill-omened visit, and who, by reason of the abnormal excitements of the day, had been received with scant formality, and was already upon the footing of a familiar friend. Selwyn stood smilingly in the way hard by, speaking to those of the men as they passed who gave his presence the meed of a start and a stare of blank surprise, or a curt nod. Narcissa hung in the background, standing beneath a great oak; her chin was a little lifted with a touch of displeasure; the eyelids drooped over her brown eyes; her hands, with her wonted careless gesture and with a certain mechanical effort to dispel embarrassment, were raised to the curtain of her white sunbonnet, and spread its folds wingwise behind her red hair. Sundry acquaintances among the honorary attendants paused to greet her as they passed, but old Sneed's disapprobation of a woman's appearance on so public an occasion was plainly expressed on his features. For all the Turks are not in Turkey. She followed with frowning, disaffected eyes the procession of men and horses and dogs and colts wending up to the invisible house hidden amongst the full-leaved autumn woods.

"Well, that 's the jury of view; and what do you think of them?" asked Selwyn, watching too, but smilingly, the cavalcade.

"Some similar ter the cor'ner's jury. But *they* hed suthin' ter look tormented an' tribulated 'bout," said the girl, evidently disappointed to find the jury of view not more cheerful of aspect. "But mebbe conversin' a passel by the way with old Persimmon Sneed is powerful depressin' ter the sperits."

Selwyn's face grew grave at the mention of the coroner's jury.

"I 'm afraid that poor fellow missed something good," he said.

Still holding out her sunbonnet in wide distention, she slowly set forth along the path, not even turning back, for sheer perversity, as she saw Ben look anxiously over his shoulder to descry if she followed in the distance.

"Thar ain't much good in life nohow. Things seem set contrariwise." Then, after a moment, and turning her eyes upon him, for she had an almost personal interest in the man whose tragic fate she had first of all discovered, "What sorter good thing did he miss?" she asked, as she settled her sunbonnet soberly on her head.

"Well" — Selwyn began; then he hesitated. He had spoken rather than

thought, for he thought little, and he was not used to keeping secrets. Moreover, despite his courageous disbelief in his coming fate, he must have had some yearnings for sympathy and the sense of nearness; the iron of his exile surely entered his soul at times. The girl, so delicately framed, so flower-like of face, seemed alien to her rude surroundings and the burly, heavy, matter-of-fact folk about her. Her spirituelle presence did away in a measure with the realization of her limitations, her ignorance, and the uncouth conditions of her existence. Even her dress seemed to him hardly amiss, for there then reigned a fleeting metropolitan fashion of straight full flowing skirts and short waists and closely fitting sleeves, — a straining after picture-like effects which Narcissa's attire accomplished without conscious effort, the costume of the mountain women for a hundred years back. The sunbonnet itself was but the defensive appurtenance of many a Southern city girl, when a-summering in the country, who esteems herself the possessor of a remarkably beautiful complexion, and heroically proposes to conserve it. Unlike the men, Narcissa's personality did not suggest the distance between them in sophistication, in culture, in refinement, in the small matters of external polish. She seemed not so far from his world, and it was long since he had walked fraternally by the side of some fair girl, and talked freely of himself, his views, his plans, his vagaries, as men, when very young, are wont to do, and as they rarely talk to one another. He had so sedulously sought to content himself with the conditions of his maimed and closing existence that the process of reconciling the habit of better things was lost in simple acceptance. He was still young, and the sun shone, and the air was clear and pure and soft, and he walked by the side of a girl, fair and good and not altogether unwise, and he was happy in the blessings vouchsafed.

After a moment he replied: "Well, I thought he might have made a lot of money. I thought I might go partners with him. I had written to him."

Her face did not change; it was still grave and solicitous within the white frame of her sunbonnet, but its expression did not deepen. She did not pity the dead man because he died without the money he had had a chance to make. She evidently had not even scant knowledge of that most absorbing passion, the love of gain, and she did not value money.

"Somehow whenst folks dies by accident, it 'pears ter me a mistake — somehows — ez ef they war choused out'n time what war laid off fur them an' their'n by right." Evidently she did not lack sensibility.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and you know money makes a lot of difference in people's lives there in the valley towns. Lord knows, 't would in mine."

He swung his riding-whip dejectedly to and fro in his hand as he spoke, and she pushed back her sunbonnet to look seriously at him. He was a miracle of elegance to her, but the fawn-colored suit which he wore owed its nattiness rather to his own symmetry than the cut or the cloth, and he had worn it a year ago. His immaculate linen, somewhat flabby, — for the mountain laundress is averse to starch, — had been delicately trimmed by a deft pair of scissors around the raveling edges of the cuffs and collar, and showed rather what it had been than what it was. His straw hat was pushed a trifle back from his face, in which the sunburn and the inward fire competed to lay on the tints. She did not see how nor what he lacked. Still, if he wanted it, she pitied him that he did not have it.

"Waal, can't you-uns make it, the same way?"

She asked this sympathetically. She was beginning to experience a certain self-reproach in regard to him, and it

gave her unwonted gentleness. She felt that she had been too quick to suspect. Since Ben's report of the reconnoitring interview on which she had sent him in Con Hite's interest, she had dismissed the idea that Selwyn was in aught concerned with the stranger's sudden and violent death; and she did not incline easily to the substituted suspicion that the dead man was a "revenuer," and that Selwyn had written him to recommend the investigation of Con Hite, whose implication in moonshining he had some cause to divine.

Narcissa had marked with displeasure Ben's surly manner to the valley man, connecting it with these considerations, and never dreaming that it was her society which the inhospitable brother grudged him.

"I ought never ter hev set Ben after him," she thought ruefully. "He 'll hang on ter him like a bulldog." But aloud she only said, "You kin make the money all the same."

"Oh, I 'll try, like a little man!" he exclaimed, rousing himself to renewed hope. "I have written to another scientific fellow, and he has promised to come and investigate. I hope to Heaven he won't break his neck, too."

She too marked the word "investigate," which had so smitten Ben's attention, and marveled what matter it might be in the mountains worth while investigating, and promissory of gain, if it were not the still-hunt, as it were, of the wily moonshiners. But yet her faith in Selwyn's motives and good will, so suddenly adopted, held fast.

"Con Hite mus' l'arn ter look out fur hisse'f," she thought fretfully, for she could not discern into what disastrous swirl she might be guiding events as she took the helm. "He 's big enough, the Lord knows."

The little log cabin on the slope of the ascent had come into sight. They had followed but slowly; the horses were already tethered to the rails of the fence, and the jury of view and its escort had disappeared within. A very spirited fracas was in progress between the visiting dogs and the inhospitable home canines, and once Ben appeared in the passageway and hoarsely called his hounds off.

"I ain't a-goin' ter hurry," Narcissa remarked cavalierly. "Let Ben an' aunt Minervy dish up an' wait on 'em. They won't miss me. Thar 's nuthin' in this worl' a gormandizin' man kin miss at meal-times, — 'ceptin' teeth."

Selwyn made no comment on this touch of reprisal in Narcissa's manner. If old Persimmon Sneed had deemed her coming forth to meet them superfluous, she in her own good judgment could deem her presence at table an empty show.

"I ain't a-goin' in," she continued. "Ye kin go," she added, with a hasty afterthought. "Thar 's a cheer sot ter the table fur you-uns. I 'm goin' ter bide hyar. They 'll git done arter a while."

She sat languidly down on a step of a stile that went over the fence at a considerable distance from the house, and Selwyn, protesting that he wanted no dinner, established himself on the protruding roots of a great beech-tree that, like gigantic, knuckled, gnarled fingers, visibly took a great grasp of the earth before sinking their tips far out of sight beneath. The shade was dense; the sound of water trickling into the rude horse-trough on the opposite side of the path that was to be a road was delicious in its cool suggestion, for the landscape, far, far to see, blazed as with the refulgence of a summer sun. The odor of the apple orchard, densely fruited, was mellow on the air, and the red-freighted boughs of an old winesap bent above the girl's head as she sat with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand. She gazed dreamily away at those vividly blue ranges, whither one might fancy summer had fled, so little affinity had their aspect with the network of inter-

mediate brown valleys, and nearer garnet slopes, and the red and yellow oak boughs close at hand, hanging above the precipice and limiting the outlook.

"Yes," he said, after a moment's cogitation, while he absently turned a cluster of beech-nuts in his hands, "I 'll try it, for keeps, you may bet, — if you were a betting character. There 's lots of good things going in these mountains; that is, if a fellow had the money to get 'em out."

He looked up a trifle drearily under the brim of his straw hat at the smiling summertide of those blue mountains yonder. Oh, fair and feigning prospect, what wide and alluring perspectives! He drew a long sigh. Is it better to know so surely that winter is a-coming?

"An' the sense, too," remarked Narcissa, her eyes still dreamily dwelling on the distance.

He roused himself. The unconsciously flattering inference was too slight not to be lawfully appropriated.

"Yes, the sense and the enterprise. Now, these mountaineers," — he spoke as if she had no part among them, forgetting it, indeed, for the moment, — "they let marble and silver and iron, and gold too, all sorts of natural wealth, millions and millions of the finest hard-wood timber, lie here undeveloped, without making the least effort to realize on it, without lifting a finger. They have got no enterprise in the world, and they are the most dilatory, slowest gang I ever ran across in my life."

A dimple deepened in the soft fairness of her cheek under the white sunbonnet.

"They got enterprise enough ter want a road," she drawled, fixing her eyes upon him for a moment, then reverting to her former outlook.

He was a trifle embarrassed, and lost his balance.

"Oh, *I* 'll want a road, too, after a while," he returned. "All in good time." He laughed as if to himself, a touch of mystery in his tone, and he took off his hat and jauntily fanned himself.

"Sorter dil'tory yerse'f now; 'pears ter be a ketchin' complaint, like the measles."

Perhaps she secretly resented the reflection on the mountaineers, for there was a certain bellicose intention in her eye, a disposition to push him to his last defenses.

"No; but a body would think a fellow might get enough intelligent coöperation in any promising matter from right around here without corresponding all over the country. And they don't know anything, and they don't want to learn anything. Now," convincingly, "what would any of those fellows in there say if I should tell them that I could take a match" — he pulled a handful of lucifers from his pocket — "and set a spring afire?"

She gazed at him in dumb surprise.

"They 'd say I was lying, I reckon," he hazarded. With an ebullition of laughter, he hastily scrambled to his feet and unhitched his horse; then, as he put his foot in the stirrup, he paused and added, "Or else, 'Better leave it be, sonny,'" with the effrontery of mimicry. "'Mought set the mounting afire.'"

He forthwith swung himself into the saddle, and, with a jaunty wave of the hand in adieu, fared forth homeward, leaving her staring after him in wide-eyed amazement.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

I THOUGHT of leaving her for a day
In town, it was such iron winter
At Durdans, — the garden frosty clay,
The woods as dry as any splinter,
The sky congested. I would break
From the deep, lethargic country air
To the shining lamps, to the clash of the play,
And, to-morrow, wake
Beside her, a thousand things to say.
I planned, — oh, more, I had almost started;
I lifted her face in my hand to kiss, —
A face in a border of fox's fur,
For the bitter, black wind had stricken her,
And she wore it, her soft hair straying out
Where it buttoned against the gray leather snout.
In an instant we should have parted;
But at sight of the delicate world within
That fox-fur collar, from brow to chin,
At sight of those wonderful eyes from the mine, —
Coal pupils, an iris of glittering spa,
And the wild, ironic, defiant shine
As of a creature behind a bar
One has captured, and, when three lives are past,
May hope to reach the heart of at last, —
All that and the love at her lips combined
To show me what folly it were to miss
A face with such thousand things to say,
And beside them such thousand more to spare,
For the shining lamps, for the clash of the play.
Oh, madness! Not for a single day
Could I leave her. I stayed behind.

Michael Field.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN was at first a disappointment. I went home discouraged. The place was spoiled, I thought. About the fine inn were cheap cottages, — as if one had come to a second-class summer resort; while the lower slopes of the mountain, directly under Lookout Point on the side toward the city, were given up to a squalid negro settlement, and, of all things, a patent-medicine factory, — a shameful desecration, it seemed to me. I was half ready to say I would go there no more. The prospect was beautiful, — so much there was no denying; but the air was thick with smoke, and, what counted for ten times more, the eye it-

self was overclouded. A few northern warblers were chirping in the evergreens along the edge of the summit, between the inn and the Point, — black-polls and bay-breasts, with black-throated greens and Carolina wrens; and near them I saw with pleasure my first Tennessee phœbes. In the street car, on the way back to Chattanooga, I had for my fellow-passengers a group of Confederate veterans from different parts of the South, one of whom, a man with an empty sleeve, was showing his comrades an interesting war-time relic, — a bit of stone bearing his own initials. He had cut them in the rock while on duty at the Point thirty years before, I heard him say, and now, remembering the spot, and finding them still there, he had chipped them off to carry home. These are all the memories I retain of my first visit to a famous and romantic place that I had long desired to see.

My second visit was little more remunerative, and came to an untimely and inglorious conclusion. Not far from the inn I noticed what seemed to be the beginning of an old mountain road. It would bring me to St. Elmo, a passing cottager told me; and I somehow had it fast in my mind that St. Elmo was a particularly wild and attractive woodland retreat somewhere in the valley, — a place where a pleasure-seeking naturalist would find himself happy for at least an hour or two, if the mountain side should insufficiently detain him. The road itself looked uncommonly inviting, rough and deserted, with wild crags above and old forest below; and without a second thought I took it, idling downward as slowly as possible, minding the birds and plants, or sitting for a while, as one shady stone after another offered coolness and a seat, to enjoy the silence and the prospect. Be as lazy as I could, however, the road soon gave signs of coming to an end; for Lookout Mountain, although it covers much territory and presents a mountainous front, is of a very modest elevation. And at the end of the way there was no sylvan retreat, but a village; yes, the same dusty little suburb that I had passed, and looked away from, on my way up. *That* was St. Elmo! — and, with my luncheon still in my pocket, I boarded the first car for the city. One consolation remained: I had lived a pleasant hour, and the mountain road had made three additions to my local ornithology, — a magnolia warbler, a Blackburnian warbler, and a hairy woodpecker.

There was nothing for it but to laugh at myself, and try again; but it was almost a week before I found the opportunity. Then (May 7) I made a day of it on the mountain, mostly in the woods along the western bluffs. An oven-bird's song drew me in that direction, to begin with; and just as the singer had shown himself, and been rewarded with an entry as "No. 79" in my Tennessee catalogue, a cuckoo, farther away, broke into a shuffling introductory measure that marked him at once as a black-bill. Till now I had seen yellow-bills only, and though the voice was perhaps a sufficient identification, a double certainty would be better, especially in the retrospect. Luckily it was a short chase, and there sat the bird, his snowy throat swelling as he cooed, while his red eye-ring and his abbreviated tail-spots gave me full warrant for setting him down as "No. 80."

As I approached the precipitous western edge of the mountain, I heard, just below, the sharp, wiry voice of a Blackburnian warbler; a most splendid specimen, for in a moment more his orange-red throat shone like fire among the leaves. From farther down rose the hoarse notes of a black-throated blue warbler and two or three black-throated greens.

Here were comfortable, well-shaded boulders and delightful prospects, — a place to stay in; but behind me stood a grove of small pine-trees, out of which

came now and then a warbler's *chip;* and in May, with everything on the move, and anything possible, invitations of that kind are not to be refused. Warbler species are many, and there is always another to hope for. I turned to the pines, therefore, as a matter of course, and was soon deeply engaged with a charming bevy of northward-bound passengers, — myrtle-birds, palm warblers, black-throated blues (of both sexes), a female Cape May warbler (the first of her sex that I had seen), magnolias, bay-breasts, and many black-polls. It makes a short story in the telling; but it was long in the doing, and yielded more excitement than I dare try to describe. To and fro I went among the low trees (their lowness a most fortunate circumstance), slowly and with all quietness, putting my glass upon one bird after another as something stirred among the needles, and hoping every moment for some glorious surprise. In particular, I hoped for a cerulean warbler; but this was not the cerulean's day, and, if I had but known it, these were not the cerulean's trees. None but enthusiasts in the same line will be able to appreciate the delight of such innocent "collecting," — birds in the memory instead of specimens in a bag. Even on one's home-beat it quickens the blood; how much more, then, in a new field, where a man is almost a stranger to himself, and rarities and novelties seem but the order of the day! Again and again, morning and afternoon, I traversed the little wood, leaving it between whiles for a rest under the big oaks on the edge of the cliffs, whence, through green vistas, I gazed upon the farms of Lookout Valley and the mountains beyond. A scarlet tanager called, — my second one here, — wood-thrush voices rang through the mountain-side forest, a single thrasher was doing his bravest from the tip of a pine (our "brown mocking-bird" is anything but a skulker when the lyrical mood is on him), while wood pewees, red-eyed vireos, yellow-throated vireos, black-and-white creepers, and I do not remember what else, joined in the chorus. Just after noon an oven-bird gave out his famous aerial warble. To an aspiring soul even a mountain top is but a perch, a place from which to take wing.

All these birds, it will be noticed, were such as I might have seen in Massachusetts; and indeed, the general appearance of things about me was pleasantly homelike. Here was much of the pretty striped wintergreen, a special favorite of mine, with bird-foot violets, the common white saxifrage (dear to memory as the "Mayflower" of my childhood), the common wild geranium (cranesbill, which we were told was "good for canker"), and maple-leaved viburnum. One of the loveliest flowers was the pink oxalis, and one of the commonest was a pink phlox; but I was most pleased, perhaps, with the white stonecrop (*Sedum ternatum*), patches of which matted the ground, and just now were in full bloom. The familiar look of this plant was a puzzle to me. I cannot remember to have seen it often in gardens, and I am confident that I never found it before in a wild state except once, fifteen years ago, at the Great Falls of the Potomac. Yet here on Lookout Mountain it seemed almost as much an old friend as the saxifrage or the cranesbill.

I ate my luncheon on Sunset Rock, which literally overhangs the mountain side, and commands the finest of valley prospects; and then, after another turn through the pines, where the warblers were still busy with their all-day meal, — but not the new warbler for which I was still looking, — I crossed the summit and made the descent by the St. Elmo road, as before. How long I was on the way I am unable to tell; I had learned the brevity of the road, and, like a schoolboy with his tart, I made the most of it. Midway down I caught sudden sight of an olive bird in the upper branch of a tree, with something black about the

crown and the cheek. "What 's that?" I exclaimed; and on the instant the stranger flew across the road and up the steep mountain side. I pushed after him in hot haste, over the huge boulders, and there he stood on the ground, singing, — a Kentucky warbler. Seeing him so hastily, and on so high a perch, and missing his yellow underparts, I had failed to recognize him. As it was, I now heard his song for the first time, and rejoiced to find it worthy of its beautiful author: *klurwée, klurwée, klurwée, klurwée, klurwée;* a succession of clear, sonorous dissyllables, in a fuller voice than most warblers possess, and with no flourish before or after. Like the bird's dress, it was perfect in its simplicity. I felt thankful, too, that I had waited till now to hear it. Things should be desired before they are enjoyed. It was another case of the schoolboy and his tart; and I went home good humored. Lookout Mountain was not wholly ruined, after all.

The next day found me there again, to my own surprise, for I had promised myself a trip down the river to Shellmound. In all the street cars, as well as in the city newspapers, this excursion was set forth as most enjoyable, a luxury on no account to be missed, — a fine commodious steamer, and all the usual concomitants. The kind people with whom I was sojourning, on Cameron Hill, hastened the family breakfast that I might be in season; but on arriving at the wharf I found no sign of the steamer, and, after sundry attempts to ascertain the condition of affairs, I learned that the steamer did not run now. The river was no longer high enough, it was explained; a smaller boat would go, or might be expected to go, some hours later. Little disposed to hang about the landing for several hours, and feeling no assurance that so doing would bring me any nearer to Shellmound, I made my way back to the Read House, and took a car for Lookout Mountain. In it I sat face to face with the same conspicuous placard, announcing an excursion for that day by the large and commodious steamer So-and-So, from such a wharf, at eight o'clock. But I then noticed that intending passengers were invited, in smaller type, to call at the office of the company, where doubtless it would be politely confided to them that the advertisement was a "back number." So the mistake was my own, after all, and, as the American habit is, I had been blaming the servants of the public unjustly.

I was no sooner on the summit than I hastened to the pine wood. At first it seemed to be empty, but after a little, hearing the drawling *kree, kree, kree,* of a black-throated blue, I followed it, and found the bird. Next a magnolia dropped into sight, and then a red-cheeked Cape May, the second one I had ever seen, after fifteen or twenty years of expectancy. He threaded a leafless branch back and forth on a level with my eyes. I was glad I had come. Soon another showed himself, and presently it appeared that the wood, as men speak of such things, was full of them. There were black-polls, also, with a Blackburnian, a bay-breast, and a good number of palm warblers (typical *palmarum*, to judge from the pale tints); but especially there were Cape Mays, including at least two females. As to the number of males it is impossible to speak; I never had more than two under my eye at once, but I came upon them continually, — they were always in motion, of course, being warblers, — till finally, as I put my glass on another one, I caught myself saying, in a tone of disappointment, "Only a Cape May." But yesterday I might as well have spoken of a million dollars as "only a million." So soon does novelty wear off. The magnolia and the Blackburnian were in high feather, and made a gorgeous pair as chance brought them side by side in the same tree. They sang with much freedom; but the Cape Mays kept silence, to my deep regret, notwith-

standing the philosophical remarks just now volunteered about the advantages derivable from a bird's gradual disclosure of himself. Such pieces of wisdom, I have noticed, when by chance they do not fall into the second or third person, are commonly applied to the past rather than the present; a man's past being, in effect, not himself, but another. In morals, as in archery, the target should be set at a fair distance. The Cape May's song is next to nothing, — suggestive of the black-poll's, I am told, — but I would gladly have bought a ticket to hear it.

The place might have been made on purpose for the use to which it was now put. The pinery, surrounded by hard-wood forest, was like an island; and the warblers, for the most part, had no thought of leaving it. Had they been feeding in the hard wood, — miles of tall trees, — I should have lost them in short order. At the same time, the absence of undergrowth enabled me to move about with all quietness, so that none of them took the least alarm. Not a black-throated green was seen or heard, though yesterday they had been in force both among the pines and along the cliffs. A flock of myrtle warblers were surprisingly late, it seemed to me; but it was my last sight of them.

The reader will perceive that I was not exploring Lookout Mountain, and am in no position to set forth its beauties. It is eighty odd miles long, we are told, and in some places more than a dozen miles wide. I visited nothing but the northern point, the Tennessee end, the larger part of the mountain being in Georgia; and even while there I looked twice at the birds, and once at the mountain itself.

At noon, I lay for a long time upon a flat boulder under the tall oaks of the western bluff, looking down upon the lower woods, now in tender new leaf and most exquisitely colored. There are few fairer sights than a wooded mountain side seen from above; only one must not be too far above, and the forest should be mainly deciduous. The very thought brings before my eyes the long, green slopes of Mount Mansfield as they show from the road near the summit, — beauty inexpressible and never to be forgotten; and miles of autumn color on the sides of Kinsman, Cannon, and Lafayette, as I have enjoyed it by the hour, stretched in the September sunshine on the rocks of Bald Mountain. Perhaps the earth itself will never be fully enjoyed till we are somewhere above it. The Lookout woods, as I now saw them, were less magnificent in sweep, but hardly less beautiful. And below them was the valley bottom, — Lookout Valley, once the field of armies, now the abode of peaceful industry: acres of brown earth, newly sown, with no trace of greenness except the hedgerows along the brooks and on the banks of Lookout Creek. And beyond the valley was Raccoon Mountain, wooded throughout; and behind that, far away, the Cumberland range, blue with distance.

A phœbe came and perched at my elbow, dropping a curtsy with old-fashioned politeness by way of "How are you, sir?" and a little afterward was calling earnestly from below. This is one of the characteristic birds of the mountain, and marks well the difference in latitude which even a slight elevation produces. I found it nowhere in the valley country, but it was common on Lookout and on Walden's Ridge. Then, behind me on the summit, another northern bird, the scarlet tanager, struck up a labored, rasping, breathless tune, hearty, but broken and forced. I say labored and breathless; but, happily, the singer was unaware of his infirmity (or can it be I was wrong?), and continued without interruption for at least half an hour. If he was uncomfortably short-breathed, he was very agreeably long-winded. Oven-birds sang at intervals throughout the day, and once I heard again the black-

billed cuckoo. Yes, Hooker was right: Lookout Mountain is Northern, not Southern. But then, as if to show that it is not exactly Yankee land, in spite of oven-bird and black-bill, and notwithstanding all that Hooker and his men may have done, a cardinal took a long turn at whistling, and a Carolina wren came to his support with a *cheery, cheery.* A far-away crow was cawing somewhere down the valley, no very common sound hereabout; a red-eye, our great American missionary, was exhorting, of course; a black-poll, on his way to British America, whispered something, it was impossible to say what; and a squirrel barked. I lay so still that a black-and-white creeper took me for a part of the boulder, and alighted on the nearest tree-trunk. He goes round a bole just as he sings, in corkscrew fashion. Now and then I caught some of the louder phrases of a distant brown thrush, and once, when every one else fell silent, a catbird burst out spasmodically with a few halting, disjointed eccentricities, highly characteristic of a bird who can sing like a master when he will, but who seems oftener to enjoy talking to himself. Lizards rustled into sight with startling suddenness; and one big fellow disappeared so instantaneously — in "less than no time," as the Yankee phrase is — that I thought "quick as a lizard" might well enough become an adage. Here and there I remarked a chestnut-tree, the burs of last year still hanging; and chestnut oaks were among the largest and handsomest trees of the wood, as they were among the commonest. The temperature was perfect, — so says my penciled note. Let the confession not be overlooked, after all my railing at the fierce Tennessee sun. It made all the pleasure of the hour, too, that there were no troublesome insects. I had been in that country for ten days, the mercury had been much of the time above 90°, and I had not seen ten mosquitoes.

I left my boulder at last, though it would have been good to remain there till night, and wandered along the bluffs to the Point. Here it was apparent at once that the wind had shifted. For the first time I caught sight of lofty mountains in the northeast; the Great Smokies, I was told, and could well believe it. I sat down straightway and looked at them, and had I known how things would turn, I would have looked at them longer; for in all my three weeks' sojourn in Chattanooga, that was the only half-day in which the atmosphere was even approximately clear. It was unfortunate, but I consoled myself with the charm of the foreground, — a charm at once softened and heightened, with something of the magic of distance, by the very conditions that veiled the horizon and drew it closer about us.

It is truly a beautiful world that we see from Lookout Point: the city and its suburbs; the river with its broad meanderings, and, directly at our feet, its great Moccasin Bend; the near mountains, — Raccoon and Sand mountains beyond Lookout Valley, and Walden's Ridge across the river; and everywhere in the distance hills and high mountains, range beyond range, culminating in the Cumberland Mountains in one direction, and the Great Smokies in another. And as we look at the fair picture we think of what was done here, — of historic persons and historic deeds. At the foot of the cliffs on which we stand is White House plateau, the battlefield of Lookout Mountain. Chattanooga itself is spread out before us, with Orchard Knob, Cameron Hill, and the national cemetery. Yonder stretches the long line of Missionary Ridge, and farther south, recognizable by at least one of the government towers, is the battlefield of Chickamauga. Here, if anywhere, we may see places that war has made sacred.

The feeling of all this is better enjoyed after one has grown oblivious to the things which at first do so much to cheapen the mountain, — the hotels, the

photographers' shanties, the placards, the hurrying tourists, and the general air of a place given over to showmen. Much of this seeming desecration is unavoidable, perhaps; at all events, it is the part of wisdom to overlook it, as, fortunately, by the time of my third visit I was pretty well able to do. If that proves impossible, if the visitor is of too sensitive a temperament, — to call his weakness by no worse a name, — he can at least betake himself to the woods, and out of them see enough, as I did from my boulder, to repay him for all his trouble.

The battlefield, as has been said, lies at the base of the perpendicular cliffs which make the bold northern tip of the mountain, — Lookout Point. I must walk over it, though there is little to see, and after a final look at the magnificent panorama I descended the steps to the head of the "incline," or, as I should say, the cable road. The car dropped me at a sentry-box marked "Columbus" (it was easy to guess in what year it had been named), and thence I strolled across the plateau, — so called in the narratives of the battle, though it is far from level, — past the Craven house and Cloud Fort, to the western slope looking down into Lookout Valley, out of which the Union forces marched to the assault. The place was peaceful enough on that pleasant May afternoon. The air was full of music, and just below me were apple and peach orchards and a vineyard.

In such surroundings, half wild, half tame, I had hope of finding some strange bird; it would be pleasant to associate him with a spot so famous. But the voices were all familiar: wood thrushes, Carolina wrens, bluebirds, summer tanagers, catbirds, a Maryland yellow-throat, vireos (red-eyes and white-eyes), goldfinches, a field sparrow (the dead could want no sweeter requiem than he was chanting, but the wood pewee should have been here also), indigo-birds, and chats. In one of the wildest and roughest places a Kentucky warbler started to sing, and I plunged downward among the rocks and bushes (here was maidenhair fern, I remember), hoping to see him. It was only my second hearing of the song, and it would be prudent to verify my recollection; but the music ceased, and I saw nothing. At the turn, where the land begins to decline westward, I came to a low, semicircular wall of earth. Here, doubtless, on that fateful November morning, when clouds covered the mountain sides, the Confederate troops meant to make a stand against the invader. Now a wilderness of young blue-green persimmon-trees had sprung up about it, as about the Craven house was a similar growth of sassafras. I had already noticed the extreme abundance of sassafras (shrubs rather than trees) in all this country, and especially on Missionary Ridge.

With my thoughts full of the past, while my senses kept watch of the present, I returned slowly to the "incline," where I had five minutes to wait for a downward car. It had been a good day, a day worth remembering; and just then there came to my ear the new voice for which I had been on the alert: a warbler's song, past all mistake, sharp, thin, vivacious, in perhaps eight syllables, — a song more like the redstart's than anything else I could think of. The singer was in a tall tree, but by the best of luck, seeing how short my time was, the opera-glass fell upon him almost of itself, — a hooded warbler; my first sight of him in full dress (he might have been rigged out for a masquerade, I thought), as it was my first hearing of his song. If it had been also my last hearing of it, I might have written that the hooded warbler, though a frequenter of low thickets, chooses a lofty perch to sing from. So easy is it to generalize; that is, to tell more than we know. The fellow sang again and again, and, to my great satisfaction, a Kentucky joined him, — a much better singer in all respects, and much more becomingly dressed; but I gave

thanks for both. Then the car stopped for me, and we coasted to the base, where the customary gang of negroes, heavily chained, were repairing the highway, while the guard, a white man, stood over them with a rifle. It was a strange spectacle to my eyes, and suggested a considerable postponement of the millennium; but I was glad to see the men at work.

Two days afterward (May 10), in spite of "thunder in the morning" and one of the safest of weather saws, I made my final excursion to Lookout, going at once to the warblers' pines. There were few birds in them. At all events, I found few; but there is no telling what might have happened if the third specimen that came under my glass — after a black-poll and a bay-breast — had not monopolized my attention till I was driven to seek shelter. That was the day when I needed a gun; for I suppose it must be confessed that even an opera-glass observer, no matter how much in love he may be with his particular method of study, and no matter how determined he may be to stick to it, sees a time once in a great while when a bird in the hand would be so much better than two in the bush that his fingers fairly itch for something to shoot with. From what I know of one such man, I am sure it would be exaggerating their tenderness of heart to imagine observers of this kind incapable of taking a bird's life under any circumstances. In fact, it may be partly a distrust of their own self-restraint, under the provocations of curiosity, that makes them eschew the use of firearms altogether.

My mystery on the present occasion was a female warbler, — of so much I felt reasonably assured; but by what name to call her, that was a riddle. Her upper parts were "not olive, but of a neutral bluish gray," with light wing-bars, "not conspicuous, but distinct," while her lower parts were "dirty, but unstreaked." What at once impressed me was her "bareheaded appearance" (I am quoting my penciled memorandum), with a big eye and a light eye-ring, — like a ruby-crowned kinglet, for which, at the first glance, I mistook her. If my notes made mention of any dark streaks or spots underneath, I would pluck up courage and hazard a glorious guess, to be taken for what it might be worth. As it is, I leave guessing to men better qualified, for whose possible edification or amusement I have set down these particulars.

While I was pursuing the stranger, but not till I had seen her again and again, and secured as many "points" as a longer ogling seemed likely to afford me, it began thundering ominously out of ugly clouds, and I edged toward some woodland cottages not far distant. Then the big drops fell, and I took to my heels, reaching a piazza just in time to escape a torrent against which pine-trees and umbrella combined would have been as nothing. The lady of the house and her three dogs received me most hospitably, and as the rain lasted for some time we had a pleasant conversation (I can speak for one, at least) about dogs in general and particular (a common interest is the soul of talk); in illustration and furtherance of which the spaniel of the party, somewhat against his will, was induced to "sit up like a gentleman," while I boasted modestly of another spaniel, Antony by name, who could do that and plenty of tricks beside, — a perfect wonder of a dog, in short. Thus happily launched, we went on to discuss the climate of Tennessee (whatever may be the soul of talk, the weather supplies it with members and a bodily substance) and the charms of Lookout Mountain. She lived there the year round, she said (most of the cottagers make the place a summer resort only), and always found it pleasant. In winter it was n't so cold there as down below; at any rate, it did n't feel so cold, — which is the main thing, of course. Sometimes when she

went to the city, it seemed as if she should freeze, although she had n't thought of its being cold before she left home. It is one form of patriotism, I suppose, — parochial patriotism, perhaps we may call it, — that makes us stand up pretty stoutly for our own dwelling-place before strangers, however we may grumble against it among ourselves. In the present instance, however, no such qualifying explanation seemed necessary. In general, I was quite prepared to believe that life on a mountain top, in a cottage in a grove, would be found every whit as agreeable as my hostess pictured it.

The rain slackened after a while, though it was long in ceasing altogether, and I went to the nearest railway station (Sunset Station, I believe) and waited half an hour for a train to the Point, chatting meanwhile with the young man in charge of the relic-counter. Then, at the Point, I waited again — this time to enjoy the prospect and see how the weather would turn — till a train passed on "the broad gauge" below. Just beyond Fort Cloud it ran into a fine old forest, and a sudden notion took me to go straight down through the woods and spend the rest of the day rambling in that direction. The weather had still a dubious aspect, but, with motive enough, some things can be trusted to Providence, and, the steepness of the descent accelerating my pace, I was soon on the sleepers, after which it was but a little way into the woods. Once there, I quickly forgot everything else at the sound of a new song. But *was* it new? It bore some resemblance to the ascending scale of the blue yellow-back, and might be the freak of some individual of that species. I stood still, and in another minute the singer came near and sang under my eye; the very bird I had been hoping for, — a cerulean warbler in full dress; as Dr. Coues says, "a perfect little beauty." He continued in sight, feeding in rather low branches, — an exception to his usual habit, I have since found, — and sang many times over. His complaisance was a piece of high good fortune, for I saw no second specimen. The strain opens with two pairs of notes on the same pitch, and concludes with an upward run much like the blue yellow-back's, or perhaps midway between that and the prairie warbler's. So I heard it, I mean to say. But everything depends upon the ear. Audubon speaks of it as "extremely sweet and mellow" (the last a surprising word), while Mr. Ridgway is quoted as saying that the bird possesses "only the most feeble notes."

The woods of themselves were well worth a visit: extremely open, with broad barren spaces; the trees tall, largely oak, — chestnut oak, especially, — but with chestnut, hickory, tupelo, and other trees intermingled. Here, as afterward on Walden's Ridge, I was struck with the almost total absence of mosses, and the dry, stony character of the soil, — a novel and not altogether pleasing feature in the eyes of a man accustomed to the mountain forests of New England, where mosses cover every boulder, stump, and fallen log, while the feet sink into sphagnum as into the softest of carpets.

Comfortable lounging-places continually invited me to linger, and at last I sat down under a chestnut oak, with a big, broken-barked tupelo directly before me. Over the top of a neighboring boulder a lizard leaned in a praying attitude and gazed upon the intruder. Once in a while, some loud-voiced tree-frog, as I suppose, uttered a grating cry. A blue-gray gnatcatcher was complaining, — snarling, I might have said; a red-eye, an indigo-bird, a field sparrow, and a Carolina wren took turns in singing; and a sudden chat threw himself into the air, quite unannounced, and, with ludicrous teetering motions, flew into the tupelo and eyed me saucily. A few minutes later, a single cicada (seventeen-year locust) followed him. With my glass I could see its monstrous red eyes and the orange edge of its wing.

It kept silence; but without a moment's cessation the musical hum of distant millions like it filled the air, — a noise inconceivable.

I would gladly have sat longer, as I would gladly have gone much farther into the woods, for I had seen none more attractive; but a rumbling of thunder, a rapid blackening of the sky, and a recollection of the forenoon's deluge warned me to turn back. And now, for the first time, although I had been living within sound of locusts for a week or more, I suddenly came to trees in which they were congregated. The branches were full of them. Heard thus near, the sound was no longer melodious, but harsh and shrill.

It seemed cruel that my last day on Lookout Mountain should be so broken up, and so abruptly and unseasonably concluded, but so the Fates willed it. My retreat became a rout, and of the remainder of the road I remember only the hurry and the warmth, and two pleasant things, — a few wild roses, and the scent of a grapevine in bloom; two things so sweet and homelike that they could be caught and retained by a man on the run.

Bradford Torrey.

HALF A DOZEN STORY-BOOKS.

We are familiar with the ingenious liar who persists in his tale till he convinces himself; by somewhat the same process of keeping a straight face while narrating the most humorously improbable stories, Mr. Stockton, after imposing his fiction on the public, has at last succeeded in imposing on himself. There is a difference between making believe very hard and making one's self believe. The author of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine converted a farcical tale into genuine comedy by force of his unlaughing humor; he has taken a Count of Monte Cristo invention, and, by force of direct, plain narrative, dispossessed the reader of the sense of extravagance, and made him realize to himself the actual emotions of ordinary men and women when placed in extraordinary situations. It would be unkind to give the argument of The Adventures of Captain Horn,[1] for the turns which the story takes are so dexterous that the pleasure of reading is much like that which awaits the traveler in Norwegian fiords: precipitous walls shut one in, when, *presto!* a few turns of the screw, and the steamer is in a broad, open sea, making straight for another invisible passage out. That the story could be told by one who had read it, and made enthralling to a group of listeners, means that the great strength lies in the successive situations; yet the *raconteur* would probably feel that he had failed in conveying the real charm of the story, since he would find it difficult to convey his impression of the capital discrimination in the main characters, each of whom is humorous in the modern and the ancient acceptation of the term. It is likely that Mr. Stockton, knowing that he was handling material in which the possibilities of a riotous imagination are great, exercised more than his ordinary self-control, and pitched most of his scenes in a low key, in order to protect himself as well as the reader: and therefore it is, as we have said, that he came to have that kind of belief in his tale which in a measure awed him, and stole from him any disposition to treat his people with undue levity.

[1] *The Adventures of Captain Horn.* By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

There is one short, striking passage which confirms this notion. It is enough to premise that Captain Horn, at the head of his small shipwrecked company, has come into the knowledge, by actual sight, of a stupendous hoard of wealth secreted by the Incas of Peru in early historic days. There comes a time when he is compelled to make up his mind how much he can safely bear away.

"The captain was a man," says Mr. Stockton, "who, since he had come to an age of maturity, had been in the habit of turning his mind this way and that as he would turn the helm of his vessel, and of holding it to the course he had determined upon, no matter how strong the wind or wave, how dense the fog, or how black the night. But never had he stood to his helm as he now stood to a resolve. 'I will bring away a couple of bags,' said he, 'to put in my trunk, and then, I swear to myself, I will not think another minute about carrying away any more of that gold than what is packed in these guano bags.'"

Accordingly, when he had filled his bags, he replaced the covering of the cavern, and sealed it as hermetically as possible. Then follows the eloquent passage to which we have referred: "It was like leaving behind a kingdom and a throne, the command of armies and vast navies, the domination of power, of human happenings; but he came away."

It is this conception of the moral force underlying his subject which stays Mr. Stockton from playing with his theme, though his innate and irrepressible humor saves him from mere nervous intensity. It is curious to see how, by throwing the weight upon character, in this tale, rather than, as Dumas does, upon incident, our author is enabled to deal with most extravagant passages of adventure, and yet keep his imagination well within bounds. Nor should one omit as a factor in the success a most skillful joiner work, by which the parts are ingeniously fitted together, so that one is never called on to take an unreasonably long step. Once only, so far as we can see, has Mr. Stockton failed to make a natural connection. It was a simple matter for Edna, after her marriage, to remain Miss Markham to Ralph and Mrs. Cliff, but what precaution could she take against being publicly recognized as the captain's wife by Mok, and especially by Cheditafa? There is no evidence that she guarded this point, carefully as she guarded all others.

Mr. Stockton, by sheer force of his peculiar genius, succeeds in portraying his neighbors under circumstances of the most romantic and improbable character, preserving their natural modes whether among savages or among civilized folk. Mr. Fuller also deals with every-day people, but he takes them, as most find them, under no extraordinary circumstances, and he is interested in their behavior when they are subject to one of those great currents of human endeavor which are so common as to attract notice only when one concentrates attention upon some single chip which is borne along on the stream. As in his previous novel, The Cliff Dwellers, the scene of this new story[1] is laid in Chicago, and, like that, opens with a passage in which the keynote is cleverly struck. The title discloses the main theme to be exploited, and as the reader watches the old carryall conveying the Marshall family from the railway station through the choked streets, and listens to the rambling conversation of its occupants, he learns quickly to discriminate the speakers, and to forecast with no great difficulty the general direction which the story will take, as the Marshall family, its elders rich and homely, the younger set ambitious of social success, makes its way out of humble surroundings into such glory as overhangs the upper seats in the Chicago world.

The raconteur, in this case, would find

[1] *With the Procession.* By Henry B. Fuller. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

it hard to tell over again the story, or to find very interested listeners, for the novelist simply has selected ordinary incidents in the social and business life of his characters as material for disclosing their several natures and the modes by which they work out their little destinies. It is an old story, this of social success hardening the susceptible nature of a young girl; of a ruling authority in society keeping for private delectation a bit of her old, indestructible self; of wealth sometimes expanding, sometimes contracting, the lines of life; and of the machine which keeps all the wheels in motion, finally itself getting out of repair and stopping short. Mr. Fuller has shown a deft touch in the handling of his material; he has fancy, and he has, above all, an artistic sense which forbids him to bear on too hard; the individualizing of his several figures is produced by a number of little touches, and the reader becomes well acquainted with each. There is no violence for the sake of producing tragic effects, and the skeleton which needs to be brought out of the family closet is not shown under a lime-light. All is dexterous, felicitous even, and the author goes about his work with a half-mocking smile, as one who could, if he would, open some very unpleasant chambers, but is too fastidious for this. It is impossible not to recognize an airy facility in this writer's work, and to admire the sketch of a large, elemental plan; yet when all is said, is there imagination in it? Rather, is there not a graceful fancy hinting at imaginative possibilities? For the reserve shown let us be thankful, for the care which he takes not to build too substantial structures out of fragile material; yet all this lower success makes us impatient to see work from his hand which will not suggest so palpably the dilettante in novel-writing.

[1] *An Errant Wooing.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company. 1895.

We are not disposed to waste similar regrets over Mrs. Burton Harrison's work. Her latest book which we have seen, An Errant Wooing,[1] continues the effect which her previous books produced, that of an agreeable entertainment over the manners and customs of the polite world, here or abroad, without any serious attempt at an artistic whole. In this tale, the easy admixture of travel scenes adds to the liveliness of the narrative and also to the discursiveness of the plan, so that one is looking at a moving panorama rather than at a composed picture. The reader is not greatly concerned as to which of the men Paulina is finally to marry; for if his attention is at any time seriously bent on this problem, he is pretty sure to be called away in a moment by some bit of adventure or amusing excursion which interests him quite as much. In brief, the attractiveness of the book is in its introduction to a well-bred society, where mere frivolousness is as much out of place as too much self-sacrifice, and one travels about, and bides in English country houses, and has his little laugh at the humors of the several situations without any disposition to quarrel with his company or to find them oppressively clever. The mild suspense in which he is kept is something of an illusion, which he accepts good naturedly out of politeness to the author; and he is quite willing to travel with the show, though he knows very well that it is only a question of time, as the saying is, when the company will be disbanded.

No such idle entertainment occupies Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her business is to lay out the dead souls of Bessie Costrell[2] and her kinsfolk. John Bolderfield, a miserly laborer, had, after fifty-six years of toil, accumulated a hoard which would suffice, as he reckoned, to keep his little soul and body together,

[2] *The Story of Bessie Costrell.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

after he should have done one more piece of work in another village; but when the time to leave his lodgings came, he was in great perplexity of mind what to do with his strong-box. He yielded finally to the blandishment of his niece, Bessie Costrell, who was vain and eager to make an impression on her neighbors, and the box was deposited with her and her husband, Isaac, a grim leader in the little Independent chapel of the village. Then John Bolderfield went away, and there came a day when Bessie, who had suddenly come into possession of a small legacy, and on the strength of it had run into debt, was tempted to break into John's box. From taking little to taking more, her miserable career slid along; she drank and spent her money lavishly. Then, one night, just as the neighbors were beginning to notice the singular coins of an early mintage which Bessie was dispensing, she was surprised at the box by a vicious son of her husband, who filled his pockets with what remained of the hoard, and left her bleeding on the stairs. The neighbors, with darkening suspicion, began to ferret out Bessie's misdoing; Isaac Costrell, filled with righteous vindictiveness, turned upon her; and John Bolderfield came back to the village, after a long sickness, gloating over his hoard and the luxury it was to bring him, only to find his lifelong dream quenched in utter darkness. The end of all was that the wretched Bessie took her own life, and the two men lived on, each in his narrow way.

"Yet in truth," says Mrs. Ward at the end of this dismal tale, "during the years that followed, whenever he was not under the influence of recurrent attacks of melancholia, Isaac did again derive much comfort from the aspirations and self-abasements of religion. No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and around man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes. Misery provokes pity; despair throws itself on a divine tenderness. And for those who have the 'grace' of faith, in the broken and imperfect action of these healing powers upon this various world, — in the love of the merciful for the unhappy, in the tremulous yet undying hope that pierces even sin and remorse with the vision of some ultimate salvation from the self that breeds them, — in these powers there speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate, whether these tragedies be 'the falls of princes,' or such meaner, narrower pains as brought poor Bessie Costrell to her end."

A flourish at the end of a story does not compensate for the story itself, and Mrs. Ward innocently points out in this passage the prime defect of the tragedy she has recorded. She has, indeed, in one or two places touched the incidents with the revelation of character, and thus dignified a miserable scene; but for the most part she has simply told a revolting story, apparently overlooking the fact that all she tells is properly only a prelude to the tragedy. The real tragedy is in the lives of John Bolderfield after he loses his treasure, and Isaac Costrell after his wife kills herself, unforgiven; and no fine writing about these two men in the last paragraph of the book can make up for the unpleasant details which lead up to it. When Mrs. Ward says, "There speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate," she reminds her impatient readers that it is the absence of this voice in her book, or at best but its very faint sound, which makes her story scarcely more than a very well written newspaper-dreadful. One cannot help thinking what a different thing George Eliot would have made of this incident, touching it here and there with humor, humanizing it throughout, and making Mrs. Ward's excellent final sentence underlie the whole instead of serving as a tag.

There is a pleasure in turning from a piece of unrelieved human misery to an

unpretentious narrative of life, where the burden which rests on the story is not a crime, but a blunder. Mr. Bliss Perry has given the clever name of The Plated City[1] to a novel which has to do with the people of a Connecticut manufacturing town, chiefly concerned in the production of plated ware. One is reminded from time to time how thin is the genteel covering to the social world of Bartonvale. The central motive of the story, however, is the racial instinct which in the Anglo-American mind precludes any social equality with a person having a taint of the negro in him or her. The notion that the mother of Tom Beaulieu, the favorite ball-player of Bartonvale, and his half-sister Esther, was a quadroon, though never clearly demonstrated, and finally passing over into the notion that she was a New Orleans creole, is at the bottom of the woes of Tom and the social exclusion of Esther. It turns out that Tom is the nephew of the magnate of the place, and Esther has the love of the most interesting and most impervious young man of the town, so that the racial difficulty is gradually eliminated from the story, but it furnishes, nevertheless, the immediate cause of the important situations.

It is not quite certain that Mr. Perry has succeeded in making his purpose in the story clear. Possibly he would have us consider how interwoven are the threads of life, carefully as we may try to keep them apart; possibly he intended a mild satire on a society which stood on no important ancestral basis, yet insisted strenuously on keeping itself clear of the skirts of a supposititious quadroon. Perhaps — but this is almost an audacious hypothesis — he was content simply to tell a slightly involved story, and tied a number of knots for the purpose of untying them. What one discovers is a fairly well constructed tale, with natural characters and occasional passages of quickened movement; the ball-playing scene in New York where Tom is defeated by his friends, and the strike when Dr. Atwood chivalrously takes Esther under his protection, being noticeable. What one misses is the convergence of the lines of the story toward some definite end of consequence; for though the death of Dr. Atwood has in it a pathos, and the visit of Norman Lewis to Newgate has a moment or two of moving power, neither is exactly a culminating point, since the reader has not been greatly impressed by Dr. Atwood's devotion to Mrs. Thayer, and the notion of Norman Lewis's inward struggle comes rather unexpectedly when the reader has been taught to regard him as securely fixed on his own base, and has been carefully trained to see in Esther a most beautiful and winning girl. To speak plainly, the author seems to have intended that the cloud of race prejudice should hang heavily over the story, giving a notion of dignity to the actions of those who contemned it, but he has so diverted the attention and confused the issue that one is not greatly disturbed by the cloud, and sees it dissipated with no sense of any victorious energy scattering it.

In her volume of tales of New England life,[2] Miss Brown has kept away from plated cities or any composite society. Her village of Tiverton and the neighboring market town of Sudleigh furnish scene enough for the play of her country folk, and in the varying fortunes of the figures she brings forward there is room for a wide gamut of emotional notes. In her first sketch, Number Five, she introduces the reader to a few of the village worthies in a careless, happy fashion, and in her last, Strollers in Tiverton, she gives free vent to a mood which now and again is present in the dozen

[1] *The Plated City.* By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

[2] *Meadow-Grass.* Tales of New England Life. By Alice Brown. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1895.

stories which make up the rest of the volume, — a mood which is the stirring of gypsy blood in the veins. There is a character, Dilly Joyce, who is a potential witch, and it is clear that Miss Brown's heart goes out to her as to scarcely any other of her creations; yet not in Dilly Joyce alone, nor in Molly McNeil or Nance Pete, does she betray her love of freedom and sunshine and the wind of heaven, but throughout the book there is a motion, a light, joyous tread, which gives Meadow-Grass a subtle attraction not to be found, we venture to say, in any other collection of New England tales. Mrs. Stowe sometimes catches the spirit, but there is a carelessness about her work which does not heighten the art. Miss Jewett never quite parts with that air of fine breeding which gives grace and beauty to her work, and makes her characters the objects of a compassion born of fuller knowledge than they possess of themselves. Mrs. Slosson has caught at the grotesque side of New England life and interprets it with a poetic charity. Miss Wilkins has the genius which concentrates the very essence of the life in her marvelously pointed sketches. Mr. Robinson has fixed one or two types of outdoor human life with precision and a hearty sympathy with traditional masculine rusticity. But it has remained for Miss Brown to enter this same general field of New England country life, and without producing any new variety of tale, or scarcely any new character, to use familiar material, and yet illumine it with a new light. We cannot define it any more closely than by saying that the genuine humor which pervades the best of her work is closely identified with a love of sunshine, of growing things, and of movement in nature and the corresponding changes of light and shade in the human soul. There is a little story in this volume, Farmer Eli's Vacation, which is a masterpiece. The emotion which may exist under an impassive exterior is brought to light with a grace, a restraint of words and dignity of art, yet with a naturalness of narrative, that leave nothing to be desired. Nor will one readily forget the inimitable stories already printed in The Atlantic, Heartsease, and Joint Owners in Spain. Now and then, as in Bankrupt, and At Sudleigh Fair, Miss Brown possibly forces a note too much, and seems to fall back a little on conventional resources; but the entire effect of the book is of a natural beauty, springing spontaneously and finding most apt expression. Above all, as we have intimated, there is a true wildwood flavor, a rusticity which is not a mere foil to civility.

A STUDY OF EXPLORATION IN NEW FRANCE.

Five years after the discovery by Columbus, John Cabot, in behalf of England, was sighting the gloomy headlands of Cape Breton. Cortereal appeared in the neighborhood in 1501 seeking lands for the Portuguese crown. Two or three years later, at intervals, there came to Newfoundland certain Norman, Breton, and Basque fishers, and, erecting little huts and drying-scaffolds along the rocky shore, sowed the first seed of that polyglot settlement of French, Portuguese, Spanish, and English which has come down to our own day almost uninterruptedly. By 1511 these fishermen appear to have known the mainland to the west; for in the map of Sylvanus, in his edition of Ptolemy, that year, we find a delineation of the "Square Gulf," which answers to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In

1520 Fagundus visited these waters for the Portuguese, and four years later Verrazano was making for the French an exploration of the coast between North Carolina and Newfoundland. Whether or not Cartier (1535) was the first to sail up the St. Lawrence "until land could be seen on either side," no man can now tell; apparently, he was the first to leave a record of doing so. Progress up the river was checked by Lachine Rapids, and he spent the winter on Montreal Island.

France and Spain were just then engaged in one of their periodical quarrels, and adventurers were needed to fight battles at home, so that it was six years before any attempts were made to colonize the river-lands to which Cartier had led the way. In 1541, a Picard seigneur named Roberval, enjoying the friendship of Francis I., was commissioned as viceroy of the new country beyond the Atlantic, with Cartier as his chief pilot and captain-general, and a choice selection of jail-birds for colonists. Cartier started off before his chief, built a fort at Quebec, and, after a long and miserable winter, picked up a quantity of glittering stones which he took to be gold and diamonds, and gladly set sail for home. Tradition has it that Roberval met him near the mouth of the river, but was unable to induce him to return to his cheerless task of founding a state in an inhospitable wilderness, with convicts for citizens. Roberval, however, proceeded to Quebec with his consignment of prison dregs, and throughout another protracted winter the flag of France floated from the little intrenched camp which Cartier had planted on the summit of the cliff. Roberval's principal occupation appears to have been the disciplining of his unruly followers, a work in which the gibbet and the lash were freely employed. He also essayed explorations up the river; but the rude task was not to his liking, and, with what remained of his battered band, he followed Cartier to France.

It is commonly said that Canada was abandoned by the French between the going of Roberval and the coming of Champlain. But though little was done toward colonizing on the St. Lawrence, Newfoundland was by no means neglected. Its fishing industry grew apace. The rules of the Church, prescribing a fish diet on certain holy days, led to a large use of salted fish throughout Catholic Europe, and by 1578 no less than a hundred and fifty French vessels alone, chiefly Breton, were employed in the Newfoundland fisheries, while a good trade with the mainland Indians, as far south as the Potomac, had now sprung up. The island colony proved valuable as a supply and repair station for traders and explorers, and thus served as a nucleus of both French and English settlement in America.

It is difficult for us of to-day to realize that at any time in the world's history enlightened folk should have thought good colonists could be made out of the sweepings of the jails and gutters of the Old World. But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that fallacy was quite generally entertained by would-be founders of states across sea; it required the lessons of more than a hundred years of disastrous experiments to teach discerning men that only the best of the middle class and the masses can successfully plant a new community in the wilderness. The experiences of Cartier and Roberval on the St. Lawrence, and of Laudonnière in Florida (1564), were of no avail in influencing governmental policy at Paris. In 1590, the Marquis de la Roche was sent out with the usual dissolute crew to succeed Roberval as the king's agent on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Leaving part of his ill-favored gang on the desert Sable Isle, off Nova Scotia (where, early in the century, Baron de Léry had vainly attempted to plant a colony), La Roche set forth to explore the mainland for a site. A wild storm blew his vessels to France,

and the wretched skin-clad survivors of the band which he had left behind were not rescued until thirteen years had elapsed. Their tale of horror long rang in the ears of France.

In 1600–1603, Chauvin and Pontgravé made successful trading voyages to the St. Lawrence. Samuel de Champlain was one of the party which in the latter year followed in Cartier's track to Montreal. The same season, a Calvinist named De Monts was given the viceroyalty and fur-trade monopoly of Acadia, and in 1604 he landed a strangely assorted company of vagabonds and gentlemen on an island near the present boundary between Maine and New Brunswick; but in the spring following they settled at what is now Annapolis, Nova Scotia, thus planting the first French agricultural settlement in America. Five years later, Champlain reared a permanent post on the rock of Quebec, and New France was at last, after a century of experiments, fairly under way. The Jesuits soon came; by the time the Mayflower had reached Massachusetts Bay French influence had penetrated far inland, and painted savages from Lake Superior, a thousand miles westward, had begun to feel the power of Onontio, to trade with him, to drink of his "milk," and to partake of his bounty.

Across the stage of New France, each in their fashion, swept a motley throng of players, fishermen, priests, nuns, soldiers, politicians, *voyageurs*, *coureurs de bois*, — self-seeking adventurers in the main, but most of them chivalrously zealous for church and king. A romantic drama, that of the French *régime*, not without its scenes of squalor and moral degradation, but on the whole a series of *tableaux* which for life and color and dramatic force have not elsewhere been equaled in American history.

We have been made familiar with it all, in a large way, through the glowing pages of Parkman, and doubtless for generations to come men will turn to him as the chief interpreter of this old régime of transplanted and belated mediævalism. Nevertheless there was much to tell, and new points of view to take, after Parkman had finished; the monographists are only now turning seriously to the detailed cultivation of the fertile field he broke. It is, however, not New France itself which most interests the student of American history, fascinating and instructive though the story may be; it is the many-sided influence of New France on the American colonies, on the character and temper of the American people, on the savage allies of New France who were the enemies of our forbears, on the borderers who met and dealt with French Creole settlements far in the continental interior.

New France was for nearly a century and a half virtually master of the vast wilderness drained by the interlocking water systems of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The history of no State on the northern border, from Maine to Minnesota, of no State bordering on the Ohio and the Mississippi, is complete without its chapter on the French occupation, and few of these commonwealths are without some waterside hamlet which can trace its story back to the old forest days when trader, friar, and commandant ruled supreme over a gay retinue of *habitans* and *voyageurs* who secretly cared little whether *fleur de lis* or union jack floated over the palisade, so long as their fiddles were in tune and beaver waxed plenty.

Many of our popular historians treat this French episode in American history quite inadequately; they look upon the story of the States as summed up in the political strivings of the coast colonies, in the Revolutionary War, and in the expansion from tide-water westward, failing to appreciate the fact that the French régime was part and parcel of our growth. It is evident, however, that popular ignorance of the lasting influence of New France on United States history is not

long to endure. Parkman broke the field, and is year by year being more widely read as an American classic; several of the more competent of the histories published in the last four or five years have given fair treatment of this important episode; the monographists have not been idle, as witness the several excellent articles in the fourth volume of Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America; and now Dr. Winsor comes to the fore with two stout octavos of his own.[1]

Upon first opening them, one would be disposed to consider these volumes as a revamp of the material from different workshops grouped in the Narrative and Critical History; there is the same familiar wealth of early maps, and the arrangement seems not unlike that of the former publication. But examination soon proves that we have here an entirely fresh study, on original lines, bearing no resemblance to the other, save that one readily recognizes the same masterly touch that gave editorial coherency to the great coöperative work. The two volumes before us are but the pioneers in a contemplated series; yet, as both cover and are chiefly devoted to the wilderness explorations undertaken for New France, they may properly be considered together.

Dr. Winsor's method is, we think, unique. In the main, it is a study of geographical exploration in the interior of North America, made direct from a critical examination of the maps of the period. As a thread on which to hang these, the author gives us a running historical sketch, which is in itself of great value, because of his searching analysis of the evidence on which his statements are founded. Possessing the critical faculty in a high degree, and enjoying almost unexcelled opportunities for research, he finds it possible to reject from the testimony many a flaw that has long been accepted as sound doctrine, to fortify much of what has been hitherto regarded as doubtful, and to introduce many new links in the chain. His treatment of the contemporary illustrations, chiefly maps, which number over a hundred in each volume, is in the same vein, giving us an authoritative history of each important chart, and a thorough examination of its merits and demerits as a document illustrating the geographical knowledge of its time. It is a far cry from the map of Sylvanus (1511), in which Newfoundland, Cuba, and Hayti are close neighbors, to that of Jeffreys (1753), which is concerned chiefly with problems as to the River of the West and the Pacific coast. In skillfully tracing for us the historical connection between the two, as reflected in the slow evolution of cartographical knowledge, our author unfolds two and a half centuries of American history, rich in interest for the philosopher, the scientist, and the statesman.

It could hardly be expected that, in an undertaking of so wide a scope, Dr. Winsor should safely pass all the pitfalls of local antiquarianism. To have done so would have been more than human. Many of the fields he crosses have been, or are being, exhaustively mined by sectional historians, who, reveling in detailed knowledge of the minutiæ, rejoice in tripping the giants who stalk that way. An instance of local error, one of the few which we have noticed, is the phrase, in Cartier to Frontenac, page 198, where the author is referring to the rumors concerning the Mississippi

[1] *Cartier to Frontenac.* A Study of Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America, in its Historical Relations, 1534–1700. With full Cartographical Illustrations from Contemporary Sources. By Justin Winsor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

The Mississippi Basin. The Struggle between England and France, 1697–1763. By Justin Winsor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

which had reached the ears of the Jesuit Allouez : —

"Later in the same month [September, 1665], Allouez was at the bay where the modern town of Ashland stands, and on the principal island near the inlet, which the French named La Pointe, he founded the mission of the Holy Spirit, with a village of Chippewas near by, and built a bark chapel for his altar."

Now, it is well established by historians of the Lake Superior region, and has been pointed out in monographs by Verwyst, Neill, and others, that the mission of Allouez was on the mainland, some seventeen miles to the southwest of La Pointe (or Madelaine) Island. The name La Pointe du St. Esprit, given by Allouez to his mission, had reference to the long sand-point of Chequamegon, which, the principal topographical feature of the neighborhood, hems in Chequamegon Bay on the east. Gradually, the entire region of Chequamegon Bay came to be known to fur-traders, in a general way, as La Pointe, and specifically the name was applied to each of the successive French missionary and trading settlements on the bay shore. Late in the seventeenth century, when the French commandant Le Sueur removed his headquarters to Madelaine Island, as being more secure from Indian attack than a mainland post, the designation La Pointe was naturally removed thereto, to be in turn applied to the later mainland station of the Englishman Henry, and once more and finally to the island, upon the coming of the Scotch-Irish trader Johnston. Dr. Winsor has been misled into placing Allouez on Madelaine Island, by the shameless persistence with which guidebook writers, though frequently set right, continue to declare that a dilapidated little log chapel, unmistakably built on the island in 1835, by Father (afterwards Bishop) Baraga, is the original mission house of the Jesuits Allouez and Marquette. Such minor slips as this, however, are inevitable in a work covering so broad a field, and cannot be said to detract from its value. To the general reader, the error is of little consequence, and the specialist will not be led astray.

In the successful performance of his great task, Dr. Winsor has again rendered an important service to American letters. These two volumes well deserve to stand side by side with those of the master, Parkman. The latter has given us in the choicest English the story of New France writ large; Winsor has painstakingly gathered from all the archives of Christendom the materials for a more detailed treatment of the theme, sifting and weighing them for the ready use of future builders. He has done more than this implies : he has given us New France from a fresh point of view, that of the explorer and map-maker, and his work deserves the credit which belongs to one who has found a new field and worked it well.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate, edited by George Duruy. Translated by C. E. Roche. Vol. I. The Ancient Régime and the Revolution. Vol. II. The Directorate up to the 18th Fructidor. (Harpers.) While the Memoirs dealing with the Revolution from every conceivable point of view can hardly be counted, and those relating to the Consulate and Empire are only less numerous, there is a singular dearth of personal records of the political and social history of the Directorate, and this fact gives to the Memoirs of Barras a peculiar value

which, under other circumstances, the well-known character of the author would hardly bestow upon them. Though all future historians of the time will have to take serious account of the work, it is easy to foresee the perplexity it will entail upon the conscientious student. He will probably agree with M. Duruy that M. de Saint-Albin faithfully reproduced the thought of Barras, though the language is that of the scribe (all readers of to-day will regret that the latter felt it his duty to embellish overmuch the illiterate but forcible narrative of his friend), but there will have to be careful discrimination between notes on passing and recollections of long-past events, and, a more serious matter, between the degrees of truth or falsehood in certain reminiscences. It is an irony of fate that the work which has been awaiting publication for more than sixty years should at last have been issued under the editorship of an ardent Bonapartist, but his impassioned plea for his hero was hardly called for, as the greatness and littleness of Napoleon are now tolerably well understood by those who care for historical accuracy, and the malignant hatred of the Director towards the man of whom he had once been the patron will be evident to the dullest reader. The most vividly interesting portion of these volumes is the ex-Terrorist's account of the 9th Thermidor, in which he was so important an actor. He had retained one quality of a son of the Crusaders, courage ; and it was owing to that, perhaps, more than to his unscrupulous ability that he was alive on that momentous day. — Sónya Kovalévsky : Her Recollections of Childhood, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood ; with a Biography by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley ; and a Biographical Note by Lily Wolffsohn. (Century Co.) Miss Hapgood is inclined to explain the trouble and unrest of Madame Kovalévsky's life by the union in her of "a masculine mind with a feminine heart." To us, it seems rather feminine weaknesses and foibles which helped to make it impossible that any real content, not to say happiness, should long abide with her. In her story we do not fail to find that Russian melancholy with which we have all become familiar, as well as the contest between mediævalism and an extreme modern spirit, fantastic and fanatical by turns. It is a history possessing in many ways a quite exceptional interest. Madame Kovalévsky was not only a great mathematician, but, if we may judge from the fragment of autobiography here given, had no mean gifts as a clever and graphic writer ; and her friend continues and completes the tale so sympathetically and truthfully that there is little dissonance between the two parts of the memoir, which together give an exceedingly lifelike portrait. It is an illustrative fact, the secondary place which maternal feeling appeared to hold in Sónya's nature ; for mother love gives rather than takes, and the woman, at once so strong and so weak, whose exacting, jealous temperament continually craved exclusive devotion, never herself learned that the best part of love is self-sacrifice. — The Poet among the Hills, Oliver Wendell Holmes in Berkshire, by J. E. A. Smith. (George Blatchford, Pittsfield, Mass.) Mr. Smith has traced Holmes's connection with Pittsfield, where he lived for seven years, the occasional poems he read, the verses suggested by his life, and the family relations which he held with the place. He has rescued some interesting memorabilia, and has executed his task with enthusiasm and good taste.

Travel. Churches and Castles of Mediæval France, by Walter Cranston Larned. (Scribners.) Mr. Larned modestly styles his book a record of a traveler's impressions of some of the great monuments of France, and expresses the hope that it may lead others to follow in his footsteps. As he has a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and shows considerable skill in transmitting his impressions to the reader, his book will without doubt prove a pleasant companion to many tourists, who will probably like his agreeable historical commentary none the less that it is sometimes a little obvious and conventional. The writer has imagination, and is more successful in reviving the associations of the past than in treating the architectural aspects of his theme. There are occasional happy bits of description, but his love of Gothic architecture surpasses his technical knowledge of it. The illustrations, from photographs, are well selected and well printed, and add distinctly to the value of the book. — A Vagabond in Spain, by C. Bogue Luffmann.

(Imported by Scribners.) It was as a veritable tramp that Mr. Luffmann journeyed for nearly five months in Spain; for the most part, the vagrant's rest-house his only hotel, the succor doled out by the alcalde his only means of sustenance. He claims that in no other way could he really see the life of the people; but the reader is not quite sure, when he finishes the book, that the game, so far as he is concerned, was altogether worth the candle. At least, the experiences of certain other travelers, who did not play the vagabond, and encountered only in a positive degree the discomfort, dirt, vile food, and viler odors of which this writer had a superlative share, have proved, on the whole, more entertaining and enlightening. This is not to say that Mr. Luffmann's itinerary does not in a measure possess both qualities, and that he does not give us at times graphic sketches of lower-class Spanish life for which we are grateful; but he hardly possesses the gift, either as observer or as writer, of making the fullest use of his exceptional opportunities. It is unfair to compare him with Borrow, yet it is his misfortune that the comparison will be made. — Our Western Archipelago, by Henry M. Field (Scribners), gives an account of a journey across the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, a tour of the islands of southern Alaska, and the return through Washington, Oregon, Montana, and Yellowstone Park. Dr. Field is so old a traveler and narrator that he knows what to see and how to describe, while the book has a freshness and simplicity of style which we are not apt to associate with the mature judgment of experience. Although he kept to the beaten track, his journey was not entirely without adventures of a mild type (such as riding down the Rocky Mountains on a cow-catcher), into most of which he pretends to have been drawn by the exuberant spirits of his young traveling companion, but which he himself seems to have enjoyed with all the enthusiasm of youth. Besides describing what he saw and heard, he makes several excursions into the field of history, and gives accounts of the building of the Canadian Pacific, the founding of the Hudson Bay Company, the Vigilantes of Montana, etc. He also devotes a chapter to Mr. William Duncan and his Indian mission at Metlakahtla. There are twelve full-page illustrations from photographs and drawings. — Pony Tracks, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington. (Harpers.) In a breezy, unconventional style which suits his subject, Mr. Remington tells of his travels in the wild West with soldiers, cow-punchers, Indians, Mexicans, on the plains and among the mountains. The author rode a pony most of the time (a high horse never), but occasionally trusted himself in a canoe, or even in a stage-coach. From his associations with all sorts of men under so many circumstances, he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the life of the Far West such as falls to the lot of few writers. The pleasures and hardships of frontier army life occupy a large part of the book, and the reader can hardly help having an increased respect for the brave men who ride the ponies. Of the illustrations, it is only necessary to say that there are seventy of them, and all are by Mr. Remington. — The third issue of Macmillan's Miniature Series in paper is Goldwin Smith's A Trip to England.

Fiction. Terminations, by Henry James. (Harpers.) Readers of The Yellow Book and Scribner's Magazine will be already familiar with the first three of these tales, while the fourth appears for the first time. One finds again all those qualities of infinite elaboration, exquisite care, and utter disregard of his reader's time which in any other writer must at once be designated Henry-Jamesiness. In The Death of the Lion and The Middle Years there is an atmosphere of refined satire, — a little drowsy, perhaps, but dear to many nostrils, and welcome enough in days when many forget that letters were once called "polite." In The Altar of the Dead, Mr. James carries us into a sombre and fantastic land where Daisy Miller never came. — A Daughter of the Soil, by M. E. Francis. (Harpers.) This is the most elaborate tale the author has yet given us, but in no other respect can it take precedence of her two earlier books. Her North Country rustics are as delightful as ever, and the picture of the farmer's daughter who is the heroine, if somewhat idealized, is, on the whole, life-like and charming. But the plot is of a well-worn kind, and the gentleman who marries and deceives Ruth is such a contemptible creature that we should hardly acquiesce in his final rehabilitation if we

were ever made really to believe in his existence. For the rest, the story, though so conventional in certain points, is steadily readable, and always gracefully told. — The Time Machine, an Invention, by H. S. Wells. (Holt.) Tales of travelers into the future are not uncommon, and are often sufficiently dreary, with their ineffective visions of a perfected humanity, or perhaps merely of the triumph of some writer's special fad. It is seldom that any essay of the kind shows the originality, the imagination, and the excellent workmanship of this story, in which the hero discovers that time is the fourth dimension of space, and constructs a machine on which he journeys in it, arriving at the year 802,701, and afterward venturing still farther till he reaches the very twilight of the earth. Reversing the usual experience, he finds mankind in their decadence, and is glad to return to the world's youth. The narrative of his adventures is singularly graphic and unfailingly interesting, while the introduction and postscript thereto are exactly in the right manner. The author is artist enough always to give an air of truth to his fantasy, and never to weaken his work by overelaboration or diffuseness. — The Burial of the Guns, by Thomas Nelson Page (Scribners), is a volume of short stories. Mr. Page is one of those writers, all too few among us, whose style may always be praised for its simplicity. There is an austere and honest quality in it, a note of utter sincerity and a lack of all affectation, which gives peculiar force to his English and adapts it admirably to the matter in hand. In the first sketch, My Cousin Fanny, we are given a realistic portrait of a lady; three other tales relate stirring incidents of the war; while Miss Dangerlie's Roses is a bit of social satire told in a very quiet manner. Indeed, quietness and good breeding mark this book, as they do all of Mr. Page's work. — Hero Tales of Ireland, by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.), is a worthy successor to its author's Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, and Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland. Many of these stories were first printed in The Sun, by Mr. Dana, who recognized their value, and thus materially assisted Mr. Curtin in his labor of collecting them. The book will find its own readers; for those who love the marvels of old romance, which "make the jaws of the hearers fall apart," cannot pass it by, while students and delvers in folk-lore will prize it as a contribution to their knowledge fresh from original sources. The former will appreciate Mr. Curtin's idiomatic English rendering of the tales; the latter will be grateful for his scholarly painstaking. — An Old Man's Romance, by Christopher Craigie. (Copeland & Day.) This is a simple old-fashioned love-story, told with something of the deliberate manner which charmed us in The Reveries of a Bachelor. With a flavor of sweetness and devotion about it, and depending as it does on sincerity and unspoiled sentiment for its effect, it is a refreshing change from much of the murderous and unwholesome fiction in present vogue. — Water Tramps, or The Cruise of the "Sea Bird," by George Herbert Bartlett. (Putnams.) A story of four young men who, having imprudently squandered their substance during the spring, find themselves without the means to take a summer vacation after their usual fashion. They conceive and carry out the plan of hiring a yacht and catching bluefish for a living, till their money comes in on the 1st of September. A large part of the book is taken up by their endeavors to escape their friends while engaged in the nefarious occupation of selling fish. This volume can safely be placed in the hands of the most innocent young man. — An Island Princess, by Theo Gift, has been brought out in the Hudson Library. (Putnams.) — Grania, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, has been added to Macmillan's Novelists' Library. — Other paper-covered reprints are, Hardy's earliest novel, Desperate Remedies, and a translation of Daudet's Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

Literature. New Studies in Literature, by Edward Dowden (Houghton), is a collection of miscellaneous essays, all more or less touched with the spirit of democracy and mild revolution in which Professor Dowden is wont to indulge. In his work on Shakespeare we have this temperate critic at his best, perhaps; though in the present volume, as well as in its earlier companion, he is a diligent if not a luminous expositor of certain thoughts and tendencies which appeal to him in various authors. One feels he is a pleasant annotator rather than a piercing or subtile apprecia-

tor; a little apt, too, to see facts through his own glasses at times. His New Studies include essays on George Meredith and Robert Bridges, the poetry of John Donne, a long five-part essay on Goethe, Coleridge, Edmond Scherer, Literary Criticism in France, and The Teaching of English Literature. — English History in Shakespeare's Plays, by Beverley E. Warner, M. A. (Longmans.) In his commentaries on the ten chronicle plays, Mr. Warner, who writes with intelligence and enthusiasm, aims to show Shakespeare as an illustrator and illuminator of English history. He supplements his studies with brief but sufficient notes regarding the chronicles and "foundation plays" followed by the poet, and also gives the chronology of each reign. It is curious to consider how few works have been specially devoted to this aspect of the perennially absorbing subject, and the measure of success Mr. Warner has achieved makes it probable that his volume may be favored by being placed in courses of study with those of Courtenay and Reed, whose books are now out of print, and exceedingly difficult to obtain outside of great libraries. The author does not indulge in new and startling theories, and usually follows safe and conservative guides, Shakespearean and historical. As with many other commentators, his views of the design and underlying moral of the Histories are sometimes those of a Victorian rather than an Elizabethan observer, even if the latter be Shakespeare. For the sake of readers still in a state of pupilage, we wish the discrepancies between drama and history could, in a few cases, have been a little more emphasized, as also the dubious authorship of certain of the plays. It is, for instance, well to make very clear the incalculable difference between Henry V. and the three parts of Henry VI. — The Elizabethan Hamlet. A Study of the Sources, and of Shakspere's Environment, to show that the Mad Scenes had a Comic Aspect now Ignored. By John Corbin. With a Prefatory Note by F. York Powell. (Elkin Mathews, London; Imported by Scribners.) Whatever we may think of Mr. Corbin's theory, we should be grateful that at least it is a result of intelligent and conscientious study, and not one of those crude fantasies which our country produces in such abundance, set forth by writers whose ignorance of Shakespeare's work and world is both invincible and inconceivable. That, in all probability, insanity, coarsely and brutally treated, formed an element in the lost play of Hamlet, as in many another which was accepted as comic by the auditors thereof, may be conceded, as well as the fact that Elizabethan playwrights (often) worked in a "hasty and haphazard way." But a study of our Hamlet will show to all who choose to see that it was not produced in any such careless fashion; neither was Shakespeare, except in his earliest work, tied and bound by the conventions of his time. If he had been, he would not have been Shakespeare, but only one of those others who are now to most of the world little more than names. After all, it is just possible that we, in our wisdom, find in Hamlet only what its author intended we should, and that its meaning was not altogether hidden from the judicious in that fortunate audience which Mr. Corbin holds in such scant esteem, to whom it came as a contemporary word. — The Arthurian Epic, by S. H. Gurteen (Putnams), is announced as a Comparative Study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman Versions of the Story, and Tennyson's Idylls of the King. It must not be mistaken for an exhaustive work in research; it is rather the excursion of an amateur into the realms of scholarship. Mr. Gurteen has collected for popular use a few of the varying legends of the Arthurian cycle, and pointed out where these have been followed, and where abandoned, by the English poet. — The fourth and concluding volume of H. E. Watts's Don Quixote (Macmillan) contains, among other treasures, the delightful account of Sancho Panza's government. — The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan, by James Morier. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. With an Introduction by the Hon. George Curzon. Standard Novels. (Macmillan.) The book which Scott called the Oriental Gil Blas is still, after seventy years, a marvelously faithful picture of the unchanging Persian life, while simply as a story of adventure it has extraordinary interest and vitality. Not only is the verisimilitude of the environment and varied experiences of Hajji Baba perfect, but that entertaining knave never for a moment speaks or thinks otherwise than as a Persian. Mr. Curzon's introduction is excellent from every point of

view. — Hajji Baba has also been reprinted in the series of English Classics, edited by W. E. Henley. (Methuen & Co., London; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) This edition is in two handsome volumes, and contains a portrait of Morier after Maclise. The introduction, by E. G. Browne, is quite in accord with that of Mr. Curzon in its estimate of the unique value of the book. — A new volume in the uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels is the ever delightful A Pair of Blue Eyes. Mr. Macbeth Raeburn again furnishes an etching, this time a bit of water view, and the map of Wessex is repeated. (Harpers.)

Poetry and Art. Intimations of the Beautiful, by Madison Cawein (Putnams), is the fifth or sixth goodly volume that its author has issued since Mr. Howells launched him upon the perilous career of a young poet, two or three years ago. It cannot be said to show any marked advance upon its predecessors. There is the same abundance of fancy, the same occasional novelty of phrase, and, one must add, the same disbelief in the saving grace of simplicity. Mr. Cawein is a trifle too clever, and inclined to work his Muse a little too hard. Ladies are more spontaneous, more entertaining, when they are not overburdened with duties. — Poems, by Lionel Johnson (Copeland & Day), is a pretty volume on hand-made paper, printed at the Chiswick Press. If Mr. Johnson's range were limited to the mild platitudinous sentiments of such lines as those To Leo XIII., one would think of his career with slight hope. The future hardly belongs to mediævalism, either in art or in religion; and if a poet will content himself with tradition alone, he may as well crawl away at once into the little pigeon-hole prepared for him under dust of ages. But Mr. Johnson is capable of better things. His poem on Laleham, with its memories of Arnold, has not a little of that master's clear and plaintive tone. In England, too, has some graceful and finished stanzas, while The Dark Angel and Cadgwith are not without a touch of the plangent sorrow of the world, and the valor to front it undismayed. — Poems of Paul Verlaine, translated by Gertrude Hall. (Stone & Kimball.) If Miss Hall has not succeeded in making Verlaine at home in English, she has at least succeeded in making a book of graceful and often striking verses. With her own lyric gift it could hardly be otherwise. — Modern Art, edited by J. M. Bowles. (L. Prang & Co., Boston.) This periodical, formerly published in Indianapolis, has been translated to Boston. The number which has fallen in our way contains for its chief paper a delightfully outspoken article on Meeting-Houses or Churches, by Ralph Adams Cram, though Mr. Cram, with an artist's eye, heightens his contrasts by drawing extremes. The decorations in this number are for the most part in the hammered-brass style, and some of them are very good indeed.

Science and Philosophy. The Helpful Science, by St. George Mivart (Harpers), is a scientist's plea for a revival of interest in philosophy. In the history of the world, there have always been, the author points out, alternating periods of idealism and materialism; and the present culmination of the scientific spirit, after three or four hundred years of physical research and physical modes of thinking, demands and foretells a return of faith, or at least a return of something more positive than mere skepticism. — The Sexuality of Nature, an Essay proposing to Show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, Fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology, by Leopold Hartley Grindon. Second American edition. (Massachusetts New-Church Union.) When Mr. Grindon writes of the sexuality of animals and plants, every one must agree with him; but when he carries this principle into the inorganic world, and finds a sexual union in the mutual attraction of oxygen and hydrogen and in the falling of the rain upon the earth, he will meet with doubters. And in psychology, we can as readily see the difference between man and woman in mental and moral as in physical characteristics; but when the author gets into metaphysics, and pronounces wisdom male and goodness female, we shall not all be as ready to follow him. His exaltation of man as literally the immediate end and aim of creation is a comforting belief, though not strictly in accord with the views of modern science. The book is ingenious and interesting, and is of course in harmony with the Swedenborgian philosophy. — Life and the Conditions of Survival. The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology, and Religion. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (Kerr, Chicago.) These four-

teen lectures are all constructed on the lines of the present tendency to carry the light of the theory of evolution into the mental and moral worlds. They range from the practical to the abstruse through such subjects as Sanitation, Solar Energy, Locomotion and its Relation to Survival, Habit, Cosmic Evolution as related to Ethics, The Origin of Structural Variations. The writers, for the most part experts in the topics they treat, have approached their work in a scientific spirit, and the results are generally interesting. — Walt Whitman, his Relation to Science and Philosophy, by William Gay. (Mason, Firth & M'Cutcheon, Melbourne.)

Nature. Game Birds at Home, by Theodore S. Van Dyke. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) In his preface Mr. Van Dyke remarks that "to the majority of sportsmen the love of nature is the principal element in the love of hunting." However open to question that may be as a general statement, the reader of this book cannot doubt that its author is a genuine lover of Nature. Like every true devotee of the goddess, he is a close observer, and not only birds, but trees, flowers, woods, meadow, and stream, all receive his attention. It is an anomalous state of mind that permits a man to kill what he loves, and yet there can be no doubt that many sportsmen have a real affection for the game they shoot which the most tender-hearted member of the S. P. C. A. can neither share nor understand. Mr. Van Dyke writes in a pleasant and reminiscent strain from a forty-years' experience with American game birds of all kinds and in all parts of the country. There are chapters on Bob White, The Woodcock, The Ruffed Grouse, Days among the Ducks, The Wild Goose, Salt-Water Birds, The Wild Turkey, etc., but no attempt at systematic biography, although here and there we find interesting notes on the habits of the various species. — Part XII. of Nehrling's Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty (George Brumder) gives excellent biographies of the song sparrow, swamp sparrow, towhee, cardinal, and some other finches. The author's enthusiasm is so refreshing that we can forgive him for laying a little too much stress on the beauty of the towhee's call-note; but why does he speak so slightingly of this bird's song? In New England, at least, it is something more than "a number of rather monotonous, guttural notes," and is by no means "scarcely audible among the voices of the woodland choir."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the Venetian Exposition.

"It is a beginning only, signora," said the little gray-haired Italian to the Englishwoman he was leading slowly from canvas to canvas, "but it is a beginning full of promise for the future. Art is sacred in every age, and Venice," — with an impressive pause, — "Venice shall build her a new shrine."

"It is very nice, I am sure," replied the Englishwoman, who had been carefully averting her eyes from a large picture equally meretricious in sentiment and execution, "very nice indeed; and your rooms are not at all stuffy; and the tea is remarkably good." With which comprehensive art criticism she passed on her way, and the rest of the conversation was lost to me.

There is no doubt that the Venetians are pleased with their Exposition. They crowd to the Public Gardens every afternoon, paying their two-francs admission fee without murmur, and wandering up and down the pretty rooms with an air of proud possessorship curious to see in a people whose priceless pictures have for centuries been the envy of the civilized world. Even men and women of the people, with yellow silk handkerchiefs tied over their curly hair, join the moving throng, or sit at the little tables spread here and there under the pleasant shade. On the other hand, tourists are noticeably absent, although every hotel in Venice is now filled to overflowing. Perhaps they find enough to occupy them in the Accademia and the Ducal Palace. Perhaps they think two francs a heavy price to pay, when half that money opens to them the finest galleries in Europe. Be this as it may, their numbers are few, and they seem by no means so

content with what they see as are the smiling crowds around them. One circumstance, less insignificant than it appears, adds largely to their manifest dejection. With the customary inaptitude of Italians for affairs, the directors of the Exposition have suffered the supply of catalogues to be exhausted, and in reply to the frenzied inquiries of energetic Americans the official at the gate tranquilly says that a new edition is being printed. He does not mention when this new edition will be attainable. He cannot understand — nor can any of his leisurely countrymen — why next week or the week after will not answer the purpose just as well as this especial afternoon. He smiles and shrugs his shoulders, and probably wonders whether all Americans are born in haste, and go on hurrying madly to their graves.

In the mean while, the unfortunate tourists may be seen wandering about in pitiable perplexity. No well-regulated English or American woman is at home in an art gallery without her catalogue; it is like being in church without a Prayer Book or a Hymnal; and when her catalogue is astray, her irritation mounts to fever heat. Italians have a passion for moving their pictures from one room to another, for no discernible reason, but just as the proprietors of our mammoth shops at home move their goods from one department to another, so that you find books or lawn-tennis sets one day where you found velvets the day before. The Accademia in Venice has recently passed through a migratory period of this kind, and it is a diverting and a pathetic sight to behold the dismay of travelers who can find no single picture where Baedeker or Hare says it ought to be. Their confusion, however, is not without a guiding star; time and patience will unravel even the tangled web woven for them by official ingenuity; but in the Exposition the case is hopeless. A number of the pictures, especially those of the Italian school, are of a highly problematic character; and, in addition to not knowing who painted them, the unlucky visitor without a catalogue remains in painful ignorance as to what they are about. Many are the speculations that I overhear, and wrathful are the comments that accompany them. Why do five women, without any clothes, huddle and sprawl on the coffin of a dead man, scattering his roses to the wind? Why do three women, without any clothes, roll a large wheel laboriously on the ocean? Why does one woman, without any clothes, stand in a copper basin and twine a green snake about her? These things, it must be admitted, are trying to the curious mind. Even Gerard Munthe's remarkable illustrations of the Norse stories are maddening conundrums to people who have no means of deciphering them; while as for the English artists who take for their inspiration some little-known legend or obscure line of poetry, their pictures are as unintelligible, without a clue, as the fragmentary conversation of Mr. F.'s aunt.

The true vagabond, however, who has wandered long enough over the face of the earth, finds himself very much at home in this little Venetian Exposition, where nearly every painting of merit is familiar to his eyes. Old friends from the Salon, the Royal Academy, the Glass Palace in Munich, the Dresden Exhibition, and last, but not least, from the Chicago Fair, greet him at every step. Here is Carolus Duran's Poet with the Mandolin, which a year ago hung in the Champ de Mars; and here are Millais's pretty, rosy children bringing their dead bird to the old ornithologist, — the kind of picture which England truly loves; here is Dagnan-Bouveret's Madonna, white-robed like a nun, carrying her divine Babe beneath the sun-flecked trees, and Uhde's Flight into Egypt, so touching in its homely simplicity of conception; here are Besnard's portraits, triumphs of uncanny impressionism; and here is Max Liebermann's delightful Market Scene in Haarlem, with its marvelous splashes of paint, and its pink and blue pigs streaked with lines of crimson. It has been months since we parted, in Dresden, from these dear pigs, — which can be recognized as such only when seen from exactly the proper distance, — and our joy at meeting them again is so fervent that we scandalize the decorous groups around us. So we go away, and divert ourselves by examining the pictures which King Humbert has bought, "*pour encourager les autres.*" They are upwards of a dozen in number, principally landscapes and marines or simple studies of domestic life. All of them are very large canvases, and the thought forces itself upon our minds that if his Majesty repeats this

reckless generosity in the yearly expositions to come, the walls of the Quirinal will be as amply lined as are the walls of the Doges' Palace. He has established his precedent on a dangerously lavish scale.

Outside, in the pretty garden, groups of people are enjoying the pictures after the fashion of the English lady, — drinking their tea or coffee, and chatting indolently with friends. The sunlight filters down upon them with a soft radiance, and the wind from the sea brings with it an unchilled freshness, the gentle breath of the Adriatic. We too will worship art after these pleasant rites; but before we go, we steal back for one last look at the Haarlem pigs, and I overhear a hardy pun from an Englishman whose wife is examining the picture with strained and feverish attention. "It is so curious, Herbert," she says wonderingly. "When I stand where you are, I can see plainly that they *are* pigs; but when I go a little closer, they just seem to resolve themselves into paint." "Into pigment, dear," is the jocose reply; and as she turns her admiring and reproachful eyes upon him, we deem it best to go.

English Newspapers and Political Education.

— In Boston, a few days ago, I came across a news item in one of the evening papers which to me seemed somewhat curious. It was to the effect that bids had been received at the city hall for publishing the proceedings at the meetings of the city council, and that the bid of one of the morning journals, whose owners were willing to undertake the work for $9500 a year, had been accepted. From the same paragraph I ascertained that the work had previously been done by one of the evening papers; and as I was a little concerned to see the nature of the service rendered for this comparatively large payment from the city treasury, I turned up the files, and found that, on the day following the last meeting of the city council, there was published a report of its proceedings extending to six or seven columns. It was evidently a report which had been prepared, not by the newspaper's own reporters, but by the minuting clerk of the council, with the aid of two or three shorthand writers. The report was set in a fashion which printers would describe as solid; the whole page was marked by the absence of cross-headlines and other devices of the reporters' and printers' arts designed to make newspaper reading easy and attractive.

Apart from this solidity and baldness, the report was of much the same kind as a morning paper in Manchester or Leeds would present to its readers on the day following the meeting of the city council, and which would be regarded in the newspaper office as valuable news, always furnished by the paper's own reporters, and to make room for which much other news, looked upon as of a less interesting character, would be thrown aside. To me, this divergence between the English and the American point of view as to what constitutes news seems significant, and appears to afford some key to the different ways in which municipal and national politics are regarded in England and in the United States. In England, all intelligence concerning the municipal life of a city is looked upon as news of first value, and eagerly and systematically collected. English editors would be greatly surprised if they were invited to send in bids for publishing the reports of the city council. They publish them already, and to the fullest extent, not because any subsidy is paid for this service by the municipality, but because newspaper readers demand news of this kind; and if one paper does not furnish it, they will turn to another which does.

In their general news columns, the newspapers of Manchester and Birmingham, of Edinburgh and Glasgow, are as cosmopolitan as those of London. They furnish their readers with almost as much foreign intelligence as those of London; oftentimes longer parliamentary reports are given in them than in London papers. They give quite as much attention to art and literature; and with respect to two or three of the important papers in the provincial cities, their advertising space is of equal value with that of the morning papers published in the metropolis. Notwithstanding these claims on their space, the Manchester and Glasgow papers often publish reports of the town council extending almost to a page, and give proportionately large space to the proceedings of the school board. Every speech is not given verbatim. Except in debates of first importance, the speeches are cut down a little; but in this work of summarizing the speeches from shorthand notes, the

speaker's own words are preserved, and the reports are as absolutely free from a partisan bias and from any ideas of the reporters as are the verbatim reports published in the official journal of Boston.

It has long been a canon in English journalism that, whatever may be said on the editorial page about public men and public movements, the intelligence with regard to them on the news pages shall be free from any party prejudices. Not only are speeches, either in full or in summary, given in the speaker's own words and without any trace of party color, but in the better class newspapers, in those which seek to act up to the higher traditions of modern English journalism, even headlines with a partisan tinge are not permitted. A reporter who is attending a Liberal meeting, as the representative of a Liberal newspaper, is perhaps a little disposed to overestimate the numbers and the enthusiasm in writing his introductory lines. There the difference between the reports in the Liberal and Conservative papers comes to an end. If both papers report the speeches with anything like fullness, from the point of view of people who were not at the meeting, but who desire to know what was said and done there, one report will be as good as another. The chances are that both papers will have the same report, either supplied by the same news agency, or due to the fact that the reporters of the two papers form themselves into a corps, and write the report of the more important speeches in duplicate.

The editorial writers of the Tory paper will criticise the arguments of the Liberal speakers on the editorial page ; but on its news pages the Tory paper will act as fairly towards a Liberal meeting of any importance as the Liberal paper. The Liberal paper may give a longer report, but, except for this, there will be little difference in the actual news values of the two reports.

The line between editorial writing and reporting is sharply drawn in English newspapers. Reporters are not permitted to diverge into editorial comment. If a political speaker makes a startling admission or a significant statement, the reporter does not attempt to emphasize it. It goes in with the rest of his story, and will get what attention it demands only on the editorial page. This method of handling speeches characterizes the local weekly newspaper published in a small town, as well as the Standard or the Scotsman. It characterizes all political work. Parliamentary proceedings are reported in this way ; so are the speeches of members of Parliament made in the constituencies ; and, as has already been indicated, the reporting of the municipal councils is done in accordance with the same traditions. It is not pretended that these traditions go further back than the era of modern British journalism. Everybody knows how, in the early days of parliamentary reporting, Dr. Johnson was careful that the Whigs never got the best of it in the reports he wrote. But since the Reporters' Gallery at Westminster became an established institution, since the reporters ceased to be there on sufferance, and especially since shorthand reporting became general, these traditions as to the duties of the editorial writer and those of the reporter have been firmly established, and it will need a great inroad on the love of fairness characteristic of the English people to break them down.

It might have been supposed that the increasing hurry of modern life would make some change as to the fullness and the non-partisan nature of the reports of political speeches, in and out of Parliament. It has brought about some innovations. In parliamentary work, it has led to what is known as the sketch, which tells the story of a sitting at Westminster in a column or a column and a half. This is usually written in a partisan tone ; it is generally tuned to the politics of the editorial page. The sketch, however, has not supplanted the shorthand writer's report, — it has only supplemented it ; and even the sketch need not be read by those who want a short but not a partisan report. To meet their need, a colorless summary is published ; so that students of English parliamentary proceedings may read them in full from the shorthand writer's notes, take the story of them as it is given by the writer of the sketch, content themselves with the bare and colorless outline published under the heading of the News of the Day, and, finally, have the proceedings at Westminster interpreted and commented upon from a partisan point of view on the editorial page.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the good effect on public life which results from the way in which men in public life are gen-

erally regarded by the English press. A man who is in politics, either local or national, comes in for his share of criticism, — he cannot escape it; but he always knows where and under what conditions it will be meted out to him; and if criticism oversteps the line, and degenerates into misrepresentation or libel, he knows where he is certain of his remedy. He is not the butt of every reporter with whom he may come into contact. From one source of annoyance and injustice he is almost free: he does not find his language willfully distorted in what is put forward as a report of his speech. He may suffer, at times, from an unworkmanlike summary of his speeches; but this is the only risk he runs, so far as the news columns of the newspapers are concerned.

English reporters are apt to rely too much on shorthand writing. They are not as sprightly as American reporters. But the great use to which English reporters put shorthand, and the wholesome dread they have of using any but a man's actual words in reporting his speeches, tend to give English reporting the reputation for accuracy which it now generally enjoys. Accuracy and fairness are the first requisites with an English reporter doing political work. Consequently, when English people read a report of a speech in Parliament, an address of a member to his constituents, or a discussion in the city council, they know and feel that they are reading what the speaker actually said, and not what the reporter thinks he said, or imagines he should have said. They get the speech standing quite apart from any opinions about it or comments upon it; and with this before them, they are able to form their own judgments of the question under discussion, and of the attitude of the speaker towards it. Speeches so reported have an undoubted educational value, and a good and far-reaching effect on municipal and national political life.

T. B. Aldrich's Queen of Sheba One Hundred Years Ago.

— Believing as we may that when T. B. Aldrich wrote his Queen of Sheba he had never heard of a lunatic in Hallowell, Maine, who called herself by that name one hundred years ago, I am moved to tell the Club of a discovery I made recently in turning over the early annals of Maine in the Baxter Library at Portland. In looking up missing links in the pedigree of a historical personage, I came upon the account of a woman who bore such a strong resemblance to Ruth Denham, of Aldrich's story, when temporarily insane, it seemed as if I had unearthed the previous existence of a creation of fiction, — had tracked it to its source.

The Queen of Sheba of Hallowell used to wander about the country "in a happy mood . . . with an air of conscious command." The impression she made upon those she met could not have been unlike that of poor Ruth Denham upon Edward Lynde, when, loaded with "that confounded saddle," he first saw her on a country road in northern New Hampshire. Drawing herself up haughtily, she told him precisely what the Hallowell lunatic would have told under similar circumstances, — that she was the Queen of Sheba, adding nothing more! Now, if Edward Lynde had ever heard of the Queen of Sheba, — and no doubt she wandered over that very road one hundred years before, — how naturally he would have concluded that he had seen the ghost of the lunatic!

We get an idea of the imperious character of the Hallowell Queen in the story that is told of the excitement she caused upon a memorable occasion, — when the first term of the court was held in Hallowell, in 1794. The little town was crowded with sightseers. Every morning, at the beat of the drum, the famous jurists and legal dignitaries marched in procession to the meeting-house, where court was held, — the court-room being too small, — three sheriffs in cocked hats, swords, and long white staffs; the court-crier, no doubt, adding wonderfully to the impressiveness of the occasion. One day the Queen of Sheba made her way to the judge's bench, — no one daring to oppose her, — "her head uncovered, her bearing composed and dignified." To the consternation of the judges and the entertainment of the crowd, she calmly took her seat close to the presiding judge; nor was she to be convinced that she was out of place. Her removal by a sheriff was not easily effected, but with no sacrifice of dignity on her part. There is no record — more 's the pity — that she was ever restored to her right mind.

Possibly the Ghost of to-day is not such a hopeless degenerate, after all. Who knows but It will have a wonderful renaissance

when It has adjusted Itself to Its new rôle of appearing in fiction? Not a bad outlook, all in all, for the novel of the twentieth century.

Out of Bohemia. — A bust of Henry Mürger is at last to be set up

"Dans le Luxembourg, plein de roses,"

as he himself sang of the public garden which remains the central breathing-space of the Latin Quarter. Some surviving poet among his friends — François Coppée or Catulle Mendès — will inaugurate the modest memorial with a discourse of personal sentiment, after the French fashion. Perhaps he will forget to say that the world-wide renown of the Quartier Latin itself is due to the author of Scènes de la Vie de Bohème. The name even, I believe, goes back only to Balzac, a generation before. There may be traces of a *civitas Latina* in documents of the time when the old University of Paris ruled its own side of the river, and had its own police to check the youthful spirits of its twenty thousand students, more cosmopolitan and squalidly lawless than the twelve thousand of to-day.

Mürger came at the crisis of this century's student squalor of body and ferment of mind. Railways had not then leveled up the poor scholar to respectability. He came *en diligence* from the provinces, with barely the money needful for his course of studies, but with the full determination to live what he imagined was the Parisian life. The result was "Bohemianism," to which Henry Mürger gave name and fame. It is now a thing of the past, except for the ignoble *rosserie* which young dilettanti affect in their race for notoriety. Robert Louis Stevenson, who had walked the modern Quarter, pronounced even the *grisette* "an extinct mammal." The student may still spend more than his allowance along the broad, well-lighted Boul' Mich' (Boulevard Saint-Michel); but its cafés are splendid, and his lodgings, near at hand, are in that latest apartment-house style which Bohemia never knew. And at the end of each term he goes off by train to pass his vacation in the bosom of his family, where he takes a bath of respectability and replenishes his purse.

When Mürger, with Aurélien Scholl, who still lives to bear brilliant witness of that other Paris in his *chroniques* of to-day, Bouvin the painter, and Champfleury the future authority on art, went to dine with Schanne, — the "Schannard" of the Vie de Bohème, — each one brought his own cutlet with him. Maradant, one of the brotherhood, was late on a certain day, and was freely criticised in his absence. Schanne took up his defense. "You 're jealous of Maradant, because his family allows him twenty sous a day."

Armand Baschet, another of the group, was son of a physician who was able to make both ends meet for his son as well as for himself. They said of him with respect, "Armand's father has a château on the banks of the Loire, and an acre-lot in the cemetery."

The air was still heavy with the vapors of Romanticism. When Mürger's first book was accepted, the publisher refashioned his name. Until then he had been plain "Henri Murger," — both being French names, and the latter pronounced regularly, *Murgé*. The publisher gave an exotic look and sound by introducing the English *y* and German *ü*, and insisting on the rolling of the final *r*, as if *Murgère*. But with all his Petits Pavés and Chanson de Musette and Vacances de Camille, Henry Mürger gained little fame and less money. He sold his Vie de Bohème outright for five hundred francs. As is usual, the reading public recognized its truth to nature only when the life it portrayed was already passing away.

By that time poor Henry Mürger was beyond conversion. His comrade Schanne married the daughter of a Paris toy-maker, and settled down to business like the veriest *bourgeois*. Mürger, glad to escape from a quarter where unpaid debts and debt-making facilities were evenly balanced, crossed the river to the heights of Montmartre.

Mimi Pinçon, whose real name was Anaïs (like so many of her kind, without a family surname), followed him faithfully until his death, a few years later. In the Bohemia where their lives were passed, her influence over him was for good, "pure womanly." Of an evening, he sat in the cafés of the boulevard, along which he was now recognized as the founder of a new school of literature and life, and addressed by the title dearest to the heart of the French man of letters, *cher maître*. Late in the night he would sup with kindred

spirits, at their expense or on credit. His favorite *restaurateur* had an infallible means of drawing at least a promise to pay from his impecunious company. Locking the door of the room where they were dining, he ensconced himself in their midst with his violin, playing interminable music until they had signed notes allowing him to touch their royalties. Meanwhile, Mimi was at home, and starved as best she might. Mürger staggered back to the little room in the early morning, to find her anxiously watching over him when he awoke toward noon. With a brave smile on her pinched lips, she encouraged him to renewed effort. "Come, come, *remue-toi ;* work at something." She did not say that only three francs were left on the chimney-piece for all their household expenses.

He was not, in those waking hours, without a clear insight into the heedless, unmanly ways of his life. When he went for an advance to the Society of Dramatic Authors, which had placed the drama in which faithful, starving Mimi still thrills the audience of the Comédie-Française, he found all his royalties attached. Butcher and baker and many a less honorable creditor were lying everywhere in wait for him. The Revue des Deux Mondes gave him three thousand francs for a romance. But his affairs did not look up the more. At last he was obliged to leave Mimi to face these bourgeois enemies of Bohemian life alone, while he slept on a bench in the anteroom of a friend. There he gave, one morning, the lesson of his life's experience to the young Catulle Mendès, who was just up from Toulouse to conquer Paris with romances and plays. "Had I followed the counsel given me in the cruel words of that sincere morning," says the latter, now that he has published his own hundredth volume, "I should have been spared much pain."

"Ah ! I know well what you think. What matters distress, when you have glory ? My son, there is no such thing as glory. I am known, yes ; famous, if you wish. When I pass, people name me. Under the Odéon galleries, young men who have nothing with which to buy my books turn their pages at the stall. All that does not give the pleasure you might think beforehand. . . . I tell you the truth, and I counsel you to go away and to stay far from us forever. Do you know why I tore up your manuscripts ? Because you perhaps have talent. I could not have kept myself from telling you so, and I should have been the cause of a dreadful life and a useless one. For of what use are we, except to serve our own despair ? . . . Oh, I know well that what I say to you will be fruitless. If you have talent, some one who is not less sad, — for we are all sad, each like the other, — but one who is less convinced of the need of doing this present duty, will say to you, 'That is good, very good. You must work, young man.' Oh, the criminals ! Have no talent at all, — that is the grace I wish you ! "

A few weeks later he was taken to the hospital, and then to a lowly tomb in the cemetery of Montmartre. His last words had been, "No music ! no noise ! no Bohemia ! " A friend who helped to secure a resting-place for his remains came back, some days after, with one of those wreaths of bead-and-metal immortelles which the scoffing Parisian uses in his only act of piety, the remembrance of his dead. The day was dark and rainy. Kneeling in the mud by the little black wooden cross, which had painted on it the name of Henry Mürger, was a mourning figure, heavily veiled. She stole away at the arrival of a stranger. When friends had time to think and wonder what would become of the faithful Mimi, it was found that she had already disappeared in the shadows of that Bohemia which the young still imagine to be another Arcady, but in which Mürger and its other denizens experienced only short-lived joys with a lifelong *mélancolie mansardière.*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Henry Oscar Houghton, the senior member of the publishing house which has issued the magazine since 1874. Mr. Houghton's connection with THE ATLANTIC dated, indeed, from its inception; for when Phillips, Sampson & Co. proposed to issue a magazine which should be representative of the best in current American literature, they went to the man to print it who had already shown that he would be satisfied with nothing but the best in the art of printing. At that time Mr. Houghton was not a publisher. When, in the course of events, he became the proprietor of the magazine, he disclosed to its conductors the breadth of his sagacious mind, as he entered heartily into any plan which looked to the enlargement of its scope as a literary miscellany and an exponent of the most pronounced American ideas in the discussion of public affairs. He was a strong advocate of education in its broadest view, and he constantly urged the magazine in this direction. Above all, the Editor desires here to honor the magnanimity with which this publisher gave the largest liberty to those who were charged with its conduct.

American literature had no truer friend in the publishing fraternity than Mr. Houghton. His steadfast and wise action in promoting international copyright is best known to the few men who with him carried that measure to a conclusion. This was a more public exhibition of his spirit, but the temper which governed him in his own business was one of faith in American literature, and a robust determination to further it by maintaining a high ideal. The confidence with which he embarked on great enterprises was an evidence of the faith that was in him, and the scrutiny which he gave to his ventures was a mark of the rigor of his literary conscience. The contribution of such a personality and career to the building of a nation's literature is not easily measured.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVI. — NOVEMBER, 1895. — No. CCCCLVII.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXI.

At nine o'clock I was waiting by the window, and even as a bugle sounded "lights out" in the barracks, and change of guard, I let the string down and put out my head. Mr. Stevens shot round the corner of the Château, just as the departing sentinel disappeared, and attached a bundle to the string, and I drew it up.

"Is all well?" I called softly down.

"All well," said Mr. Stevens, and, hugging the wall of the Château, he sped away. In another moment a new sentinel began pacing up and down, and I shut the window and untied my bundle. All that I had asked for was there. I hid the things away in the alcove and went to bed at once, for I knew that I should have no sleep on the following night.

I did not leave my bed till the morning was well advanced. Once or twice during the day I brought my guards in with fear on their faces, the large fat man more distorted than his fellow, by the lamentable sounds I made with my willow toys. They crossed themselves again and again, and I myself appeared devout and troubled. When we walked abroad during the afternoon, I chose to saunter by the river rather than walk, for I wished to conserve my strength, which was now vastly greater, though, to mislead my watchers and the authorities, I assumed the delicacy of an invalid, and appeared unfit for any enterprise — no hard task, for I was still very thin and worn.

So I sat upon a favorite seat on the cliff, set against a solitary tree, fixed in the rocks, defiant of storm and soil. I gazed long on the river, and my guards, stoutly armed, stood near, watching me, and talking in low tones. Eager to hear their gossip, I made pretense of reverie, and finally put on the appearance of sleep. They came nearer, and, facing me, sat upon a large stone, and gossiped freely, and, as I had guessed and hoped, concerning the strange sounds heard in my room at the Château.

"See you, my Bamboir," said the lean to the fat soldier, "the British captain, he is to be carried off in burning flames by that La Jongleuse. We shall come in one morning and find a smell of sulphur only, and a circle of red on the floor where the imps danced before La Jongleuse said to them, 'Up with him, darlings, and away!'"

At this Bamboir shook his head, and answered, "To-morrow I 'll to the Governor, and tell him what is coming. My wife, she falls upon my neck this morning. 'Argose,' she says, 'it will need the Bishop and his college to drive La Jongleuse out of the grand Château.'"

"No less," replied the other. "A deacon and sacred palm and sprinkle of

holy water would do for a cottage, or even for a little manor house, with twelve candles burning, and a hymn to the Virgin. But in a king's house" —

"'T is not the King's house."

"But yes, it is the King's house, even though his Most Christian Majesty lives in France. The Marquis de Vaudreuil stands for the King, and we are sentinels in a king's house. But, my faith, I would rather be sucking blood like leeches against Frederic, the Prussian boar, than watching this mad Englishman."

"And well said. But see you, my brother, that Englishman 's a devil — he is no honest man. Else how has he not been hanged long ago? He has vile arts to blind all, or he would not be sitting there. It is well known that Monsieur Doltaire, even the King's son — his mother worked in the fields like your Nanette, Bamboir" —

"Or your Lablanche, my boy; hard hands has she, with warts, and red knuckles therefrom" —

"Or your Nanette, Bamboir, with nose that blisters in the summer, as she goes swingeing flax, and swelling feet that sweat in sabots, and chin thrust out from carrying pails upon her head" —

"Ay, like Nanette and like Lablanche, this peasant mother of Monsieur Dolthre, and maybe no such firm breasts like Nanette" —

"Nor such an eye as has Lablanche. Well, Monsieur Doltaire, who could override them all, he could not kill this barbarian. And Gabord — you know well how they fought, and the black horse and his rider came and carried him away. And the young Monsieur Duvarney had him on his knees and the blade at his throat, and a sword flashed out from the dark — they say it was the devil's — and took him in the ribs and well-nigh killed him."

"But what say you to Mademoiselle Duvarney coming to him that day, and again yesterday with Gabord?"

"Well, well, who knows, Bamboir? This morning I said to Nanette, 'Why is 't, all in one moment, you send me to the devil, and pray to meet me in Abraham's bosom too?' And what think you she answered me? Why, this, my Bamboir: 'Why is 't Adam loved his wife and swore her down before the Lord also, all in one moment?' Why Mademoiselle Duvarney does this or that is not for muddy brains like ours. It is some whimsy; they say that women are more curious about the devil than about St. Jean Baptiste. Perhaps she got of him a magic book."

"No, no! If he had the magic Petit Albert, he would have turned us into dogs long ago. But I do not like him. He is but thirty years, they say, and yet his hair is white as a pigeon's wing. It is not natural. Nor did he ever, says Gabord, do aught but laugh at everything they did to him. The chains they put would not stay, and when he was set against the wall to be shot, the watches stopped — the minute of his shooting passed. Then Monsieur Doltaire came, and said a man that could do a trick like that should live to do another. And he did it, for Monsieur Doltaire is gone to the Bastile. Yes, this Englishman is a damned heretic, and has the wicked arts."

"But see, Bamboir, do you think that he can cast spells?"

"What mean those sounds from his room?"

"So, so. But if he be a friend of the devil, La Jongleuse would not come for him, but" —

Startled and excited, they grasped each other's arms. "But for us — for us!"

"It would be a work of God to send him to the devil," said Bamboir in a loud whisper. "He has given us trouble enough. Who can tell what comes next? Those damned noises in his room, eh — eh?"

Then they whispered together, and presently I caught a fragment, by which

I understood that, as we walked near the edge of the cliff, I should be pushed over, and they would make it appear that I myself had done the deed.

They talked in low tones again, but soon got louder, and presently I knew that they were speaking of La Jongleuse; and Bamboir — the fat Bamboir, who the surgeon had said would some day die of apoplexy — was rash enough to say that he had seen her. He described her accurately, with the spirit of the born *raconteur*.

"Hair so black as the feather in the Governor's hat, and green eyes that flash fire, and a brown face with skin all scales. Oh, my saints of Heaven, when she pass I hide my head, and I go cold like stone. She is all covered with long reeds and lilies about her head and shoulders, and blue-red sparks fly up at every step. Flames go round her, and she burns not her robe — not at all. And as she go, I hear cries that make me sick, for it is, I said, some poor man in torture, and I think, perhaps it is Jacques Villon, perhaps Jean Rivas, perhaps Angèle Damgoche. But no, it is a young priest of St. Clair, for he is never seen again — never."

Then they whispered together, and I commended this fat Bamboir as an excellent story-teller, and thanked him for his true picture of La Jongleuse, whom, to my regret, I had never seen. I would not forget his stirring description, as he should see. I gave point to the tale by squeezing an inflated toy in my pocket, with my arm, while my hands remained folded in front of me; and it was most like a drama to see the faces of these soldiers, as they sprang to their feet, staring round in dismay. I myself seemed to wake with a start, and, rising to my feet, I asked what meant the noise and their amazement. We were in a spot where we could not easily be seen from any distance, and no one was in sight, nor were we to be remarked from the Château. They exchanged looks, as I started back towards the Château, walking very near the edge of the cliff. A spirit of bravado, a wicked love of sport came on me, and I said musingly to them as we walked, —

"It would be easy to throw you both over the cliff, but I love you too well — much too well. I have proved that by making toys for your children."

It was as wine to me to watch their faces. They both drew away from the cliff, and grasped their firearms apprehensively.

"My God," said Bamboir, "these toys shall be burned to-night. Alphonse has the small-pox and Susanne the croup — damned devil!" he added furiously, stepping forward to me with gun raised, "I will" —

I believe he would have shot me, but that I said quickly, "If you did harm to me or let me come to harm, you 'd come to the rope. The Governor would rather lose a hand than me."

I pushed his musket down. "Why should you fret? I am leaving the Château to-morrow for another prison. You fools, d' ye think I 'd harm the children? I hope one day to have sweet upshoots of my own. I know as little of the devil or La Jongleuse as do you. We 'll solve the witcheries of these sounds, you and I, to-night. If they come, we 'll say the Lord's Prayer, and make the sacred gesture, and if it goes not, we will have one of your good priests to drive out this whining spirit."

This quieted them much, and I was glad of it, for they had looked most bloodthirsty, and though I had a pistol on me, there was little use in seeking fighting or flight till the auspicious moment. They were not, however, satisfied, and they watched me diligently, muttering much, as we came on to the Château.

I could not bear that they should be frightened about their children, so I said, —

"Make for me a sacred oath, and I

will swear by it that those toys will do your children no harm."

I drew out the little wooden cross that Mathilde had given me, and held it up. They looked at me astonished. What should I, a heretic and a Protestant, do with this sacred emblem? "This never leaves me," said I; "it was a pious gift."

I raised the cross to my lips, and kissed it.

"It is well done," said Bamboir to his comrade. "If otherwise, he should have been struck down by the Avenging Angel."

In this way I eased their minds, and we got back to the Château without more talk, and I was locked in, while my guards retired. As soon as they had gone I got to work, for time was short enough, and my great enterprise was at hand.

At ten o'clock I was ready for the venture which should carry me to safety, or end as badly as things can end for mortal man. When the critical moment came, I was so arrayed that my dearest friend would not have known me. My object was to come out upon my guards as La Jongleuse, and, in the fright and confusion which would follow, make my escape through the corridors and to the entrance doors, past the sentinels, and so on out to the free world. It may be seen now why I got the woman's garb, the sheet, the horsehair, the phosphorus, the reeds, and such things; why I secured the knife and pistol may be guessed likewise. Upon the lid of a small stove in the room I placed my saltpetre, and with phosphorus I rubbed the horsehair on my head, on my hands, and face, and feet, and also on many objects in the room. The knife and pistol were at my hand, and when the clock struck ten, and ceased, I made the toys to send wailing sounds through the room.

Then I knocked upon the door with solemn taps, hurried back to the stove, and waited for the door to open before I applied the match. I was sure it would be thrown wide, if the guards were frightened, so giving me an opportunity to move out upon them. If they made attempts to fire, then I would fight my way out, if possible. I heard a fumbling at the lock, then the door was thrown wide open. All was darkness in the hall without, save for a spluttering candle which Bamboir held over his head, as he and his fellow, deadly pale, stood peering forward. Suddenly they gave a cry, for I threw the sheet from my face and shoulders, and to their excited imagination La Jongleuse stood before them, all in flames. As I started down on them, the colored fire flew up, making the room all blue and scarlet for a moment, in which I must have looked devilish indeed, with staring eyes, and outstretched chalky hands, and wailing cries arising from my robe.

I moved swiftly, and Bamboir, without a cry, dropped like a log (poor fellow, he never rose again! the apoplexy which the surgeon promised had come), and his fellow gave a cry, and, losing power over his limbs, sank in a heap in a corner, mumbling a prayer, and making the sign of the cross, his face stark with terror.

I passed him, came along the corridor, and down one staircase, without seeing any one; then two soldiers appeared in the half-lighted hallway. Presently also a door opened behind me, and some one came out. Here the phosphorus light diminished, but still I was a villainous picture, for in one hand I held a small cup from which suddenly sprang red and blue fires. The men fell back, and I sailed past them, but I had not gone far down the lower staircase when a shot rang after me, and a bullet passed by my head. Now I came rapidly to the outer door, where two more sentinels stood. They shrank back, and suddenly one threw down his musket and ran; the other, terrified, stood stock-still. I passed him, opened the door, and came

out upon Bigot, who was just alighting from his carriage.

The horses sprang away, frightened at sight of me, and nearly threw the Intendant to the ground. I tossed the tin cup with its chemical fires full in his face, as he made a dash for me. He called out, and drew his sword. I wished not to fight, and I sprang aside; but he made a pass at me, and I drew my pistol and was about to fire, when another shot came from the hallway and struck him. He fell, almost at my feet, and I dashed away into the darkness. Fifty feet ahead I cast one glance back, and saw Monsieur Cournal standing in the doorway. I was sure that his second shot had not been meant for me, but for the Intendant, a wild attempt at a revenge, long delayed, for the worst of wrongs.

I ran on, and presently came full upon five soldiers, two of whom drew their pistols, fired, and missed. Their comrades ran away howling. They barred my path, and now I fired, too, and brought one down; then came a shot from behind them, and another fell. The last one took to his heels, and a moment later I had my hand in that of Mr. Stevens. It was he who had fired the opportune shot that rid me of one foe. We came quickly along the river-brink, and, skirting the citadel, got clear of it without discovery, though we could see soldiers hurrying past, roused by the firing at the Château.

In about twenty minutes of steady running — with a few bad stumbles and falls — we reached the old windmill above the Anse du Foulon at Sillery, and came plump upon our waiting comrades. I had stripped myself of my disguise, and rubbed the phosphorus from my person as we came along, but enough remained to make me an uncanny figure. It had been kept secret from these people that I was to go with them, and they sullenly kept their muskets raised and cocked. But when Mr. Stevens told them who I was, they were amazed, agreeably so, I am proud to say, for I had a reputation among them for being bold (I knew not why, for I had done so little). I at once took command of the enterprise, saying firmly at the same time that I would shoot the first man who disobeyed my orders. I was sure that I could bring them to safety, but my will must be law. They took my terms like men, and swore to stand by me.

XXII.

We were five altogether, — Mr. Stevens, Clark, the two Boston soldiers, and myself; and presently we came down the steep passage in the cliff to where our craft lay, secured by my dear wife herself, — a large birch canoe, well laden with necessaries. Before we started, however, I buried under the tree beside the windmill a letter to Alixe, and one also, with a purse of money, for Voban. Our canoe was none too large for our party, but she must do; and safely in, we pushed out upon the current, which was in our favor, for the tide was going out. My object was to cross the river softly and skirt the Levis shore, past the Isle of Orleans, and so on down the river. There was excitement in the town, as we could tell from the lights flashing along the shore, and boats soon began to patrol the banks, going swiftly up and down, and extending a line round to the St. Charles River towards Beauport.

It was well for us the night was dark, else we had never passed the town. But we were lucky enough, by hard paddling, to get past the town on the Levis side. Never were better boatmen. The paddles dropped with agreeable precision, and no boatswain's rattan was needed to keep my fellows to their task. I, whose sight was long trained to darkness, could see a great distance round us, and so could prevent a trap, though once or twice we let our canoe drift with the tide, lest our paddles should be heard. I could not paddle long, I had so little strength. After the Island of Orleans was passed, I

drew a breath of relief, and merely played the part of captain and boatswain.

Yet when I looked back at the town on those strong heights, and saw the bonfires burn to warn the settlers of our escape, saw the lights sparkling in many homes, and even fancied I could make out the light shining in my dear wife's window, I had a strange feeling of loneliness. There in the shadow of my prison walls was the dearest thing on earth to me. Ought she not to be with me? She had begged to come, to share with me these dangers and hardships; but that I could not, would not grant. With her people she would be safe, and for us desperate men bent on escape, we must run the gauntlet of hourly peril which she must not endure.

"My place is with you, Robert," she had said to me. "I am your wife, and I must follow you." But I told her that I would come to fetch her in good time, and meanwhile she must feel and see that I was right, that she must remain in safety till this was over, or at least till I came back with our army to invest Quebec. I knew well that she would have trials to undergo, yet I could not guess they would be so great as afterwards they proved, or I think I should have brought her with me. But indeed it was a hard knitting to unravel, and I did what seemed wise at the time.

Thank God, there was work to do, and our dangers lifted me away from weak lamenting. Soon I was no longer looking back, but forward to fighting and conquest, and after that to peace. Hour after hour the swing and dip of the paddles went on. No one showed weariness, and when the dawn broke slow and soft over the eastern hills, I motioned my good boatmen towards the shore, and landed safely. We lifted our frigate up, and carried her into a thicket, there to rest with us till night, when we would sally forth again into the friendly darkness. We were in no distress all that day, for the weather was fine, and we had enough to eat; and in such case were we for ten days and nights, though indeed some of the nights were dreary and very cold, for it was yet but the beginning of May.

It might thus seem that we were leaving danger well behind, after having traveled so many heavy leagues, but it was yet several hundred miles to Louisburg, my destination; and we had escaped only immediate danger. We passed Isle aux Coudres and the Isles of Kamaraska, and now we ventured by day to ramble the woods in search of game, which was most plentiful. In this good outdoor life my health came slowly back, and I would soon be able to bear equal tasks with any of my faithful comrades. Never man led better friends, though I have seen adventurous service near and far since that time. Even the genial ruffian Clark was amenable, and took sharp reprimand without revolt.

On the eleventh night after our escape, our first real trial came. We were keeping the middle of the great river, as safest from detection, and when the tide was with us we could thus move more rapidly. We had had a constant favoring wind, but now suddenly, though we were running with the tide, the wind turned easterly, and blew up the river against the ebb. The wind became a gale, to which was added snow and sleet, and a rough, choppy sea followed.

I saw it would be no easy task to fetch our craft to the land. The waves broke in upon us, and soon, while half of us were paddling with labored and desperate stroke, the other half were bailing. Lifted on a crest, our canoe, being heavily loaded, dropped at both ends; and again, sinking into the hollows between the short, brutal waves, her gunwales yielded outward, and her waist gaped in a dismal way. We looked to see her with a broken back at any moment. To add to our ill fortune, a violent current set in from the shore, and it was vain to try to reach land. Spirits and bodies

flagged, and it needed all my cheerfulness to keep my good fellows to their tasks.

At last, the ebb of tide being almost spent, the waves began to fall, the wind shifted a little to the northward, and a rough sea gave place to such a piercing cold as instantly froze our drenched clothes on our backs. But the shore was to reach, and with the current changed there was a good chance of doing so. As daylight came we passed into a little sheltered cove, and sank with exhaustion on the shore. Our frozen clothes rattled like tin, and we could scarce lift a leg. But a fire must be had, and with wood in plenty a fine heap was gathered, the flint and steel were brought out, and the tinder was sought; which, when found, was soaked with wet. Not a dry stitch or stick could we find anywhere, till at last, within a leather belt, Mr. Stevens found a handkerchief, which was, indeed, as he told me afterwards, the gift and pledge of a lady to him; and his returning to her without it nearly lost him another and better gift and pledge, for this went to light our fire. We had had enough danger and work in one night to give us relish for a couple of days' rest, and we piously took them.

The evening of the second day we set off again, and had a good night's run, and in the dawn, spying a snug little bay, we stood in, and went ashore. I sent my two Provincials foraging with their guns, and we who remained set about to fix our camp for the day and prepare breakfast. A few minutes only passed, and the two hunters came running back with rueful faces to say they had seen two Indians near, armed with muskets and knives. My plans were made at once. We needed their muskets, and the Indians must pay the price of their presence here, for our safety should be had at any cost.

I urged my men to utter no word at all, for none but Clark could speak French, and he but poorly. For myself, my accent would pass after these six years of practice. We came to a little river, beyond which we could observe the Indians standing on guard. We could only cross by wading, which we did; but one of my Provincials came down, wetting his musket and himself thoroughly. Reaching the shore, we marched together, I singing the refrain of an old French song as we went —

> "*En roulant, ma boule roulant,*
> *En roulant, ma boule*" —

so attracting the attention of the Indians. The better to deceive, we all were now dressed in the costume of the French peasant, — I had taken pains to have Mr. Stevens secure these for us before starting, — a pair of homespun trousers, a coarse brown jacket, with thrums like waving tassels, a silk handkerchief about the neck, and a strong thick worsted wig on the head; no smart toupet, nor feathered top, nor buckle; nor combed, nor powdered; and all crowned by a dull black cap. I myself was, as became my purpose, most like a small captain of militia, doing wood service, and in the braver costume of the *coureur de bois*.

I signaled to the Indians, and, coming near, addressed them in French. They were deceived, and presently, abreast of them, in the midst of apparent ceremony, their firelocks were seized, and Stevens and Clark had them safe. I said we must be satisfied as to who they were, for English prisoners escaped from Quebec were abroad, and no man could go unchallenged. They must at once lead me to their camp. So they did, and at their bark wigwam they said they had seen no Englishman, and that they were guardians of the fire; that is, it was their duty to light a fire on the shore when a hostile fleet should appear; and from another point farther up, other guardians, seeing, would do the same, until beacons would be shining even to Quebec, three hundred leagues away.

While I was questioning them, Clark was rifling the wigwam; and presently,

the excitable fellow, finding some excellent stores of skins, tea, maple sugar, coffee, and other things, broke out into English expletives. Instantly the Indians saw they had been trapped, and he whom Stevens held made a great spring from him, caught up a gun, and gave a wild yell which echoed far and near. Stevens, with great rapidity, leveled his pistol and shot him in the heart, while I, in a close struggle with my captive, was glad — for I was not yet strong — that Clark finished my assailant: and so both lay there dead, two foes less of our good King.

Not far from where we stood was a pool of water, black and deep, and we sank the bodies there; but I did not know till long afterwards that Clark, with a barbarous and disgusting spirit, carried away their scalps to sell them in New York, where they would bring, as he confided to one of the Provincials, twelve pounds each. Before we left, we shot a poor howling dog that mourned for his masters, and sank him also in the dark pool.

We had but got back to our camp, when, looking out, we saw a well-manned four-oared boat making for the shore. My men were in dismay until I told them that, having begun the game of war, I would carry it on to the ripe end. This boat and all therein, I said, should be mine. Safely hidden, we watched the rowers draw in to shore, with brisk strokes, singing a quaint farewell song of the *voyageurs*, called La Pauvre Mère, of which the refrain is —

> "And his mother says, 'My dear,
> For your absence I shall grieve,
> Come you home within the year.'"

They had evidently come a long voyage, and by their toiling we could see their boat was deep loaded; but they drove on, like a horse that, at the close of day, sees ahead the inn where he is to bait and refresh, and, rousing to the spur, comes cheerily home. The figure of a reverend old man was in the stern, and he sent them in to shore with brisk words. Bump came the big shallop on the beach, and at that moment I ordered my men to fire, but to aim wide, for I had another end in view than killing.

We were exactly matched as to numbers, so that a fight would be fair enough, but I hoped for peaceful conquest. As we fired I stepped out of the thicket, and behind me could be seen the shining barrels of our menacing muskets. The old gentleman stood up, while his men cried for quarter. He waved them down with an impatient gesture, and stepped out on the beach. Then I recognized him, the Chevalier la Darante, and I stepped towards him, my sword drawn.

"Monsieur the Chevalier la Darante, you are my prisoner," said I.

He started, then recognized me. "Now, by the blood of man! now, by the blood of man!" he said, and paused, dumfounded.

"You forget me, monsieur?" said I.

"Forget you, monsieur?" said he. "As soon forget the devil at mass! But I thought you dead by now, and" —

"If you are disappointed," said I, "there is a way;" and I waved towards his men, then to Mr. Stevens and my own ambushed fellows.

He smiled an acid smile, and took a pinch of snuff. "'T is not so fiery-edged as that," he answered; "I can endure it."

"You shall have time too for reverie," answered I.

He looked puzzled. "What is 't you wish?" he asked.

"Your surrender first," said I, "and then your company at breakfast."

"The latter has meaning and compliment," he responded, "the former is beyond me. What would you do with me?"

"Detain you and your shallop for the services of my master, the King of England, soon to be the master of your master, if the signs are right."

"All signs fail with the blind, monsieur."

"I will give you good reading of those signs in due course," retorted I.

"Monsieur," he said, with great, almost too great dignity, "I am of the family of the Duc de Mirepoix, the whole Kamaraska Isles are mine, and the best gentlemen in this province do me vassalage, which I do not abuse. I do not move in warlike fashion, I have stepped aside from all affairs of state, I am a simple gentleman. I have been a great way down this river, at large expense and toil, to purchase wheat, for all the corn of this land above here goes to Quebec to store the King's magazine, the adored La Friponne. I know not what it is you wish or need, but I trust you will not push your advantage" — he waved towards our muskets — "against a private gentleman."

"You forget, Chevalier," said I, "that you gave verdict for my death."

"Upon the evidence," he replied. "And I have no doubt you deserve hanging a thousand times."

I almost loved him for his boldness. I remembered also that he had no wish to be one of my judges, and that he spoke for me in the presence of the Governor's guests, and had my sentence changed from hanging to shooting. But he was not the man to make a point of that.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said I, "by injustice and chicanery I have been foully used in yonder town; by the fortune of war you shall help me to compensation. We have come a long, hard journey; we are all much overworked; we need rest, a better boat, and good sailors. You and your men, Chevalier, shall row us to freedom and Louisburg. When we are attacked, you shall be in the van; when we are at peace, you shall industriously serve under King George's flag. Now will you give up your men, and join me at breakfast?"

For a moment the excellent gentleman was mute, and my heart almost fell before his venerable white hair and his proud bearing; but something a little overdone in his pride, a little ludicrous in the situation, set me smiling, and there came back on me the remembrance of all I had suffered, and I let no sentiment stand between me and my purposes.

"I am the Chevalier la" — he began.

"If you were King Louis himself, and every man there in your boat a peer of his realm, you should row a British subject now," said I; "or, if you choose, you shall have death instead." I meant there should be nothing uncertain in my words.

"I surrender," said he; "and if you are bent on shaming me, let us have it over soon."

"You shall have better treatment than I had in Quebec," answered I.

A moment afterwards, his men were duly surrendered, disarmed, and guarded, and the Chevalier breakfasted with me, now and again asking me news of Quebec. He was much amazed to hear that Bigot had been shot, and distressed that I could not say whether fatally or no.

I fixed on a new plan. We would now proceed by day as well as by night, for the shallop could not leave the river, and, besides, I did not care to trust my prisoners on shore. I threw from the shallop into the stream enough wheat to lighten her, and now, well stored and trimmed, we pushed away upon our course, the Chevalier and his men rowing, while my men rested and tended the sail, which was now set. I was much loath to cut our good canoe adrift, but she stopped the shallop's way, and she was left behind.

After a time, our prisoners were in part relieved, and I made the Chevalier rest also, for he had taken his task in good part, and had ordered his men to submit cheerfully. In the late afternoon, after an excellent journey, we saw a high and shaggy point of land, far ahead, which shut off our view. I was anxious to see beyond it, for ships-of-war might appear at any moment. A good

breeze brought up this land, and when we were abreast of it a lofty frigate was disclosed to view, a convoy (so the Chevalier said) to a fleet of transports which that morning had gone up the river. I resolved instantly, since fight was useless, to make a run for it. Seating myself at the tiller, I declared solemnly that I would shoot the first man who dared to stop the shallop's way, to make sign, or speak a word. So as the frigate stood across the river, I had all sail set, roused the men at the oars, and we came running by her stern. Our prisoners were keen enough to get by in safety, for they were between two fires, and the excellent Chevalier was alert and laborious as the rest. They signaled us from the frigate by a shot to bring to, but we came on gallantly. Another shot whizzed by at a distance, but we changed not our course, and then balls came flying over our heads, dropping round us, cooling their hot protests in the river. But none struck us, and presently all fell short; and in happy time, after desperate pulling, we left our large persecutor far behind, though, if the wind had been favorable for her, she would most like have sent us to the bottom.

We durst not slacken pace that night, and by morning, much exhausted, we deemed ourselves safe, and rested for a while, making a hearty breakfast, though a sombre shadow had settled on the face of the good Chevalier. Once more he ventured to protest, but I told him my resolution was fixed, and that I would at all costs secure escape from my six years' misery. He must abide the fortune of this war. For several days we fared on, without more mishap, our prisoners at the oar, yet my good fellows toiling with them by turn. So excellent a journey had we that I could with cheerful mind admire the pretty islands so often falling behind us, and the shaggy-topped mountains brooding above us. At last, one morning, as we hugged the shore, I saw a large boat lying on the beach. I had the shallop's nose run to the shore, found the boat of excellent size, and made for swift going, and presently Clark found the oars. Then I turned to the Chevalier, who was watching me curiously, yet hiding anxiety, for he had upheld his dignity with some accent since he had come into my service, and I said —

"Chevalier, you shall find me more humane than my persecutors at Quebec. We English, following the example of our King, love clemency, and I will use it even in our hard fortunes. I will not hinder your going, if you will engage on your honor — as would, for instance, the Duc de Mirepoix" — he bowed — "that neither by means direct or indirect will you, to any soul on earth, divulge what brought you back thus far, till you shall reach your Kamaraska Isles; and will you undertake the same for your fellows here?"

With a joy he could not hide he consented, and upon my soul, I admired the fine, vain old man, and lamented that I had to use him so.

"Then," said I, "this you may do: you may depart with your shallop. Your mast and sail, however, must be ours; and for these I will pay. I will also pay for the wheat which was thrown into the river, and you shall have a share of our provisions, got from the Indians, to bring you back."

"Monsieur," said he, "it will be my pride to remember that I have dealt with so fair a foe. I cannot regret the pleasure of your acquaintance, even at the price. And see, monsieur, I do not think you the criminal they have made you out, and so I will tell a lady" —

I raised my hand at him, for I saw that he had read Alixe's interest in me, and Mr. Stevens was near us at the time.

"Chevalier," said I, drawing him aside, "if, as you say, you think I have used you honorably, then, if trouble falls upon my wife before I see her again, I

beg you to stand her friend. In the sad fortunes of war and hate of me, she may need a friend — even against her own people, on her own hearthstone."

I never saw a man so amazed; and to his rapid questionings I gave the one reply, that Alixe was my wife. His lip trembled.

"Poor child! poor child!" he said; "they will put her in a nunnery. You did wrong, monsieur."

"Chevalier," said I, "did you ever love a woman?"

He made a motion of the hand, as if I had given him a great hurt, and said, "So young, so young!"

"But you will stand by her," I urged, "by the memory of some sweet soul you have known! And I charge you, as a man, answer to me as you would have had another answer to you" —

He put out his hand again with a chafing sort of motion. "There, there," said he, "the poor child shall never want a friend. If I can help it, she shall not be made a victim of the Church or of the State, nor yet of family pride — God help her!"

So we parted here, exchanging compliments; stern parted from stern, and soon we lost our grateful foes in the distance. All night we jogged along with easy sail, but just at dawn, in a sudden opening of the land, we saw a sloop at anchor near a wooded point, her long pennant flying. We pushed along, unheeding its fiery signal to bring to; and declining, she let fly a swivel loaded with grape, and again another, riddling our sail; but we were traveling with wind and tide, and we soon left the indignant patrol behind. Towards evening came a freshening wind and a cobbling sea, and I thought it best to make for shore. So, easing the sail, we brought our shallop before the wind. It was very dark, and there was a heavy surf running; but we had to take our fortune as it came, and we let drive for the unknown shore, for it was all alike to us. Presently, as we ran close in, our boat came hard upon a rock, which bulged her bows open. Taking what provisions we could, we left our poor craft upon the rocks, and fought our way to safety.

We had little joy that night in thinking of our shallop breaking on the reefs, and we discussed the chances of crossing overland to Louisburg; but we soon gave up that wild dream: this river was the only way. When daylight came, we found our boat, though badly wrecked, still held together. Now Clark rose to the great necessity, and said that he would patch her up to carry us on, or never lift a hammer more. With labor past reckoning we dragged her to shore, and got her on the stocks, and then set about to find materials to mend her misery. Tools were all too few — a hammer, a saw, and an adze were all we had. A piece of board or a nail were treasures then, and when the timbers of the craft were covered, pitch and oakum were beyond price. At last we had resort to the gum we could get from trees; and for caulking, one spared a handkerchief, another a stocking, and another a piece of shirt, till she was stuffed in all her cracks. In this labor we passed eight days, and then were ready for the launch again.

On the very afternoon fixed for starting, we saw two sails standing down the river, and edging towards our shore. It gave us little pleasure to see them let anchors go right off the place where our patched boat lay. We had prudently carried on our work behind rocks and trees, so that we could not be seen, unless some of the men from these crafts came ashore. Our case seemed desperate enough, but all at once there came upon me the ambition for a daring enterprise. We had no provisions, and little hope of having more by peaceable means, till we reached Louisburg. I knew well that danger would threaten us every hour with this mangled craft of ours, and though I had hidden my apprehensions from my comrades, I had not looked for-

ward with a cheerful heart to our further voyaging.

A plan came to me. The two vessels — convoys, I felt sure — had anchored at some distance from each other, and from their mean appearance I did not think that they would have a large freight of men and arms; for they seemed not ships from France, but vessels of the country. If I could divide the force of either vessel, and quietly, under cloud of night, steal on her by surprise, then I would trust our desperate courage, and open the war which soon General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders were to wage up and down this river, and against the great fortress of Quebec.

It was a plot of signal danger, but I had brave fellows with me, and if we got our will it would be a thing worth remembrance. So I disclosed my plan to Mr. Stevens and the others, and, as I looked for, they were wholly of my mind, and had a fine relish for the enterprise. I agreed upon a signal with them, bade them to lie close along the ground, picked out the nearest, which was the smallest, ship for my purpose, and at sunset, tying a white handkerchief to a stick, came marching out of the woods, upon the shore, firing a gun at the same time. Presently a boat was put out from the sloop, and two men and a boy came rowing towards me. Standing off a little distance from the shore, they asked what was wanted.

The King's errand, was my reply in French, and I must be carried down the river by them, for which I would pay generously, and the Governor would thank them. I had marched over from my post, word having been brought that two vessels had been seen coming down the river. I asked them to return and tell their captain my need. Then, with idle gesture, I said that if they wished some drink, there was a bottle of rum near my fire, above me, to which they were welcome; also some game, which they might take as a gift to their captain and his crew.

This drew them like a magnet, and, as I lit my pipe, their boat scraped the sand, and, getting out, they hauled her up and came towards me. I met them, and, pointing towards my fire, as it seemed, led them up behind the rocks, when, at a sign, my men sprang up, they were seized, and were bidden not to cry out on peril of their lives. Then with every sweet persuasion I bade them tell what hands, what arms, were left on board. I found that the sloop from which they came, and the schooner, its consort, were bound for Gaspé, to bring provisions for several hundred Indians assembled at Miramichi and Aristiguish, who were to go by these same vessels to reinforce the garrison of Quebec. Rich news indeed! We would see what we could do to keep these barbarians idle and hungry at Gaspé. The sloop, they said, had six guns and a crew of twenty men; but the schooner, which was much larger, had no arms save muskets, and a crew and guard of thirty men.

All opened to my will most comfortably, for in this country there is no twilight, and with sunset came instantly the dusk. Already silence and dark inclosed the sloop. I had the men bound to a tree, and, though I liked it not, gagged also, engaging to return and bring them away safe and unhurt when our task was over. I chose for pilot the boy, and presently, with great care, launching our patched shallop from the stocks, — for the ship-boat was too small to carry six safely, — we got quietly away. Rowing with silent stroke, we came alongside the sloop. No light burned save that in the binnacle, and all hands, except the watch, were below at supper and at cards, as I found afterwards.

I could see the watch forward as we dropped silently alongside the stern. My object was to catch this fellow as he came by, and end him without noise. This I would trust to no one but myself; for now, grown stronger, I had the old spring in my blood, and I had also

a good wish that my plans should not go wrong through the bungling of others. I motioned my men to sit silent, and then, when the fellow's back was toward me, coming softly up the side, I slid over quietly, and drew into the shadow of a boat that hung near.

He came on lazily, and when just past me, I suddenly threw my arms about him, clapping my hand upon his mouth. He was stoutly built, and he began at once to struggle. I whispered that I would kill him if he cried out. But he was no coward, and feeling for his knife, he drew it, and would have had it in me but that I was quicker, and, with a desperate wrench, my hand still over his mouth, half swung him round, and drove mine home.

He sank in my arms with a heaving sigh, and I laid him down, still and dead, upon the deck. Then I leaned over the side and whispered up my comrades, the boy leading. As the last man came over, his pistol, stuck in his belt, caught the ratlins of the shrouds, and it dropped upon the deck. This gave the alarm, but I was at the companion-door on the instant, as the first master came bounding up, with sword showing, calling to his men, who swarmed after him. I fired; the bullet traveled the master's spine, and he fell back stunned.

A dozen others came on, and some reached the deck, and in spite of shots grappled with my men. I never shall forget with what fiendish joy Clark fought that night — those five terrible minutes. He was like some mad devil, and by his imprecations I knew that he was avenging the brutal death of his infant daughter some years before. He was armed with a long knife, and I saw four men fall beneath it, while he himself had a wicked cut in the cheek. Of the Provincials, one fell wounded, and the other brought down his man. Mr. Stevens and myself held the companion-way, driving the crew back, not without hurt, for my wrist was slashed by a cutlass, and Mr. Stevens had a bullet in his thigh. But presently we had the joy of having those below cry quarter.

We were masters of the sloop. Quickly battening down the prisoners, I had the sails spread, the windlass going, and the anchor apeak quickly, and we soon were moving down upon the schooner, which was now all confusion, commands ringing out on the quiet air. But when, laying alongside, we gave her a dose, and then another, from all our swivels at once, sweeping her decks, the timid fellows cried quarter, and we boarded her. With my men's muskets cocked, I ordered the crew and soldiers below, till they were all, save two lusty youths, stowed away. Then I had everything of value brought from the sloop, together with the swivels, which we fastened to the schooner's side; and when all was done, we set fire to the sloop, and I stood and watched her burn with a proud — too proud — spirit.

This was my second repayment for all I had suffered these past six years in the fortress of Quebec. With the last glow of the flames came the good rich dawn, and having brought our prisoners from the shore, we placed them with the rest.

Then I called a council with Mr. Stevens and the others, — our one hurt man was not left out, — and we all agreed that some of the prisoners should be sent off in the long boat, and a portion of the rest be used to work the ship. So we had half the fellows up, and giving them fishing-lines, rum, and provisions, with a couple of muskets and ammunition, we sent them off, and, raising anchor, got on our way down the broad river, in perfect weather, with cheerful spirit, and with an agreeable wind.

The days that followed are most like a good dream to me, for we came on all the way without challenge and with no adventure, even round Gaspé, to Louisburg, thirty-eight days after my escape from the fortress.

XXIII.

I pass by the good greeting we had at Louisburg, the praises and extravagance of sentiment, for many fables had traveled to them of my doings at Quebec, making me the very chief of adventurers, the doer of deeds beyond my thought and power. But, indeed, I was grateful, too, for I had been so long among enemies and insulters that kindness was as cordial to me; I could bear it and still keep my head. There were matters more important. Admiral Saunders and General Wolfe were gone to Quebec. They had passed us as we came down, for we had sailed inside some islands of the coast, getting shelter and better passage, and the fleet had, no doubt, passed outside. This was a blow to me, for I had hoped to be in time to join General Wolfe and proceed with him to Quebec, where my knowledge of the place should be of service to him. It was, however, no time for lament, and I set about to find my way back again. Our prisoners I handed over to the authorities. The two Provincials decided to remain and take service under General Amherst, Mr. Stevens would join his own Rangers at once, but Clark would go back with me to have his hour with his hated foes; and never did I see a man who hated more sincerely, nor one who fought with more savage lust. As they had done by him he would do by them, and more.

I paid Mr. Stevens and the two Provincials for their shares in the schooner, and Clark and I manned her afresh, and prepared to return instantly to Quebec. From General Amherst I received correspondence to carry to General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders. Before I started back, I sent letters to Governor Dinwiddie, George Washington, and my partner, but I had no sooner done so than I received others from them through General Amherst. They had been sent to him to convey to General Wolfe at Quebec, who was, in turn, to hand them to me, when, as was hoped, I should be released from captivity, if not already beyond the power of men to free me.

The letters from these friends almost atoned for my past sufferings, and I was ashamed that ever I had thought my countrymen forgot me in my worst misery; for this was the first matter I saw when I opened the Governor's letter: —

By the House of Burgesses.

Resolved — That the sum of three hundred pounds be paid to Captain Robert Stobo, in consideration of his services to the country, and his singular sufferings in his confinement, as a hostage, in Quebec.

And this, I learned, was one of three such resolutions, which were but preface to what came when the great war was done.

But there were other matters in his letter which much amazed me. An attempt, he said, had been made one dark night upon his strong-room, which would have succeeded but for the great bravery and loyalty of an old retainer. Two men were engaged in the attempt, one of whom was a Frenchman. Both men were masked, and, when set upon, fought with consummate bravery, and got away. It was found the next day that the safe of my partner had also been rifled and all my papers stolen. There was no doubt in my mind what this meant. Doltaire, with some renegade Virginian who knew Williamsburg and myself, had made essay to get my papers. But they had failed in their designs, for all my valuable documents — and those desired by Doltaire among them — remained safe in the Governor's strong-room. That Doltaire had been foiled was as wine to me, and I wished that he might be in Quebec when we took the city.

Bearing letters from General Amherst to General Wolfe and Admiral Saunders, I got away again for Quebec five days after reaching Louisburg. We came along

with good winds, having no check, though twice we sighted French sloops, which, however, seemed most concerned to leave us alone and edge away; and I cannot say how glad I was when, with colors flying on our craft, we sighted Kamaraska Isles, which I saluted, remembering the Chevalier la Darante; then Isle aux Coudres, below which we poor fugitives came so near disaster. Here we all felt new fervor, for the British flag flew from a staff on a lofty point, tents were pitched thereon in a pretty cluster, and, rounding a point, we came plump upon Admiral Durell's little fleet, which was here to bar advance of French ships and to waylay stragglers.

When it was seen who we were, we were let pass, and I got an impulse to my vanity by hearing a shout from one ship, and then from others, coupled with my name. Some French prisoner had recognized me, and pointed me out, and my history and trials being now well known, and my adventure grown absurdly notorious, I was thus saluted.

On a blithe summer day we sighted, far off, the Island of Orleans and the tall masts of two patrol ships-of-war, which in due time we passed, saluting, and ran abreast of the island in the North Channel. Coming up this passage, I could see on an eminence, far distant, the tower of the Château Alixe, from which my wife had written me that noble letter while she was not yet my wife.

Presently there opened on our sight the great bluff at the Falls of Montmorenci, and, crowning it, tents and batteries, the camp of General Wolfe himself, with the good ship Centurion standing off like a sentinel at a point where the Basin, the River Montmorenci, and the North Channel seem to meet. To our left, across the shoals, was Major Hardy's post, on the extreme eastern point of Isle Orleans; and again beyond that, in a straight line, Point Levis on the south shore, where Brigadier-General Monckton's camp was pitched, and his batteries farther on, from which shell and shot were poured into the town. How all had changed since I left over two months before! Around the Seigneur Duvarney's manor, in the sweet village of Beauport, was encamped the French army, and redoubts and batteries were ranged where Alixe and I and her brother Juste had many a time walked in a sylvan quiet. Here, as it were, round the bent and broken sides of a bowl, war raged, and the centre was like some caldron out of which imps sprang and sailed to hand up fires of hell to the battalions on the ledges. Here swung Admiral Saunders's and Admiral Holmes's divisions, out of reach of the French batteries, yet able to menace and destroy, and to feed the British camps with men and munitions. There was no French ship in sight — only two old hulks with guns in the mouth of the St. Charles River, to protect the road to the palace gate — that is, at the Intendance.

It was all there before me, the investment of Quebec, for which I had prayed and waited seven long years.

But all at once, on a lull in the fighting which had lasted twenty-four hours, the volleys of musketry from the heights of Montmorenci and the heavy batteries from the Levis shore opened upon the town, emptying therein the fatal fuel. Mixed feelings possessed me. I had at first listened to Clark's delighted imprecations and devilish praises with a feeling of brag almost akin to his own, — that was the soldier and the Briton in me. But all at once the man, the lover, and the husband spoke: my wife was in that beleaguered town. She had said that she would never leave it till I came to fetch her. I knew her father too well to suppose that he would seek safety in the country, but would rather stay — true patriot that he was — with his family, and stand or fall where all his hopes and loves lay. It seemed beyond doubt that my wife was there under that monstrous shower. Yet how

knew I that she was there — that she was not dead — or, if living, immured in a convent? For I knew well that our marriage must become known after I had escaped; that she would not, for her own good pride and womanhood, keep it secret then; that it would be proclaimed while yet Gabord and the excellent chaplain were alive to attest all. Yet I would not, and could not, think that she was dead, — some convictions are deep in us as life itself, as true and absolute. If she had gone, some warning shiver would have run through me, some sign and knowledge that the spring of life, hope, and love was broken.

Summoned by the Centurion, we were passed on beyond the eastern point of Isle Orleans to the Admiral's ship, which lay in the Channel off the point, with battleships in front and rear, and a line of frigates curving towards the rocky Peninsula of Quebec. Then came a line of buoys beyond these, with manned boats moored alongside to protect the fleet from fire rafts, which once already the enemy had unavailingly sent down to ruin and burn our fleet.

Admiral Saunders received me with great cordiality, thanked me for the dispatches, heard with applause of my adventures with the convoy, and at once, with dry humor, said he would be glad, if General Wolfe consented, to make my captured schooner one of his fleet. Later, when her history and doings became known in the fleet, she was at once called the Terror of France; for, as will be seen, she did a wild thing or two before Quebec fell, though from first to last she had but her six swivel guns, which I had taken from the burnt sloop. Clark had command of her until she saw our fleet at last sail away to England, saluting her as they passed down the river.

From Admiral Saunders I learned that Bigot had recovered from his hurt, which had not been severe, and of the death of Monsieur Cournal, who had ridden his horse over the cliff in the dark. From the Admiral I came to General Wolfe at Montmorenci.

I shall never forget my first look at my hero, my General, that flaming, exhaustless spirit, in a body so *gauche* and so unshapely. When I was brought to him, he was standing on a knoll alone, looking through a glass towards the batteries of Levis. The first thing that struck me, as he lowered the glass and leaned against a gun, was the melancholy in the lines of his figure. That I never forget, for it came to me that whatever glory there was for British arms ahead, there was tragedy for him. Yet as he turned at the sound of our footsteps, I almost laughed; for his straight red hair, his face defying all regularity, with the nose thrust out like a wedge and the chin falling back from an affectionate sort of mouth, his tall straggling frame and far from athletic shoulders, challenged contrast with the compact, handsome, graciously-shaped Montcalm. In Montcalm was all manner of things to charm — all save that which presently filled me with awe, and showed me wherein this sallow-featured, pain-racked Briton was greater than his rival beyond measure: in that searching, burning eye, which carried all the distinction and greatness denied him elsewhere. There resolution, courage, endurance, deep design, clear vision, dogged will, heroism, lived: a bright furnace of daring resolves and hopes, which gave England her sound desire.

An officer of his staff presented me. He looked at me with piercing intelligence, and then, presently, his long hand made a swift motion of knowledge and greeting, and he said, —

"Yes, yes, and you are welcome, Captain Stobo. I have heard of you, of much to your credit. You were for years in durance there."

He pointed towards the town, where we could see the dome of the cathedral shine, and the leaping smoke and flame of the roaring batteries.

"Near six years, your Excellency," said I.

"Papers of yours fell into General Braddock's hands, and they tried you for a spy — a curious case — a curious case! Wherein were they wrong and you justified, and why was all exchange refused?"

I told him the main, the bare facts, and how, to force certain papers from me, I had been hounded to the edge of the grave. He nodded, and seemed lost in study of the mud-flats at the Beauport shore, and presently took to beating his foot upon the ground. After a minute, as if he had come back from a distance, he said: "Yes, yes, broken articles. Few women have a sense of national honor; such as La Pompadour none. An interesting matter."

Then, after a moment: "You shall talk with our Chief Engineer — you know the town — you should be useful to me, Captain Stobo. What do you suggest concerning this siege of ours?"

"Has any attack been made from above the town, your Excellency?"

He lifted his eyebrows. "Is it vulnerable from there? From Cap Rouge, you mean?"

"They have you at advantage everywhere, sir," I said. "A thousand men could keep the town, so long as this river, those mud-flats, and those high cliffs are there."

"But above the town" —

"Above the citadel there is a way — the only way: a feint from the basin here, a sham menace and attack, and the real action at the other door of the town."

"They will, of course, throw fresh strength and vigilance above, if our fleet run their batteries and attack there — the river at Cap Rouge is like this one here for defense." He shook his head. "There is no way, I fear."

"General," said I, "if you will take me into your service, and then give me leave to handle my little schooner in this basin and in the river above, I will prove that you may take your army into Quebec by entering it myself, and returning with something as precious to me as the taking of Quebec to you."

He looked at me piercingly for a minute, then a sour sort of smile played at his lips. "A woman!" he said. "Well, it were not the first time the love of a wench opened the gates to a nation's victory."

"Love of a wife, sir, should carry a man farther," said I.

He turned on me a commanding look. "Speak plainly," said he. "If we are to use you, let us know you in all."

He waved farther back the officers with him.

"I have no other wish," I answered him. Then I told him briefly of the Seigneur Duvarney, Alixe, and Doltaire.

"Duvarney! Duvarney!" he said, and a light came into his look. Then he called an officer. "Was it not one Seigneur Duvarney who this morning prayed protection for his Château on the Island of Orleans?" he asked.

"Even so, your Excellency," was the reply; "and he said that if Captain Stobo was with us, he would surely speak for the humanity and kindness he and his household had shown to British prisoners."

"You speak, then, for this gentleman?" he asked, with a dry sort of smile.

"With all my heart," I answered. "But why asks he protection at this late day?"

"New orders are issued to lay waste the country — hitherto all property was safe," was the General's reply. "See that the Seigneur Duvarney's suit is granted," he added to his officer, "and say it is by Captain Stobo's intervention. There is another matter of this kind to be arranged this noon," he continued: "a matter of exchange of prisoners, among whom are some ladies of birth and breeding, captured but two days ago, and a gentleman comes from General Montcalm

directly upon the point. You might be useful herein," he added, "if you will come to my tent in an hour." He turned to go.

"And my ship, and permission to enter the town, your Excellency?" I asked.

"What do you call your — ship?" he asked a little grimly.

I told him how the sailors had already christened her. He smiled. "Then let her prove her title to Terror of France," he said, "by being pilot to the rest of our fleet, up the river, — some few have already crept up, — and you, Captain Stobo, be guide to a footing on those heights" — he pointed to the town. "Then this army and its General, and all England, please God, will thank you. Your craft shall have commission as a rover — but if she gets into trouble?"

"She will do as her owner has done these six years, your Excellency. She will fight her way out alone."

He gazed long at the town and at the Levis shore. "From above, then, there is a way?" he asked.

"For proof, if I come back alive" —

"For proof that you have been" — he answered meaningly, with an amused flash of his eyes, though at the very moment a spasm of pain crossed his face, for he was suffering from incurable disease, and went about his great task in daily misery, yet cheerful and inspiring.

"For proof, my wife, sir," said I.

He nodded, but his thoughts were diverted instantly, and he went from me at once abstracted. But again he came back. "If you return," said he, "you shall serve upon my staff. You will care to view our operations," he added, motioning towards the intrenchments at the river. Then he stepped quickly away, and I was taken by an officer to the river, and though my heart warmed within me to hear that an attack was presently to be made from the shore not far distant from the falls, I felt that the attempt could not succeed.

At the close of an hour I went to the General's tent. It was luncheon-time, and they were about to sit as I was announced. The General motioned me to a seat, and then again, as if on second thought, made as though to introduce me to some one who stood beside him. My amazement was unbounded when I saw, smiling cynically at me, Monsieur Doltaire.

He was the envoy from Quebec. I looked him in the eyes steadily for a moment, into malicious, unswerving eyes, as maliciously and unswervingly myself, and then we both bowed.

"Captain Stobo and I have sat at meat together before," he said, with mannered coolness. "We have played host and guest also: but that was ere he won our hearts by bold, romantic feats. Still, I dared scarcely hope to meet him at this table."

"Which is sacred to the best of manners," said I meaningly and coolly, for my anger and surprise were too deep for excitement.

I saw the General look at both of us keenly, then his marvelous eyes flashed intelligence, and an acid smile played at his lips a moment. After a little general conversation Doltaire addressed me.

"We are not yet so overwhelmed with war but your being here again will give a fillip to our gossip. It must seem sad to you — you were so long with us — you have broken bread with so many of us — to see us pelted so. Sometimes a dinner-table is disordered by a riotous shell."

He was trying to torture me. And it was not hard to do it, for how knew I what had happened? How came he back so soon from the Bastile? It was incredible. Perhaps he had never gone, in spite of all. After luncheon, the matter of exchange of prisoners was gone into, and one by one the names of the French prisoners in our hands — ladies and gentlemen apprehended at the Château — were ticked off, and I knew

them all save two. The General deferred to me several times as to the persons and positions of the captives, and asked my suggestions. Immediately I proposed Mr. Wainfleet, the chaplain, in exchange for a prisoner, though his name was not on the list, but Doltaire shook his head in a blank sort of way.

"Mr. Wainfleet! Mr. Wainfleet! There was no such prisoner in the town," he said.

I insisted, and I eyed him keenly, but he stared at me inscrutably, and said that he had no record of the man. Then I spoke most forcibly to the General, and said that Mr. Wainfleet should be produced, or an account of him be given by the French Governor. Doltaire then said: "I am only responsible for these names recorded. Our General trusts to your honor, and you to ours, Monsieur le Général."

There was nothing more to say, and presently the exchanges were arranged, and, after compliments, Doltaire took his leave. I left the Governor also, and followed Doltaire. It was what he expected, for he turned to meet me.

"Captain Stobo and I," he said to the officers near, "are old — enemies, and there is a sad sweetness in meetings like these. May I" —

The officers drew away at a little distance at once before the suggestion was made, and we were left alone. I was in a white heat, but yet in fair control.

"You are surprised to see me here," he said. "Did you think the Bastile was for me? Tut! we had not cleared the St. Lawrence when we met a packet bearing fresh commands. La Pompadour forgave me, and in the King's name bade me return to New France, and in her own she bade me get your papers, or hang you straight. And — you will think it singular — if need be, I was to relieve the Governor and Bigot also, and work to save New France with the excellent Montcalm." He laughed. "You can see how absurd that is. I have held my peace, and I keep my commission in my pocket."

I looked at him amazed that he should tell me this. He saw my surprise, and said, —

"Yes, you are my confidant in this. I do not fear you. Your enemy is bound in honor, your friend may seek to serve himself." Again he laughed. "As if I, Tinoir Doltaire, — note the agreeable combination of peasant and gentleman in my name, — who held his hand from ambition for large things in France, should stake a lifetime on this foolish hazard! When I play, Captain Stobo, it is for things large and vital. Else I remain the idler, the courtier — the son of the King."

"Yet you lend your vast talent, the genius of those unknown possibilities, to this, Monsieur — this little business of exchange of prisoners," I retorted ironically.

"That is my whim — a social courtesy."

"You said you knew nothing of the chaplain," I broke out.

"Not so. I said he was on no record given me. Officially — and in all public ways of honor — I know nothing of him."

"Come," said I, "you know well how I am concerned for him. You quibble; you lied to our General."

A wicked light shone in his eyes. "I choose to pass that by, for the moment," he said. "I am sorry you forget yourself; it were better for you and me to be courteous till our hour of reckoning, which is not yet. Shall we not meet some day?" he said, with a sweet hatred in his tone.

"With all my heart."

"But where?"

"In yonder town," said I, pointing.

He laughed provokingly. "You are melodramatic," he rejoined. "I could hold that town with one thousand men against all your army and five times your fleet."

"You have ever talked and nothing done," said I. "Will you tell me the truth of the chaplain?"

"Ay, in private the truth you shall hear," he said. "The man is dead."

"If you speak true, he was murdered," I broke out. "You know well why."

"No, no," he answered. "He was put in prison, escaped, made for the river, was pursued, fought, and was killed. So much for serving you."

"Will you answer me one question?" said I. "Is my wife well? Is she safe? She is there set among villainies."

"Your wife?" he answered, sneering. "If you mean Mademoiselle Duvarney, she is not there." Then he added solemnly and slowly: "She is in no fear of your batteries now — she is beyond them. When she was there, she was not child enough to think that foolish game with the vanished chaplain was a marriage. Did you think to gull a lady so beyond the minute's wildness? She is not there," he added again in a low voice.

"She is dead?" I gasped. "My wife is dead?"

"Enough of that," he answered angrily. "The lady saw the folly of it all, before she had done with the world. You — you, monsieur! It was but the pity of her gentle heart, of a romantic nature. You — you blundering alien, spy, and seducer!"

With a gasp of anger I struck him in the face, and whipped out my sword. But the officers near came instantly between us, and I could see that they thought me gross, ill-mannered, and wild, to do this thing before the General's tent, and to an envoy and truce-bearer.

Doltaire stood still a moment. Then presently wiped a little blood from his mouth, and said, —

"Messieurs, Captain Stobo was justified in his anger, and for the blow he will justify that in some happier time — for me. He said that I had lied, and I proved him wrong. I called him a spy and a seducer, — he sought to shame, he covered with sorrow, one of the noblest families of New France, — and he has yet to prove me wrong. As envoy I may not fight him now, but I may tell you that I have every cue to send him to hell one day. He will do me the credit to say that it is not cowardice that stays me."

"If no coward in the way of fighting, coward in all other things," I retorted instantly.

"Well, well, as you may think." And he turned to go. "We will meet there, then?" he said, pointing to the town. "And when?"

"To-morrow," said I.

He shrugged his shoulder as to a boyish petulance, for he thought it an idle boast. "To-morrow? Then come and pray with me in the cathedral, and after that we will cast up accounts — to-morrow," he said, with a poignant and exultant malice. A moment afterwards he was gone, and I was left alone.

Presently I saw a boat shoot out from the shore below, and he was in it. Seeing me, he waved a hand in an ironical way. I paced up and down, sick and distracted, for half an hour or more. I knew not whether he lied concerning Alixe, but my heart was wrung with misery, for indeed he spoke with an air of truth.

Dead! dead! dead! "In no fear of your batteries now," he had said. "Done with the world!" he had said. What else could it mean? Yet the more I thought there came a feeling that somehow I had been tricked. "Done with the world!" Ay, a nunnery — was that it? But then, "In no fear of your batteries now" — that, what did that mean but death?

At this distressful moment a message came from the General, and I went to his tent, trying to calm myself, but overcome with apprehension. I was kept another half hour waiting, and then, coming in to him, he questioned me closely for

a little about Doltaire, and I told him the whole story briefly. Presently his secretary brought me the commission for my appointment to special service on the General's own staff.

"Your first duty," he said, "will be to — reconnoitre; and if you come back safe, we will talk further."

While he was speaking I kept looking at the list of prisoners which still lay upon his table. It ran thus: —

Monsieur and Madame Joubert.
Monsieur and Madame Carçanal.
Madame Rousillon.
Madame Roubert.
Monsieur Pipon.
Mademoiselle La Rose.
L'Abbé Durand.
Monsieur Halboir.
La Sœur Angélique.
La Sœur Séraphine.

I know not why it was, but the last three names held my eyes. Each of the other names I knew, and the people also. When I looked close, I saw that where La Sœur Angélique now was another name had been written and then erased. I saw also that the writing was recent. Again, where "Halboir" was written there had been another name, and the same process of erasure and substitution had been made. It was not so with La Sœur Séraphine. I said to the General at once, "Your excellency, it is possible you have been tricked." Then I pointed out what I had discovered. He nodded.

"Will you let me go, sir?" said I. "Will you let me see this exchange?"

"I fear you will be too late," he answered. "It is not a vital matter, I fancy."

"Perhaps to me most vital," said I, and I explained my fears.

"Then go, go," he said kindly. He quickly gave directions to have me carried to Admiral Saunders' ship, where the exchange was to be effected, and at the same time a general passport.

In a few moments we were hard on our way. Now the batteries were silent. By the General's orders, the bombardment ceased while the exchange was being effected, and the French batteries also were still. A sudden quietness seemed to settle on land and sea, and there was only heard, now and then, the note of a bugle from a ship of war. The water in the basin was very still, and the air was balmy and quiet. My own agitation, this heraldry of war, was all unnatural in the golden weather and sweet-smelling land.

I urged the rowers to their task, and we flew on, for I think from my set face, and my unwavering look towards the Admiral's ship, they caught at some strange happening. Patches of my history were now gone abroad among the army, and I was looked to for sensation of some sort. My mind was in a turmoil, but I remember that we passed another boat loaded with men, singing boisterously a disorderly sort of song, called Hot Stuff, set to the air Lilies of France, which now disturbed me, it was so out of touch with the general quiet: —

When the gay Forty-Seventh is dashing ashore,
While bullets are whistling and cannons do roar,
Says Montcalm: "Those are Shirleys — I know the lapels."
"You lie," says Ned Botwood, "we swipe for Lascelles!
Tho' our clothing is changed, and we scout powder-puff;
Here 's at you, ye swabs, here 's give you Hot Stuff!"

While yet we were about two miles away, I saw a boat put out from the Admiral's ship, then, at the same moment, one from the Lower Town, and they drew towards each other. I urged my men to their task, and as we were passing some of Admiral Saunders' ships, their sailors cheered us. Then came a silence, and it seemed to me that all our army and fleet, and that at Beauport, and the garrison of Quebec, were watching us, for the ramparts and shore were crowded. We drove on at an angle, to intercept the boat that left the Admiral's ship before it reached the town.

War leaned upon its arms and watched

a strange duel. There was no authority in any one's hands to stop the boat, save my own, and both armies must avoid firing, for the people of both nations were here in this space between — ladies and gentlemen in the French boat going to the town, Englishmen and a poor woman or two coming to our own fleet. My men strained every muscle, but the pace was impossible — it could not last; and the rowers in the French boat hung over their oars also with eager force. With the glass of the officer near me, — Kingdon of Anstruther's Regiment, — I could now see Doltaire standing erect in the boat, urging the boatmen on. Sitting by him was a figure I seemed to recognize, yet which eluded me. All round that basin, on shore and cliff and mountains, thousands of veteran fighters — Fraser's, Otway's, Townsend's, Murray's; and on the other side the splendid soldiers of La Sarre, Languedoc, Béarn, and Guienne — watched in silence. And well they might, for in this *entr'acte* was the little weapon forged which opened the door of New France to England's glory and the immortal fame of the hero whose officer I now was; so may the little talent or opportunity make possible the genius of the great.

The pain of this suspense grew so, that I longed for some sound to break the stillness; but there was nothing for minute after minute. Then, at last, on the halcyon air of that summer day floated the Angelus from the cathedral tower. Only a moment, in which one could feel, and see too, the French army praying, then came from the ramparts the sharp inspiring roll of a kettle-drum, and presently all was still again. Nearer and nearer the boat of prisoners approached the stone steps of the landing, and we were several hundred yards behind.

I motioned to Doltaire to stop, but he made no sign. I saw the figures of the nuns near him, and I strained my eyes, but I could not note their faces. My men worked on ardently, and now we gained. We were coming up on them gallantly. But I saw that it was impossible to reach them before they set foot on shore. Now their boat came to the steps, and one by one they hastily got out. Then I called twice to Doltaire to stop. The air was still, and my voice carried distinctly. Suddenly one of the cloaked figures sprang towards the steps with arms outstretched, calling aloud, "Robert! Robert!" "Robert, my husband!" rang out again, and then a young officer and the other nun took her by the arm, as if to force her away. At the sharp instigation of Doltaire, instantly some companies of marines filed in upon the place where they had stood, leveled their muskets on us, and hid my beloved wife from my view. I recognized the young officer who had put a hand upon Alixe. It was her brother Juste.

"Alixe! Alixe!" I called, as my boat still came on.

"Save me, Robert!" came the anguished reply, a faint but searching sound, and then no more.

Misery and mystery were in my heart all at once. Doltaire had tricked me. "Those batteries cannot harm her now!" Yes, yes, they could not while she was a prisoner in our camp. "Done with the world!" Truly, when wearing the garb of the Sister Angélique. But why that garb? was she indeed a nun? I knew not what to think. I would not think that possible, with her cry, "Robert, my husband!" ringing in my ears. I swore that I would be within that town by the morrow, that I would fetch my wife into safety, out from the damnable arts and devices of Doltaire, chief craftsman of the devil.

The captain of the marines called to us that another boat's length would fetch upon us the fire of his men. There was nothing to do, but to turn back, while from the shore I was reviled by soldiers and by the rabble. My marriage with Alixe, I could see, had been made a na-

tional thing — of race and religion. So, as my men rowed back towards our fleet, I faced my enemies, and looked towards them without moving. I was grim enough that moment, God knows; I felt turned to stone. I did not stir when — ineffaceable brutality — the batteries on the heights began to play upon us, the shot falling round us, and passing over our heads, while musket-firing followed.

"Damned villains! Faithless brutes!" cried Kingdon beside me. I did not speak a word, but stood there defiant, as when we first had turned back. Now, sharply, angrily, from all our batteries, there came reply to the French, and as we came on with only one man wounded and one oar broken, towards our ships, the whole fleet cheered us. I steered straight for the Terror of France, and there Clark and I, he swearing violently, laid plans.

Gilbert Parker.

AFTER THE WAR.

I.

Hyōgo, *May* 5, 1895.

Hyōgo, this morning, lies bathed in a limpid magnificence of light indescribable, — spring light, which is vapory, and lends a sort of apparitional charm to far things seen through it. Forms remain sharply outlined, but are almost idealized by faint colors not belonging to them; and the great hills behind the town aspire into a cloudless splendor of tint that seems the ghost of azure rather than azure itself.

Over the blue-gray slope of tiled roofs there is a vast quivering and fluttering of extraordinary shapes, — a spectacle not indeed new to me, but always delicious. Everywhere are floating — tied to very tall bamboo poles — immense brightly colored paper fish, which look and move as if alive. The greater number vary from five to fifteen feet in length; but here and there I see a baby scarcely a foot long, hooked to the tail of a larger one. Some poles have four or five fish attached to them at heights proportioned to the dimensions of the fish, the largest always at the top. So cunningly shaped and colored these things are that the first sight of them is always startling to a stranger. The lines holding them are fastened within the head; and the wind, entering the open mouth, not only inflates the body to perfect form, but keeps it undulating, — rising and descending, turning and twisting, precisely like a real fish, while the tail plays and the fins wave irreproachably. In the garden of my next-door neighbor there are two very fine specimens. One has an orange belly and a bluish-gray back; the other is all a silvery tint; and both have big weird eyes. The rustling of their motion as they swim against the sky is like the sound of wind in a cane-field. A little farther off I see another very big fish, with a little red boy clinging to its back. That red boy represents Kintoki, strongest of all children ever born in Japan, who, while still a baby, wrestled with bears and set traps for goblin-birds.

Everybody knows that these paper carp, or *koi*, are hoisted only during the period of the great birth festival of boys, in the fifth month; that their presence above a house signifies the birth of a son; and that they symbolize the hope of the parents that their lad will be able to win his way through the world against all obstacles, — even as the real koi, the great Japanese carp, ascends swift rivers against the stream. In many parts of

southern and western Japan, you rarely see these koi. You see instead very long narrow flags of cotton cloth, called *nobori*, which are fastened perpendicularly, like sails, with little spars and rings to poles of bamboo, and bear designs in various colors of the koi in an eddy, or of Shōki, conqueror of demons, or of pines, or of tortoises, or other fortunate symbols.

II.

But in this radiant spring of the Japanese year 2555, the koi might be taken to symbolize something larger than parental hope, — the great trust of a nation regenerated through war. The military revival of the Empire — the real birthday of New Japan — began with the conquest of China. The war is ended; the future, though clouded, seems big with promise; and, however grim the obstacles to loftier and more enduring achievements, Japan has neither fears nor doubts.

Perhaps the future danger is just in this immense self-confidence. It is not a new feeling created by victory. It is a race feeling, which repeated triumphs have served only to strengthen. From the instant of the declaration of war there was never the least doubt of ultimate victory. There was universal and profound enthusiasm, but no outward signs of emotional excitement. Men at once set to work writing histories of the triumphs of Japan, and these histories — sold by subscription in weekly or monthly parts, and illustrated with photo-lithographs or drawings on wood — were selling all over the country long before any foreign observers could have ventured to predict the final results of the campaign. From first to last the nation felt sure of its own strength, and of the impotence of China. The toy-makers put suddenly into the market legions of ingenious mechanisms, representing Chinese soldiers in flight, or being cut down by Japanese troopers, or tied together as prisoners by their queues, or *kowtowing* for mercy to illustrious generals. The old-fashioned military playthings, representing samurai in armor, were superseded by figures — in clay, wood, paper, or silk — of Japanese cavalry, infantry, and artillery, by models of forts and batteries and models of men of war. The storming of the defenses of Port Arthur by the Kumamoto Brigade was the subject of one ingenious mechanical toy; another, equally clever, repeated the fight of the Matsushima Kan with the Chinese ironclads. There were sold likewise myriads of toy-guns discharging corks by compressed air with a loud pop, and myriads of toy-swords, and countless tiny bugles, the constant blowing of which recalled to me the tin-horn tumult of a certain New Year's Eve in New Orleans. The announcement of each victory resulted in an enormous manufacture and sale of colored prints, rudely and cheaply executed, and mostly depicting the fancy of the artist only, but well fitted to stimulate the popular love of glory. Wonderful sets of chessmen also appeared, each piece representing a Chinese or Japanese officer or soldier.

Meanwhile, the theatres were celebrating the war after a much more complete fashion. It is no exaggeration to say that almost every episode of the campaign was repeated upon the stage. Actors even visited the battlefields to study scenes and backgrounds, and fit themselves to portray realistically, with the aid of artificial snowstorms, the hardships of the army in Manchuria. Every gallant deed was dramatized almost as soon as reported. The death of the bugler Shirakami Genjirō;[1] the noble but fatal courage of

[1] At the battle of Sŏng-Hwan, a Japanese bugler named Shirakami Genjirō was ordered to sound the charge (*suzumé*). He had sounded it once when a bullet passed through his lungs, throwing him down. His comrades tried to take the bugle away, seeing the wound was fatal. He wrested it from them, lifted it again to his lips, sounded the charge once more with all his strength, and fell back dead.

Harada Jiukichi, who scaled a rampart and opened a fortress gate to his comrades; the heroism of the fourteen troopers who held their own against three hundred infantry; the successful charge of unarmed coolies upon a Chinese battalion, — all these and many other incidents were reproduced in a thousand theatres. Immense illuminations of paper lanterns lettered with phrases of loyalty or patriotic cheer celebrated the success of the imperial arms, or gladdened the eyes of soldiers going by train to the field. In Kobe, — constantly traversed by troop-trains, — such illuminations continued night after night for weeks together, and the residents of each street further subscribed for flags and triumphal arches.

But the glories of the war were celebrated also in ways more durable by the various great industries of the country. Victories and incidents of sacrificial heroism were commemorated in porcelain, in metal-work, and in costly textures, not less than in new designs for envelopes and note-paper. They were portrayed on the silk linings of *haori*,[1] on women's kerchiefs of *chirimen*,[2] in the embroidery of girdles, in the designs of silk shirts and of children's holiday robes, not to speak of cheaper printed goods, such as calicoes and toweling. They were represented in lacquer-ware of many kinds, on the sides and covers of carven boxes, on tobacco-pouches, on sleeve-buttons, in designs for hairpins, on women's combs, even on chopsticks. Bundles of toothpicks in tiny cases were offered for sale, each toothpick having engraved upon it, in microscopic text, a different poem about the war. And up to the time of peace, or at least up to the time of the insane attempt by a *soshi*[3] to kill the Chinese plenipotentiary during negotiations, all things happened as the people had wished and expected.

But as soon as the terms of peace had been announced, Russia interfered, securing the help of France and Germany to bully Japan. The combination met with no opposition; the government played *jinjutsu*, and foiled expectations by unlooked-for yielding. Japan had long ceased to feel uneasy about her own military power. Her reserve strength is probably much greater than has ever been acknowledged, and her educational system, with its twenty-six thousand schools, is an enormous drilling-machine. On her own soil she could face any foreign power. Her navy was her weak point, and of this she was fully aware. It was a splendid fleet of small, light cruisers, and admirably handled. Its admiral, without the loss of a single vessel, had annihilated the Chinese fleet in two engagements, but it was not yet sufficiently heavy to face the combined navies of three European powers, and the flower of the Japanese army was beyond the sea. The most opportune moment for interference had been cunningly chosen, and probably more than interference was intended. The heavy Russian battleships were stripped for fighting, and these alone could possibly have overpowered the Japanese fleet, though the victory would have been a costly one. But Russian action was suddenly checked by the sinister declaration of English sympathy for Japan. Within a few weeks England could bring into Asiatic waters a fleet capable of crushing, in one short battle, all the ironclads assembled by the

[1] *Haori*, a sort of upper dress, worn by men as well as women. The linings are often of designs beautiful beyond praise.

[2] *Chirimen* is a crape-silk, of which there are many qualities; some very costly and durable.

[3] *Soshi* form one of the modern curses of Japan. They are mostly ex-students who earn a living by hiring themselves out as rowdy terrorists. Politicians employ them either against the soshi of opponents, or as bullies in election time. Private persons sometimes employ them as defenders. They have figured in most of the election rows which have taken place of late years in Japan, also in a number of assaults made on distinguished personages. The causes which produced nihilism in Russia have several points of resemblance with the causes which produced the soshi class in Japan.

combination. And a single shot from a Russian cruiser might have plunged the whole world into war.

But in the Japanese navy there was a furious desire to battle with the three hostile powers at once. It would have been a great fight, for no Japanese commander would have dreamed of yielding, no Japanese ship would have struck her colors. The army was equally desirous of war. It needed all the firmness of the government to hold the nation back. Free speech was gagged; the press was severely silenced; and by the return to China of the Liao-Tung peninsula, in exchange for a compensatory increase of the war indemnity previously exacted, peace was secured. The government really acted with faultless wisdom. At this period of Japanese development a costly war with Russia could not fail to have consequences the most disastrous to industry, commerce, and finance. But the national pride has been deeply wounded, and the country can still scarcely forgive its rulers.

III.

Hyōgo, *May* 15.

The Matsushima Kan, returned from China, is anchored before the Garden of the Pleasure of Peace. She is not a colossus, though she has done grand things; but she certainly looks quite formidable as she lies there in the clear light, — a stone-gray fortress of steel rising out of the smooth blue. Permission to visit her has been given to the delighted people, who don their best for the occasion, as for a temple festival; and I am suffered to accompany some of them. All the boats in the port would seem to have been hired for the visitors, so huge is the shoal hovering about the ironclad as we arrive. It is not possible for so great a crowd of sightseers to go on board at once; and we have to wait while hundreds are being alternately admitted and dismissed. But the waiting in the cool sea air is not unpleasant; and the spectacle of the popular joy is worth watching. What eager rushing when the turn comes! what swarming and squeezing and clinging! Two women fall into the sea, and are pulled out by blue-jackets, and say they are not sorry to have fallen in, because they can now boast of owing their lives to the men of the Matsushima Kan! As a matter of fact, they could not very well have been drowned; there were legions of common boatmen to look after them.

But something of larger importance to the nation than the lives of two young women is really owing to the men of the Matsushima Kan; and the people are rightly trying to pay them back with love, — for presents, such as thousands would like to make, are prohibited by disciplinary rule. Officers and crew must be weary; but all the crowding and the questioning is borne with charming amiability. Everything is shown and explained in detail: the huge thirty-centimetre gun, with its loading apparatus and directing machinery; the quick-firing batteries; the torpedoes, with their impulse-tubes; the electric lantern, with its searching-mechanism. I myself, though a foreigner, and therefore requiring a special permit, am guided all about, both below and above, and am even suffered to take a peep at the portraits of their Imperial Majesties, in the admiral's cabin; and I am told the stirring story of the great fight off the Yalu. Meanwhile, the old bald men and the women and the babies of the port hold for one golden day command of the Matsushima. Officers, cadets, blue-jackets, spare no effort to please. Some talk to the grandfathers; others let the children play with the hilts of their swords, or teach them how to throw up their little hands and shout "*Teikoku Banzai!*" And for tired mothers, matting has been spread, where they can squat down in the shade between decks.

Those decks, only a few months ago, were covered with the blood of brave men. Here and there dark stains, which

still resist holystoning, are visible; and the people look at them with tender reverence. The flagship had been twice struck by enormous shells, and her vulnerable parts pierced by a storm of small projectiles. She had borne the brunt of the engagement, losing nearly half her crew. Her tonnage is only 4280 tons; and her immediate antagonists were two Chinese ironclads of 7400 tons each. Outside, her cuirass shows no deep scars; but my guide points proudly to the numerous patchings of the decks, the steel masting supporting the fighting-tops, the smoke-stack, and to certain terrible dents, with small cracks radiating from them, in the foot-thick steel of the barbette. He traces for us, below, the course of the thirty-a-half centimetre shell that entered the ship. "When it came," he tells us, "the shock threw men into the air that high" (holding his hand some two feet above the deck). "At the same moment all became dark: you could not see your hand. Then we found that one of the starboard forward guns had been smashed, and the crew all killed. We had forty men killed instantly, and many more wounded; no man escaped in that part of the ship. The deck was on fire, because a lot of ammunition brought up for the guns had exploded; so we had to fight and to work to put out the fire at the same time. Even badly wounded men, with the skin blown from their hands and faces, worked as if they felt no pain, and dying men helped to pass water. But we silenced the Ting-yuen with one more shot from our big gun. The Chinese had European gunners helping them. If we had not had to fight against Western gunners, *our victory would have been too easy.*"

He gives the true note. Nothing, on this splendid spring day, could so delight the men of the Matsushima Kan as a command to clear for action, and attack the great belted Russian cruisers lying off the coast.

IV.

KOBE, *June* 9.

Last year, while traveling from Shimonoseki to the capital, I saw many regiments on their way to the seat of war, all uniformed in white; for the hot season was not yet over. Those soldiers looked so much like students whom I had taught (thousands, indeed, were really fresh from school) that I could not help feeling it was cruel to send such youths to battle. The boyish faces were so frank, so cheerful, so seemingly innocent of the greater sorrows of life! "Don't fear for them," said an English fellow-traveler, a man who had passed his life in camps; "they will give a splendid account of themselves." "I know it," was my answer; "but I am thinking of fever and frost and Manchurian winter: these are more to be feared than Chinese rifles." [1]

The calling of the bugles, gathering the men together after dark, or signaling the hour of rest, had for years been one of the pleasures of my summer evenings in a Japanese garrison town. But during the months of war, those long, plaintive notes of the lost call touched me in another way. I do not know that the melody is peculiar, but it was sometimes played, I used to think, with peculiar feeling; and when uttered to the starlight by all the bugles of a division at once, the multitudinously blending tones had a melancholy sweetness never to be forgotten. And I would dream of phantom buglers, summoning the youth and strength of hosts to the shadowy silence of perpetual rest.

Well, to-day I went to see some of the regiments return. Arches of greenery

[1] The total number of Japanese actually killed in battle, from the fight at A-san to the capture of the Pescadores, was only 739. But the deaths resulting from other causes, up to as late a date as the 8th of June, during the occupation of Formosa, were 3148. Of these, 1602 were due to cholera alone. These, at least, were the official figures as published in the Kobe Chronicle.

had been erected over the street they were to pass through, leading from Kobe station to Nanko-San, the great temple dedicated to the hero-spirit of Kusunoki Masashigé. The citizens had subscribed six thousand yen for the honor of serving the soldiers with the first meal after their return; and many battalions had already received such kindly welcome. The sheds under which they ate in the court of the temple had been decorated with flags and festoons; and there were gifts for all the troops, — sweetmeats, and packages of cigarettes, and little towels printed with poems in praise of valor. Before the gate of the temple a really handsome triumphal arch had been erected, bearing on each of its façades a phrase of welcome in Chinese text in gold, and on its summit a terrestrial globe surmounted by a hawk with outspread pinions.[1]

I waited first, with Manyemon, before the station, which is very near the temple. The train arrived; a military sentry ordered all spectators to quit the platform, and outside, in the street, police kept back the crowd, and stopped all traffic. After a few minutes, the battalions came, marching in regular column through the brick archway, — headed by a gray officer, who limped slightly as he walked, smoking a cigarette. The crowd thickened about us; but there was no cheering, not even speaking, — a hush broken only by the measured tramp of the passing troops. I could scarcely believe those were the same men I had seen going to the war; only the numbers on the shoulder-straps assured me of the fact. Sunburnt and grim the faces were; many had heavy beards. The dark blue winter uniforms were frayed and torn, the shoes worn into shapelessness; but the strong, swinging stride was the stride of the hardened soldier, lads no longer, but toughened men, able to face any troops in the world; men who had slaughtered and stormed; men who had also suffered many things which never will be written. The features showed neither joy nor pride; the quick-searching eyes hardly glanced at the welcoming flags, the decorations, the arch with its globe-shadowing hawk of battle, — perhaps because those eyes had seen too often the things which make men serious. (Only one man smiled as he passed; and I thought of a smile seen on the face of a Zouave when I was a boy, watching the return of a regiment from Africa, — a mocking smile, that stabbed.) Some Japanese women in the crowd were visibly affected, feeling the reason of the change. But, for all that, the soldiers were better soldiers now; and they were going to find welcome, and comforts, and gifts, and the great love of the people, — and repose thereafter, in their old familiar camps.

I said to Manyemon: "This evening they will be in Osaka and Nagoya. They will hear the bugles calling; and they will think of comrades who never can return."

The old man answered, with simple earnestness: "Perhaps by Western people it is thought that the dead never return. But we cannot so think. There are no Japanese dead who do not return. There are none who do not know the way. From China and from Chösen, and out of the bitter sea, all our dead have come back, — *all!* They are with us now. At dusk they gather to hear the bugles that called them home. And they will hear them also in that hour when the armies of the Son of Heaven shall be summoned against Russia."

Lafcadio Hearn.

[1] At the close of the great naval engagement of the 17th September, 1894, a hawk alighted on the fighting-mast of the Japanese crusier Takachiho, and suffered itself to be taken and fed. After much petting, this bird of good omen was presented to the Emperor. Falconry was a great feudal sport in Japan, and hawks were finely trained. The hawk is now likely to become, more than ever before in Japan, a symbol of victory.

IN NOVEMBER.

FAR to the northward are the frozen lakes;
Ye shipmen, draw to anchor, and furl sail!
Soon will the cold drift hither, and the gale
Shrill in our hemlock groves and bending brakes.
Ye wild birds, to the shores! before the flakes
Swarm in the forests, and the Polar bees
Sting our sweet singers to the milder seas.
I too would fly, my spirit so forsakes
Me since the hand of Time upon my brow
Advanced his standard. Once, when I was young,
I stretched a hand to Time, and, for mere pleasure,
Danced to the tempest's wild and wintry measure,
Though the white swarms in all the hemlocks swung.
"When I was young," — that I must say that now!

James Herbert Morse.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

FIFTH PAPER.

BY the kindness of a correspondent, who has read the first of my Talks, I am able to give Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Macpherson in the very words in which it was written. It differs somewhat from the copy which the brave old man dictated from memory to Boswell. That Macpherson should have preserved the original seems strange, but he was a man little troubled by shame. It was, to be sure, mainly by this letter that he was to gain such immortality as afterward fell to his lot; but this his vanity would not have led him to suspect. Johnson wrote as follows: —

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON, — I received your foolish and impudent note. Whatever insult is offered me I will do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law will do for me. I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian.

You want me to retract. What shall I retract? I thought your book an imposture from the begining, I think it upon yet surer reasons an imposture still. For this opinion I give the publick my reasons which I here dare you to refute.

But however I may despise you, I reverence truth, and if you can prove the genuineness of the work I will confess it. Your rage I defy, your abilities since your Homer are not so formidable and what I have heard of your morals disposes me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but what you can prove.

You may print this if you will.

SAM JOHNSON.

Jan. 20, 1775.

To Mr. JAMES MACPHERSON.

Gray, Hume, even for a short time Horace Walpole, had all believed in Macpherson and his Ossian. Burke, I have little doubt, was the reviewer, in

the Annual Register, who so finely, but so ignorantly, wrote of him, "The editor has recovered from the obscurity of barbarism, the rust of fifteen hundred years, and the last breath of a dying language, these inestimable relics of the genuine spirit of poetry." Gibbon, more than a full year after Johnson's exposure of the imposture, in his Decline and Fall, paid Macpherson one of his stately compliments.

Powerful as was Johnson's frame, age and sickness had told on him. He was older than the "ruffian" whom he thus defied by almost thirty years. Macpherson was a strong man, too, "of a large size, with very thick legs, to hide which he generally wore boots, though not then the fashion." His temper was not good. "I have scarce ever known," wrote Hume, "a man more perverse and unamiable." Against his threatened assault Johnson armed himself with an oaken cudgel, more than six feet long, but he never had to use it. The two men lie close together in Westminster Abbey. It was not on any public demand, but merely in compliance with a direction in his own will, that Macpherson found his grave there. So long as the fees for interment were paid, there was, it seems, no one to whom the dean and chapter, in those days, would have refused admittance. In Colonel Chester's Westminster Abbey Registers, in the long list of interments, next to Johnson's, separated from it by only two days, comes that of "Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of John Broughton, the celebrated pugilist." She, it is true, was not buried in Poets' Corner, but in the west cloisters. Her famous husband received in due course the same honor. Thirty years before this prize-fighter's death, when Robertson's History of Scotland and the second part of Hume's History of England were on the point of appearing, Hume wrote to his brother historian: "Next week I am published, and then I expect a constant comparison will be made between Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume. I shall tell you in a few weeks which of these Heroes is likely to prevail. Meanwhile I can inform both of them, for their comforts, that their combat is not likely to make half as much noise as that between Broughton and the one-eyed coachman." On prize-fighting the great lexicographer and moralist looked with favor. One of his uncles had kept the ring in Smithfield for a whole year. He was himself "very conversant in the art of boxing, and would descant upon it much to the admiration of those who had no expectation of his skill in such matters." Under less happy circumstances, he might himself have practiced the noble art. John Bright, so the story runs, coming out of the House of Commons after a hot debate on the game-laws, met in the lobby a great sportsman, Grantley Berkeley by name, who that night had been the champion of the country squires. "Mr. Berkeley," said Bright, "if you had not been born a gentleman, you would have been a poacher." "Mr. Bright," replied Berkeley, "if you had not been born a Quaker, you would have been a prize-fighter." So, in like manner, if Dr. Johnson had not been born, or at least bred, a scholar, there was that within him that might possibly have "exuberated" into a second Broughton.

The original of his famous letter to Macpherson once formed part of Mr. Lewis Pocock's great Johnsonian collection, which was scattered to the four quarters of heaven twenty years ago. I have heard an old dealer in autographs say that, a few days before the sale, it might have been bought as a whole for five or six hundred pounds, though, as it turned out, it fetched nearly thrice as much at the auction. Unbroken, it would have conferred distinction even on the noblest library; but dispersed, it diffuses more pride and pleasure. I never look at the sale catalogue without sighing over an editor's wasted opportunity. With what

annotations might all these treasures have been set forth! How the circumstances in which each letter was written might have been explained, the allusions traced, and every difficulty cleared up! Many unpublished letters of Johnson have passed singly through my hands; for I have let the dealers know that, if they would allow me to see them, I would in each case, as a return, furnish elucidations. But what are letters which come dribbling in one by one compared with this noble collection? In these days, when autographs obtain such high, such extravagant prices, the preparation of the auctioneer's catalogue should surely be entrusted to a scholar, and not be left to the ignorant industry of a clerk. The poor man, no doubt, makes the best use he can of his Biographical Dictionary and his Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual, but far too often he confounds the persons and confuses the substance. In a catalogue that lies open before me I see entered a letter of Sir Arthur Wellesley's. His name, I suppose, could not be found in the auctioneer's Biographical Dictionary; at all events, it is clear that the good man did not discover that he was selling an autograph of the Duke of Wellington. I remember my father telling me that at the beginning of the Peninsular War he heard a great deal of Sir Arthur Wellesley, but that after a little while that commander's name was no longer mentioned, while everybody began to speak of Lord Wellington. Troubled at this sudden disappearance of his hero, he asked a schoolfellow what had become of the famous general. The lad, who was equally ignorant, replied that he believed he had gone to America, and that Lord Wellington had taken his place.

It sometimes happens that the ignorance of the auctioneer tells against the buyer. A letter described, in the catalogue just referred to, as written by James Boswell to his daughter Euphemia was sold, a few years ago, for five guineas. The date, January, 1808, by which time poor Bozzy had been nearly thirteen years in his grave, shows that it was written by James Boswell, junior, to his sister. It is interesting to observe that so late as 1884, in the eyes of one of the leading literary auctioneers of London, Tupper, with his likeness thrown in, held a higher place than Browning. The two poets are thus brought together in one lot: "Tupper (Martin). Autograph letter signed, *portrait;* and others of Lord Houghton, Bernard Barton, R. Browning, &c." In the same catalogue, Blackstone is described, no doubt correctly so far as it goes, as "Blackstone (Sir William), distinguished Lawyer," while "our good Prince Eugene" of Southey's poem appears in two consecutive lots as "Eugène de Savoy, distinguished General," and as "Eugène (Prince de Savoie), distinguished Military Commander."

In my first Talk I mentioned the forged Byron letters which are in extensive circulation. My friend Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, informs me that, some years ago, one of these was sold to him. In this case the forger had not been so careful as usual; probably he had exhausted his stock of old paper. At all events, it was by the water-mark that the imposture was, before long, detected. The letter was returned to the dealer from whom it came, who, if he had been an honest man, would have nailed it to his counter, like a false piece of money. It was a second time put into circulation, and later on came once more to Mr. Adam through a different channel. The date, to be sure, was no longer at variance with the water-mark, but it was at a considerable sacrifice that this congruity had been obtained. As it now stood, the letter had been written a year or two after the writer's death. "An odd thought strikes me," said the dying Johnson: "we shall receive no letters in the grave." Most certainly, if none are received, none are written there. It is not down below that the Dead Letter

Office is to be found. In these days of psychical research, it may, for all I know, be maintained that it would be rash to conclude hastily, without serious and careful investigation, that a letter is a forgery, merely from the trifling circumstance that at the time it was written its alleged author had been for some while dead. Collectors of autographs, however, as a general rule, prefer that in every case the date should fall within the period of the writer's life.

In my second Talk, in quoting one of Matthew Arnold's letters, I said that "my readers must not infer from the address of this letter that Matthew Arnold, who was never weary of scoffing at the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion, lived in the Wesleyan Training College." This passage, which was quoted in the London Daily News, elicited the following pleasant anecdote: "For more than twenty years Matthew Arnold spent a week, each December, in the examination of the students. It was his custom to occupy the same examination room; he would on no account change the old lecture hall for the newer and more commodious structure. His first request, after starting the examination, was invariably the loan of a Bible and a candle. During the dark days of December he would write continuously, only now and then leaving his stool (he would not use the comfortable armchair occupied by other inspectors) to walk round the room, surveying the ceiling rather than the students. On one occasion, whilst busily engaged in writing, and whilst half turned from view of his charge, a visit was made to him by the chief of the Education Department. Playfully remarking that he was placing great trust in the students, Arnold replied, 'These students are Wesleyans; they never copy.' This reply of the inspector is a choice treasure of both students and tutors at Westminster. How tenaciously he clung to old associations is shown by the fact that, after he had retired from the inspectorate, he came as usual to the college the same week in December, just to renew, as he said, the old feeling, and see the old faces."

The following letter was written by Leigh Hunt to my uncle, the barrister, whom I have mentioned in a previous Talk: —

KENSINGTON, 12 min. to 5,
Sunday [*April* 9, 1848].

MY DEAR HILL, — With great vexation I sit down nearly at the time at which I ought to have been with you, to say that I am unable to come after all. I have done all I could to do otherwise; but perhaps the very steps I have taken went counter to it. Perhaps, in the present state of my health, the mere irregularity of my having been forced to go to town yesterday on business, and walking somewhat after dinner, have disordered me, but so it is. It is no ordinary case of inability, believe me; much less of delay, etc. I finished dressing on purpose upwards of two hours ago. I ought not, you see, to have promised to come, for fear of subjecting myself to this chance of disconcerting you; but I did all I could to do as well as hope the best, and I could not resist such a combination of gentle invitations, — ladies and all conspiring. Therefore you must do your best for me in turn, and think the very sincerest (for they deserve it) of the intentions and regrets of

Yours most faithfully,
LEIGH HUNT.

P. S. I have had a carriage waiting for me at the door this hour, and could have found it in my heart to send this letter by it; — but —

I shall think of you all half the evening, and hope you are not devoting me to the infernal Gods.

Perhaps at this very dinner-party the knives were used with which my uncle, who was a man of great humor, had had his table furnished by a stratagem. For

some while, so the story runs, he had tried to convince his wife that their old set was well-nigh worn out. She, however, a "careful soul," like Mrs. Gilpin, thought they might serve a little longer. He gave up the contention, and planned a large picnic party on the Thames. After lunch, when the baskets were being repacked, not a single knife could be found. He had dropped them over the side of the boat into the river. It was for this end, and this end alone, that the picnic had been planned.

Leigh Hunt was not a guest who could be easily spared at a dinner-party. He was for some years Carlyle's near neighbor in Chelsea. "He was here [in my house]," Carlyle writes, "almost nightly, three or four times a week, I should reckon; he came always neatly dressed, was thoroughly courteous, friendly of spirit, and talked like a singing-bird. Good insight, plenty of a kind of humor too; I remember little warbles in the tones of his fine manly voice which were full of fun and charm. . . . He had a fine, chivalrous, gentlemanly carriage, polite, affectionate, respectful (especially to her [Mrs. Carlyle]), and yet so free and natural." Nevertheless, with that miserable habit of depreciation which led Carlyle to pass the harshest judgments on the weaknesses of the men he met, however lenient he was towards the vices of those long dead, he wrote: "It is next to an impossibility that a London-born man should not be a stunted one. Most of them, as Hunt, are dwarfed and dislocated into the merest imbecilities."

Charles Sumner saw Hunt in his home, "a humble house in Chelsea, with uncarpeted entry and stairs. He lives more simply, I think, than any person I have visited in England; but he possesses a palace of a mind. He is truly brilliant in conversation." George Ticknor also visited him on an evening when the Saturday Night Club met at his house. The young American scholar describes how "Lamb's gentle humor, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla-podrida* I ever met with."

Leigh Hunt, if he was the Harold Skimpole of Dickens's story, nevertheless, in his neediness, had the simplicity of a child. From the borrower's artifices he seems to have been entirely free. How pleasantly does this guilelessness appear in the following extract from a letter written by Macaulay soon after the publication of the Lays of Ancient Rome: "As to poor Leigh Hunt, I wish that I could say, with you, that I heard nothing from him. I have a letter from him on my table asking me to lend him money, and lamenting that my verses want the true poetical aroma which breathes from Spenser's Faery Queen. I am much pleased with him for having the spirit to tell me, in a begging letter, how little he likes my poetry. If he had praised me, knowing his poetical creed as I do, I should have felt certain that his praises were insincere."

It was on April 9, 1848, that the dinner took place at which Leigh Hunt should have been one of the guests. Not many parties, I think, were given in London on that night. Half the town went to bed full of alarm for the morrow. On the Continent, that spring, "thrones had been bowled down like ninepins." On April 10, the Chartists in a great host were to march to Westminster, bearing a huge petition to the House of Commons. No one knew what would happen. There was a dread among the more timid that London might rise, as Paris and Berlin had risen, and overturn government and constitution. The public buildings were fortified. How great was the alarm is shown by the following entries in Sir Rowland Hill's journal: —

"*April* 6. Went to the Mansion House

to be sworn in a special constable with all the other officials. Serious apprehensions are entertained of an attack from the Chartists on Monday next. Arms are being provided for the Post Office.

"*April* 8. Iron bars are being put to the lower windows. The buildings which command the entrances to the Post Office will be occupied with our people.

"*April* 10. The lower windows and doors of the office are defended by bars of iron and planks. Upwards of thirteen hundred of our people, a large portion of whom are well-armed, are divided into small parties, each with its officer."

Special constables were sworn in by tens of thousands. That day, as I well remember, we had a holiday at school; for most of the masters had been enrolled, and had gone off each armed with a stout staff. Among the properties of our school-theatre there were a few blunt cutlasses, such as the two young Crummleses used in the terrific fight in the inn-parlor witnessed by Nicholas Nickleby. These were sharpened on the grindstone. Part of the morning I spent in a workshop talking to an old carpenter and a blacksmith. We should not have been surprised had we heard the sound of firing from London, some few miles away. Our great trust was in "the old Duke," who, to the last day of his long life, was thought to be a match, and more than a match, for all the mobs, kings, and emperors in the world. How absurd the alarm seemed on the morrow, when we learnt that, so far from a throne coming tumbling down, nothing more serious had happened than a scuffle on one of the bridges, in which a policeman had been wounded! He belonged to the village in which I lived. We all felt proud that it was our policeman, and not, this time, the old Duke, who was the hero of the day.

From the London 10th of April, with its one champion of order wounded, and its tens of thousands of staves in the hands of citizens by which scarcely a single head was broken, it is a wide step to Paris and the rising of the Commune. In a previous Talk I have spoken of one of the Communards. I have now before me two letters written by another of that wild crew. I have rarely met a man who interested me more. When I came to know his full story, I used to look on him with an aversion which sometimes amounted to a feeling of horror, that was tempered at the same time by a certain respect. He threw a light on the Reign of Terror. At last I was willing to believe that even in a Robespierre and a St. Just some virtue might have existed. This young Frenchman had lately passed through the École Normale Supérieure with high distinction, and was fairly on the road to advancement in the career of a university professor, when he joined in the mad uprising of the Commune. What part he played in it I do not know; certainly it was not equal to his ambition, for he did not succeed in becoming notorious. He escaped the pitiless massacre by the troops, a massacre in which the innocent and the guilty were alike shot down, and by the help of a friend found shelter, far from Paris, as tutor in the family of a colonel in the French army. Had the part he had so lately played been discovered by his employer, he would at once have been sent before a court-martial. He lived with this officer for several months, bearing in silence the exultation of the whole family over the punishment and the miseries of his friends, renewed each day when the newspaper came in. When the storm had blown over he made his way to England, where he supported himself by teaching. A more conscientious teacher could not easily have been found. He did his duty with the utmost strictness. He had brought over with him his aged mother, a widow, and towards her he was always the tenderest and most devoted of sons. In startling contrast with this tenderness there would sometimes blaze up in him the wildest ferocity. One

day he was talking to me of the success of his principles and his party, which could not, he felt sure, be long delayed. "What do you mean to do," I asked, "when you have the upper hand?" With the fiercest glare in his eyes, clenching his right hand, he replied, "Il faut égorger toute la bourgeoisie!" "Comment! toute!" I cried out with horror. "Oui, toute, toute, toute!" he answered, stamping on the ground. It was then I felt that at last I knew how such men as Robespierre and St. Just had looked. From England he went to America, where he spent some years. It was shortly after his return to Europe that I received from him the following letters. In 1881, as a newspaper correspondent, he accompanied the French expedition to Tunis. He had scarcely set foot on the coast of Africa when a wild Mahometan fanatic rushed upon him and struck him to the ground with a dagger, in the belief that he was killing a Christian. To be killed as a Christian would have been the greatest of all humiliations in the eyes of this poor Communard. Whether he learnt of the fatal blunder I do not know. I was told that he supported the sufferings of the few hours of life which were left to him with the greatest fortitude.

8 *Juillet*, 1879 [Londres].

Monsieur, — J'espérais vous voir, en retournant à Paris. Je savais que vous aviez quitté ——, mais j'ignorais votre adresse. C'est pourquoi je ne vous ai point écrit pour vous faire part du malheur qui m'a frappé l'année dernière : ma mère est morte le 16 Août, 1878. Elle dort maintenant sur la terre d'exil et je suis seul, tout seul au monde. Après tout cela vaut peut-être mieux, car toute affection est la source de plus de douleurs que de joies. Rien n'est plus dur que de voir souffrir ceux qu'on aime. *Nil amare* est encore meilleur que *nil admirari*.

Je partirai la semaine prochaine pour la France. La République y est solidement établie, toutes les places sont à prendre, tout est à la portée des hommes de cœur et d'intelligence. Pour peu que la chance me favorise, vous entendrez parler de moi dans quelques années. En Amérique j'ai appris une bonne chose, c'est : *go ahead*.

Believe me, sir, yours truly,

—— ——.[1]

59 Rue des Feuillantines [Paris], 4 — 7^{bre}, 1879.

Dear Sir, — Me voilà installé. Dès mon arrivée j'ai appris que j'étais amnistié. Je l'ignorais, et j'étais parti à tout hasard, j'en avais assez de l'exil.

J'en ai assez aussi de l'instruction, et je veux vivre de ma plume. Déjà quelques articles ont été acceptés et vont paraître incessamment. Je me suis arrangé avec l'éditeur d'un journal, qui m'a demandé de lui traduire quelques petites nouvelles de l'Anglais. . . . Mais ce que j'aimerais surtout à traduire ce serait un grand et bel ouvrage scientifique ou historique. . . .

Et vous, quand viendrez-vous à Paris? J'ai trouvé la grande ville bien belle.

[1] *July* 8, 1879 [London].

Sir, — I had hoped to see you on my way back to Paris. I was aware you had left ——, but I did not know your address; or else I should have written to inform you of the heavy blow which struck me last year: my mother died on August 16, 1878. She sleeps in the land of exile, and I am alone, all alone, in the world. After all, perhaps it is better thus, for from our affections spring more sorrows than joys. To see the sufferings of those we love is the hardest lot of all. *Nil amare* is even better than *nil admirari*.

I shall leave next week for France. The Republic is firmly established; every post is open to him who can seize it; everything is within the grasp of men of courage and understanding. If fortune gives me but a small share of her favors, before many years have passed my name shall be known. One good thing I learnt in America — to go ahead.

Believe me, sir, yours truly,

—— ——.

C'est là que la vie est, je ne dis pas bonne — elle ne l'est nulle part — mais supportable. Elle passe si vîte qu'on a presque pas le temps de souffrir.

Mais vous êtes, vous, un optimiste qui, j'en suis sûr, ne goûtez pas les charmes de l'anéantissement final. Et puis vous avez à faire sur la terre, tant d'affections vous y rattachent. J'ai vu Miss L—— et N——, j'ai retrouvé une jeune fille et un jeune homme où j'avais laissé des enfants. C'est à cela qu'on voit que l'on a vieilli. Miss M—— doit être une femme et E—— déjà un gaillard. Tout ce petit monde en grandissant semble nous pousser vers la tombe. La place est restreinte à l'airée de la vie.

Croyez moi Yours truly

—— ——.[1]

My gloomy correspondent made one or two additions to my collection of autographs. The following letter was written to him in English by one of his comrades, who had, he told me, held the post of "intendant" during the Commune. It shows how these exiles had their purses in common.

Monday morning.

DEAR ——: When you come at London next Wednesday bring me please 2 or 3 pounds, because I have no more money. Your in Friendship

—— ——.

[1] 59 RUE DES FEUILLANTINES [PARIS], *September* 4, 1879.

DEAR SIR, — Here I am settled down. On my arrival I learnt that I had been included in the amnesty. In ignorance of this I had set out ready to run every risk, for I had had enough of exile.

I have had enough of teaching, too, and I mean to live by my pen. Some of my articles have already been accepted, and are to appear at once. I have come to an understanding with the publisher of a journal, who has asked me to translate for him some short stories from the English. But what I should like above all to translate is some important work on science or history.

But when are you coming to Paris? I have found the great city beautiful indeed. There, if anywhere, life is — I will not say good, for it is good nowhere, but endurable. It passes by so swiftly that time is scarcely left for suffering.

But as for you, you are an optimist, with not the least taste, I am sure, for the charms of that annihilation which ends everything. And then you have your work to do on this earth; you are bound to it by so many ties of affection. I have seen Miss L—— and N——; I have found on my return a young girl and a young man where I had left children. It is changes such as these which show us that we have ourselves grown old. Miss M—— is, no doubt, a woman, and E—— must be by this time a fine young fellow. All this little world, in growing big, seems to thrust us towards the grave. On this threshing-floor of the world there is only room for the sheaves of a single harvest.

Believe me Yours truly,

—— ——.

Another letter which he gave me is a strange piece of patchwork, for no two words in it — and there are more than twenty — are in the same language. It was written by Napoléon La Cecilia, a man who spoke eight languages fluently, and read twenty-five easily. Through how many more he could have groped his way with the help of a dictionary and grammar I do not know. It was not only languages that he knew; for some years he had taught mathematics at Jena. Frenchman though he was by birth and education, nevertheless he joined the army with which Garibaldi invaded Sicily, and rapidly rose to the rank of colonel. For his skill and gallantry he was publicly thanked by Victor Emmanuel. He would not, however, serve under a king, and resigned his commission. He was in Paris when the war with Germany broke out, and he at once offered his services to the imperial government. So sturdy a republican was as much distrusted as a German by Napoleon's ministers, and his offer was declined. He enlisted in the Franc-tireurs, and once more was made a colonel. When the republic was established, he was transferred, with the same rank, to the regular army, in which he distinguished himself by his defense of Châteaudun-on-the-Loire. Unhappily, he was swept away by the mad frenzy of

the Commune. By the insurgents he was promoted to the rank of general. How he escaped to England I do not know. To disguise himself would have been almost impossible, so peculiar were his large goggle eyes. For five years he taught French in the Royal Naval School at New Cross. His health, which had suffered greatly from exposure in the Franco-German War, began to fail, and he left England for the milder climate of Egypt. "Here," as I learn from one who knew him well, "he never spoke of the Commune, never uttered a single Communistic opinion. Though his convictions remained the same, he effaced the past in his talk, and seemed to find content in earning a meagre livelihood by teaching French and Italian in a few English families. His erudition and keen intellect were, however, much valued by a small circle of friends; and it is pleasant to think that almost his last words were, 'France is at last in the right way. I go content.'" The following brief note, written by him to a brother exile, gives some insight into the straightforward character of the man:

22 *juillet*, '72.

Mon cher ——: Dispensez-vous, je vous en prie, de m'amener le jeune F——, et avant de recommander les gens connaissez-les mieux.

Je vous serre la main.

Votre dévoué N. La Cecilia.[1]

I have some interesting letters written at the time of the Franco-German War. The first five are from two young Frenchmen, whose father, a brave and honest patriot, had fled to England in 1851. When the war broke out, my correspondents were living near Paris.

[1] *July* 22, 1872.

My dear ——: I must beg you not to bring young F—— with you; before giving a recommendation know your man better.

With every friendly feeling,

Yours sincerely, N. La Cecilia.

July 13, 1870.

Dear Mr. Hill, — I think that we are on the eve of a terrible war with Prussia. The papers of this evening affirm that if Bismarck does not give satisfactory explanations to the French Cabinet before to-morrow evening, hostilities will begin immediately. What a horrible thing, to be sure! To see two nations murder each other to satisfy the personal ambition of those monsters who call themselves Kings and Emperors. I assure you that the majority of the French are far from desiring to fight the Prussians, and if an appeal were made to the nation the peace of Europe would not be troubled. No, this war has been plotted since a long time by Napoleon and his ministers; they made the Plébiscite to give new life to the faltering dynasty of the Bonapartes, so as to engage in this war with more safety. An excellent proof of this is that the navy had been fitted out before the news of the Hohenzollern affair were supposed to have reached the ears of the imperial cabinet. The offer of the crown of Spain to the German prince is therefore a mere pretext to come to hands.

Very truly yours,

—— ——.

Paris, le 10 *Août*, 1870.

My dear Mr. Hill, — I was at —— when your letter came. Albert the eldest is probably on his way to the frontier. The younger was called yesterday. My brother and myself expect to be called in a couple of days, but we refuse to march unless the great murderer be put out of the way. We have my brother C—— in the south, although being only eighteen he cannot be called. They won't give us arms to defend our homes; they want to send us to be butchered on the frontier under the orders of their rascally and stupid Generals. We have had treason; the money for the troops has been stolen by N.'s creatures, who have divided the spoil. All these men must

be arrested and tried. Our only safety is in the republic; if it be not proclaimed in two days France is lost. We have nought but ruin and sorrow before us. Thank God that my poor father is not here to witness it.

We expect to be charged by the cavalry this afternoon at the Corps législatif, where we are going to ask for arms. If they won't give them we must take them.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully, —— ——.

August 19, 1870.

Dear Sir, — . . . All the democratic journals have been suppressed, and the language of most of the government papers is so atrociously ferocious that it touches on idiotcy. Here they only busy themselves in looking for spies and tearing them to pieces. The papers invent wonderful doings of spies disguised as admirals, nuns, shepherds. The next canard will be that Bismarck having grown an imperial has tried to pass himself off as Napoleon. However, there is a kind of terror, and one scarcely dares to express an opinion as regards the war. I maintain that the French nation is composed of Republicans, idiots and rogues, the two last classes making together a happy mixture. You think his [Napoleon's] downfall is near. I hope so, but fear it is not so, and that he will die at the Tuileries (if we are victorious) blessed by a happy people!! I expect everything now from the French, brutified by 20 years corruption and despotism, and if this comes to pass I shall make myself an English or American citizen.

A splendid opportunity of proclaiming the Republic has been lost. It might have been done on the opening of the French Chambers after the great defeat of Wissemburg. 10000 men were ready if only one *député* made a sign. Had this been done not one Prussian soldier would be this side the Rhine by this time. I am more than ever certain they will come to Paris, which town they cannot take, however. Well! let us hope for the best.

Faithfully yours, —— ——.

P. S. The unfortunate men who attempting to take arms in a barracks killed a policeman are left to the tender mercies of a court martial. Their fate is certain. The government try to make believe these men are paid by Bismarck. They are simply victims of the coup d'état and of 1849 who have neither forgotten nor forgiven their wrongs.

The next letter I received on December 9. It is written on a small sheet of thin paper, on the outside of which is printed "Par Ballon Monté." It had been dispatched from Paris in a balloon. Where it first touched ground there is no postmark to show. The two stamps it bears are both of the republic. It runs as follows: —

1st *December*, 1870.

Dear Mr. Hill, — To-morrow morning at three we start with 100000 men to take part in the great battle. Perhaps the anniversary of the coup d'état will see the Republic victorious. All are resolved to fight to the last and all are confident of success, but how many brave men will not return!

Yours faithfully,

——,

1re Compagnie Éclaireurs volontaires
13me Bataillon.

If by chance you should communicate with my brother who is with my mother near Bordeaux, *pray do not mention this letter, as I have left him in utter ignorance of my brother and myself being in the army.*

Both the brothers came off unwounded from the battle. One of them told me that at the beginning of the fight he was almost overcome by a feeling of horror at the thought of killing his fellow-creatures. Every time he raised his rifle to his shoulder he hoped that he should miss his mark. He had not been

many minutes under fire when one of his friends, who stood next to him, fell dead. Then there came upon him a longing for vengeance, and now he hoped that every shot would strike down a man.

It was not till towards the end of the following February that I had any further news from my correspondent. On the surrender of Paris, when the posts once more began to run, I received the following letter : —

PARIS, 23 *Fév.* 1871.

CHER MONSIEUR HILL, — Des avant-postes où je me trouvais avec mon frère je vous ai adressé quelques mots la veille d'une sortie ; je doute que vous ayez reçu ma lettre.

Sommes-nous tombés assez bas ? Et cependant chacun a fait son devoir à Paris, l'impéritié de nos chefs a seule pu nous livrer. Nous avons souvent eu la victoire entre nos mains ; le 19 Janvier nous avons pris d'assaut des murs imprenables, et nous avons refoulé l'ennemi si loin de Paris que je m'attendais à aller coucher le soir même dans ma maison.

Si la guerre continue nous irons sans doute dans quelque forteresse prussienne, mais si la majorité rurale arrive à bûcher quelque chose qu'on sera convenu d'appeler *la paix*, il faut que nous essayions de bâtir sur les ruines. La situation est difficile, mais après les obus, les balles, le froid et la faim rien ne peut m'effrayer.

Je crains bien que l'Angleterre n'ait à se repentir bientôt de son système de non intervention. Ce ne sont certes pas les sympathies du peuple qui nous ont manqué, nous en avons la preuve aujourd'hui. [This refers, no doubt, to the food sent from England to Paris as soon as the gates were opened.] La Prusse, dans son arrogance ne va-t-elle pas se jeter sur le Luxembourg, la Belgique et la Hollande ?

Avant 8 ans la France attaquera la Prusse, j'en suis convaincu, à moins que les peuples ne s'unissent contre les rois pour former entre eux une seule et même famille. Mais que Bismarck et son roi nous arrachent les griffes, qu'ils nous rognent les ongles, pendant qu'ils le peuvent, car ils ont allumé dans le cœur de tout bon français une bien terrible haine.

Votre tout dévoué —— ——.[1]

The French are indeed a strange people. They had fallen on Germany with cries of "A Berlin!" in the hopes of robbing it of all the country on the western side of the Rhine ; and then, when the Germans proved the stronger, they bitterly reproached England for not coming to their rescue. A robber who had tried to run off with his neighbor's spoons, and had been seized by the owner, might just

[1] PARIS, *February* 23, 1871.

DEAR MR. HILL, — From the outposts where I was stationed with my brother I sent you a few lines on the eve of a sally. I have my doubts whether the letter reached you.

Are we fallen low enough ? Nevertheless, in Paris every one has done his duty ; nothing but the unskillfulness of our leaders could have delivered us up to the enemy. We have often had victory in our hands ; on January 19 we carried impregnable walls by storm, and we thrust back the enemy to such a distance from Paris that I looked to sleep that very night in my own house.

If the war lasts we shall doubtless be sent to some Prussian fortress ; but if the country people who form the majority succeed in hewing out something which by common agreement shall be called peace, we must do our best to build on the ruins. The state of affairs is hard indeed ; but after bombshells and bullets, cold and hunger, nothing can scare me.

England, I fear, will soon have reason to repent of her system of non-intervention. Most certainly it was not the sympathy of the people which failed us ; of that we have proof this very day. Will not Prussia in her arrogance fall on Luxemburg, Belgium, and Holland ?

Eight years, I feel certain, will not have gone by before France attacks Prussia, unless the peoples league themselves against the kings and form one single family. But let Bismarck and his king clip our claws and pare our nails whilst they can, for in the heart of every good Frenchman they have kindled the flame of dreadful hatred.

Yours very sincerely,

—— ——.

as well reproach the constable for not coming to his aid. As Mr. Lowell says, "they are fearfully and wonderfully made in some respects." They are, perhaps, the most logical people in the world; they are certainly the most unreasonable.

I have lately read the last letter to one of my friends, a Prussian colonel, who was at the siege of Paris. There was, he said, some fierce fighting on this 19th of January, though near St. Cloud, where his regiment was posted, the French were soon beaten back. Nowhere for a single moment were they within reach of victory. The German outposts were driven in, as outposts always are driven in, by the sudden attack of a large force. The *murs imprenables* were garden-walls which had been loopholed. These were carried at the first onset, but as soon as the reserves were brought up, and a battery of more than forty guns opened fire, the French were driven back with great loss. Close to where my friend was posted, ten or twelve of their officers, who with a strong body of men had occupied a large house, were cut off from retreat by this hasty flight. An officer of the German staff summoned them to surrender, as resistance and escape were alike hopeless. They had no help for it, and laid down their arms.

The next two letters are from an Alsatian, one of those brave and eager spirits who in times of danger always hurry to the front. He was about five-and-thirty years old when the war broke out, but as soon as the news reached him of disasters to his beloved France, at a moment's warning he threw up a good post which he had in England, and went to serve as a private soldier. He came to see me on his release from a Prussian fortress, full of bitterness towards his countrymen. By his fellow-soldiers, on his first arrival in France, he had been received, he said, with scorn. "Why had he been such a fool as to thrust himself into this mess, when he was safe and well off in England?" Had there been, he said, his face lighting up with fire as he spoke, one hundred thousand men like himself, the Germans would have been driven out of France. In his foreign prison he had done what little he could for his country by secretly making a plan of the fortress.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, *August* 11th 1870.

DEAR SIR, — As soon as we heard of the bad news that the Prussians had invaded France, my friends and I we hastened to go to our Embassador to get our passeport, and went directly to Boulogne, amidst a tremendous enthusiasm. If we succeed in our enterprise, I shall come back to London; but should we experience some other defeats, we are determined to be killed. Four of my friends are enlisted among the Cuirassiers, and I and an other we are enlisted among the sharpshooters, or Chasseurs à Pied.

My address is: Mr. ——, 8me Compagnie du 20me Bataillon des Chasseurs à Pied.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours most devotedly, —— ——.

GRAUDENZ, *January* 17th 1871.

MY DEAR SIR, — I don't know if you have received the letter I sent to you from Sedan. You know that I was incorporated in the Chasseurs à pied, 20th Bataillon, directed from Boulogne to the Camp of Chalons, and from there to Sedan, where I was made prisoner of war. When I shall come back to London, I shall tell you all the particulars I have been able to witness during my short and fruitless campaign.

I have been brought to Graudenz, the most formidable fortress that is in Prussia. That town is situated on the Vistule. The citadelle dominates all the country; you may perceive from there the enemy, if he was at a distance of ten miles. It is very cold here, the thermometer shows 10° Fahr. below 0° in the middle of the winter.

Amidst the miseries of my captivity

I find a great relief in recalling to my memory the happy time I have spent in the company of my dear pupils. I have all their names in my pocket-book, and I fancy sometimes to live with them. But that sweet dream fades away, I am awaked by the noise made by the Prussian patrollers, when they are going out of their guard-room.

You are better able than I to know what they are doing now in France; however I should like to know it also, I prefer you to be silent about it, if you favour me with a letter.

I pray only the heaven to grant an honourable peace to my country, in order that I may come back to London and pay you a visit.

My friendly salutations to my pupils. If one of them would procure me a great pleasure, he ought to give some news about what is passing with them.

I remain yours most respectfully,

—— ——,

Chasseur à pied au 20^{me} bataillon, prisonnier de guerre 1re Compagnie à Graudenz, Prusse.

The letter which this brave man sent to me from Sedan, unfortunately, never reached me.

The following brief note I received from a young Frenchman who had been studying in England under my charge. I have never heard from him since, and I fear that he fell in the war.

15th *Aug.* '70.

Dear Sir, — I am obliged to go back to France, to serve my country. I am sure I would rather stay at home than go and be killed, but I am not free to act as I would.

Assuredly we have been misled by our ministers; it is shameful to see such a state of things. But we can only say with Fénelon, "Avant que de se jetter [*sic*] dans le péril, il faut le prévoir; mais quand on y est il ne reste plus qu'à le mépriser."

I beg now to thank you once more for your kindness towards me and remain your's friend and obliged

—— ——.

From another former pupil of mine I received the following card, bearing the postmarks of Paris, October 17, 1870, and of London, October 20. It had been sent, no doubt, by the balloon-post. It bears two stamps, one marked "Empire Français," and the other "Répub. Franc."

Dear Sir, — I am in good health. Expecting the Prussians every day. I did not fight yet. I am in the artillerie. My father and mother are in Normandie. I have no news from them. My brother is in the 99^{e} de ligne at Aix in Provence — near Marseilles. I do not know what is become of him.

My kindest remembrances to you and your family. —— ——.

On the surrender of Paris he sent me the following letter, dated February 20, 1871: —

Dear Sir, — You will very likely believe that I am death! Thanks to God I am yet alive! For the two first months I was a soldier, the batterie in which I was stopped in the Mont Valérien. It was very dull indeed to be confined there for two whole months without going out but now and then.

On the 15th of September we came in Paris where we are still now. Since that time untill the armistice we were not happy at all, I can assure you. We had to sleep on the ground, weit [wet] most of the time; the feeding was so miserable than very often we could not eat it. I caught rheumatism, and was sent to the ambulance. For two months I kept the bed for the whole time; now I feel better and better, and I hope to go to a village near Périgueux, where my father is.

What do you think of our poor

France; how unhappy we were without stupid war! What will become of Alsace and Lorraine? I read in the papers with a great pleasure that English people were quite simpathic to us.

My brother who is in the 99e de ligne is in good health; he did not leave Aix in Provence, what I am glad of. I must tell you something rather curious. I am in the ambulance of Mr. De ——; that gentleman, about forty-eight years old, was brought up under the cares of your father. He does not remin [remember] neither you nor your brothers. I am afraid you will not be able to make out my poor English. It is so long since I could speak a single word, having no opportunity of practising.

I am, Sir, yours very respectly

—— ——.

The last of these letters of the great war is from a young Spaniard, who had sought shelter in England when the Germans threatened Paris, and who had returned to his old quarters in that town. Under date of March 3, 1871, he writes: "We started from Calais at seven in the morning, and after a very tiresome journey of twelve hours we got into Paris. . . . Paris was very gloomy last Tuesday evening, for there was no gas in the streets, but to-day the weather is most beautiful, and everything is almost as gay as before the siege; the Parisians feel the Prussians are gone, and the streets are animated with a motley throng, great many soldiers of all sorts, but most of them unarmed. It is a funny thing to look at the people here, you can see *les garçons de café* with their white apron, but wearing under it some military ornament; the butchers, bakers, booksellers, etc., are half civilians and half soldiers.

"I have found all my books and things I left care of my *portière* on leaving Paris. I have from my window a good view of the Colonne de la Bastille, which is completely ornamented with flowers and flags. Just as I am writing to you some battalions of *Gardes nationaux* with bugles and beating drums are passing before, or rather under my window (I am in the 4th story); every one is decorated with yellow flowers, and one of them bears a huge everlasting crown, which will increase the number of those ornamenting already the Colonne. 'Greatest order prevails.' They seem delighted with these innocent demonstrations, the good Parisians."

In the summer of this same year I happened to be dining with a citizen of Versailles, when he was called from the table by his servant. On his return he handed me the following document: —

Mairie de Versailles. Rue d'Angivillier, no. —

Au Nom de la Loi.

M. —— rent. ou la personne qui occupe le local, logera, pendant un jour, Deux Militaires.

Pour M. Le Maire,
le Chef du Bureau militaire.

Bon pour —— lit.

Versailles, ce 22 *Juillet*, 1871.[1]

My friend had at once to provide lodging for the two soldiers who themselves brought him this order. France was, I thought, in point of liberty, two centuries and a half behind England; for, by the Petition of Right, it was enacted in the reign of Charles I. "that no soldier shall be quartered on the subject without his own consent." Nevertheless, if my memory does not play me false, more than one of George III.'s governors attempted to quarter soldiers on the citizens of New England.

[1] Town Hall of Versailles.
In the Name of the Law.

Mr. ——, gentleman, or the person in actual occupation of the premises, is required to lodge two soldiers for one day.

For the Mayor,
the Superintendent of the War Office.

Valid for —— beds.

Versailles, *July* 22, 1871.

That Frenchmen should so often have proved restive under the law causes little surprise to those who know how meddling their central government has at all times been. I have a curious document which shows that, less than sixty years ago, in France, no one might take a pailful of water from the sea without first obtaining permission at the custom house. The tax on salt, which was heavy, was not to be evaded by the use of sea-water. A license was granted, on my father's application, to the landlady of the house in which he had taken lodgings: —

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 22 *Juin*, 1837.
Administration des Douanes, 1ère Division.

Il est permis à Made Talavera demeurant à Boulogne, de faire prendre à la mer tous les jours, pendant un mois, six seaux d'eau pour de baines.[1]

Le chef du poste de la jetée de l'est mentionnera les quantités d'eau enlevées, et renverra la présente permission au bureau de la Direction.

Pour le Directeur des Douanes,
Le Premier Commis de la Direction,
Rouget.[2]

When I was staying at Vichy, some years ago, I saw an extraordinary instance of that centralization of the government which, next to the corruption of Louis Napoleon and of his generals, laid France low at the feet of Germany. In the bathroom was placarded the number of towels allowed to each bather. This regulation was issued by the mayor of the town, was countersigned at Moulins by the prefect of the department, and was approved at Paris by the Minister of the Interior. Neither Frenchman nor foreigner, though he took his bath at a distance of more than two hundred miles from Paris, was overlooked by the paternal eye of the government. Of his lawful number of towels no hireling should deprive him.

From France I shall take my readers across the Pyrenees to Spain, which in its turn was shaken by revolution. My correspondent was a young officer of the army. He wrote to me as follows: —

Madrid, 11th *March*, 1873.

Dear Sir, — The letters from the special correspondents of the London newspapers will have already informed you of the state of my unhappy country. You will, no doubt, by association of ideas, now and then thought of me while you were reading of them.

If you saw my room at present you would think of the assortment of fire arms and small arms that Robinson Crusoe kept in his dwelling, when he was expecting an attack from the canibals. As unfortunately the army is now become so demoralized through Republican preachings, socialism, infidelity, and as the city is full of return convicts, french comunists, unemployed worksmen and all scum of society, we are in continual aprehension of having our houses sacked by the mob. After two or three days of desagreable panic the middle classes, stimulated by the example of the higher orders, are arming themselves.

There is scarcely a fire arm that has not been bought up, so that every house is become a military arsenal. In my house we mustered about thirty men, what with coachmen, servants, aides de camp of my father and orderlies, and as most of us have served in the regular army, I don't think that any of the new

[1] In the original it is either "de baines" or "de bainer." It is not "des bains."

[2] Boulogne-sur-Mer, *June* 22, 1837.
Custom House, First Department.

Permission is hereby given to Mme Talavera, an inhabitant of Boulogne, to have six pails of sea-water fetched from the sea for baths every day for a month.

The head of the guard stationed on the eastern jetty will report the quantity of water taken each day, and will return this license to the chief office.

For the Collector of Customs,
Rouget, Chief Clerk.

Comunists will find it healthy to make our acquaintance, but if they think it healthy they shall be well received, for we are well prepared, that is to say my brothers and servants, for myself I shall be probably in the street with the troops.

Many officers have arrived in Madrid from the provinces, having escaped fortunately from the troops, who are now become in many places a dangerous and mischievous mob. Here they are better, but still we are always exposed to be murdered or to be insulted by the people, and we have very little authority with our soldiers. It is very annoying indeed to be an officer in these circumstances.

I avail myself of this occasion to declare myself your most obedient servant,

—— ——.

In my collection there are but two American autographs. I would there were more. If nature abhors a vacuum, so do I. I hasten to say that it is not by dealers that this unseemly void will be filled, if filled it ever is. The excess postage which I have just had to pay on one of their circulars (it comes from Baltimore) leads me to give this warning. I never buy autographs. My American treasures, few as they are in number, are of a fine quality. One of them, as my readers have seen, is in the handwriting of George Washington; the other is a letter of William Lloyd Garrison.

Not as yet has Garrison's greatness been fully recognized by the world. Even his own countrymen too often do not seem to know that in him they had one of the great ones of the earth. In the noblest of all causes, the cause of freedom, he was "as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice." It was not smooth things that he came to speak, for it is not by smooth things that the slumbering conscience of a mighty nation is awakened. It takes long years before the full greatness of the stern teachers of mankind like him is acknowledged. The time will come, I believe, when the historian will rank Garrison among the men — few they are in number — who by strength of character, and by strength of character alone, have worked the mightiest changes in the history of the world. John Bright saw his greatness. I was present at the public breakfast given to Garrison in London nearly thirty years ago, when that noble orator described him as a man

"On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed."

Garrison's letter is in answer to the following strange communication: —

—— Ill. *Mar.* 2, 1874.

Hon. W^m^ Loyd Garrison:

Dr Sir, — A little over thirteen years ago John Brown's famous attack on Harper's Ferry occurred. At that time the writer was a resident of Martinsburg, Va. As soon as the news of the attack reached me I, in company of quite a number of others, citizens of Martinsburg, went to assist in fighting the insurgents. Of course you are well acquainted with the whole history of the events that followed the attack, that we did nothing more than drive Brown and his associates into the Arsenal, where they stood on the defensive, until the arrival of Col. Lee and the squad of Marines, when the door was battered down, and all either captured and [*sic*] killed. I entered the arsenal with, or immediately after the Marines, and on the floor of the building I picked up a Sharp's Rifle, and carried it off as a trophy. I have kept that rifle ever since, carrying it with me when I left Virginia, during the Civil War. You are, or rather were the leading Abolition [*sic*] of the country, and of course sympathized [*sic*] Brown, and perhaps would value the rifle as a relic. I also obtained one of the famous Pikes on Maryland heights the next day, but it was stolen from my house by a squad of rebel soldiers, who searched it for arms. If you wish to have the rifle and I can satisfy

you in any way that it is what I represent it to be, I will send it to you by express, you agreeing to send me $25 for it.

Yours truly —— ——.

Garrison replied : —

Boston, *March* 7, 1874.

Dear Sir, — In answer to your letter I would state that I must decline the proposition contained in it, in regard to purchasing the rifle in your possession, as, for forty years, I have been avowedly a radical peace man, and am still for beating all swords into ploughshares, and all spears into pruning-hooks, so that every man may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid. I gave no sanction to John Brown's method of emancipating the slaves, though conceding to him the purest and noblest motives. According to the theory of our government and the example of our revolutionary sires, he was a hero and a martyr, and so the civilized world regards him. That you should have had a hand in his capture and death, however true to your sense of duty at that time, is now, I trust, a matter of deep regret on your part, seeing that while he remembered those in bonds as bound with them, you took sides with their cruel oppressors.

Yours for the reign of universal freedom and peace,

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

I trust that I have not wearied my audience with my talk about autographs. Collectors are apt to be garrulous over their treasures, and garrulity does not lessen as the years creep over a man. I warned my readers in the beginning that I should treat them as I treat my friends when they enter my study. I should be sorry to think that I have taken an ungenerous advantage of their kindness. If they are not weary of me, perhaps, by the help of a friendly editor, we may meet again before very long, and once more converse about men and books. Whether that hope is granted or not, may some of the readers of the Atlantic Monthly, as they now take leave of me, be able honestly to say with Dr. Johnson, "Sir, we had good talk."

George Birkbeck Hill.

IN HARVEST TIME.

I.

There had been no rain worth speaking of for seven long, long weeks, and the month was July ; yet even now, to some, the over-late showers might come over-soon.

Stock-still, high and dry in the midst of the big field on the northward-sloping hill it stood, — no less than one of those triumphs of latest modern farming machinery known as a self-binding reaper. Strangely out of key with the rest of a primitive Virginia landscape, its "reels" extended like the arms of a motionless windmill, its sheaf-carrier projecting on the opposite side like the fingers of a giant hand, all its complications thrust into singular prominence, it outlined itself against a tawny background, — useless for the time being, the all-important time, out of order, if not quite broken; the bravado of its red and yellow paint changed to lowering sullenness, as if the wood and steel divined somehow that the ill wishes which from more than one quarter had hailed its unwelcome advent were seemingly fulfilled by a charm. Beyond, around the square of wheat that should have been finished yesterday, a single

cradler was swinging his slow way, with a raker and binder very much behind, pausing now and then to shock. When would the grain, already injured as well as lessened by shattering, be at this rate made safe? What disappointed hopes on one side, gratified spite on the other, did not the whole scene suggest!

"Well, boys, all I say is this here: it sarves him ixac'ly right."

Demeter Haye started as if struck.

Nearly all day yesterday had the click and whir of machinery fretted the air. Now, those two harvesters were working in dogged silence. General quiet prevailed; and the words just spoken piped up shrilly above a previous indistinct murmur.

A certain road over against which she stood, as if waiting — though with attention divided — for somebody or something to come, crept sunkenly between the scorched hilly fields, seeming to shrink from the day-long glare. It was an old earth-road, much washed and worn away, the dust now ankle-deep where its stony ridges fell to a level; with a worm-fence on each hand, vine-mantled, beneath a straggling line of trees and bushes. Demeter had not known that other expectants were near, and her gaze turned from a more distant survey to where, diagonally across from her, and somewhat lower, a group of three sat on this same fence, in the shade, talking idly together.

The old man, who had spoken last, a shabby and shiftless-looking somebody, glanced humorously from one to the other of the two younger faces beside him, as he went on.

"Since the niggers have 'most all took the'rselves off to the railroad he 's found us mighty convenient now 'n' ag'in; but white hands ain't to be ordered like niggers, nor ole Black Jackers like me drove out o' the'r tracks by anybody, quality-breed no mo' 'an half-strainers. He thought, I reck'n, when he bought that thar new-fangle to take bread out o' po' folks' mouths, thought he 'd never be beholden ag'in to ole Lucian Crook. Now let him see! They sez 't wuz his own fault yestiddy, in bein' so hasty about that fust hitch. Did n't he work over it, though! clean till Billy Shaw come back, — from fo' o'clock till sundown! Bill sez, when he told him ez how Mr. Jack Haye (he 's the agent, ye know, an' knows all about 'em) wuz sick in bed an' could n't come to fix it, why, he jest give one damn an' stopped short. Reck'n it 'peared like Providence had failed then, 'long with the last Haye. An' to think he could n't git even a common reaper, but had to turn in with a cradle, nothin' but a cradle! An' jest one nigger boy to he'p!"

The old fellow laughed, slapping his knee as in enjoyment of something keenly relished. One of the young men, who looked a good-natured simpleton, responded with a grin. The other, sitting a little apart, better dressed and better featured, — indeed, a model of clean-cut handsomeness, — pushed his hat further back and smiled unpleasantly.

"Pretty big come-down, cert'n," Demeter Haye heard him mutter, "an' 't won't be me that 'll help him up again."

She stood as in a dream, before her inner sight a picture not to be shut out or rubbed away. When presently her ear took note again, old Crook was again the speaker.

"They sez, though, if 't wa'n't fur Jack Haye bein' right *thar*, so to speak, right *at* the railroad in Newtown, an' bein' so stand-uppy fur his ole neighborhood well ez new high-flyin' ways, this here circus would n't be comin' now. I misdoubt if somebody 's givin' thanks, if he knows it. Well, all *I* know is, whoever sent it, we 're a-goin'. Jest to think how the last Man Jack of us is a-goin', an' on money *she* gived us extry jest a purpose! Lord! that gal! Did she think I did n't spy her game? It 's a blessin' they 've fell out, 'pears to me. Even if the land would run together purty, it 's mo' 'an two sich tempers — (Huh! I tell you she can't hear!) Well, they better keep

the fence up, that 's all! When she sets them lips — jiminee! the brier-scythe 's nothin' to it! An' when he knots them eyebrows — why, rattlesnakes! I 've seed him ploughin', boys, when he warn't twelve years old, an' blest if they did n't 'pear to say, 'I 'll conquer this here ground or die!' That 's Tillin'ham pride fur ye, — stuck up an' stubborn in his work ez t'others 'fore the war wuz in play. An' now to think how stuck-up stubbornness has fell from a self-binder to a common ole-timy cradle!"

The trio laughed again, even the dark young man, Orlando, or "Landy" Crook, joining in. Mistress Haye had moved a few steps away, frowning, biting her lip. Standing there, sharply erect, on her southward slant, more forward and more fortunate than that opposite one, glancing from the snugly piled wheat shocks around, left by a smaller harvest to-day completed, to the failure, the slow progress, in that other field, it must be owned that the look in her comprehensive farmer's eye still savored more of triumph than of either neighborly or womanly commiseration. But the guilty red had crept into her cheeks. The old man had guessed aright. By adding that gift of circus money to what she fairly owed these people — her own harvest hands till noon — she had thought to make sure of their not helping Martin Tillingham on the morrow. Where now was the relish of such small revenge?

Old Lucian Crook shifted his seat on the fence-rail with a painful grunt. "Huh-uh!" he sighed. "That show 's a long time comin' by! Ain't that the ban' screekin' 'way off yonder? Lis'n, good!"

His son Landy muttered shortly, "Lord Tillin'ham whettin' his cutter."

The old man looked childishly disappointed. He was rambling on with a list of possible accidents which might keep them waiting till after dark, — such as the fat lady's breaking down her wagon, or the elephant's crashing through a bridge, — when sudden pain gripped his legs and sent him off into another subject. If there was not rain coming before the next night, he said, his bones were giving false warning. Did they see that purple-red sunset? he asked, with a wiseacre nod. Had they noted, earlier, how sharp and thin the locust's cry? "It 's 'most too late fur our cawn-field, I 'm afeard; but I tell you, boys, signs is a-p'intin'. Now we 've turned our penny by harvestin', let it come, if some folks ain't so ready. I ain't claimin' the main credit, but if that thar snake I hung up yestiddy did n't" —

The thread of speech was suddenly broken.

The first distant notes of a brass band, sadly cracked and out of tune, came wailing their announcement that the expected circus and menagerie was at last drawing near on its route from the railway town several miles away to a village equally distant, where would be held the next day's performance. The watchers by the roadside — even Mistress Haye herself — bent forward eagerly. Such an event was rare in these parts.

The Girl I Left Behind Me had merged into Dixie, even less tuneful, more dolefully screeching, when the band-wagon appeared, with weary-faced men, and tarnished brazen instruments catching the sunset light. Up the road behind, like an Oriental fantasy in the midst of the sober Virginian landscape, came marching the elephant in tinsel trappings much gayer than his evident mood. As for the fair creature who sat so magnificently in the gilded houdah on his back, why attempt to describe what struck even old Lucian dumb? It was all as good an advertisement for the morrow as a third-rate circus could put forth. The piebald horses, the two camels, and the giraffes; the open cage with a lion, and the closed ones, still more interesting because mysterious, holding presumably many more; the huge van with the fat woman and the living skeleton in-

side, — hidden, yet pictured, as was also the great snake which followed; the two-headed calf and the pig-faced boy, — on they came and passed, a train of marvels, suggested, half revealed, or displayed. The music shrilled away in a sort of cracked ecstasy. The old man recovered breath for one last shriek of delight. Even saturnine Landy waved his hat and burst out cheering. The queer procession had filed by, — was gone.

As Demeter Haye turned presently to go, she heard a well-known voice calling out, "Now, hooraw for the lady that 's give me the treat I 'm a-goin' to have to-morrer!" But she sent back neither nod nor smile. Martin Tillingham was still in his harvest field, still busy, and now alone, his figure dark and stubborn in the waning light. She glanced upward. The sky still paled round three sides of the horizon, smiled in amethystine mockery overhead; seeming to reflect those uplifted eyes in hard brightness as well as blueness, and — yet was it indeed unpromising, unyielding dryness also? Was there really no hint of future moisture lurking in either? Over the two housetops within view, her own and her nearest neighbor's, the evening smoke was settling down. A buzzard flapped low and heavily across her path. Her foot struck against a toad blinking up as in mysterious anticipation, and not three steps off she spied another. The notes of the retreating band, the cry of a kildee, even the squeaks of field-mice in her new-made shocks, came with curious, vibrant distinctness. Was this all that promised and threatened? Above the wooded mountain westward, where it had been brazen yellow this time yesterday, for days and weeks past, what meant that purplish-crimson haze? What meant that look in the face turned at last so resolutely homeward? A fair face it was, both in features and in coloring. On the compressed red lips, the pale though healthy cheeks, even on the hair, — just the color of a sickle-ripe wheat-field, and pinned sheaf-like behind, crispy bright, yet straight to harshness, — drought would seem to have laid a feverish hand of late, scorching the very eyes; yet now — might not something dried out, missing here, be found again, as well as harvest guerdon lost? Might not yonder luckless neighbor, after all, hope for rain from this blue as well as fear it from that other? There was not even a drop of dew yet. Hot and dry the air still felt, lifeless and brooding. Yet certain late words seemed to return and repeat themselves: —

"I tell you the signs is a-p'intin'."

II.

"Have you noticed the spring?"

As the speaker stood just outside the door of an old stone "spring-house," or dairy, at a rough table, rinsing and cooling the earthen crocks, making ready for their white-brimming flood to come, she showed to advantage, — a stout, comely young woman, black-browed, ivory-toothed, and ruddy-cheeked. Her arms, bare to the elbow, were as brown as they were shapely. Her sunbonnet, backward dangling by its strings, revealed a throat well-nigh as brown, and hair like a crow's wing. On the whole, no greater contrast could have been presented than that between this maid and the mistress, who, pausing on her way homeward, had just been greeted by the foregoing question.

"The spring! What about the spring, Tellie?"

Tellie Acres flashed a darkly knowing glance over one shoulder, as she carefully dried a well-cooled crock.

"You know how low 't was this time yestiddy! Well, jest look at it now!"

Demeter Haye had seated herself on the mossy stone which topped the spring's rough sheltering masonry. She bent over and glanced beneath. Never before had the water been so low as of late. Now it had risen a foot, and was gliding

away out of sight under the building, through the channel half dry yesterday, with a ripple like an echo of April. "Ah-h-h!" she breathed softly, lifting her head.

Tellie pointed a finger toward the low, dark doorway near.

"Now jest reach in yonder," said she, "an' lay yo' hand on the flags."

The floor was so clean that no one need have hesitated. Around three sides of its square of broad, irregular flagstones, smoothed by a century's wear and washing, ran the water-trench, now darkling in twilight, with crocks and jars, big and little, half sunken in orderly array. As Mistress Haye, kneeling on the doorsill, stooped and laid her palm inside, it felt suddenly moist and cool. The flags were sweating. She drew back and stood up.

Tellie raised her strainer over a pan, and, with the dignity of a priestess at the altar, dipped a foaming cupful of milk from one of the big pails waiting near.

"Well," she said, "I reck'n you know what that means, too! An' now lis'n! You hear that mount'n roarin'!"

They were vaguely troubled eyes that Demeter turned toward the long, curved outline of hills, still greenish-black against the dying sunset. Amid the evening's other, louder noises she had failed to notice this sigh, not roar, which now asserted itself, a yearning, wistful sound as of east wind. Yet not a treetop quivered overhead. The night was falling absolutely still. She knew what this meant, also.

"The parlor hearth 's 'most as damp as them flags," broke in Tellie Acres briskly. "I went in awhile ago an' felt it. The kitchen chimley 's a-smokin'. The black gnats are swarmin' in the cowpen. The spring-drain down there, other side, is all alive with wrigglin' things that 'pear like they 'd been asleep an' jest woke up. I heard a rain-crow in the swamp jest now. If we don't have some rain befo' to-morrer night, an' some fresh grass soon for them cows, why, my name ain't Martella Sarella Acres!"

Demeter Haye gave a faint laugh.

"Well, 't won't come before it 's needed, Tellie, anyhow."

Tellie looked at her keenly from under leveled black brows.

"There 's few in these parts don't know that, I reck'n, miss, even if some don't quite want it. I can't say I 'm sorry it 's comin' at last. I 'm glad you 've got yo' wheat in shock. But I 'm sorry for them that can't be so glad. I reck'n I know how Mr. Tillin'ham feels. You think he would n't give the worth o' that there wheat fo' times over ruther 'an see it shatterin' in the rain, or mebbe beat flat in mud, a spite to heaven well as himself? You pridin' yo'self on bein' a farmer, too! Don't make out to me you don't know better, miss! I've got no land myself, never set up for a land-lover, but would I see that garden I 've been workin' go to ruin befo' my eyes for any money? He ain't worth ownin' a piece of God's earth that sets no mo' 'an money value on what grows out of it; but Mr. Tillin'ham 's another sort, an' when I think o' him now, offerin' double wages, an' not one soul stirrin' finger" —

Tellie's breath failed suddenly. Her nether lip quivered. She lifted and drained the pail, now nearly empty, with a trembling hand.

"Martella," said the lady, her voice clear and cold as ice, "do not trouble yourself about Mr. Tillingham. Are you going to the show to-morrow?"

Tellie wrung out a wet linen cloth as if wringing the neck of her worst enemy.

"Show! miss!" she cried scornfully. "Not I! Thanky all the same, an' Miss Phyllis too, for leave. I don't say I did n't want to go once, but now, if jest fairly dyin' for it, I 'd stay home till kingdom come befo' goin' with Landy Crook. A black-tempered turn-traitor. I 've sent him 'bout his business. 'Don't talk to me 'bout love,' I said, 'where there ain't common gratitude. Don't bemoan havin' nothin' to marry a wife on when you can turn 'gainst yo' best

friend.' If anybody else would ha' stood the Crooks long as Mr. Tillin'ham, — givin' 'em work when other gent'men set the very niggers above 'em, an' bearin' with Uncle Luce's smarty talk an' Jim's no-senseness well as Landy's sulks, — why, it 's mo' 'an I know. He 's been the'r best friend many a time; an' now, 'cause he 's made 'em mad by showin' hisself not beholden, but for that fix gittin' wrong somehow, now with Mr. Jack sick, they go off to a monkey show, an' leave him this way, — Landy the worst one, 'cause with him 't ain't for pleasure, but jest spite. It 'll serve him right, when he comes to his senses," — but the quiver here contradicted the words, — "jest serve him right if Mr. Tillin'ham never forgives it."

"Martella, I won't listen any longer. You 're a goose to go on so, — part with your sweetheart. He 's a worthy young man, and the best farm-hand I know. If you say too much, we 'll have to part with you."

But Tellie's blood was up above her awe of this tall, pale young lady, so much more formidable than another who ruled indoors. That this other, too, often sallied out, that a second listener had even now come within hearing, neither she nor Demeter took note of as she went on: —

"Well, I can go at the end o' my month, miss. I 'm nothin' but a hired girl, doin' darky's work, I know; but a crow can talk to a eagle, if its tongue 's only slit, an' now I 'm goin' to talk some to you. Don't say nothin' to me 'bout turnin' 'gainst my sweetheart after yo' turn against yo's. Best farm-hand in this whole world Landy may be, but let him cradle his six acres a day" —

"Five acres and a half, Martella."

"Well, it 's all one to me. But ungrateful will be unfaithful, too, some time or other. I don't know what 's come between you an' Mr. Tillin'ham — them cattle on the wheat last spring, or not — any mo' 'an I know what about that binder business has come between Miss Phyllis an' Mr. Jack. Maybe she thought, after takin' up yo' quarrel, how Mr. Jack had n't no right, not bein' able to *give you* a self-binder, to be sellin' one to Mr. Tillin'ham. I don't know, I 'm sho', an' 't ain't none o' my business; but don't I know you an' Mr. Tillin'ham was sweethearts well as them two 'fore you fell out somehow 'bout somethin'? Have n't I seed you two together in that very field where you 're so proud now to git ahead o' him, seed you walkin' an' talkin' same as turtle-doves in May? Have n't I seed you at lambin' time an' calvin' time consultin' like nurses over babes, an' lookin' over the stock-book, Sunday evenin's, with yo' cheeks bare one inch apart, not to speak o' stirrin' up poultices for that sick colt last winter, on the kitchen hearth, with fingers fairly touchin'? Many 's the time, even befo' Mr. Jack left, when you 'd ha' been lost without Mr. Tillin'ham's help. A fine reward you 're givin' him now for all that, well as the hard fight he 's had on his own hook, — debts to pay on land half out in the common, an' nary hand to trust but his own. When most other young gent'men-born, nigh his age, went off West, one after t'other, was n't it told what he said, how he 'd stick by ole Virginia an' the ground that was a'ready his, an' make the best of 'em both? Ain't he nigh the only one left, too? Even yo' onliest own brother, miss, — like you as twins, — he got tired, an' took off to somethin' else; though I 'll say for Mr. Jack that he stands by ole friends if he don't by ole land. Nobody livin' — sister *nor* sweetheart — will ever get him to take up fool quarrels. If he 's had anything to do, sho' 'nough, with sendin' that show, I lay he 'll wish he had n't; an' if 't was ole times now, with him back here, I lay he 'd be out yonder in that field, jest as I 've a great mind myself. As for Mr. Tillin'ham, miss, it 's a chance you don't deserve ag'in. I did think once how, with you so

well matched, queenin' it to yo' heart's content on that nice big place, an' Miss Phyllis where she b'longs, with Mr. Jack, how mebbe this here would be for rent, an' me an' somebody else — Never mind, though. That 's over an' done now, so 't ain't for myself I 'm speakin', but my say I 'll have clean out. If you thought, when you give that money to Uncle Luce an' Jim to-day, jest to git 'em out o' the way o' helpin' anybody to-morrer, thought I did n't " —

" Martella Acres ! "

Mistress Demeter Haye had risen before. She stood up now in the twilight, a pale embodiment of coming storm.

" I 'm going to the house now," she said, in a low but terribly clear tone. " If you want to keep your place here, I advise " —

But no further did she get. A hand from behind, laid lightly yet firmly on her arm, pulled her around to meet a pair of brown eyes, moist with tears yet shining with laughter, while another hand held out to Tellie the blue-flowered milk-pitcher to be filled. The girl, who had come downhill from the house a few moments before, had been pausing, listening. Her very pretty and rather roguish face was flushed. Her pink upper lip looked a bit tremulous. Even the short brown curls on her uncovered head seemed new swept by this breeze.

" Come, cousin Meety," she said incisively, though with a slight catch at the beginning. " It 's harder on you than me, I know, but plain truth for once won't hurt either."

The windows of Demeter Haye's bedroom — small, deep-set casements in a gable end, close under a mossy, shingled roof — commanded a view of that harvest-field where Martin Tillingham had not long since ceased toiling by himself, when, an hour or so later, she turned away from one of them, from the outside brooding dark, struck a match, and lit her lamp.

Her neck and eyes ached with unconscious straining forward. A print from the lichened sill cross-marked her cheek. In the next room she heard her cousin, Phyllis Haye, moving about as if making ready for bed, and Tellie Acres downstairs closing doors and windows for the night. How late was it? how long had she been there outgazing? Demeter wondered vaguely. But she did not feel like sleeping.

The next thing she did was to open a drawer in a little, carved, old-fashioned bureau, and take out certain articles lately thrust away therein as never more to be looked at.

They were trifles not worth giving back to Martin Tillingham, along with more valuable gifts, — a ring, for instance, and an enameled bracelet. There was a new remedy for stone bruises on horses' feet, written in a stiff, unpracticed hand on the blank side of an old envelope ; a giant ear of dark-red Indian corn nested in mistlike autumn grasses ; some arrowheads of whitest flint, ploughed up in that very field out yonder ; a lump of copper ore from the vein common to both places, which was some day to make them both rich ; some tiny sample bottles of fertilizer, price-marked and branded ; a bunch of improved oats, — these were all. Kneeling on the floor, she slowly drew forth one after another, as also the memories by each revived.

What was that in her eyes (though not yet overbrimming) when a faint, distant sound, the voice of Tellie's rain-crow, presently roused her ?

III.

" They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The words, or rather the memory of them, came to Martin Tillingham like a mocking echo.

His heart was swelling bitterly against hard fortune, as he strode across the scorched and crackling stubble through the heat of afternoon, — strode from a hasty, solitary meal back to his task. To this had his hopes, his strivings, come. Had he not tried always to be generous as well as just, to bear with cross-grained humor as well as idleness and stupidity? Had he ever overworked, overdriven, any one but himself, ever underfed or underpaid? And yet in this perverse little world of his, where just now nobody would work for either love or money, what availed all this — any more than his long perseverance, his loyalty to the soil from which he had sprung, any more than the comparative wealth fairly won — to lift him above the roughest manual toil, and that at last literally single-handed? His blood grew fiercely hot, then cooled again. What was the use, after all, now of any more making or saving? Pride of lover and husbandman had been alike bitterly wounded. It was only the born landowner's instinct, the very pure passion for what he had planted and seen grow, seen whiten to harvest beneath his eyes, that drew him once more afield. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." He could not, could not give it up. The year-old plan of planting, slowly developed month by month, hand in hand with Nature herself; the influence of changeful, subtly unfolding days,— dewy morns, sun-steeped noons, mellow eves; cold that strengthened, heat that ripened, earth-sap that fed, cried to his heart and hand for fulfillment of promise now. As Tellie had said, he would gladly give four times the price of the grain to see it saved. He could no more help going back to it than he could help dreaming at night of Demeter Haye.

"Can I be any he'p to you, sir?"

He stopped, and turned with a painful start out of his absorption.

"Can't I be some he'p to you?"

It was Tellie Acres' voice, quick, eager, high-pitched, as well as Tellie Acres' self there near him; yet with what subtle, slightly tremulous half-suggestion of another, quite different, did not the tone all at once come, with what a sense of curious unreality did it thrill him through! Instead of answering, he stood looking at the speaker, keenly, though as one who slips back into haze. At the moment neither took note of a third person, who, stealing from a third direction, between the wheat-shocks, paused suddenly, a good way off, as if doubting, half frightened, half angry. The young farmer's eyes were bent on the girl, as she stepped briskly a little nearer.

It struck Martin Tillingham that even in those few steps before she stopped again, Tellie's characteristic prance, accentuated to a degree which at any other time would have amused him, contrasted rather queerly with a certain furtive guiltiness suggested by her half-averted face, her bent and sunbonneted head. But there was no mistaking that pink beruffled bonnet, flapping limply in the damp breeze, any more than the hand grasping, holding it together over the lower part of the face. The sheepskin mitten on this hand, the stout heavy leathern shoes on the feet, the coarse cotton frock, all looking ready for rough service, — did not he know to whom they belonged? If the form inside would seem to be a little less sturdy than when last — Pshaw! Was he losing his head? Was this not Tellie Acres? What sane reason for doubt was, could there be? As for the voice, however pleasant the idea, the fancy prompted by its new softer note, by the rather puzzling hint of penitence somehow given, it was certainly not *that* one; and who else but —

"If you 're deef, sir, or dumb, I can go!"

"Who was it that sent — gave you leave to come, Tellie?"

"If I choose to come on my own hook," — the girl's tone was now simply

fierce and sharp, — "is it anybody's business? I 'm free, white, an' twenty-one, I reck'n, if I am hired out doin' darky's work! It 's all done now till milkin'-time, anyhow. I 've got the whole evenin' befo' me. Even if the young ladies did n't want me to come " —

"Ah-h-h!" broke in Martin Tillingham.

His face flushed, then faded into its usual sunburn, as he picked up his cradle, and drew a whetstone hissingly along its already keen blade. The slender ash-wood "fingers" quivered like reeds. That third person aforementioned had sidled a few steps nearer behind him, close up in the shadow of the broken reaper hard by, and, carefully keeping out of sight, seemed straining to hear. The mingled alarm, surprise, and indignation of countenance had given way to a gleam of seeming amusement.

"I want to show you there 's somebody in the world willin' to lend you a hand — in human kindness, if no mo' " — Tellie cut keenly, indeed shrilly, into the hush which had somehow emphasized itself. "I can rake an' bind, an' if I choose to do it I 'll not be waitin' *any*-body's leave. Look a-yonder over the mount'n, sir, an' you 'll see there 's no mo' time to lose."

He glanced up and around.

The day had been so far clear, a sort of sickly, sultry clearness. The sun still glared, casting black shadows; its earlier copperish tinge sullenly deepened; but the purple-gray density round the horizon, north, south, and east, hung curtain-wise. Westward, above the mountain, the banked-up haze which had been massing for several hours past was taking a distinctly cloudlike shape, — fawn-colored and opaque low down, with shifting misty white on the upper edge. Dead calm had prevailed since early morning. Now the wheat-heads were swaying in a new-sprung level east wind which suggested by its clinging a damp garment. He went back to his whetting with hand as well as lip all at once a bit unsteady.

"You are very kind, Tellie," he said huskily, "and I 'd like to finish this in time. It 's no work for any sort of woman but a strapping darky, but you seem strong, and if " —

"Reckon *I* 'll lend a hand, too, Martin."

Martin Tillingham turned, with another, more violent start.

The low, rather muffled drawl not far away was that of an old and well-known friend, yet again! And this time, how near home! Late overwork and worry had told on his nerves, he felt, as dazzling sun-glare for three days past on his eyesight; yet could these two facts, even added to looking now full against the sun at one who stood in shadow, with face only lazily half turned towards him, account for this second strange impression? It was Jack Haye's own scowl (by no means constant, yet at times decided) between the full red eyebrows which helped to give unlikeness in likeness to his sister; Jack Haye's mass of red curls just visible above the eyebrows, beneath a great slouching rush hat-brim; his sun-browned skin contrasting with these salient color touches. Though a silk handkerchief tied somewhere on the head hid ears, chin, and part of one cheek, the mouth, — red-shaded, too, by an incipient mustache, at which a hand was fumbling, — this seemed also Jack's. Yet what diminishing, refining change had as it were laid touch on this face as well as form? To be sure, young Haye was a slim fellow at best, but could such a short spell of illness have done all this? Was it real, however, or imaginary? Did the old gray flannel shirt, with collar pulled up so high, the old corduroy trousers, hang indeed with unusual ill-fitting largeness, or was this idea his own fancy? Had those old leather corn-shucking gloves (what was Jack doing with them on now, anyhow, even in this other long-discarded rig-out?) always been so much too big,

apparently, for the hands inside? And here, too, in voice and face the hint of penitent appeal! What had this, his last, most trusted friend done, said, or thought to be sorry for? Tellie, after a half-frightened start, a long look across the other's shoulder, gave a low "Ah-h-h!" as of unmistakable recognition, — nay, more, which would seem to follow the solving of some late puzzle, — and, turning, walked several steps away. Martin Tillingham stood as in a dream.

"Is that you, Jack?"

The answer came more lazily drawling than before: "More me than anybody else, I reckon."

"How in the name of mischief did you get — how long have you been here?"

Jack Haye seemed to brace himself up with a sudden effort.

"Walked over from home," said he, "while ago. Been here long enough to take a look at this thing. Sorry to tell you, but — afraid — take me good deal longer to fix it than — you — finish cradling — wheat."

Martin Tillingham was staring hard at the speaker. His hand went now mechanically to his forehead. Something faded out of his face. It would seem that this last disappointment had been too much for him.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Sorry — but sure as — name 's — Haye. Want help — finish now?"

Martin Tillingham fetched another long breath. Then, as his eyes slowly withdrew themselves, went back to the last slow but sure resort, the primitive implement in his hand, the fever of haste seemed to kindle in them, to glow anew.

"Well, I 'm not so badly off as I was this morning," he said. "Here 's a hand for the shocking, anyhow. Every man and boy in the neighborhood has taken himself off to-day — even Landy Crook — to that confounded show. Don't feel bad about its happening so, if you really did encourage the people to come, — feel as if you ought to make up this way; though of course any help is welcome. It 's like old times to see you in that rig, — except the face part. What 's the trouble? But never mind, so 't is n't your hand! Stop as soon as you 're tired, mind! I 'll pitch in now, right away. With you to rake and bind awhile, and Tellie here to shock, it seems we ought to get through!"

"You can do the shockin', sir."

It was with curious avoidance of eye, curious distance of tone, that Tellie, still holding the bonnet over her face, spoke to her companion in friendly helpfulness. He heard, started slightly, gave a long, hard look; then a smile, not to be suppressed, rippled over the countenance under the hat-brim, as its owner drawled slowly, "No, that 's your part. I 'll rake and bind."

"When folks come stealin' up like rogues an' listenin' like dumb fools to others makin' fair an' square offers, they need n't expect to step in an' upset things with jest one lordly word, if they have got on breeches. Besides, sir" (the tone grew openly humorous), "a sick man jest out o' bed! Give me that rake!"

It was hard to believe that even Tellie Acres' effrontery could quite reach this point. She stretched out a hand, though for some reason shaking, resolute. Each stood with face studiously averted; but the other's hand almost met Tellie's in obstinate resistance.

"I *will* rake and bind!"

"Whether I give in or no, sir? Well, we 'll see!"

"I will be next him! Nobody shall work between us. I — why, girl, am I not the *man?* A man tote sheaves after a girl's binding! Here! Let alone!"

What strange, new humility, even with this stubborn self-assertion, could have come over the young man? What new childish perversity prompted Tellie Acres' next puzzling words, her next willful grasp at the rake?

"Won't them that change their mind so far, all at once, one way, maybe change back again another? Won't them that find love so soon after losin' it maybe lose again? Is Tellie Acres one to change her mind? No, *sir!* Whatever some fool women may do. I let you know she ain't that sort any mo' 'an a *man* like you. Here!"

No answer from that other, already bent, half kneeling, at his task. The cumbersome gloves had been flung aside, the muffling handkerchief pulled off. With back to his vexing tormentor, head down, he was binding the swiftly gathered sheaf, if less skillfully than one might expect from a farmer bred, yet with touches both firm and quick. The cradler was already well ahead. No time to be lost. But as Tellie stood waiting, with both hands now free for her own humbler part, it would seem as if she could not resist the temptation to one more piece of impertinence.

"Tellie Acres is counted as quick as most," she said, as if in half soliloquy, "an' 'bout as sharp-sighted, too; but the quick way some folks can git out o' clo'es an' in again beats her worse 'n the way they do it without her seein' 'em. 'T would ha' took 'most as long to *find* them ole clo'es, 'pears to me, an' fish 'em out o' the garret, as to git into 'em; an' how you managed it, man, 'tween the time I left that house an' the time you must ha' left to be here now, — a sick man jest out o' bed, too, — why, it beats Martella Sarella Acres!"

It was about this hour that somebody who had been long pausing in the dust of the main road just outside Martin Tillingham's gate turned away from it and went toward the railway station, on an errand which he hoped might, if successful, atone for lack of courage to enter alone. He had said yesterday more than one hard "no," this dark-browed Landy, — one still harder this morning. Was it "no" that he himself feared now?

IV.

Almost done!

The sun had long ago stared a red-eyed farewell over the topmost edge of the cloud, though the heat, hardly at all abated, only thickened into seeming tangibility, clogging nostrils, weighting eyelids, pressing out sweat like tears. Yet what matter if garments were clinging, wetted through and through! If arms and backs had ached and heads had reeled, as those two behind strained every sinew to keep well up with the swish of the falling grain, sounding fainter and further ahead, still unfailing, unfaltering, in stubborn emulation, each had pressed doggedly on: sheaf after sheaf, more and more trimly tied, the binding wisp of straw more skillfully spliced, under-doubled each time; shock after shock; in fair and fairer array, they had left in their wake. And now, whatever it might be, self-assertion or simple human kindness, giving vigor to Tellie's grasp and stride, what must it be, what joy of hope, what upflash of yet dearer atoning impulse, which nerved to such deftness, such steel-like strength, the hands that raked and bound!

And the cradler! Still his arm kept time. Was it nerved by that new joy or pain, new hope or disappointment, as the broad swaths fell beneath its swing? This was not quite the sympathy which he craved most, not the service he had most right to command, yet both service and sympathy were his. She did not care any more than Phyllis Haye, any more than Landy Crook. Lover's love, its talks and walks, its looks and dreams, had come at last to this, as well as life-long friendliness, as past kindly favors. His blade hissed keenly at the thought through the crackling severed stems. And yet, even against ill will, good will had come. Why now go on caring as he did? That new note in Tellie Acres' voice, repeated, deepened, in Jack's, that

hint of penitent appeal which so strangely reminded him of her, still impenitent, — why should it so have set his veins athrob? Could he not put this ache away, forget? There were other women, no less than men, besides those who had failed him, wounded. Why should not the help of one here, maid or mistress, freely offered in his hour of need, bring for him its suggestion of sweet might-be as well as bitter-sweet might-have-been? If the mere human bond even now (though never so dear before) would not quite satisfy, might he not yet find the right one, his own? Why should he still go hungry? Life's harvest must be saved. Had he not sown in grief? Could not he now win gayly home, bringing his sheaves?

The wind's murmurous whispers had risen little by little to an incessant sobbing wail, heavy with unshed tears, — tears of infinite yearning, yielding, and promise. Level and undeviating as a crow's flight, it swept now across the hill-top, telling its tale of moist, low lands, sedgy marsh, and reed-edged water. Closing his eyes a moment, with its breath on his forehead, there came to him a vision of mist, half lifted from gray, sliding reaches; of dank green waste, shoulder-high with strange, coarse, bristling growths. The wild, shrill clamor of water-fowl, the lowing of fen-fattened bullocks, the rustle of fibrous spears and dip of oars, stole to his mind's ear, dream-faint from afar as the echoes of childhood's rainy days (or perchance days still further back) borne lifelong on the wings of this same east wind. "Po-to-mac! Po-to-mac!" the bullfrogs croaked from their pools. "Ches-a-peake! Ches-a-peake!" shrilled the rain-crows in the swamps. From the older ground where his fathers had been toiled for came a greeting now to him who toiled. One moment, then again reality. The wheat, heaving like a miniature lake, shrinking ever smaller, was gathering into its last embrace the startled, wondering wild little things which still sought shelter there. Bright, tiny eyes peeped out at him, and faintly squeaking voices piped up remonstrance. The tail of a slender, shining green snake slipped out of sight, then gleamed again. His nostrils seemed to be drawing in smoke. The sunburnt air was yielding to moisture, with pungent Indian-summer suggestions of a sprinkling on hot embers. From a wood's edge not far away a shower of prematurely yellowed leaves came fluttering afield. Over a shadowless landscape, where each tree and fence stood out with dull leaden emphasis, stretched a shadowy sky, — one cloud, north, south, east, and west. All this he noted without break or pause in those long, swinging strokes, until — Why, what was this? So near the last, to reel and sicken this way! Ah, he knew those queer, light-headed sensations, for all they had seemed to pass — It was his last clear though broken thought as the sudden dead weight of the cradle brought his arm, himself, down to one knee.

"Take the cradle. Take it, and finish, Mr. Jack," were the first words that he heard distinctly, sounding queerly distant, though the gently mocking tone was just overhead. "He 's coming to, with the water. To think of that poor little spring not being dry, and turning out so handy! My, how I flew there and back! He 'll soon be right again now, but not for cradling, surely. How lucky *you* 're here, — a *man!*"

That was not Tellie Acres' voice. Was this really Jack Haye behind, supporting him, — a man's arm under him, a man's shoulder and breast? Ah! this was too bad, or good. As he pushed away impatiently, perhaps somewhat ungratefully, the wet kerchief with which a hand from above was touching his face, stood up, and turned around, even his rising shame and vexation with himself paled before these questions, which were answered this time past mistake.

In the ancient, creaking buggy, whity-brown with dust, which, drawn by a whity-brown horse no less ancient, had

carried the whole Crook family that morning on their frolic, there was just now approaching slowly across the stubble from homeway, to meet Martin Tillingham's gaze, a pale, handsome, red-haired young man, with a limp, forward lean of body and a rather injured expression of countenance. Judging by this last (before its change to sudden amazement), it must have cost to-day not only the effort on his own part, which aforesaid paleness and limpness would suggest, but still more persuading on the part of another, to bring Jack Haye away from his lounging-chair, if not bed, for any piece of business, however urgent. It was hard to fancy Landy Crook as a pleader, but in the face of the man just behind, running alongside the three harnessed horses, ready for their now light and small task, one might read that he had for once played the part ungrudgingly. Despite the surprise which predominated, as, like the other, he halted and stood gazing at the scene before him, there was still enough left of what, after fretting his heart, spoiling his pleasure all day long, had finally prompted this atonement, to set him right even in the eyes of somebody who, hastening from an opposite direction, halted too, paused in the very act of raising a large umbrella, and gave to her feelings a brief exclamatory vent, ending with the name "Martella Sarella Acres." To the master of the field, did even this last sturdy figure, any more than the first, seem now quite real? If, of all present, even one, one still kneeling beside him, was no dream, he gave hint only by keeping his eyes away.

V.

When, awhile later, Martin Tillingham came back from driving barnward the after all triumphant machine, — by those few needed expert touches restored, fitted for future greater conquests as well as this last small one, and seeming already to glory in the same, — the notes of a certain brass band, heard once before in this story, were making themselves again audible, and Tellie Acres, in the ancient buggy, with her sweetheart, under her umbrella, was hastening to view the hurriedly returning train. Mistress Phyllis Haye, with sunbonnet in hand, damp curls only a little more tumbled than usual, and a shawl on one arm, was walking demurely homeward beside the old playmate whose good opinion she had at least partly worked for and gained. That one who had promised to wait was all alone, waving a signal of welcome, safely cloaked in the waterproof which Tellie had not forgotten, and seated on a heap of her own sheaves.

The big hat had fallen back; the cleverly dyed and massed tresses slipped down. Through the stain still mottling her cheeks a blush flamed out. The Venetian-red smudge of a mustache was gone, washed away from her rosy upcurved lip. She was laughing when he came up, the kind of laughter that verges upon sobs. Her eyes sparkled like stars through mist. Her hands hung helplessly. On the back of one, the right one, some field brier had left its mark, — a scratch, a smear of blood. Martin Tillingham knelt on the stubble and bent his lips to the spot.

She burst into tears.

When he lifted his face again, a few drops, big and heavy, were glistening on hair and forehead; whether from her eyes or the bending clouds above would have been hard to decide. Across the mountain, like a veil of softest gauze, came slowly on the rain, now only for good. The last sheaf had been tied, the last shock securely piled, — the harvest saved.

A. M. Ewell.

AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

IV.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

It is not a bad thing to be the only old fellow in a traveling party. One young companion can man the guidebook; another can do the bargaining and banking; a third can look after the sketchbooks; the fourth traveler can take his ease, and, except when addressed with respect as "sir," can imagine himself to be as young as the rest. Thus our party traveled over the hills of Tuscany, climbed from the Adriatic to the rugged heights of Urbino, and crossed the flat and well-furrowed plains of Lombardy; and thus, too, we made a hurried visit to Rome. Together we reviewed the causes of that wonderful overturn of the old systems that we now call the Renaissance of architecture, and together we saw and studied the work done in that great epoch by Brunelleschi, Alberti, Bramante, Peruzzi, and the other architects of that time.

But in Italy the field is by no means occupied only by the work of the artists of the Renaissance. While we are often told that Gothic art never took root there, many a sketchbook contradicts such a statement, and shows that Gothic arch and crocket and gable had for long a treatment of their own on Italian soil. True, if Gothic architecture be held to be a complete principle of construction, to which ornament is but an accessory, we must promptly agree that neither the Italians nor any other people except its French inventors really ever thoroughly mastered its principles. But it is possible, also, to regard architectural detail merely as a decorative expression, and as an indication of the bias of mind of those who use it. This is all the substance there is to most of the marked historical styles, and, accepting this view, we must admit that in Italy of the Middle Ages Gothic forms were universal, and Gothic detail was imbued with native peculiarities. In mediæval Florence, the tall Gothic tower of the Palazzo Vecchio watched the stir and the strife of the city, its pageants and its agonies, while above its Duomo the bells rang notes of triumph or alarm, of joy or sadness, from amid the spiral shafts and pointed arches of Giotto's Gothic belfry. Siena certainly, even to-day, seems a Gothic city. Its narrow streets are closed in with grim mediæval palaces, and the shadow of its lofty clock-tower tells off the hours on the fronts of Gothic houses encircling its great piazza. Perhaps the spirit of the Middle Ages has clung more to San Gemignano than to any other Tuscan city. The Renaissance left little mark upon it, and there has been hardly a change since the days when Dante trod its streets. Pointed arch and cusp and trefoil adorn it, and above steep street and rugged mediæval palaces the city still "lifts to heaven her diadem of towers." In fancy, we easily garrison these lofty eyries with the rioting factions of the Salvucci and Ardinghelli, hurling rocks, and blazing tar from tower to tower. Thus, although Tuscany was the birthplace of the Renaissance, we find it on all sides still retaining a vast amount of mediæval character.

Not far away, however, from these Gothic cities lies Montepulciano, one of those Tuscan towns where the Renaissance spirit had free play. It is remote from the railroad, and, like so many of its neighbors, clings, a shaggy growth, to the gray mountain top. For two hours we toil upwards. In the mists far below us are the green waters "of reedy Thrasymene," and the broad plain that beheld the triumph of Carthage stretches afar to where, in the haze, lie distant

Siena and the heights of Perugia and Arezzo. The main street of the town climbs steep between crowded buildings to the Palazzo Pubblico, above which a battlemented tower crowns the city. On the sides of the little square and all down the narrow streets are Renaissance palaces, while the church of San Biagio is a most successful example of the Renaissance domed church with four short arms. If in San Gemignano we see a town that stopped building with the advent of the Renaissance, its neighbor, Montepulciano, indicates what happened to those which prospered and built when classical forms began to meet with favor. Still more is this apparent in the little town of Pienza. Here was born Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who finally became Pope Pius II., and whose history forms the subject of Ghirlandaio's matchless frescoes on the walls of the Library at Siena. Before its prosperous son returned to it, the town must have been a very humble one, for there is nothing in it now of any interest to the traveler except the little square that is surrounded by the papal buildings. Here a Renaissance cathedral faces a public palace, and the classic dwelling of the Pope is *vis-à-vis* to that of the bishop. The whole group surrounding the piazza is interesting, as being the plaything of a church dignitary who, in the days of the Renaissance, affected Humanism, and, like his fellows, enjoyed the building arts.

These classic houses of Montepulciano, its church of San Biagio, and the piazza of Pienza, found in such remote places and in the close neighborhood of mediæval Tuscany, indicate how promptly and decidedly the Renaissance spirit appealed to the Italian mind of the fifteenth century. It was strange to find thus rude and rugged the places from which culture and refinement and modern civilization were sent forth into the world; but what seemed to us far more remarkable, here and throughout Tuscany, was the sweeping manner in which all Gothic and mediæval traditions appear to have been, not only forever, but at once overturned in these their strongholds. It was with ever-increasing surprise that we recognized the strength and spontaneity with which the new spirit, almost full grown, took immediate possession of the world.

This Renaissance of classic architecture began in Florence, under Brunelleschi and Alberti. Later, in the north, another school arose in Milan, under Bramante, and these two branches finally met and produced their highest results at Rome. We tried to trace these schools in their respective fields, and it was of course in Florence itself that we found the visible firstfruits of the Renaissance, so far as architecture is concerned. At Pisa, it is true, we saw how Nicholas, the sculptor, had drawn inspiration from ancient Roman models for the figures on his pulpits; but the Gothic carvers of the façades of Paris and Amiens had done as much a hundred years earlier, and the wonder is that artists and craftsmen should ever have ceased to cherish and assimilate the ancient work by which they were surrounded, and which was so far beyond their own powers. Apparently, however, for a hundred years after Nicholas of Pisa, men paid no heed to the architectural monuments of antiquity around them. The real awakening came almost simultaneously to collectors, who were eager for jewels, coins, and ivories from Greece and Rome; to scholars, who with avidity sought the classic manuscripts that until then had been buried in the monasteries; to painters and sculptors and architects, who suddenly saw beauty in the models of classical antiquity, and strove to graft the antique traditions on the civilization of their own time. What the French sculptors of the twelfth century strove to imitate; what Nicholas of Pisa faintly saw in the thirteenth century; what Petrarch at Padua, and Giotto, Orcagna, and Simone Memmi in Tuscany, found in the classics to

delight them in the fourteenth century, all this finally took form with the quattrocentists, and was spread by many helping spirits over Tuscany and the world. As for architecture, this movement began in Florence, and the return to detail, carefully studied upon the ancient Roman models, was abrupt and without transition. Brunelleschi was the guiding active mind, the Medici gave the opportunities, Donatello's refined genius inspired the decoration. The spirit of the Renaissance gradually became a patriotic fervor. Men thought they had reclaimed their inheritance from the Cæsars, and wondered that they had ever fallen away from the wonderful models all around them.

While the hill country of Tuscany appears to us rude and savage as a birthplace for the graces of modern life, the same cannot be said of the Val d'Arno. On the contrary, it seems but fitting that from amid such natural beauty should spring all that is dignified and refined. Its setting of hill and farm, of river and verdure, gives to the City of the Lily half of its charm. What walks and drives we take in these early spring days by the wooded banks of the Arno, where men are filling their long-prowed shallops with sand, and where, beneath the trees, across the wide stretches of river, we get glimpses of the city's domes and towers! We have to shut our eyes to the signs of modern progress in the close neighborhood of the city, but soon boughs of flowering peach and almond hang over the walls that border the roads, and then we emerge among the green and fruitful fields. The broad roofs and white walls of villa and farmhouse are backed by dark and slender cypresses, and beneath the vines that are festooned from tree to tree the ground is bright with anemone and poppy, with cowslip and primrose. We climb the hills above these verdurous plains, through gray olive orchards and brown oak woods, to beyond the heights of Fiesole, and look away over dark pine grove and rocky hillside, and across the hazy checkered plains, to the purple mountains. Far beneath us, the silver thread of the Arno, winding swiftly by field and farm, divides the widespread city, amid which rise Arnolfo's palazzo and Giotto's Campanile and the vast mass of Brunelleschi's dome.

Perhaps the youthful Brunelleschi made his famous journey to Rome, in 1403, in hope of learning from ancient examples how to roof the great church that Arnolfo and Giotto had left unfinished. At all events, he and Donatello spent three years there together, measuring and sketching, and returned wild with enthusiasm at all they had seen, an enthusiasm that had far-reaching consequences. The huge dome with which Brunelleschi later crowned the church is always spoken of as the great work of the early Renaissance. A great work it surely is, but possibly less a work of the highest art than a great engineering feat. His contemporaries were amazed at it as a work of construction. Alberti, for instance, generously praised it, but chiefly because such a wonder was built without the aid of wooden centring; and its barren grandeur certainly suggests little artistic excellence except such as it obtains from immense size. It was, without doubt, the first great dome of its kind, and the prototype of innumerable later and of many better designs; but it seems probable that usually it most impresses beholders as a vast and capacious object. In Florence, Brunelleschi as a constructor and engineer was visible in this enormous barren dome, but to find Brunelleschi the artist, the original inspiring spirit of Renaissance architecture, we had to seek him in the churches of San Lorenzo and Santo Spirito. In these pure and simple works, antique colonnades take the place of Gothic piers, and classic caissoned ceilings are the substitute for Gothic vaulted roof. Every ornament not rigidly architectural is excluded, and what

remains is chaste and simple and strictly after classic Roman models. The rugged walls of the Pitti Palace are also due to Brunelleschi, and are broad and grandiose, though devoid of ornament; but in the Pazzi chapel, which forms one side of the cloister of Santa Croce, we find him using dainty classic ornament, rich and elaborate, and rivaling the similar work of Bramante. The earlier Italians were mainly decorators, caring for infinite detail, no matter to what extent it might mask fundamental constructive form. We see such work in the incrustations of Giotto's Campanile, and of the Duomos at Orvieto and Siena. From these influences Brunelleschi's simple, clear, and noble methods led men's minds not only to the new fashion of ancient classic detail, but to true architectural methods.

During a brief period Florence abounded in designers who followed in the steps of Brunelleschi, and the city is not so changed but that imagination readily peoples it with the rich and ardent life of these early days of the Renaissance. We can forget for the moment the fresh Italian regiments that now tread these old gray streets to the merry notes of their bugles, and see instead the bright-garbed crowds that Benozzo Gozzoli, and Masaccio and Masolino, and Fabriano have depicted for us; Poggio with manuscripts cunningly rifled from monastery libraries, Della Robbia dreaming of his blue-and-white Madonnas, Fra Angelico seeing brilliant angels in the golden sunsets down the Arno, Ghiberti devising his portals, Donatello modeling his statues, Mino da Fiesole carving tomb and pulpit and altar, Michelozzo and Sangallo directing the building of palace and of church. Alberti's generous letter, praising the work of his friends, Brunelleschi, Della Robbia, and Masaccio, faintly suggests the enthusiasm that prevailed among this emulous band of artists. Their labors can be traced in all the towns about Florence. At Prato we admire the classic elegance of Sangallo's work in the church of the Carceri. One sees at Rimini and elsewhere the gracious and elegant work of that most picturesque personality, Alberti, — that canon of the Church who embraced the Renaissance sentiment with such fervor that, far from being content with an inspiration gained from antiquity, he dreamed of a definite restoration of pagan life and a reëstablishment of the ancient civilization. But after all, the astonishing thing to note everywhere about the Tuscan Renaissance is the rapidity with which it reached maturity. When Brunelleschi and his comrades left the field to others, little remained to be done on the lines that they had laid down. Broadly speaking, they anticipated the greater part of what was perfected during the next hundred years.

While the Florentine school had been pursuing the course mapped out by Brunelleschi, another school and another master, as before mentioned, had been at work in the north.

In Milan and its neighborhood we can trace and study the early work of Bramante. There are many buildings in the flat Lombard country that are either by him, or by pupils so near to him that they are truly Bramantesque. In the main they are a little disappointing. The Bramante of this period is a shadowy sort of person, vaguely recognized as a power working for elegance, proportion, and daintiness. Perhaps the school reached its highest perfection in the Incoronata of Lodi, where to the delicate Bramantesque detail is added the charm of faded, pale frescoes and golden-vaulted ceilings picked out with strong red and blue.

In 1493 misfortune overtook Bramante's patron, and in 1499 Bramante left Milan for Rome. His successors in Lombardy paid less heed to that purity and simplicity of style which had distinguished him. One sees in the richly carved and incrusted façades of the

Certosa at Pavia the later work of this Milanese school. Bramante, however, at the age of fifty-five, and infirm so that he could not draw, now in Rome first saw the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Baths of Diocletian. He was not so old but that his spirit was stirred by the genius of antiquity. Suddenly abandoning his Milanese past, he changed his whole course, and became imbued with the antique classic spirit to a degree attained before only by Brunelleschi. In Rome he built in stone, and not in brick and terra cotta. At the papal court his clients were cultivated people, and in that capital he spoke to the world. Under such influences, he as naturally arrived at being great as before he had been pleasing; and so we find him at the Palazzo della Cancelleria, the Palazzo Giraud, and finally in the whole scheme of the Vatican courts and the church of St. Peter. His early training enabled him to add something of the variety and force and charm of northern and mediæval work to the majesty of ancient building; and to this man it was given not only to see, but to found, one school in the freshness of the early Renaissance in north Italy, and another in its zenith in Rome.

While, as we have said, the Renaissance of architecture took its rise in the Florence of Brunelleschi and Alberti, and was nurtured in Milan by Bramante, most of its great masters sooner or later were attracted to the Eternal City. Peruzzi added to the elegance of Bramante a richness and sumptuousness that the latter never permitted to himself. His work scores the high-water mark of the early Renaissance.

Almost directly after his day the sway of Michael Angelo began. Careless and unfinished is much of his architecture; such, for instance, as that with which he surrounded the Medici tombs, or as his meaningless staircase at the Laurentian Library. We cannot, however, forget that he designed the mighty cornice of the Farnese Palace, and that it was his hand that "rounded Peter's dome." But it was in the use of the great orders that his example had the strongest and most lasting influence. Many of us may regret that the early Renaissance was turned aside into such paths before it had attained complete results. Most of us find delight in that fanciful and poetic phase of its history when to the love of antique form were joined the consummate skill and the graceful fancy that covered pilaster and panel, capital and architrave, church stall and marriage chest, with leaf, tendril, and flower, and a multitudinous world of real and imaginary animal forms. All these and the color that enlivened them passed away with this earlier school, but the close study of the orders which succeeded to it, and the rigid dependence upon them of the later school, had its peculiar merit. It was certainly architecture pure and simple, depending in no way on other allied arts. Its effects were due wholly to proportion, harmony, and a nice study of architectural detail. In reading Mr. Ruskin, one would be led to think that the orders are mechanical and easily applied devices. Perhaps the Renaissance architects did, in imitation of Vitruvius, too confidently assert what were the fit proportions for the various "orders;" but those of Serlio varied from those of Alberti, while Palladio's were not those of Scamozzi. Looking further back and at greater authorities, we find that in ancient Athens the Erechtheum boasted three varying Ionic orders, and that the Propylæa, while Doric without, was Ionic within. From all this we may fairly assume that while working with classical orders a man may have quite as much freedom as is good for him. They offer him liberty, but they cannot brook license. And so let us, not heeding Mr. Ruskin, reckon Scamozzi and Sansovino and Palladio and all the masters of the later Renaissance as great artists. Because the music of Mendelssohn is

tuneful, it does not follow that the more intricate, formal, and ingenious harmonies of Bach are not also music. Because we are stirred by ballad or poem, we are not forbidden to admire the more polished sonnet.

As the Renaissance was in its origin a modern movement, so it has remained the foundation for modern art. It quickly established a type for modern palatial architecture in the frowning strength of the Florentine palaces and the dignity and elegance of those of Rome, while the later palaces of Venice, if somewhat vulgar in detail, are still grand and modern types.

In church architecture, however, the early Renaissance never reached a final or consummate result. At the very outset Brunelleschi gave an elegant classic dress to the ancient Gothic forms, but the most enthusiastic could scarcely claim that he surpassed the mediæval solution of the same problem. Perhaps he intended that color should adorn those rather chilly interiors; and, set off by gold and fresco, their elegant detail would have given richer results. During the entire Renaissance period the favorite scheme for a church was a domed building with short projecting arms. Around Milan are many dainty examples of this idea, worked out under the influence of Bramante. Indeed, such was Bramante's design for St. Peter's; but one architect after another changed and marred it, and we now can only guess what might have been the perfected result of Renaissance church building.

Our party are all familiar with Rome, but we pass one wonderful Easter Day there; and as we traverse its streets, the whole history of the Renaissance architecture we have been studying is passed in review. Here stand before us not alone the highest results of that art, which, as we have seen, came to Rome from Florence and Milan, but also the ancient classic models which had inspired both Florentine and Milanese. It is a wonderful experience! True, it is not the Rome best known to the oldest of our party; the Rome of the great council, when the streets were full of the state coaches of dignitaries; when St. Peter's was brilliant with processions, and the Pope, borne aloft beneath the ostrich plumes, was followed by gray-bearded patriarchs and red-robed cardinals, and by archbishops and bishops beyond numbering; when Papal Zouaves made the streets and cafés bright, and the Ghetto's narrow lanes swarmed with picturesque *contadini;* when the Tiber flowed between marshy banks, and death lay in wait for the *forestieri* who dared to breathe its pestilential miasma at sunset. Much as the modern improvements have despoiled the city of its picturesque charm, the simplest humanity does not permit us to look upon the walled river-banks, the wide streets, and the destruction of dirt and filth without a certain approval. In crossing the city, our road lies by the great temples and the forums. Accustomed as we are to line-engravings of the orders, and to hearing ancient Roman architecture described as mechanical and inartistic by writers like Mr. Fergusson, it is invigorating to get a fresh look at the real thing. Where will one find a richer, fatter, better carved, or more handsome decoration of any period than that on the remains of such a building as the Temple of Concord? The freedom and juiciness of the early Renaissance work go back to classic days, and one appreciates in Rome that it is often hard to distinguish between carvings of the two periods.

But our drive extends beyond the Forum, and at last we enter the mighty Coliseum. How humble and minute we feel before the tremendous mass of that immense structure! How small and insignificant seems the work that keeps us awake o' nights! One irreverent thought alone upholds us. It is a comfort to see that the giants who built it were unable to roof it. A paltry patch of velarium

to keep the sun from the emperor's eyes, and which must have been a sad trouble in a gale, was the nearest they could come to our spider-web, wide-spanned roofs.

When we have recovered our breath a little, we continue back by the Forum and the temples and the palaces of the Cæsars to the neighborhood of the Renaissance palaces, and pay homage to Bramante at the Cancelleria and the Giraud, to Peruzzi at the Massimi, and to Sangallo and Michael Angelo at the overpowering Palazzo Farnese. The sun shines brightly as we reach the glorious piazza before St. Peter's church. The fountains on each side of the great obelisk flash gayly, and men are ringing Easter peals with tremendous clangor on the tower bells as we join the crowds moving up to the doors. It simply intoxicates us all. We have been living in Florence with such austere companions as Brunelleschi and Alberti and Sangallo, with a little merrymaking amid the picturesqueness of Siena and San Gemignano, and as we pass through St. Peter's door, and the beauty of those gold-and-white ceilings bursts upon us, — the church filled with crowds, the piers decked with red hangings, a great choir singing the service, and a cardinal at the lighted altar, — well, the heart beats fast, and the breath catches with a queer gasp. Mr. Fergusson says that the great pilasters are unmeaning, offensive, useless, and that the window details are in the most obtrusive and worst taste. Doubtless these or other flagrant defects are there, but our little party are satisfied to sit down in a row on the base mouldings of those very pilasters, and feel humble and modest and small, and thankful for such a day.

The modern painter may be carried away by Parisian technique and passing fads, but for most great and lasting qualities the Renaissance masters still remain to him *the* Masters. The cleverness of modern writers has not yet made the study of the English of Shakespeare, of Milton, and of the Bible useless to one who would arrive at excellence in literary style. The modern architect, for the same reasons, studies the works of those who were not only the masters of modern architecture, but its very inventors. Our pilgrimage among their buildings is a memory, but we shall not forget the daintiness of the Roman villas or the grace and ornate beauty of the Roman palaces. We have learned respect for the giants who built the church of St. Peter and the Palazzo Farnese; and we have seen, too, with our own eyes, how closely they were the descendants and the rightful heirs of those earlier giants who covered the Campus Martius with temple and portico and circus, and adorned the Palatine with palaces; who built the forums, and vaulted the baths, and domed the Pantheon; and who raised on its mighty arches the stupendous mass of the Flavian amphitheatre.

Robert Swain Peabody.

THE FACE OF DEATH.

WITHOUT the rain was falling. High pointed roofs, high gray walls, worn gray paving-stones below, all of them glistened. The wet made shining places in the high lights; it gave to every stone in the old narrow street an intensified power of sinking back into shadow or reflecting the light. All the light there was came from a lurid yellow glare among the moving clouds of the western sky. The sky was covered thick with flying vapor; towards the west there

was this light in it, which revealed more clearly that the wind was busy among the deep, shifting currents of cloud. Such a sky is not a very rare sight as seen on a winter afternoon from Edinburgh streets; no one gave a thought to it. The rain fell light and soft; the wind romped cheerfully about the high chimney-pots and along the pavements.

In this street of high stone tenements no incident of interest need be expected. The people traveled east and traveled west, or stopped and gossiped in the rain; it was only a few of the more finely dressed who carried umbrellas. The children played barefoot, or with wooden-soled boots that clattered on the stones. Big rude boys stood about upon the pavement; drays and carts passed; and now and then a drove of sheep or cattle came eastward, driven by shepherds or herdsmen and barking collies. It was market-day; the animals were being driven to the slaughter-house.

A little girl came out of a basement shop, bearing a jug of soup in her hand; she pattered along the street for a few paces, and turned into the common stair of a tenement.

The common stair was almost like a street in itself; to all intents and purposes it was one; the main door, if there was a door, was always open. The child went into the house as into a roofed alley or close, and began to ascend the wide dirty stone staircase. At the bottom there were several house-doors, some looking more respectable and some less, but they were all shut. As she toiled on and upwards, she came to one landing after another where house-doors again clustered; each landing was lit by a high window, in which was fixed an iron grating instead of glass. As she left the third landing behind her, a foot was heard upon the lowest stair, a door was opened, and a woman's voice began scolding. The footstep, the opening of the door, and the voice all resounded in the solid masonry of the echoing stair, coming with an increased volume of sound to the child's ears. She was accustomed to the hollow echoes, and paid no heed.

When she came to the top of the house one door stood open; it was immediately opposite the top of the stair. She passed within the door, and, turning down a narrow room, stood between the beds of two bedridden old women.

The child was not the only visitor. Sitting upon the one chair was an old man, dressed in a suit of threadbare black cloth. His gray hair was somewhat longer than is usual; his face, also, was long, and bore in it certain lines of weakness and obstinacy which suggested fanaticism. He held a large book in his hand, out of which he had been reading; but when the child appeared with the soup, he left the room with a slow and stately step, and his light tread was heard passing down the stair.

"Me mither says it 'll be twa bawbees the day, for there 's a lot of butcher's meat in 't." The child drawled out her words in a solemn little singsong voice.

She took two basins which were lying, not clean, upon the tiny hearth, divided the soup between them, and left the old women, as soon as one, out of an ancient purse, had fumbled forth the coppers.

Each old woman sat up in her bed, basin in hand. They discoursed together with relish upon solemn themes, as is often the manner of the Scotch. The room was very bare; the door was left open because the old women had a nervous dread of being out of the power of "crying on" their neighbors. A high clothes-horse, with garments upon it, was set as a rude draught-screen, but the long, narrow room was cold, very cold, the small fire smouldering on the dirty hearth hardly serving to mellow the atmosphere. The two beds were well strewn with such properties as the occupants possessed, — clothes, ancient books, knitting-work, and dishes lying upon them. Each woman was fantastically wrapped in an old flannel bedgown of various dyes; each, for

lack of power to be otherwise, was unkempt and untidy; yet there was a great difference between them.

The little woman who had produced the coppers had a certain air of nicety about her: it was as if necessity, not indifference, had brought her to the state in which she was; even yet, in the whiteness of the thin, blue-veined brow, in the clearness of the eye, in the manner in which she held her basin and drank her soup, there was that which would arouse respect. The other woman was a much grander-looking personage: she had a strong, commanding face, and even in her present ungainly situation a fine carriage of the head. She was the dirtier of the two, but she had greater mental powers and a better opinion of herself.

"Ay," said the little woman, "but it's an awfu' thing to think o' deith. It 's a' verra weel for Mr. McLaren to read oot o' his buik aboot the awfu'ness o' deith and judgment, and then tell us we 'll no be amang the saved if we 're skeered at it; a' me life lang I 've been that skeered when I thocht o' deein' that it makes me creepie i' the nicht when I think o' it."

Then the big woman replied, "Hoots! but I 've nae patience wi' ye, confezzin' tae Mr. McLaren that ye 're frichted to dee. What will he think but that ye 've some awfu' sin on yer mind? And what for suld ye be frichted? I 'm no frichted. I maun say, when me time comes I ha' nae doot I can dee like a leddy."

"I 'm skeered," said the other humbly.

The larger woman waved her large head in a superior manner, and, having finished her soup, she spread her gaunt hands before her, smoothing out the quilt. "For mesel', I can only say that I hae lived a decent, respectet life; ay, and little gude has comed tae me in this warld. If there 's justice wi' A'michty God, I maun hae better things in the next life. It wud be awfu' lack o' justice if I did na hae a' the gude things that are promised to them that dae weel and hae afflictions in this weary warld."

"Whisht, but I 'm skeered tae hear ye talk that way o' the A'michty."

The little woman looked round uneasily at the window; she could not see out of it, because it was at the end of the room opposite the door; but she could see the light that came through it upon the wall, the ceiling, and the screen hung with old garments. It was about the hour of sunset, and the lurid light in the west had grown into a bright thunderous glare.

The big woman saw that the little woman was feeling timorous. She took a certain slight satisfaction in working upon her fears.

"Oo, ay! it 's an awfu' queer licht the day," she said, "and Mr. McLaren 's been telling us that there 's many that calc'lates that the end of the warld is coming aboot noo. A' weel, I for ane am no frichted o' the trump o' doom; I 'm no ane o' them that need go aboot cryin' on the rocks to fa' on me; I hae lived a guid life, and I hae the affliction of being forced to lie here, and canna put a fit tae the ground. Losh, me! if Deith should come in at the door at this meenit, I wud say, 'A' weel, I was na expectin' ye, but I 've nae cause to be frichted.'"

"I wudna speak sae," said the other; "for mesel', I canna think that I hae lived as weel as I mecht; and tho' I hae asked the A'michty to hae mercy, I can never stan' a veesit fra' Mr. McLaren, talking sae as he does aboot deith and the deevil and the judgment, wi'out feelin' awfu' skeered; an' it 's an awfu' queer licht the day, say what you wull, an'" —

Before she had finished speaking, her ear was arrested by an unusual noise, and the big woman broke in upon her words with a shrill whisper: "Losh, me! what 's that awfu' sound o' cryin' i' the street?"

On the lips of the two excited old women there was a moment of intense silence; they looked about them, and upon one another, in the anguish of impotent

curiosity. There was not silence in the room; it was full of noise; but for the space of some seconds the women held their peace.

From the street arose a cry that seemed, to their excited minds, like the united howlings of all the human voices upon earth. There was another noise, more awful still, a bellowing that was to them like the sound of the last trump. The very dogs, also, seemed to have caught the contagion of human fear, for the sharp, incessant barking of collies pierced above the roar. Then, suddenly, there was a tumult as if a fear-stricken multitude had swept into their own staircase, for up its echoing, resounding stones came that awful vibrating trumpet-like sound they had heard before, and cries of fear, and shouts of anger, and the barking of dogs.

The little woman turned pleading, frightened eyes in an agonized glance upon her companion, but she gained no support from the terrified workings of the big woman's face.

"Losh, me!" — the big woman threw up her arms, and looked wildly about her, — "I didna think that the Last Day wud come on us sae unprepared-like." She raised herself in her bed, and gave an answering howl to the ever-increasing noise that was sweeping rapidly up the stair.

Three minutes before, at the end of the street, a strong young bull, on its way to the market, had broken loose from its keeper. The bull had galloped down the street, a screaming crowd flying before it and surging behind. A heavy dray had blocked the way, and the bull, mad with terror of the tumult which itself had raised, with a renewed bellow of fear, had turned into the only opening it could find just there, the common stair of this tenement.

Dogs and boys and men were upon its track in a moment; the animal had no choice but to continue the ascent it had so madly begun. Women, opening their doors to see what might be coming to them, shrieked and slammed them in its face. Dogs and boys and men came on after the bull, swaying back in terror when the animal showed signs of turning at bay, and again pursuing when the nimble young creature rushed stumbling on up the strange path which it had chosen.

A minute more, and from the room of the two bedridden crones there rang out a wild shriek of mortal fear. The shriek proceeded from the passing spirit of the big woman. The bull had thrust its horns and eyes through the old clothes upon the screen, and looked at her for the space of a moment.

"It 's the Angel o' Deith! it 's the Angel o' Deith!" screamed the big woman. Then she fell back, forever dumb.

The rabble found the bull within the door of the room. The animal, with foam at its mouth and frenzy in its eyes, made for the window, shattered it with its strong horns, and jumped out to its death.

The crowd surged on to the window, then back again down the stair.

On the pavement below the young bull was lying, a beautiful animal even yet, its body, unmutilated, limp and still.

A little while afterwards, a group of neighbor-women gathered around the figure of the little old woman. She was standing upright in a corner of the upper room.

"Sirs, me!" she was saying, "I can never be skeered again, in this warld or the next, I 'm thinkin', sin' I lived through this." She looked about her at the motley crowd of women in petticoats and gowns, and shook her head at them with solemn conviction. "Ay, ay, I was awfu' skeered; but I jist said tae mesel', I canna tak' hert to be grond and brave-like, but I can dae me best to thole wi' patience whativer the A'michty sends, an' I jist loupit oot o' me bed to be a'ready-like; and sin' I lived through 't,

I 'm thinkin' I canna feel skeered ony mair at onything."

The little old woman was a favorite with her neighbors. They cried approvingly, "Ay, and ye 've got the use o' yer twa legs; see how fine ye can stan' an' walk!" And this was true. She did not need to go back to her bed.

On the other bed, stretched out and covered decently with a sheet, the big woman lay. Fear had severed the cord of her life.

L. Dougall.

THE FUTURE OF NAVAL WARFARE.

In the days when the wily sophomore lured the innocent freshman to a mock examination before a simulated faculty, one question was frequently put to the trembling candidate. "If," said the pretended occupant of the chair of physics, "an irresistible force comes in collision with an immovable body, what will happen?"

Should a like practice obtain at Annapolis, the naval fledgeling may perhaps find a solution in the impending conflict between armor improvement and the development of destructive gunnery. The question restated is, "If unlimited penetrating power meets absolutely enduring defenses, what then?" It is not necessary to reach the abstract point to find a practical issue. The moment a final superiority of the one over the other is gained, when the explosive shot or shell which no armor can defy is invented, or the armor which no missile can pierce is discovered, then naval warfare is at an end. When dynamite-laden shells become harmless as bullets of cork against a hull of adamant, or when the impact of a single shot will tear to pieces the strongest ship which can be put afloat, naval warfare is reduced to the condition of the famous duel which Van Tromp is said to have proposed to a French officer, where both combatants were to sit on a powder-cask with a lighted fuse in the bung-hole.

The tendency is now toward the development of two distinct classes of naval vessels. One class is of fully armored ships, in which the maximum of defensive capacity is sought for. The other is of partly protected cruisers, fleet enough to keep out of the range of the line-of-battle craft. Any combat between these two will be very like the strife, so vividly described in The Talisman, between Saladin and the Knight of the Couchant Leopard, and, like that, will probably end in a peaceful picnic in the nearest neutral port which may answer to the Diamond of the Desert. The business of the one is commerce-destroying, and therefore it will not fight if it can help it. The business of the other is fighting, but it can fight only when attacked.

In the old days of sailing-ships, all naval vessels, as a rule, by reason of superiority in spread of canvas and men, were able to overtake the ships of commerce. Swift frigates and corvettes swept the seas. Fleets of the line could effectively blockade an enemy's harbors, and only an equal or superior force could break through the cordon thus drawn. But with the present plans of coast defense this will be no longer possible, nor could such a fleet get near enough to cover the landing of an army conveyed in transports.

The armored ship on the high seas has nothing to do but to wait for the approach of another of similar capacities. Then one of two things must happen, according as the relation may stand between offensive and defensive powers. There will be either a harmless exchange

of shots, or a mutual destruction. These changes must affect very sensibly the character of both officers and men. The old naval warfare turned very largely upon the two qualities of seamanship and courage. Up to the time of the free use of steam on the ocean the general conditions of combat were about equal. Ships of like tonnage, armed with guns of the same calibre, encountered, under their respective flags, either in fleets or in single actions, and the turning-point of victory was with the officers on the quarter-deck and the men at the batteries. The nation which won was the nation best combining the nautical instinct, which is above all rules in seeing and doing the right thing at the right moment, with the bulldog tenacity which never knows when it is beaten. There was then plenty of room for both these qualities to come into play. Now the new conditions greatly reduce these two factors of victory. Discipline, constrained by the inexorable science of complicated machinery, takes the place of that old seamanlike faculty which divined the chances of wind and wave, and seized them with skillful daring. The colossal defenses of the present reduce all peril to a minimum up to a certain point, and then make destruction all but inevitable.

The motive power of the ship, once controlled by seamen at their stations, under fire, or aloft, amid showers of grape and canister, securing the parted rigging and the torn canvas, is now in the hands of stokers, below the water-line, and first aware of danger when it bursts upon them from riven boilers or the shock of the torpedo underneath the keel. They are aware of danger only in the moment of its paralyzing mastery.

So, with the officers, it is manifest that the fierce concentration of responsibility upon the successful execution of a single act must increase the tension of courage to an all but unendurable strain. It is like the temper of the gambler who stakes his all upon the turn of a single card, the valor which is desperate rather than deliberate. Sooner or later these conditions must greatly harm the finer moral qualities of the service. Excess of peril brutalizes; impunity of destruction hardens. The mingling of the two must result in a character of which the ideal was found in the Old World pirate, who made his captives walk the plank, and who, in the moment of capture, fired his last pistol down the hatchway of the magazine.

It is not alleged that any such point has yet been reached. The argument here is that it must be reached eventually, on the present lines along which naval warfare is moving. To effect this experimentally, maritime offense and defense will require the test of war. Before his first duel, Charles O'Malley bragged that he could hit the stem of a wineglass at fifteen paces. "Yes," said Count Considine, "but the wineglass has no pistol in its hand."

The test of war, so long as it remains inconclusive, must mean experiments of destruction terrible to conceive of, and ever leading on to vaster possibilities of ruin and expense. The finality in view means a condition under which naval warfare stops, because either the chance of victory or the possibility of resistance has been eliminated from the problem.

The purpose of this paper is to submit that this end is presently attainable by the combined action of the chief maritime powers making the ocean the free common for all nations, and declaring against its use for belligerent purposes. Land-fighting will go on while the warlike passion remains in the heart of man, but it seems feasible that a perpetual "truce of God" should set apart the ocean. A great pervading system of international law now rules ocean traffic. Under mutual treaties drawn up by a maritime congress, each power might agree to maintain its quota of a general navy for the needs of marine police service. This would cover the chief utility of a navy

in time of peace: the charting of coasts, the planting of lighthouse and danger signals, the scientific study and experiment which navigation profits by, the work of rescue, the prevention and punishment of crime on the high seas, and the destruction of derelicts. Such a united navy would enforce all decrees of admiralty courts, and would compel the resort to arbitration in all the vexed and vexing questions between sea-bounded peoples. If the chief naval powers once entered into this plan, all the lesser ones would be constrained to join the league. The obstacles which stand in the way of a universal land federation do not exist for a nautical confederacy; for the sea is a kingdom, an empire, or a republic (as one may choose to style it) of and by itself. It has to a great extent a common language, and in a still greater degree a community of thought and feeling, an unwritten law of usage, and a nautical homogeneity rising above the bonds of race and speech. The forecastle of almost every ocean-going ship is cosmopolitan.

Then, again, owing to the larger use of steam, navigation tends more and more to settled routes. The fisheries are confined to narrower limits. The coasting trade of nations, between their own terminal points, follows, of course, the one familiar track. The old mercantile adventuring, in which ships were to be found anywhere and everywhere, is a thing of the past, and much of the sea is as solitary as the pathless forest. Hence the duty of an international navy could be concentrated with great advantage at certain stations and along ocean lanes. One can readily grasp the value of a sea-patrol along the three-mile-wide track of transatlantic commerce. With ships of the highest excellence, stored with provisions and supplies of every sort, carrying salvage crews, and cruising with almost the precision of the life-savers of the coast-guard as they walk their beat on shore, the chances of every shipwrecked or distressed vessel would be vastly bettered. The derelict, now one of the leading perils of the sea, would disappear from the list of marine dangers, and the dread of icebergs and field-ice would be greatly lessened, if cruisers were constantly watching for and reporting the drifting danger. One frequent maritime incident is for a vessel in distress to be spoken by another under conditions which even the unselfish and almost boundless generosity of the seafaring class cannot overcome. A master's first duty is to his ship's company, the crew and passengers under his care. The sea Samaritan, with his men on short allowance and a crippled craft, may, however unwillingly, have to pass by on the other side. How greatly would he be relieved were his the moral certainty of being able, within twenty-four hours, to report the case to a naval commander whose special office would be to hasten to the rescue!

One source of jealousy between naval nations is the establishment by rival powers of coaling-stations. If these have to be strongly fortified, their expense is great, and each power is anxious to maintain as many as possible. This would at once be changed under the new plan. The common interest would then be to select with a single eye to convenience the best spots, and to place there the largest facilities required by steam navigation.

Again, the prompt oversight of marine wrong-doing would certainly be favored if all the present susceptibilities of national flags could be taken out of the account. The pirate and the slaver are now liable to be brought to by any war vessel, but these are almost extinct as marine wrong-doers. Mutiny, barratry, abuse and ill treatment of seamen by officers, are matters in which it would greatly help justice if all questions of national jealousy could be removed, and any armed ship could have the rights of interposition that vessels of the navy under the same flag as the wrong-doer now have.

The case of civil war is one which at

present sets the naval establishments of all the great powers on the *qui vive.* Each of them hastens its squadron to the ports of the disturbed country, "to look after the interests of its own commerce," but rarely, except in consequence of flagrant inhumanity, interferes to protect any but its own citizens. If this were made a general duty, in the same way in which, in case of a street row, the nearest policeman is expected to step in, and the maritime power on the spot should be considered bound to see to the safety of all neutral lives and property, a vast deal of diplomatic complication might be avoided. So, too, the sending of arms, munitions, and insurgents from one nation to another ought not to be left to the navies of the respective countries to put a stop to; it should be made the duty of the naval watchman, whatever his colors, to "comprehend all vagrom" craft, and compel them to show their business. With the completed system of signaling which would follow the establishment of a naval confederacy, the bad business of abetting conspiracy and revolutions in a neighbor's country could be swiftly disposed of.

The construction of commerce-destroyers has been referred to already, and notice has been taken of the probability that they will not seek a combat with one another. It only remains to note that, in the event of a naval war between two maritime powers, the result will be that each will sweep away the merchant marine of the other, for the benefit of the neutral nations, who will at once pick up the carrying-trade of the seas. The sentiment of enlightened nations is against privateering, but "commerce-destroying" must take the same shape. The temptation of large prize money will keep the fleet cruisers from seeking battle with their like while wealthy and unarmed traders are to be picked up. When they fight, it will be, it is to be feared, after the fashion of Prince Hal and Poins toward Falstaff, Bardolph, and Peto.

The whole spirit of modern war is moving away from the old standpoint. Formerly, the purpose was to do all possible injury to an enemy. Now the theory is that only inevitable evils shall be inflicted, that non-combatants shall be spared and wanton mischief forborne. Doing harm for harm's sake, when there is no military exigency served, is considered base and cruel. The victors on the field are expected to care for the wounded of the vanquished as well as for their own. Hospitals in a besieged city are protected by the Geneva cross flying over them. With the celerity and magnitude of modern military operations, it is possible for a great campaign to begin and end in a single season, and a decisive battle to leave behind it no wider scar than its own field. While the principle is that war, like its own cannon-balls, is regardless of whatever is in its path, it must not turn aside for needless harm-doing.

But naval war is both dilatory and destructive. Its indirect mischief far exceeds its direct, and therefore is more slowly felt. It is quite possible for one of two belligerents to have absolute control of the seas, while the other is supreme upon the land. If the strength of the latter is conclusive against attack on shore, the navy of the former is deprived of its only legitimate service, that of covering a landing of troops. This was shown in the Crimean campaign, where, if Russia had been able to win the battle of the Alma, the siege of Sevastopol would never have taken place. Subsequent attempts showed that the attack on the sea-front was a vain waste of men and missiles. It is more than likely that the development of coast defense will continue to render impracticable the approach of a fleet within the longest gunshot range of shore artillery; and the land force has the added protection of torpedoes, both fixed and dirigible, of monitors and floating batteries. The land defense has the further advan-

tage that it is conducted on interior lines, and can have unlimited facilities of reinforcement and base of supplies. The offensive power of a navy is therefore restricted to blockading, the siege of ports of entry, and possible coast-raiding. Unless the power possessing the naval superiority is able to obtain and hold a permanent footing on the enemy's territory, it cannot compel a peace. War, under these conditions, becomes a trial of mere endurance, of distress and inconvenience. But in the event of war between two fairly matched naval powers, fighting on the ocean may continue for years without a decisive action. Meanwhile, commerce-destroying goes on, causing mutual loss and distress without any adequate compensation. Its weight falls on peaceable non-combatants. For one valuable prize taken and sent in, hundreds of ships will of necessity be burnt or sunk, and their crews and passengers left to shift for themselves in neutral ports. The point here insisted on is, that while military success generally obtains for the victors substantial results, a naval war is likely to be inconclusive, and may terminate with no other satisfaction to the belligerents than that of the infliction of a great deal of purposeless damage.

It remains to consider the obstacles, and then the advantages, of the plan proposed.

It may be said that a great maritime power like England would never come into a plan which would leave it without the power of protecting its colonies and dependencies. But the scheme here proposed would make all the league responsible for that protection. Nothing in its terms would hinder the free transportation of troops and supplies between any parts of the same empire, to India, Australia, South Africa, and Canada. There are just three cases in which England could be embroiled with a power likely to enter the league. One of these is with the United States of America in regard to Canada; the second is with France or Germany in South Africa; the third is with Russia in India. The probability of the first is almost infinitesimal, since the American people do not want British North America unless the Canadas desire annexation; and if they do desire it, with anything like unanimity, it is obvious that the whole might of the British Empire cannot prevent it. It could as easily build a pontoon bridge from Valentia to Cape Race. The chances of serious collision in Africa are not great, since the chief problem is to settle and to civilize the dark continent in the face of climatic drawbacks and a savage population. With Russia the fight must be a land fight along the northern frontier of India, and its fortunes must turn very largely on the hold of British rule upon the vast and complex native races. Given a firm grasp upon these, and the naval strength of England is unimportant. If that grasp fails, a fleet in the Hoogly or in the harbor of Bombay can have very little influence on operations along the Hindoo Kush or at the gates of Herat. It is hard to see how England would fail to gain all the ends she has been straining every nerve to compass, — and more, — if such a confederacy were to assure the perpetual freedom of the seas, and she could take the lead in establishing it without loss of prestige.

This plan would greatly simplify the relations of the most civilized states to the semi-barbarous ones. In case of piracies, ill use of shipwrecked seamen, and the like, the knowledge that redress would be demanded by the allied navies would bring speedy and complete submission. There would be, too, the advantage that such proceedings would be more measured, dignified, and humane than when, as now, they are left to the discretion of the aggrieved nation. In fact, it would be very like the substitution of grave judicial action for the hasty and extreme dealing of individual righting of personal wrongs. For the protection of the weaker communities, instead of the present uncertain and slow

pressure of the public opinion of nations loath to meddle in what does not directly concern them, there would be established, upon fixed precedents and general agreement, principles of action somewhat in conformity with the tenets of Christian enlightenment. Probably it would, in time, render contraband the supply of arms and deleterious liquors to the natives of savage lands.

Another difficulty in the outset would be the apportionment of naval duty between the contracting powers. At present, the state of matters is very much as if each ward of a city were required to maintain an independent force of police, whose duty should be to look after the entire city territory, and therefore there would be employed as many times the requisite number as there were wards. It surely would not be unreasonable to adopt the present municipal system, by which each squad has its especial beat, while in any emergency the bulk of the force can be detailed for duty where it is most wanted. There would be a choice of duties. Cruising off the Crozets or the Falklands in the month of August would hardly be as easy and pleasant as to pass the same month in sight of Honolulu or in the waters of Japan. There would have to be a rotation of duties, but these could be apportioned as now the changes of shore and dockyard service are in individual navies. It would no doubt be possible to give a preference to the nations best fitted for service in the warmer regions, and *vice versa;* but since the practical result would be a blending of the allies into one vast international navy, these questions would, in time, dispose of themselves. The ranking admiral would be an officer who had been everywhere and done everything in his profession, and be fitly the ultimate judge in all emergencies.

It may be also objected that, without the stimulus of possible war, no officers worth their salt would seek the navy. One can imagine this motive in the case of the army. A soldier who never fights or expects to fight is only a finished and pedantic militia-man. But the seaman, once afloat, is face to face with foes ever at hand. No science can quite rob him of the need of skill, courage, and constancy. In the naval duties here suggested there would be opportunity for all the high qualities which make the complete naval officer one of the most accomplished and estimable of public servants. The peace records of navy life are filled with stories of heroism and noblest devotion to duty. Will there not also be a gain in the training of the navy men of all nations by this elimination of the war element? Now, there is a constant sacrifice of something to the needs of combat. Speed, safety, comfort, health, were in turn disregarded. In the monitor type everything was subordinated to the theory of a submerged and armored battery-bearing craft. The turret steamer attempted to obtain sea-going powers, but the fate of the Captain showed the danger of the low freeboard. The heavier the armor, the more need of a low centre of gravity and a deep draught. The ship of the free-ocean navy, needing only a moderate armament, could be planned so as to secure the perfection of speed and seaworthiness. She could combine the largest capacity for stores and fuel with the best accommodation for officers and crew. She would, no doubt, discard the tugboat pattern now in vogue, and return to the old use of sails and spars; and last, but not least, the brutal and suicidal ram would disappear.

A federated naval service would offer, it seems to me, a higher professional advantage. Being international, it would be taken out of politics, and into the category of civil service. By economizing the number of ships necessary to sea supervision under the plan of coöperative responsibility, and by saving the enormous expenses of armor and ordnance now weighing so heavily upon naval estimates, it would be quite possi-

ble to offer higher pay and to provide retiring-pensions on a liberal scale.

The question arises of the event of land hostilities between two members of the maritime league. How would it be possible for the nations, say France and Germany, or Russia and England, to be friends at sea and foes on shore? This might be met by requiring that for the time being the naval vessels of the belligerents should be assigned to duty at stations divided by meridian or equatorial lines. The Pacific could be made the ground of one fleet, the Atlantic of the other; neutral powers could be expected to see that the compact was duly kept. In the old days, when "gentlemen adventurers" sailed under the black flag, the law among them was that there should be no fighting on shipboard, but that in the event of a quarrel the parties to it should be set on shore at the first convenient landing, there to settle the matter with pistol and cutlass. In the same way, the nations must fight their battles on dry land; and if this rule could be enforced, as it was to a considerable extent, among the lawless and desperate buccaneers of the Spanish main, why could it not be made effectual as to all who sail the seas?

As the idea and the possibility of naval war gradually withdrew to the background, the navy of the nations would consolidate more and more into an ocean nationality. The habit of acting in absolute concert, with the obedience which is the essence of sea service, would make the naval marine one, whatever might be the independence of the merchant marine of each people. One cannot read the striking story of the efforts for the relief of Sir John Franklin's party without seeing how nobly and heartily the forces under various flags could work together.

Does all this seem Utopian? The four or five greatest naval powers of the world, if once agreed, could quickly compel all the lesser maritime nations to fall into line. The contingent which each power should furnish would be based upon its sea-going traffic, or any power might be permitted to commute by a subsidy. The power failing to do its share might be held to forfeit the benefits of the league, be barred from the ports and refused the protection of the admiralty courts of the other powers. A congress of the maritime nations, as has been said above, could draw up a plan which should be mutually ratified by treaty. The gain would be that, once established, the peace of the ocean could not again be broken. Nor would there be danger that this sea confederacy would ever imperil the security of the land. For all essential needs of navigation, the sea-traversers are absolutely dependent upon the supply which the land affords. In fact, one would hardly notice this objection save for the ingenuity of the inland Congressman and the rural editor to whom it might occur.

To sum up in a word or two, the conclusion reached is that no one power can possibly obtain the absolute dominion of the high seas to the exclusion of the rest. No advantages which the naval preponderance of one power can gain for it can be held secure from the hazards of battle. Every benefit for which it is worth while to fight, every privilege which it is desirable to defend, can be had by the simple step of prohibiting naval warfare. This, as has been shown, does not abolish navies or strip them of their continuing usefulness and honorable renown.

As commerce protectors, as guardians of the seas, as worthy antagonists of the ever restless forces of wind and wave, an efficient navy, working for the interests of all who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, will always have enough to do and abundant credit for its gallant deservings.

Walter Mitchell.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

'T was Adam at the gates of Paradise:
Sick with the world's first sickness, prostrate, pale,
Low lay he, in his pain. And they made wail
That stood by him: "O father, dim your eyes
And filmed, on your great limbs you cannot rise;
Lo, huge black clouds across the heavens sail,
And prowling shadow crouches in the vale.
What burden, father, on the hurt earth lies?"
"I fail, O wife and children, for the bough
Whereof I ate. Go thou, swift-footed Seth,
And pluck from that sweet tree." With eyes mist-dim
He looked on it. "Nay, wife, nay, children, now
Is here the one He spake of to me, — Death;
With hollow voice he bids me follow him."

John Vance Cheney.

THE MYSTERY OF WITCH-FACE MOUNTAIN.

VII.

The love of contention served, in the case of old Persimmon Sneed, in the stead of industry, of rectitude, of perseverance, of judgment, of every quality that should adorn a man. So eager was he to be off and at the road again that he could scarcely wait to swallow his refection. All the charms of the profusely spread board had not availed to decoy him from the subject, and the repast of the devoted jury of view was seasoned with his sage advice and vehement argument against the project, which its advocates, fully occupied, failed for the nonce to combat. Now and again Mrs. Minerva Slade sought to interpose in their behalf, and many a tempting trencher was thrust to his elbow to divert the tenor of his discourse. But despite his youthful vulnerability to the dainty which had won him his sobriquet, Persimmon Sneed's palate was not more susceptible to the allurements of flattery than his hard head or his obdurate heart. There was, however, at intervals, a lively clatter of his knife and fork, and some redoubtable activity on the part of his store teeth, frankly false, and without doubt the only false thing about him. Then he hustled up the jury of view and their *confrères* to the resumption of their duties, and was the first man to put foot in stirrup. Certain other mountaineers would fain have lingered, as was manifest by the triangular slices of "apple custard pie" in their hands, as they stood, still munching, on the porch, watching the departing jury of view with their active and aged precursor, and by their loitering adieus and thanks to Aunt Minerva Slade. A beaming countenance did she wear this day. She had cooked to some cheerful purpose. Not one failure had marred the *menu*, in testimony of which, as she afterward remarked, "I never seen scraps so skimpy." Her spectacles reflected the bland light of the day as smilingly as

the eyes above which they were poised, as she stood in the doorway, and with fluttering graciousness received the homage of her beneficiaries.

"That youngest one, Con Hite, war sorter mild-mannered an' meek," she afterward said, often recounting the culinary triumphs of the great day, "an' I misdoubts but he hed the deespepsy, fur he war the only one ez did n't pitch in an' eat like he war tryin' ter pervide fur a week's fastin'. I reckon they all knowed what sort'n pitiful table they sets out at Mis' Cornely Hood's, t'other side the mounting, whar they expected ter stop fur supper, an' war a-goin' ter lay up suthin' agin destitution."

For an hour, perhaps, before reaching Hanway's, Con Hite had ridden with the jury of view. He had not much expectation of influencing the fate of the road in any respect by his presence, but he felt it was a matter of consistency to appear with the others of the opposition. He desired, too, to publicly urge, as his reason for objecting to the project, the insufficiency of hands in so sparsely populated a region to make a road and keep it in repair; lest another reason, the wish to preserve the seclusion so dear to the moonshiner, be attributed to him. This matter of policy had been made very palatable by the probability that he would see Narcissa, and it was with a deep disappointment that he beheld Selwyn beside her, and received only a slight movement of her drooping eyelids as a token of recognition and welcome. He had been minded to dismount and walk with her, but his heart burned with resentment. Of what worth now were all his buoyant anticipations, while she was listening to the sugared flatteries of the "town cuss"? He had this subject for cogitation, while, in a stifling room, he was regaled with hard cider and apple-jack by no more fascinating Hebe than old Mrs. Slade, with her withered sallow skin, her excited anxious eye, her fluttered, tremulous, skinny fingers, her hysteric cap with its maddeningly flying strings, and her wonderfully swift venerable scamper in and out of the kitchen.

Con Hite was the last to go. He led the horse down to the watering-trough, oblivious of the stream, with its ample supply, a hundred yards or so further on and in full view; and as he stood there, with his hand on the animal's shoulder, he turned his eyes, somewhat wistful, though wont to be so bold and bright, upon Narcissa, still seated on the stile. Her own brown long-lashed eyes had a far-away look in them. They evidently passed him over absently, and followed the squad of men swiftly trotting adown the road, all in good heart and good temper again to take up their duty where they had laid it down. No vague faint vestige of a dimple was now in her daintily white cheek.

"Ye be powerful sparin' o' speech ter-day," he remarked.

Her eyes did not move from the distant landscape. "Folks ez hev got nuthin' ter say would do well ter say it."

He flushed. "Ye hed mo' ter say ter the stranger-man."

"Don't see him so powerful frequent. When a thing is sca'ce, it 's apt ter be ch'ice," she retorted.

She experienced a certain pleasure in her acridity. For his sake, lest suspicion befall him, she had sought to inaugurate an investigation — nay, a persecution — of this man, and he a stranger; and but that circumstance was kind to him, her effort might have resulted cruelly. And now that she had done so much for Con Hite, it was her pleasure to take it out on him, as the phrase goes. All unaware of this curious mental attitude, he winced under her satire.

"Waal, I kin make myself sca'ce, too," he said, an impulse of pride surging in his heart.

"It mought be better fur ye," she replied indifferently.

His momentary independence left him suddenly.

"Narcissa," he said reproachfully, "ye did n't always talk this way ter me."

"That ain't news ter me. Ben 'lows ez I talk six ways fur Sunday."

"Ye dunno how I feel, not knowin' how ye be set towards me, an' hevin' ter see ye so seldom, a-workin' all the time down yander, a-moonshinin' " —

"I would n't talk 'bout it so turr'ble loud." She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. "An' ye 'd better quit it, ennyhows."

"Ye 'lows it be wrong," he said, his bold bright eyes all softened as he looked at her, "bein' agin the law ? "

"I ain't keerin' fur the law. Ef the truth war knowed, the law is aimin' ter git all the benefit o' whiskey bein' drunk itself. That 's whar the law kems in. I only keer fur " — She stopped abruptly. She had nearly revealed to him that she cared only lest some disaster come to him in his risky occupation ; that she would like him to be ploughing in a safe level field at the side of a cabin, where she might sit by the window and sew, and look out and see that no harm befell this big bold man, six feet two inches high. "Con Hite ! " she exclaimed, her face scarlet, "I never see a body ez hard-hearted an' onmerciful ez ye air. Why n't ye water that sufferin' beast, ez air fairly honing ter drink ? Waal," she continued, after a pause in which he demonstrated the axiom that one may lead a horse to water, but cannot make him drink, "then why n't ye go ? I ain't got time ter waste, ef ye hev."

She rose as if for departure, and he put his foot in the stirrup. "I wish ye would n't be so harsh ter me, Narcissa," he said meekly.

"Waal, thar be a heap o' saaft-spoken gals ter be hed fur the askin'. Ye kin take yer ch'ice."

And with this he was fain to be content, as he mounted and rode reluctantly away.

She sat down again, and was still for a long time after the last echo of his horse's hoofs had died on the air. Her thoughts did not follow him, however. They turned again with renewed interest to the fair-haired young stranger. Somehow she was ill at ease and vaguely disillusioned. She watched mechanically, and with some unaccustomed touch of melancholy, the burnished shimmering golden haze gradually invest far blue domes and their purple slopes, and the brown valleys, and the rugged rocky mountains nearer, with a certain idealized slumberous effect like the landscape of a dream. In these still spaces naught moved now save the imperceptible lengthening of the shadows. It had never occurred to her to deem the scene beautiful ; it was the familiar furniture of her home. Upon this her eyes had first opened. She had never thought to compare it to aught else, — to the suffocating experience of one visit to the metropolitan glories of the little town in the flat woods known as Colbury. It had seemed, indeed, magnificent to her ignorance, and the temerity of the architecture of a two-story house had struck her aghast. She had done naught but wonder and stare. It had been a great delight, the trip, but she had never desired to linger or to dwell there. Certain sordid effects came over her ; reminiscences of the muddy streets, the tawdry shops, the jostling, busy-eyed people.

"Ain't this ez good ? " she said to herself, as the vast scene suddenly fluctuated beneath a flare of wind amidst the sunshine, and light, detached white flakes of cloud went winging athwart the blue sky ; their shadows followed them fast across the sunlit valley, — only their dark and lifeless semblances, like the verbal forms of some white illumined thought that can find no fit expression in words. The breath of the pines came to her, the sound of the water, the sudden fanfare of the unseen wind in the sky heralding the clouds. "Ain't this ez good ? " she said again, with that first deadly, subtle distrust of

the things of home, that insidious discontent so fatal to peace. He evidently did not deem it as good, and the obvious fact rankled in her. The mountain men, and their lack of enterprise, and their drawling speech which he had mimicked, — they too shared his disparagement; and she was conscious that she herself did not now think so well of them, — so conscious that she made a loyal struggle against this sentiment.

"So shif'less, so thrif'less," she echoed his words. "An' I dunno ez *I* ever viewed a wastefuller critter 'n this hyar very Mister Man." She rose from her seat and stooped down, gathering together the handful of matches that Selwyn had inadvertently pulled from his pocket with the one which he had used in illustrating his suggestion of setting the waters of a spring afire. "Ef he keeps on ez wasteful ez this, he 'll get out o' matches whar he lives over yander; an' I misdoubts ef, smart ez he 'lows he be, he could kindle the wood ter cook his breakfus' by a flint rock, ef he air so boastful ez ter 'low ez he kin set spring water afire."

She made the matches into a compact little budget and slipped them into her pocket, and as she rose and looked about uncertainly she heard her aunt Minerva calling to her from the house that it was high time to go and drive up the cows.

Aunt Minerva had not bethought herself to summon the girl to dinner. The whole world seemed surfeited to her, so had dinner occupied her day. Narcissa herself, under the stress of the abnormal excitements, felt no lack as she slowly trod the familiar paths in search of the bovine vagrants.

Her thoughts bore her company, and she was far from home when the aspect of the reddening sun smote her senses. She stood and watched the last segment of the vermilion sphere sink down out of sight, and, as she turned, the October dusk greeted her on every side. The shadows, how dense in the woods; the valleys, darkling already! Only on the higher eastern slopes a certain red reflection spoke of the vanishing day. She looked vainly as yet for some faint silvery suffusion which might herald the rising of the moon; for it was to be a bright night. She was glad of the recollection. She had not hitherto realized it, but she was tired. She would rest for a little while, and thus refreshed she would be the sooner home. She sat down on a ledge of the outcropping rock and looked about her. The spot was unfamiliar, but in the far stretch of the darkening scene she identified many a well-known landmark. There was the gleaming bend of the river in the valley, lost presently amidst the foliage of its banks; and here was an isolated conical peak on a far lower level than the summit of the range, and known as Thimble Mountain; and nearer still, across a narrow bight of the Cove, was a bare slope. As she glanced at it she half rose from her place, for there was the witch-face, twilight on the grim features, yet with the aid of memory so definitely discerned that they could hardly have been more distinct by noonday, — a dark face, of inexplicably sinister omen. "Oh, why did I see it to-day!" she exclaimed, the presage of ill fortune strong upon her, with that grim mask so darkly leering at her from across the valley. But the day was well-nigh gone; only a scant space remained in which to work the evil intent of fate. She seated herself anew, for in the shadowy labyrinth of the woods her path could scarcely be found. She must needs wait for the moon.

She wondered, as she sat and gazed about, how far she might be from that new dwelling where he lived who so scorned the mountain, and who owed to it his every breath. There was no sound, no suggestion of human habitation. The shadowy woods stood dense about the little open ledgy space on three sides; toward the very verge of the mountain the rocks grew shelving and precipitous,

and beyond the furthest which she could see, the gray edge of which cut sharply against the base of a distant dun-tinted range, she knew the descent was abrupt to the depths of the valley. Looking up, she beheld the trembling lucid whiteness of a star; now and again the great plumed top of an oak-tree swayed beneath, and then its glister was broken and deflected amidst the crisp autumnal leaves, but still she saw it shine. It told, too, that there was water near; she caught its radiant multiplied reflection, like a cluster of scintillating white gems, on the lustrous dark surface of a tiny pool, circular and rock-bound, close beneath the ledge on which she sat. She leaned over, and saw the limpid fading red sky, and the jagged brown border of the rocks, and a grotesque moving head, which she recognized, after a plunge of the heart, as her own sunbonnet. She drew back in dismay; she would have no more of this weird mirror of the rocks and woods, and looked up again at the shining of the star amidst the darkening shadows of the scarlet oak. How tall that tree was, how broad of girth! And how curiously this stranger talked! What was there to do with all these trees? Would he cut down all the trees on the mountain? A sudden doubt of his sanity crossed her mind. It was the first, and her heart stood still for a moment. But as she slowly canvassed the idea, it accounted for much otherwise impossible to comprehend: his evident poverty and his efforts toward the purchase of lands; his illness and his bluff insistence on his strength; his wild talk of enterprise and his mysterious intimations of phenomenal opportunities. Confirmations of the suspicion crowded upon her; above all, the mad boast that with a match he could set the waters of a spring afire.

With a sad smile at the fatuity of the thing, in her idle waiting she drew one of his matches from her pocket; then she struck it briskly on the rugged rock, and cast it, blazing lightly, into the bubbling waters of the spring.

The woods, the rocks, the black night, the fleering, flouting witch-face, all with an abrupt bound sprang into sudden visibility. A pyramid of yellow flame was surging up from the bubbling surface of the water. Long, dark, slim shadows were speeding through the woods, with strange slants of yellow light; the very skies were a-flicker. She cowered back for a moment, covering her face with her hands. Then, affrighted at her own sorceries, she fled like a deer through the wilderness.

VIII.

One by one, as the afternoon wore on, the spectators began to desert the jury of view, their progress over the mountain being slower than had been anticipated. So often, indeed, did insoluble difficulties arise touching the location of the road and questions of dispute that it might be wondered that the whole body did not perish by faction. After the party had passed the boundary line of Persimmon Sneed's tract, where he seemed to consider the right of eminent domain merged in nothingness in comparison to his lordly prerogatives as owner in fee simple, he ceased to urge as heretofore. He dictated boldly to the jury. He rode briskly on in advance, as if doing the honors of his estate to flattered guests, now and again waving his hand to illustrate his proposition; his keen, high-pitched voice overcoming in its distinct utterance the sound of hoofs and spurs, and the monotonous bass contradictions proffered by Silas Boyd.

And the jury of view, silent and circumspect, rode discreetly on.

Persimmon Sneed's mare seemed as fresh as himself, and when he would turn, as he often did, to face the fatigued, wilted, overwhelmed jury jogging along on their jaded steeds, tired out with the long day's jaunt and the rough footing, the

mare would move swiftly backward in a manner that would have done credit to the manege of a circus. And at this extreme advantage Persimmon Sneed and his raised adjuring forefinger seemed impossible to be gainsaid. His arguments partook of the same unanswerable character.

"Ye don't see none o' my cattle, do ye?" He waved his hand toward the woods flecked with the long slantings of the sun. "I hev got more 'n a hunderd head grazin' right hyar in the bresh. Cattle-thieves could call an' salt 'em easy enough, but they could n't drive 'em off through the laur'l thar; it 's thick ez hell!" pointing to the dense jungle. "But ef we-uns hed this hyar road what you 're aimin' ter lay off, why, a leetle salt an' a leetle drivin' an' a moonlight night would gather 'em, an' the whole herd would be in Georgy by daybreak. I would n't hev the hawn of a muley cow lef'. Now, ez it be, them cattle air ez safe from sight ez ef I hed swallowed 'em!" And he whirled again, and led the column.

The jury of view rode disconsolately on.

They experienced a temporary relief when they had passed the confines of his tract, — for it was across but a protruding tongue of the main body of his land that the road was expected to run, — and entered upon the domain of the "valley man with the lung complaint;" for this diverted Persimmon Sneed to the more amiable task of narrating how the stranger had sought to buy land of him, and the high prices he had scornfully refused, the adaptability of his land to his own especial needs being so phenomenally apt.

A sudden query from Silas Boyd rendered their respite short: "What 's that man Selwyn want so much land fur, ennyhows? He hev been tryin' ter buy all that 'crost the gorge, too." He waved his hand toward the gloomy woods darkening on the opposite slope.

"Ter graze cattle, o' course," promptly surmised Persimmon Sneed. "Jes' look at my fine chance o' yearlin's, a-layin' on fat an' bone an' muscle every day, with no expense nor attendance, an' safe an' sound an' sure. An' now," he cried suddenly, and the shuddering jury saw the collocation of ideas as it bore down upon them, and Persimmon Sneed swiftly turned, facing them, while the mare nimbly essayed a *passado* backward, "ye air talkin' 'bout changin' all this, ruinationin' the vally o' my land ter me. Ye 'low ye want ter permote the interus' o' the public! Waal," raising an impressive forefinger, "ain't *I* the public?"

No one ventured a reply.

The jury of view rode desperately on.

They had presently more cause for depression of spirit. It began to be evident that with the dusk some doubt had arisen in the minds of the mountaineers of the party as to the exact trend of the herder's trail. The doubt intensified, until further progress proved definitively that the indistinct trail was completely lost. Darkness came on apace; the tangled ways of the forest seemed momently more tortuous; wolves were not rare in the vicinity; rumors of a gang of horse-thieves were rife.

After much discussion, the jury of view agreed that they would go no further at present, but wait for the rising of the moon, on the theory that it would then be practicable to make their way to the Hood cabin, on the other side of the mountain, which was their immediate goal, and which they had expected to reach by sunset; unaware that in their devious turnings they had retraced several miles of their course, and were now much nearer Selwyn's dwelling in the woods than the terminus of their route.

Despite their uncertainty and anxiety the rest was grateful. The shades of night were cool and refreshing after the glare of the day, as they sat smoking on the rocks about the verge of the moun-

tain, or lay, pillowed on their saddles, on the fallen leaves. For the horses had been unsaddled, and were picketed in an open glade at a little distance: in recurrent pauses in the talk the sound of their grazing on the scanty grass came to the ear; all else was silence save the tinkling of a mountain rill, — a keen detached appoggiatura rising occasionally above the monody of its murmurous flow, — and the melancholy chiming of some lingering cicada, the latest spared of the frost.

The night was as yet very dark; the stars were dull in a haze, the valley was a vague blur; even the faces of the men could not be dimly distinguished. Strange, then, that an added visibility suddenly invested the woods and the sky-line beyond a dense belt of timber.

"'Pears ter me toler'ble early fur the moon," observed one of the men. "She 's on the wane now, too."

"'T ain't early, though," replied the sullen bass voice of Silas Boyd from the darkness; it was lowered, that the others might not hear. "That thar old perverted Philistine of a Persimmon Sneed kep' us danderin' roun' hyar till mighty nigh eight o'clock, I 'll bet, a-persistin' an' a-persistin' he knowed the road, when he war plumb lost time we got on that cow-path. An' the jury o' view, they hed ter take Persimmon Sneed's advice, he bein' the oldest, an' wait *hyar* fur the risin' moon. Persimmon Sneed will repent he picked out this spot, — he 'll repent it sure!"

This dictum was only the redundancy of discontent; but when, in the light of subsequent events, it was remembered, and special gifts of discernment were attributed to Silas Boyd, he did not disclaim them, for he felt that his words were surely inspired by some presentiment, so apt were they, and so swiftly did the fulfillment follow the prophecy.

There was a sudden stir among the group. The men were getting quickly to their feet, alert, tense, with broken whispers and bated breath. For there, on a bare slope, viewed diagonally across the gorge and illumined with a wavering pallor, the witch-face glared down at them from the dense darkness of the woods. The quick chilly repulsion of the strangers as they gazed spellbound at the apparition was outmatched by the horror of those who had known the fantasy from childhood; never thus had they beheld the gaunt old face! What strange unhallowed mystery was this, that it should smile and grimace and mock at them down out of the shadowy night, with flickers of light as of laughter running athwart its grisly lineaments? What evil might it portend? They all stood aghast, watching this pallid emblazonment of the deep night.

"Boys," said old Dent Kirby tremulously, "thar 's suthin' powerful cur'ous 'bout this 'speriunce. That thar light war never kindled in heaven or yearth."

"Let 's go!" cried Jeremiah Sayres. "We hev got ter git out'n this somehows."

"Go whar?" croaked Silas Boyd, his deep bass voice lowered to a whisper. "I be 'feard ter quit the trail furder. 'Pinnock's Mis'ry' be hyarabout somewhar, a plumb quicksand, what a man got into an' floundered an' sank, an' floundered agin, an' whenst they fund him his hair war white an' his mind deranged. Or else we-uns mought run off'n a bluff somewhar, an' git our necks bruk."

Now, Persimmon Sneed was possessed of a most intrusive curiosity, and he was further endowed with a sturdy courage.

"I 'll jes' step off a leetle way to'des that light, an' view whar it kems from," he observed coolly. "The woods air too wet to burn."

He would not listen to protest.

"The witch-face ain't never blighted me none," he rejoined stoutly as he set forth.

IX.

The thick tangled mass of the undergrowth presently intervened, so that, as

he broke his way through it, he wondered that its bosky dimness should be so visible beneath the heavy shadows of the great trees looming high overhead. Once he stopped doubtfully; the glow evidently came rather from below than above. It is too much to say that a thrill of fear tried the fibres of Persimmon Sneed's obdurate old heart. But he listened for a moment to hear, perchance, the sound of voices from the group he had left, or the champing of the picketed steeds. He was an active man, and had come fast and far since quitting his companions. Not even a vague murmur rose from the silent autumnal woods. The stillness was absolute. As he moved forward once more, the impact of his foot upon the rain-soaked leaves, the rustle of the boughs as he pressed among them, the rise and fall of his own breathing, somewhat quicker than its wont, served to render appreciable to Persimmon Sneed the fact that he possessed nerves which were more susceptible to a quaver of doubt than that redoubtable endowment called his hard head.

"Somebody hev jes' sot out fire in the woods, — though powerful wet," he muttered, his intellectual entity seeking to quiet that inward flutter of his mere bodily being. "But I 'm a-goin' on," he protested obstinately, "ef it be bodaciously kindled by the devil!"

And as he spoke, his heart failed, his limbs seemed sinking beneath him, his pulses beat tumultuously for a moment, and then were abruptly still; he had emerged from the woods in a great flickering glare which pervaded an open, rocky space shelving to a precipice, and beheld a tall, glowing yellow flame rising unquenched from the illuminated surface of a bubbling mountain spring. His senses reeled; a myriad of tawny red and yellow flashes swayed before his dazzled eyes. He had heard all his life of the wild freaks of the witches in the woods. Had he chanced on their unhallowed pastimes in the solitudes of these untrodden mountain wildernesses? Was this miraculous fire, blazing from the depths of the clear water, necromancy, the work of the devil?

The next moment his heart gave a great throb. He found his voice in a wild halloo. Among the fluttering shadows of the trees he had caught sight of the figure of a man, and, a thousand times better, of a face that he knew. The man was approaching the fire, with a stare of blank amazement and fear as his distended eyes beheld the phenomenon of the blazing spring. Their expression changed instantly upon the sound. His face was alert, grave, suspicious, a prosaic anxiety obliterating every trace of superstitious terror. His right hand was laid upon his hip in close proximity to a pistol-pocket, and Persimmon Sneed remembered suddenly that his own pistol was in its holster on his saddle, he could not say how far distant in these wild, trackless woods, and that this man was a notorious offender against the law, sundry warrants for his arrest for horse-stealing having been issued at divers times and places. There had been much talk of an organized band who had assisted in these and similar exploits in outlying districts of the county, but Persimmon Sneed had given it scant credence until he beheld several armed men lagging in the rear, their amazed, uncouth faces, under their broad-brimmed hats, all weird and unnatural in the pervasive yellow glow. They had, evidently, like him, been led to the spot by the strange flare in the heart of the woods; but Nick Peters could well enough pretermit his surprise and whatever spiritual terrors might assail him till a more convenient season for their indulgence. A more immediate danger menaced him than the bodily appearance of the devil, which he had momently expected as he gazed at the flaming water. He had seen the others of his own party approaching, and he walked quickly across the clear space to

Persimmon Sneed. He was a little, slim, wiry man, with light, sleek hair, pink cheeks, high cheek-bones, and a bony but blunt nose. He had a light eye, gray, shallow, but inscrutable, and there was something feline in his aspect and glance, at once smooth and caressing and of latent fierceness.

"Why, Mr. Persimmon Sneed," he exclaimed in a voice as bland as a summer's day, "how did you-uns an' yer frien's do sech ez that?" and he pointed at the flaring pyramid on the surface of the water.

Persimmon Sneed, in his proclivity to argument, forgot his lack of a pistol and his difficult position, unarmed and alone.

"I 'll hev ye ter remember I hev no dealin's with the devil. I dunno how that water war set afire, nor my friends nuther," he said stiffly.

"Whar air they?"

Nick Peters's keen, discerning eye had been covertly scanning the flickering shadows and the fluctuating slants of yellow light about them. Now he boldly threw a glance over his shoulder.

Persimmon Sneed caught himself sharply.

"They ain't hyarabouts," he said gruffly, on his guard once more.

A look of apprehension crossed the horse-thief's face. The denial was in the nature of an affirmation to his alert suspicion; for it is one of the woes of the wicked that, knowing no truth themselves, they cannot recognize it in others, even in a transient way, as of a chance acquaintance. He must needs have heed. A number of men, doubtless, well armed, lay in the immediate vicinity. As he whirled himself lightly half around on his spurred heel, his manner did not conform to his look.

"Did you-uns an' them kem all the way from the valley ter view the blazin' spring? Looks some like hell-fire," he added incidentally, and with the tone of one familiar with the resemblance he descried.

"Naw; we-uns never hearn on it afore; I jes' run on it accidental," Sneed replied succinctly, hardly daring to trust himself to an unnecessary word; for the staring men that had gathered at a respectful distance about the blazing spring numbered nine or ten, and an ill-advised tongue might precipitate an immediate attack on the dismounted, unarmed group awaiting his return at the verge of the bluff. A genuine thrill of terror shook him as he realized that at any moment he might be followed by men as ill prepared as he to cope with the horse-thief's gang.

"I see ye rid," said Nick Peters, observing his acquaintance's spurs. "Yer frien's rid, too, I s'pose?"

Persimmon Sneed, desirous of seeming unsuspicious, merely nodded. He seemed as suspicious, in fact, as watchful, as stanch, as ready to spring, as a leopard in a cage. His thin lips were set, his alert eyes keen, his unshaven, stubbly jaws rigid, his whole body at a high tension. The man of quicker perceptions was first to drop the transparent feint, but only to assume another.

"Now, Mr. Sneed," he said, with an air of reproach and upbraiding, "do ye mean ter tell me ez ye hev kem up hyar with the sheriff or dep'ty ter nose me out; me, who hev got no home, — folks burned my house ter the yearth, namin' *me* 'horse-thief' an' sech, — nor frien's, nor means, nor havin's, plumb run ter groun' like a fox or sech?"

"Ef ye did" —, said a gigantic ruffian who had come up, backed by a shadow twice his size, and stood assisting at the colloquy, looking over the shoulder of his wiry little chief. He left the sentence unfinished, a significant gesture toward the handle of the pistol in his belt rendering the omission of slight moment.

"Some o' them boys war wondering ef that fire out'n the water would burn," observed a fat, greasy, broad-faced lout, with a foolish, brutal grin. "It mought make out ter singe this stranger's hair

an' hide, ef we war ter gin him a duckin' thar."

"Air ye a-huntin' of me, too, Mr. Sneed, — ye that war 'quainted with me in the old times on Tomahawk Creek?" Peters reiterated his demand in a plaintive, melodramatic tone, which titillated his fancy somehow, and, like virtue, was its own exceeding great reward; for both he and Persimmon Sneed knew right well that their acquaintance amounted only to a mere facial recognition when they had chanced to pass on the country road or the village street, years before. Nevertheless, under the pressure of the inherent persuasiveness of the suggested retribution, Persimmon Sneed made haste to aver that his errand in the mountains was in no sense at the sheriff's instance. And so radical and indubitable were his protestations that Nick Peters was constrained to discard this fear, and demand, "What brung ye ter Witch-Face Mounting then, Mr. Sneed?"

"Waal, some fellers war app'inted by the county court ter view the road an' report on it," said Persimmon, "an' I kem along ter see how it mought affect my interust."

How far away, how long ago, how infinitely unimportant, seemed all those convolutions of trail and argument in which he had expended the finest flowers of his contradictory faculties, the stanch immobility of his obstinacy, his unswerving singleness of purpose in seeing only one side of a question, this afternoon, a few short hours since! The mutability of the affairs of the most immutable of human beings!

This reflection was cut short by observing the stare of blank amazement on Nick Peters's face. "Road!" he said. "Thar ain't no road."

"They air app'inted ter lay out an' report on openin' one," explained Persimmon Sneed.

Evidently Nick Peters's experience of the law was in its criminal rather than in its civil phases, but the surprise died out of his face, and he presently said, with a beguiling air of frankness, "Now, Mr. Sneed, ye see this happens right in my way of trade. Jes' tell me whar them loafers air, an' how many horses they hev got along, an' I 'll gin ye the bes' beastis I hev got ter ride, an' a pair o' shootin'-irons, an' set ye in the valley road on the way home. Ye kin say ye war lost from them."

It is true that in this moment Persimmon Sneed remembered each of his contumacious comrades, and saw that they outnumbered by one the horse-thief's gang; he realized that they were out of leading-strings, and amply capable of taking care of themselves. He had that wincing terror which an unarmed man experiences at the sight of "shootin'-irons" in the grasp of other and antagonistic men. More than all, he looked at those hell-lighted flames, as he esteemed them, rising out of the lustrous water, and believed the jocose barbarity of the threat of the brutal henchman might be serious earnest in its execution.

But the jury of view and their companions were all unprepared for molestation in such wise as menaced them. He reflected anew upon their dismounted condition, the horses picketed at a distance, the saddles scattered on the ground in the darkness, with the holsters buckled to them and the pistols within. A sudden attack meant a successful robbery and perchance bloodshed.

"I 'll die fust!" he said loudly, and he had never looked more painfully obstinate. "I 'll die fust!" He lifted his quivering hand and shook it passionately in the air. "I ain't no ransomed saint, an' I know it, but afore I 'll betray that thar jury o' view what 's been app'inted by the county court ter lay off the damned road, I 'll die fust! I ain't no ransomed saint, I ain't, but I 'll *die* fust! I ain't no ransomed" —

"Stop, boys, stop!" cried the wiry little horse-thief, as the others gathered about Sneed with threatening eyes and

gestures, while he vociferated amongst them, as lordly as if he were in his oft-time preëminence as the foreman of a jury. Nick Peters's face had changed. There was a fear upon it, uncomprehended by Persimmon Sneed. It did not occur to him until long afterward that he had for the first time used the expression "a jury of view," and that the horse-thief's familiarity with the idea of a jury was only in the sense of twelve men.

Peters spoke aside to the others, only a word or so; but there was amongst them an obvious haste to get away, of which Persimmon Sneed was cognizant, albeit his head was swimming, his breath short, his eyes dazzled by the fire which he feared, and his understanding blunted in some sort, it seemed to him, for he could make no sense of Nick Peters's observation as he took him by the arm, although afterward it became plain enough.

"Ye 'll hev ter go an' 'bide along o' we-uns fur a while, Mr. Sneed," he said, choking with the laughter of some occult happy thought. "Ye ain't a ransomed saint yit, but ye will be arter awhile, I reckon, ef ye live long enough."

Their shadows skulked away as swiftly as they, even more furtively, running on ahead, in great haste to be gone. The firelight slanted through the woods in quick, elusive fluctuations, ever dimmer, ever recurrently flaring; and when the jury of view and their party, alarmed by the long absence of Persimmon Sneed, followed the strange light through the woods to the brink of the burning spring, they found naught astir save the vagrant shadows of the great boles of the trees, no longer held to their accustomed orbit, but wandering through the woods with a large freedom.

That this fire, blazing brilliantly on the surface of the clear spring water, was kindled by supernatural power was not for a moment doubted by the jury of view, who had never before heard of such a phenomenon, and the spiriting away of Persimmon Sneed was promptly ascribed to the same agency. With these thoughts upon them, they did not linger long at the spot where their companion had met so mysterious a fate. Their ringing halloos, with which the woods were enlivened, took on vaguely appalled cadences; the echoes came back to them like mocking shouts; and they were glad enough to ride away at last through the quiet moonlit glades, their faltering voices silent, leaving that mystic fire slowly dying where it had blazed so long on the face of the water.

A more extended search, later, by other parties, resulting as fruitlessly, the idea that Persimmon Sneed had been in some way lured bodily within the grasp of the devil prevailed among the more ignorant portion of the community, who dolorously sought to point the moral how ill the headstrong fare, and speculated gloomily as to the topic on which he had ventured to argue with Satan, who in rage and retaliation had whisked him away. But there was a class of citizens in Colbury who hearkened with elated sentiments to this mystery of Witch-Face Mountain. A company of capitalists was promptly organized, every inch of attainable land on the mountain was quietly bought, and machinery for boring for oil was already at the spring when the news was brought to Selwyn by Hanway, who, not having seen the young stranger for the past week or so, feared he was ill. The flakes of the first snow of the season were whirling past the windows; no more on autumn leaves they looked, no more on far-off bare but azure mountains, feigning summer. The distant ranges were ghostly white. The skeleton woods near at hand were stark and black, and trembled with sudden starts, and strove wildly with the winds, and were held in an inexorable fate, and cried and groaned aloud.

Hanway was right in his surmise, for Selwyn was ill, and lay on the lounge wheeled up to the fire, in his ragged red smoking-jacket. His cheeks were still

touched with color, but a sort of smitten pallid doom was on his brow and in his eyes. His gaze dwelt insistently on the doctor, the tall, thin practitioner of the surrounding country, who had just finished an examination, and was slowly returning his spectacles to their case as he stood before the fire. It seemed as if the patient expected him to speak; but he said nothing, and looked down gravely into the red coals.

Then it was that Hanway narrated the sensation of the neighborhood. It roused Selwyn to fever heat; his disjointed, excited, despairing exclamations, in annotation, as it were, of the story, disclosed his own discovery of the oil, his endeavors to secure the opinion of an expert as to its value, his efforts to buy up the land, his reasons for opposing the premature opening of a road which might reveal the presence of the oil-springs, when the law discriminating in favor of oil-works and similar interests makes the way thither a public thoroughfare, at all events. He cried out upon his hard fate, when money might mean life to him; upon the bitter dispensation of the mysterious kindling of those hidden secluded waters to blazon his secret to the world, to enrich others through his discovery which should have made him so rich.

The dry, spare tone of the physician interrupted, — a trite phrase interdicting excitement.

"Why, doctor," said Selwyn, suddenly comprehending, "you think my present wealth will last out my time!"

Once more the physician looked silently into the fire. He had seen a great deal of dying, but he had lived a quiet ascetic life, which made his sensibilities tender, and he did not get used to dying.

"I wish you would stay with him, if you can," he said to Hanway at the outer door. "It will be a very short time now."

It was even shorter than they thought. The snow, falling then, had not disappeared from the earth, although a thaw and a subsequent freeze had solidified the mass like ice, when the picks of the grave-diggers cleft through it in the secluded little mountain burying-ground. It was easier work than they had anticipated, since the earth was frozen; and the grave was almost prepared when they realized that the ground had been broken before, and that here was the deserted resting-place of the stranger who had come so far to see Selwyn. Hanway remembered the latter's words, his aversion to the idea that the spot was awaiting him; but the dark November day was closing in, the storm clouds were gathering anew, so they left him there, and this time the grave held its tenant fast.

X.

One day a letter was mailed in Colbury by an unknown hand, addressed to Mrs. Persimmon Sneed, and it fared deliberately by way of Sandford Cross-Roads to its destination. It awoke there the wildest excitement and delight; for though it brazenly asserted that Mr. Persimmon Sneed was in the custody of the writer, and that he would be returned safely to his home only upon the payment of one hundred dollars in a mysterious manner described, — otherwise the writer would not answer for consequences, — it gave assurance that he was alive and well, and might even hope to see friends and home and freedom once more. In vain the sheriff of the county expostulated with Mrs. Sneed, representing that the law was the proper liberator of Persimmon Sneed, and that the payment of money would encourage crime. The contradictory man's wife was ready to commit crime, if necessary, in this cause, and would have cheerfully cracked the bank in Colbury. And certainly this seemed almost unavoidable at one time, for to possess herself of this sum of her husband's hoard his signature was essential. The poor woman, in her limp sunbonnet and best calico dress, clung to the

grating of the teller's window, and presented in futile succession his bank-book, his returned checks, and even his brand-new check-book, each with a gush of tears, while the perplexed official remonstrated, and explained, and rejected each persuasion in turn, passing them back beneath the grating, and alas! keeping the money on his side of those inexorable bars. It seemed to poor Mrs. Sneed that the bank was of opinion that Persimmon corporally was of slight consequence, the institution having the true value of the man on deposit. To accommodate matters, however, and that the poor woman should not be weeping daily and indefinitely on the maddened teller's window, an intermediary money-lender was found, who, having vainly sought to induce the bank to render itself responsible, then Mrs. Sneed, who had naught of her own, then a number of friends, who deemed the whole enterprise an effort at robbery, and appeared to consider Persimmon a good riddance, took heart of grace, and made the plunge at a rate of interest which was calculated to cloy his palate forever after. The money went a round-about way, according to the directions of the letter.

It came to its destination in this wise.

Con Hite's distilling enterprise was on so small a scale that one might have imagined it to be altogether outside the purview of the law, which, it is said, does not take note *de minimis*. One of those grottoes under a beetling cliff, hardly caves, called in the region "rock houses," sufficed to contain the small still and its appurtenances, himself and his partner and the occasional jolly guest. It was approached from above rather than from below, by a winding way beside the cliff, between great boulders, which was so steep and brambly and impracticable that it was hardly likely to be espied by "revenuers." The rock house opened on space. Beyond the narrow path at its entrance the descent was sheer to the bottom of the gorge below.

In this stronghold, one night, Con Hite sat gloomy and depressed beside the little copper still for the sake of which he risked so much. It held all it could of singlings, and it was a cheery sight to him, in the shadowy recesses of the rock house. He regarded it with mingled pride and affection, often declaring it "the smartest still of its capacity in the world." To him it was at once admirable as an object of art and a superior industrial agent.

"An' I dunno why Narcissa be so set agin it," he muttered. "'Thout it I ain't goin' ter hev money enough ter git a start in this world. My mother an' she could n't live in the same house." He meditated for a moment, and shook his head in solemn negation, for his mother was constructed much after the pattern of Narcissa herself. "An' *I* would n't live a minit alongside o' Ben Hanway ez Nar'sa's husband. Ben would n't let me say my soul 's my own. I be 'bleeged ter make the money fur a start o' cattle an' sech myse'f, an' hev a house an' some lan' o' my own."

And then he took the pipe from his mouth, and sighed. For even his care seemed futile. It was true that the fair-haired young stranger was dead, and he had a pang of self-reproach whenever he thought of his jealousy, as if he had wished him ill. But she had worn a cold, white, unresponsive face when he had seen her last; she did not listen to what he said, her mind evidently elsewhere. She looked at him as if she did not see him. She did not even think of him. This was not caprice. It was some deep absorbing feeling in which he had no share.

The moon, like some fair presence, looked in at the broad portal. Outside, the white tissues of her misty diaphanous draperies trailed along the dark mountain slopes beneath the dim stars as she wended westward. Afar down the gorge one might catch glimpses of a glossy lustre where the evergreen laurel, white with frost, moved in the autumn wind. He

lifted his head to mark its melancholy cadences; and while he looked, the moonlight was suddenly crowded from the door as three men rushed in, half helping and half constraining a fourth forward.

"Durn my boots ef I did n't furgit the password!" cried Nick Peters, with his little falsetto laugh, that seemed keyed for a fleer, although it was most graciously cadenced now. "Ye mought hev shot us fur revenuers."

"I mought hev shot ye fur wuss," Con Hite growled, rising slowly from his chair, his big dark eyes betokening his displeasure. "I dunno how *ye* ever kem ter know this place."

"It 'll go no furder, Con, I 'll swear," said the horse-thief, lifting his hand to Hite's shoulder, and affecting to see in his words an appeal for secrecy. "This," he added blandly, "is Mr. Persimmon Sneed, ez hev been a-visitin' me. Lemme make ye acquainted."

He seemed to perceive nothing incongruous in the fact that Mr. Persimmon Sneed should be blindfolded. But as Con Hite looked at the elder man, standing helpless, his head held slightly forward, the sight apparently struck his risibilities, and his wonted geniality rose to the occasion.

"An' do Mr. Persimmon Sneed always wear blinders?" he asked, with a guffaw.

Peters seemed unaccountably relieved by the change of tone.

"Whilst visitin' me, he do," he remarked. "Mr. Persimmon hev got sech a fine mem'ry fur localities, ye see."

Hite with a single gesture pulled off the bandage. "Waal, let him look about him hyar. I s'pose ye hev ter be more partic'lar 'n me 'count o' that stranger-man's horse."

Peters paused, his attention riveted. "What horse?" he demanded.

"The horse of the man ez war kilt; ye know folks hev laid that job ter youuns. Jerry," turning aside to his colleague, who had done naught but stare, "whar 's yer manners? Why n't ye gin the comp'ny a drink?"

Hite shoved the chair he had been seated in to Persimmon Sneed, who was lugubriously rubbing his eyes, and flung himself down on a boulder lying almost outside of the recess in the moonlight, his long booted and spurred legs stretching far across the entrance. His hat was on the back of his head, its brim upturned, revealing his bluff open face, — it held no craft, surely; he hardly seemed to notice how insistently Peters pressed after him, unmindful of Jerry and his henchmen imbibing appreciatively the product of the cheerful little copper still.

"But I never done sech ez that," protested Peters. "I always stop short o' bloodshed. I never viewed the man's beastis, ye 'll bear me witness, Con."

"Me?" said Con, with a laugh. "I dunno nuthin' 'bout yer doin's. Whar 's Mr. Sneed's horse?"

"Never seen him, — never laid eyes on him! How folks kin hev the heart ter 'cuse me of sech doin's ez I never done!" He lifted his eyes as if appealing to heaven.

"The killin' 's the wust; an' Mr. Sneed's critter bein' gone mought make folks lay it ter ye fur sure," persisted Hite.

"I ain't seen Mr. Sneed's horse. Mr. Sneed — ye would n't b'lieve it ter look at him, but he 's a ransomed saint! ha! ha! The money fur him will be fotched hyar ter yer still. I sent fur it ter kem by Jake Glenn; he knows ye, an' ye know him."

Con Hite's open brow did not cloud. If there were any significance perceptible in the fact that Mr. Persimmon Sneed, with so fine a head for locality, should be able to identify only the still among his various shelters during his "visit" to Nick Peters, Con Hite made no sign.

"Lord, how glad I 'll be ter git rid o' him!" Peters said in an undertone to Con. "He hev mighty nigh argufied me ter death, — 'bout sperits, an' witches, an' salvation, an' law, an' craps, an' horse-

flesh, an' weather signs. I be sorter 'feard his wife won't pay nuthin' ter git him again. He 'pears sorter under the weather now, or eavesdroppin' or suthin'. The money 'll pay me mighty pore fur my trouble. Thar — what 's that ? "

He paused to listen ; there was a sound other than the tinkling of the little rill near at hand or the blare of the autumn wind. A stone came rolling down the path, dislodged by a cautious step, — then another. Con drew a revolver from his pocket, and, holding it in his right hand, stepped out on the rugged little parapet, and stood there, with the depths of the gorge below him, looking up the ascent with the moonlight in his face. He spoke in a low voice to some one approaching, and was answered in the same key. He stepped back to give the new-comer space to enter, and as Jake Glenn came in he held out his hand for the package the messenger bore.

" Let 's see it, Nick," he said, tearing it open ; " it 's the money sure enough."

Old Persimmon Sneed turned his head with a certain alert interest. Perhaps he himself had doubted whether his wife would think him worth the money. There was a general flutter of good - natured gratulation, and it seemed at the moment only some preposterous mistake that Con Hite should put it into Persimmon Sneed's lean paw and close his trembling fingers over it.

" Now scoot ! " he bawled out at the top of his voice, the little den ringing with the echoes of his excitement, a second revolver drawn in his left hand. " I 'll gin ye a day's start o' these fellers." He had presented the muzzle of one pistol to Peters's head, and with the other he covered one of the two henchmen in the recess of the little rock house. The other sprang up from a barrel where he sat wiping his mouth with the back of his hand ; but Jerry, suddenly realizing the situation, put out a dexterous foot, and the horse-thief fell full length upon the floor, his pistol discharging as he went down. In the clamor of the echoes, and the smoke and the flare, Persimmon Sneed disappeared, hearing as he went a wild protest, and a nimbleness of argument second hardly to his own, as Nick Peters cried out that he was robbed ; his hard earnings were wrested from him ; the money was his, paid him as a price, and Con Hite had let Mr. Persimmon Sneed run off with it, allowing him nothing for his trouble.

" It war his money," Con Hite averred, when they had grown calmer, and Jake Glenn had returned from a reconnoissance with the news that Con Hite's father had lent the fleeing Persimmon a horse, and he was by this time five miles away in the Cove. " *He* could have paid you for your trouble in ketchin' him ef he had wanted ter."

" It war *not* his money," protested Peters, with tears in his eyes. " It war sent ter me willin'ly, fur a valid consideration, an' ye let him hev the money, an' his wife hev got the valid consideration — an' hyar I be lef' with the bag ter hold ! "

It may be that Peters had absorbed some of the craft of argument by mere propinquity to Persimmon Sneed, or Con Hite's conscience was unduly tender, for he long entertained a moral doubt touching his course in this transaction, — whether he had a right to pay the ransom money which Nick Peters had extorted from Persimmon Sneed's wife to Persimmon Sneed himself, thereby defrauding Nick Peters of the fruit of his labor. Perhaps this untoward state of dubitation came about from Narcissa's scornful comment.

" Ye mought hev known that old man Persimmon Sneed would have made off with the money," she said, remembering his reproving glare at her. " I would n't hev trested him with a handful o' cornfield peas."

" But I expected him ter make off with it," protested the amazed Con ; " that 's why I gin it ter him."

"Then ye air jes' ez bad ez he is," she retorted coldly.

And thus it was he examined his conscience.

Persimmon Sneed had no doubts whatever as to the ownership of the money in his pocket, when one fine morning he walked into his own door, as dictatorial, as set in his own opinion, as ever; the only change to be detected in his manners and conversation thereafter was the enigmatical assertion at times that he was a "ransomed saint," followed by a low chuckle of enjoyment. Those who heard this often made bold to say to one another that he "did n't act like it;" and this opinion was shared by the sheriff, who futilely sought of him some information touching the lair of the horse-thieves, looking to brilliant exploits of capture; but such details as he could secure were so uncertain and contradictory as to render him suspicious that the truth was purposely withheld.

"Ye oughter remember these men air crim'nal offenders agin the law, Mr. Sneed," he said.

"Mebbe so," assented Persimmon Sneed, "mebbe so;" but the situation of Con Hite's still was the only locality that he had visited of which he was sure, and in gratitude to his rescuer he held his peace.

That he was not so softened to the world at large was manifested in the fact that he threatened to plead usury against the money-lender, and forthwith brought him down with a run to the beggaries of the legal rate. He was wont, moreover, to go to the teller of the bank at Colbury and demand of that distracted man such of his papers as were from time to time lost or mislaid; having learned from his wife that she had made the official the custodian of his valuables, — his bank-book, the ancient returned checks, and the unused check-book.

The points which he had so laboriously made plain to the jury of view proved a total loss of perspicacious reasoning; for the land was forthwith condemned and the road opened, any oil-boring company being allowed by law a right of way thirty feet wide. The heavy hauling of the oil company had already made a tolerable wagon-track, and the passing back and forth of the men and teams and machinery added an element of interest and excitement to the thoroughfare such as Narcissa's wildest dreams had never prefigured. She had no heart for it now. When the creak of wheels on the frozen ground, and the cries of the drivers, and the thud of the hoofs of the straining four-horse teams heralded an approach, she was wont to draw close the batten shutter of the window and sit brooding over the fire, staring with moody eyes into the red coals, where she saw much invisible to the simple Ben. His anxieties, keen as they were, developed no craft of insight. He knew vaguely, and with a sort of appalled awe, that her grief was for the fair-haired stranger, but he could not know in what remorseful wise. She had not failed to perceive her own agency in the betrayal of his secret, when the story of the discovery of the oil was blazoned to all the world by those mystically flaring waters in the deeps of the mountain night. It was she who had idly kindled them; she who had robbed him of his rights, of the wealth that these interlopers were garnering. She had sent him to his grave, baffled, beaten, forlorn, wondering at the mystery of the hand that out of the dark had smitten him. She kept her own counsel. Her white face grew set and stern. Her words were few. She had no tears. And Ben, who found his tyrant only the harder and the colder, scarcely remonstrated, and could only wonder when, one keen, chill afternoon, she sprang up, throwing her brown shawl over her head, and declared that she was going to the oil-wells, to see for herself what progress was making there.

All sylvan grace had departed from the spot. As the two stood on the verge

of the clear space, now gashed deep in every direction into the woods and larger by a hundred acres, grim derricks rose sharply outlined against the wintry sky. It was barred with strata of gray clouds in such sombre neutrality of tint that one, in that it was less gloomy than the others, gave a suggestion of blue. Patches of snow lay about the ground. Cinders and smoke had blackened them here and there. The steam-engine, with its cylindrical boiler, seemed in the dusk some uncanny monster that had taken up its abode here, and rejoiced in the desolation it had wrought, and lived by ill deeds. It was letting off steam, and now and then it gave a puffing sigh, as if it were tired after its day's work. The laborers were of a different type from the homely neighbors, and returned the contempt with which the mountaineers gazed upon them. Great piles of wood showed how the forests were being rifled for fuel. Many trees had been felled in provident foresight, and lay along the ground in vast lengths, awaiting the axe; so many that adown the avenues thus opened toward the valley a wan glimmering caught the girl's eye, and she recognized the palings of the little mountain graveyard.

She clutched her brother's arm and pointed to it. Her eyes were dilated and wild; her face was pale and drawn; her hand trembled as she held it out.

"Ye see, Ben, he 's close enough ter view it all — an' mebbe he does — an' he knows now who he hev got ter thank fur it all — an' I wisht he war hyar whar I am, an' I war thar whar he is."

Her brother thought for the moment that she was raving. The next, she caught her shawl over her head, hoodwise, the wind tossing her bright hair, and declared that she was cold, and upbraided him for bringing her on this long, chilling tramp, and protested that she would come never again.

He came often afterward. The spot seemed to have a fascination for him. And within sound of the cheerful hubbub and busy whir of the industry, he would lean over the palings and look at the grave, covered sometimes with a drift of leaves, and sometimes with a drift of snow, and think of the two men that it had successively housed, and nurse his grudge against the company. With an unreasoning hatred of it, Hanway felt that both were victims of the great strong corporation that was to reap the value of the discovery which was not its own save by accident. He could not appraise the justice of the dispensation by which the keen observation of the one man, and the science and experience that the other had brought to the enterprise, should fall so far short of achievement, while an accident, an idle story, the gossip of the day, should fill the hands of those who were strangers to the very thought. He grudged every augury of success; he welcomed every detail of difficulty. As time went on, the well was said to be of intermittent flow, and new borings resulted in naught but vast floods of sulphur water. Finally, when the admitted truth pervaded the community, — that the oil was practically exhausted, that the well had long since ceased to pay expenses, that the company was a heavy loser by the enterprise, — he was as a man appeased.

The result was succeeded by a change in Narcissa so radical and immediate that he could but perceive the fact that it was induced by the failure and abandonment of the work. She grew placid as of yore, and was softened, and now and again the gentle melancholy into which she fell suggested sad and reminiscent pleasure rather than the remorseful and desperate sorrow that she had known. He began to realize that it was no sentimental and love-stricken grief she had indulged, but a kindred sympathy with his own for the sake of the young stranger; and since the disappointment must needs have come to him at last, they made shift to resign themselves, and were wont to talk freely of

the dead, with that affectionate and immediate interest which seems to prolong the span of a mortal's day on earth, like the tender suffusive radiance of the afterglow of a sunken sun.

The road fell quickly into disuse after the abandonment of the work. In the storms of winter, trees were uprooted and thrown athwart the way; overhanging rocks, splitting in the freeze, precipitated obstructive avalanches upon the dim serpentine convolutions; the wind piled drifts of dead leaves above the turns; and in the spring grass began to grow in the tracks of the wheels.

It held no woeful memories now for Narcissa. She loved to sit on the step of the stile and watch through the leafless sunlit trees the silver haze shimmering in the valley where the winter wheat was all of an emerald richness, and the blue mountains afar off, so near akin to the aspect of heaven that one might hardly mark where the horizon line merged the sweet solitudes of earth into the solitary sky. Many a day, the spring, loitering along the shadow-flecked vistas, with the red maple blooms overhead and violets underfoot, was the only traveler to be seen on the deserted road. And the pensive dusk was wont to deepen into the serene vernal night, sweet with the scent of the budding wild cherry, and astir with timorous tentative rustlings as of half-fledged breezes, and illumined only with the gentle lustre of the white stars; for never again was the darkness emblazoned with that haggard incandescence so long the mystery of Witch-Face Mountain.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A LITERARY POLITICIAN.

"LITERARY politician" is not a label much in vogue, and may need first of all a justification, lest even the man of whom I am about to speak should decline it from his very urn. I do not mean a politician who affects literature; who seems to appreciate the solemn moral purpose of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, and yet is opposed to ballot reform. Neither do I mean a literary man who affects politics; who earns his victories through the publishers, and his defeats at the hands of the men who control the primaries. I mean the man who has the genius to see deep into affairs, and the discretion to keep out of them, — the man to whom, by reason of knowledge and imagination and sympathy, governments and policies are as open books, but who, instead of trying to put haphazard characters of his own into those books, wisely prefers to read their pages aloud to others. A man this who knows politics, and yet does not handle policies.

There is, no doubt, a very widespread skepticism as to the existence of such a man. Many people would ask you to prove him as well as define him; and that, as they assume, upon a very obvious principle. It is a rule of universal acceptance in theatrical circles that no one can write a good play who has no practical acquaintance with the stage. A knowledge of greenroom possibilities and of stage machinery, it is held, must go before all successful attempts to put either passion or humor into action on the boards, if pit and gallery are to get a sense of reality from the performance. No wonder that Sheridan's plays were effective, for Sheridan was both author and actor; but abundant wonder that simple Goldsmith succeeded with his exquisite She Stoops to Conquer, — unless we are to suppose that an Irishman of

the last century, like the Irishman of this, had some sixth sense which enabled him to understand other people's business better than his own; for poor Goldsmith could not act (even off the stage), and his only connection with the theatre seems to have been his acquaintance with Garrick. Lytton, we know, had Macready constantly at his elbow, to give and enforce suggestions calculated to render plays playable. And in our own day, the authors of what we indulgently call "dramatic literature" find themselves constantly obliged to turn tragedies into comedies, comedies into farces, to satisfy the managers; for managers know the stage, and pretend to know all possible audiences also. The writer for the stage must be playwright first, author second.

Similar principles of criticism are not a little affected by those who play the parts, great and small, on the stage of politics. There is on that stage, too, it is said, a complex machinery of action and scene-shifting, a greenroom tradition and practice as to costume and make-up, as to entry and exit, necessities of concession to footlights and of appeal to the pit, quite as rigorous and quite as proper for study as are the concomitants of that other art which we frankly call acting. This is an idea, indeed, accepted in some quarters outside the political playhouse as well as within it. Mr. Sidney Colvin, for example, declares very rightly that —

"Men of letters and of thought are habitually too much given to declaiming at their ease against the delinquencies of men of action and affairs. The inevitable friction of practical politics," he argues, "generates heat enough already, and the office of the thinker and critic should be to supply, not heat, but light. The difficulties which attend his own unmolested task — the task of seeking after and proclaiming salutary truths — should teach him to make allowance for the far more urgent difficulties which beset the politician; the man obliged, amidst the clash of interests and temptations, to practice from hand to mouth, and at his peril, the most uncertain and at the same time the most indispensable of the experimental arts."

Mr. Colvin is himself of the class of men of letters and of thought; he accordingly puts the case against his class rather mildly, — much more mildly than the practical politician would desire to see it put. Practical politicians are wont to regard closeted writers upon politics with a certain condescension, dashed with slight traces of apprehension, or at least of uneasy concern. "Literary men can say strong things of their age," observes Mr. Bagehot, "for no one expects that they will go out and act on them. They are a kind of ticket-of-leave lunatics, from whom no harm is for the moment expected; who seem quiet, but on whose vagaries a practical public must have its eye." I suppose that the really serious, practical man in politics would see nothing of satirical humor in this description. He would have you note that, although traced with a sharp point of wit, the picture is nevertheless true. He can cite you a score of instances illustrative of the danger of putting faith in the political judgments of those who are not politicians bred in the shrewd and moving world of political management.

The genuine practical politician, such as (even our enemies being the witnesses) we must be acknowledged to produce in great numbers and perfection in this country, reserves his acidest contempt for the literary man who assumes to utter judgments touching public affairs and political institutions. If he be a reading man, as will sometimes happen, he is able to point you, in illustration of what you are to expect in such cases, to the very remarkable essays of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold on parliamentary policy and the Irish question. If he be not a reading man, as sometimes happens, he is able to ask, much

to your confusion, "What does a fellow who lives inside a library know about politics, anyhow?" You have to admit, if you are candid, that most fellows who live in libraries know little enough. You remember Macaulay, and acknowledge that, although he made admirable speeches in Parliament, held high political office, and knew all the considerable public men of his time, he did imagine the creation to have been made in accordance with Whig notions; did hope to find the judgments of Lord Somers some day answering mankind as standards for all possible times and circumstances. You recall Gibbon, and allow, to your own thought at least, that, had he not remained silent in his seat, a very few of his sentences would probably have sufficed to freeze the House of Commons stiff. The ordinary literary man, even though he be an eminent historian, is ill enough fitted to be a mentor in affairs of government. For, it must be admitted, things are for the most part very simple in books, and in practical life very complex. Not all the bindings of a library inclose the various world of circumstance.

But the practical politician should discriminate. Let him find a man with an imagination which, though it stands aloof, is yet quick to conceive the very things in the thick of which the politician struggles. To that man he should resort for instruction. And that there is occasionally such a man we have proof in Bagehot, the man who first clearly distinguished the facts of the English constitution from its theory.

Walter Bagehot is a name known to not a few of those who have a zest for the juiciest things of literature, for the wit that illuminates and the knowledge that refreshes. But his fame is still singularly disproportioned to his charm; and one feels once and again like publishing him at least to all spirits of his own kind. It would be a most agreeable good fortune to introduce Bagehot to men who have not read him! To ask your friend to know Bagehot is like inviting him to seek pleasure. Occasionally, a man is born into the world whose mission it evidently is to clarify the thought of his generation, and to vivify it; to give it speed where it is slow, vision where it is blind, balance where it is out of poise, saving humor where it is dry, — and such a man was Walter Bagehot. When he wrote of history, he made it seem human and probable; when he wrote of political economy, he made it seem credible, entertaining, — nay, engaging, even; when he wrote criticism, he wrote sense. You have in him a man who can jest to your instruction, who will beguile you into being informed beyond your wont and wise beyond your birthright. Full of manly, straightforward meaning, earnest to find the facts that guide and strengthen conduct, a lover of good men and seers, full of knowledge and a consuming desire for it, he is yet genial withal, with the geniality of a man of wit, and alive in every fibre of him, with a life he can communicate to you. One is constrained to agree, almost, with the verdict of a witty countryman of his, who happily still lives to cheer us, that when Bagehot died he "carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three Estates of the Realm."

An epitome of Bagehot's life can be given very briefly. He was born in February, 1826, and died in March, 1877, the month in which one would prefer to die. Between those two dates he had much quaint experience as a boy, and much sober business experience as a man. He wrote essays on poets, prose writers, statesmen, whom he would, with abundant insight, but without too much respect of persons; also books on banking, on the early development of society, and on English politics, kindling a flame of interest with these dry materials such as made men stare who had often de-

scribed the facts of society themselves, but who had never dreamed of applying fire to them, as Bagehot did, to make them give forth light and wholesome heat. He set the minds of a few fortunate friends aglow with the delights of the very wonderful tongue which nature had given him through his mother. And then he died, while his power was yet young. Not a life of event or adventure, but a life of deep interest, none the less, because a life in which those two things of our modern life, commonly deemed incompatible, business and literature, namely, were combined without detriment to either; and from which, more interesting still, politics gained a profound expounder in one who was no politician and no party man, but, as he himself said, "between sizes in politics."

Mr. Bagehot was born in the centre of Somersetshire, that southwestern county of old England whose coast towns look across Bristol Channel to the highlands of Wales: a county of small farms, and pastures that keep their promise of fatness to many generous milkers; a county broken into abrupt hills, and sodden moors hardly kept from the inroads of the sea, as well as rural valleys open to the sun; a county visited by mists from the sea, and bathed in a fine soft atmosphere all its own; visited also by people of fashion, for it contains Bath; visited now also by those who have read Lorna Doone, for within it lies part of that Exmoor Forest in which stalwart John Ridd lived and wrought his mighty deeds of strength and love: a land which the Celts kept for long against both Saxon and Roman, but which Christianity easily conquered, building Wells Cathedral and the monastery at Glastonbury. Nowhere else, in days of travel, could Bagehot find a land of so great delight save in the northwest corner of Spain, where a golden light lay upon everything, where the sea shone with a rare, soft lustre, and where there was a like varied coast-line to that he knew and loved at home. He called it "a sort of better Devonshire:" and Devonshire is Somersetshire, — only more so! The atmospheric effects of his county certainly entered the boy Bagehot, and colored the nature of the man. He had its glow, its variety, its richness, and its imaginative depth.

But better than a fair county is a good parentage, and that, too, Bagehot had; just the parentage one would wish to have who desired to be a force in the world's thought. His father, Thomas Watson Bagehot, was for thirty years managing director and vice-president of Stuckey's Banking Company, one of the oldest and best of those sturdy joint-stock companies which have for so many years stood stoutly up alongside the Bank of England as managers of the vast English fortune. But he was something more than a banker. He was a man of mind, of strong liberal convictions in politics, and of an abundant knowledge of English history wherewith to back up his opinions. He was one of the men who think, and who think in straight lines; who see, and see things. His mother was a Miss Stuckey, a niece of the founder of the banking company. But it was not her connection with bankers that made her an invaluable mother. She had, besides beauty, a most lively and stimulating wit; such a mind as we most desire to see in a woman, — a mind that stirs without irritating you, that rouses but does not belabor, amuses and yet subtly instructs. She could preside over the young life of her son in such a way as at once to awaken his curiosity and set him in the way of satisfying it. She was brilliant company for a boy, and rewarding for a man. She had suggestive people, besides, among her kinsmen, into whose companionship she could bring her son. Bagehot had that for which no university can ever offer an equivalent, — the constant and intelligent sympathy of both his parents in his studies, and their companionship in his tastes. To

his father's strength his mother added vivacity. He would have been wise, perhaps, without her; but he would not have been wise so delightfully.

Bagehot got his schooling in Bristol, his university training in London. In Bristol lived Dr. Prichard, his mother's brother-in-law, and author of a notable book on the Races of Men. From him Bagehot unquestionably got his bent towards the study of race origins and development. In London, Cobden and Bright were carrying on an important part of their great agitation for the repeal of the corn laws, and were making such speeches as it stirred and bettered young men to hear. Bagehot had gone to University Hall, London, rather than to Oxford or Cambridge, because his father was a Unitarian, and would not have his son submit to the religious tests then required at the great universities. But there can be no doubt that there was more to be had at University Hall in that day than at either Oxford or Cambridge. Oxford and Cambridge were still dragging the very heavy chains of a hindering tradition; the faculty of University Hall contained many thorough and some eminent scholars; what was more, University Hall was in London, and London itself was a quickening and inspiring teacher for a lad in love with both books and affairs, as Bagehot was. He could ask penetrating questions of his professors, and he could also ask questions of London, seek out her secrets of history, and so experience to the full the charm of her abounding life. In after-years, though he loved Somersetshire and clung to it with a strong home-keeping affection, he could never stay away from London for more than six weeks at a time. Eventually he made it his place of permanent residence.

His university career over, Bagehot did what so many thousands of young graduates before him had done, — he studied for the bar; and then, having prepared himself to practice law, followed another large body of young men in deciding to abandon it. He joined his father in his business as ship-owner and banker in Somersetshire, and after a time succeeded to the office of vice-president of the banking company. For the rest of his life, this man, whom the world knows as a man of letters, was first of all a man of business. In his later years, however, he identified himself with what may be called the literary side of business by becoming editor of that great financial authority, the London Economist. He had, so to say, married into this position. His wife was the daughter of the Rt. Hon. James Wilson, who was the mind and manager, as well as the founder, of the Economist. Wilson's death seemed to leave the great financial weekly by natural succession to Bagehot, and certainly natural selection never made a better choice. It was under Bagehot that the Economist became a sort of financial providence for business men on both sides of the Atlantic. Its sagacious prescience constituted Bagehot himself a sort of supplementary chancellor of the exchequer, the chancellors of both parties resorting to him with equal confidence and solicitude. His constant contact with London, and with the leaders of politics and opinion there, of course materially assisted him also to those penetrating judgments touching the structure and working of English institutions which have made his volume on the English Constitution and his essays on Bolingbroke and Brougham and Peel, on Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the admiration and despair of all who have read them.

Those who know Bagehot only as the writer of some of the most delightful and suggestive literary criticisms in the language wonder that he should have been an authority on practical politics; those who used to regard the London Economist as omniscient, and who knew him only as the editor of it, marvel that he dabbled in literary criticism, and in-

cline to ask themselves, when they learn of his vagaries in that direction, whether he can have been so safe a guide as they deemed him, after all; those who know him through his political writings alone venture upon the perusal of his miscellaneous writings with not a little surprise and misgiving that their master should wander so far afield. And yet the whole Bagehot is the only Bagehot. Each part of the man is incomplete, not only, but a trifle incomprehensible, also, without the other parts. What delights us most in his literary essays is their broad practical sagacity, so uniquely married as it is with pure taste and the style of a rapid artist in words. What makes his financial and political writings whole and sound is the scope of his mind outside finance and politics, the validity of his observation all around the circle of thought and affairs. There is constant balance, there is just perspective everywhere. He was the better critic for being a competent man of business and a trusted financial authority. He was the more surefooted in his political judgments because of his play of mind in other and supplementary spheres of human activity.

The very appearance of the man was a sort of outer index to the singular variety of capacity that has made him so notable a figure in the literary annals of England. A mass of black, wavy hair; a dark eye, with depths full of slumberous, playful fire; a ruddy skin that bespoke active blood, quick in its rounds; the lithe figure of an excellent horseman; a nostril, full, delicate, quivering, like that of a blooded racer, — such were the fitting outward marks of a man in whom life and thought and fancy abounded; the aspect of a man of unflagging vivacity, of wholesome, hearty humor, of a ready intellectual sympathy, of wide and penetrative observation. It is no narrow, logical shrewdness or cold penetration that looks forth at you through that face, even if a bit of mockery does lurk in the privatest corner of the eye. Among the qualities which he seeks out for special praise in Shakespeare is a broad tolerance and sympathy for illogical and common minds. It seems to him an evidence of size in Shakespeare that he was not vexed with smallness, but was patient, nay, sympathetic even, in his portrayal of it. "If every one were logical and literary," he exclaims, "how would there be scavengers, or watchmen, or caulkers, or coopers? A patient sympathy, a kindly fellow-feeling for the narrow intelligence necessarily induced by narrow circumstances, — a narrowness which, in some degrees, seems to be inevitable, and is perhaps more serviceable than most things to the wise conduct of life, — this, though quick and half-bred minds may despise it, seems to be a necessary constituent in the composition of manifold genius. 'How shall the world be served?' asks the host in Chaucer. We must have cart-horses as well as race-horses, draymen as well as poets. It is no bad thing, after all, to be a slow man and to have one idea a year. You don't make a figure, perhaps, in argumentative society, which requires a quicker species of thought, but is that the worse?"

One of the things which strikes us most in Bagehot himself is his capacity to understand inferior minds; and there can be no better test of sound genius. He stood in the midst of affairs, and knew the dull duty and humdrum fidelity which make up the equipment of the ordinary mind for business, for the business which keeps the world steady in its grooves and makes it fit for habitation. He perceived quite calmly, though with an odd, sober amusement, that the world is under the dominion, in most things, of the average man, and the average man he knows. He is, he explains, with his characteristic covert humor, "a cool, common person, with a considerate air, with figures in his mind, with his own business to attend to, with a set of ordinary opinions arising from and suited

to ordinary life. He can't bear novelty or originalities. He says, 'Sir, I never heard such a thing before in my life;' and he thinks this a *reductio ad absurdum.* You may see his taste by the reading of which he approves. Is there a more splendid monument of talent and industry than the Times? No wonder that the average man — that any one — believes in it. . . . But did you ever see anything there you had never seen before? . . . Where are the deep theories, and the wise axioms, and the everlasting sentiments which the writers of the most influential publication in the world have been the first to communicate to an ignorant species? Such writers are far too shrewd. . . . The purchaser desires an article which he can appreciate at sight, which he can lay down and say, 'An excellent article, very excellent; exactly my own sentiments.' Original theories give trouble; besides, a grave man on the Coal Exchange does not desire to be an apostle of novelties among the contemporaneous dealers in fuel; he wants to be provided with remarks he can make on the topics of the day which will not be known not to be his, that are not too profound, which he can fancy the paper only reminded him of. And just in the same way," — thus he proceeds with the sagacious moral, — "precisely as the most popular political paper is not that which is abstractedly the best or most instructive, but that which most exactly takes up the minds of men where it finds them, catches the floating sentiment of society, puts it in such a form as society can fancy would convince another society which did not believe, so the most influential of constitutional statesmen is the one who most felicitously expresses the creed of the moment, who administers it, who embodies it in laws and institutions, who gives it the highest life it is capable of, who induces the average man to think, 'I could not have done it any better if I had had time myself.'"

See how his knowledge of politics proceeds out of his knowledge of men. "You may talk of the tyranny of Nero and Tiberius," he exclaims, "but the real tyranny is the tyranny of your next-door neighbor. What law is so cruel as the law of doing what he does? What yoke is so galling as the necessity of being like him? What espionage of despotism comes to your door so effectually as the eye of the man who lives at your door? Public opinion is a permeating influence, and it exacts obedience to itself; it requires us to think other men's thoughts, to speak other men's words, to follow other men's habits. Of course, if we do not, no formal ban issues, no corporeal pain, the coarse penalty of a barbarous society, is inflicted on the offender, but we are called 'eccentric;' there is a gentle murmur of 'most unfortunate ideas,' 'singular young man,' 'well intentioned, I dare say, but unsafe, sir, quite unsafe.' The prudent, of course, conform."

There is, no doubt, a touch of mockery in all this, but there is unquestionable insight in it, too, and a sane knowledge also of the fact that dull, common judgments are, after all, the cement of society. It is Bagehot who says somewhere that it is only dull nations, like the Romans and the English, who can become or remain for any length of time self-governing nations, because it is only among them that duty is done through lack of knowledge sufficient or imagination enough to suggest anything else to do; only among them that the stability of slow habit can be had.

It would be superficial criticism to put forward Bagehot's political opinions as themselves the proof of his extraordinary power as a student and analyst of institutions. His life, his broad range of study, his quick versatility, his shrewd appreciation of common men, his excursions through all the fields that men traverse in their thought of one another and in their contact with the world's business, — these are the soil out of which his

political judgments spring, from which they get their sap and bloom. In order to know institutions, you must know men; you must be able to imagine histories, to appreciate characters radically unlike your own, to see into the heart of society and assess its notions, great and small. Your average critic, it must be acknowledged, would be the worst possible commentator on affairs. He has all the movements of intelligence without any of its reality. But a man who sees authors with a Chaucerian insight into them as men, who knows literature as a realm of vital thought conceived by real men, of actual motive felt by concrete persons, this is a man whose opinions you may confidently ask, if not on current politics, at any rate on all that concerns the permanent relations of men in society.

It is for such reasons that one must first make known the most masterly of the critics of English political institutions as a man of catholic tastes and attainments, shrewdly observant of many kinds of men and affairs. Know him once in this way, and his mastery in political thought is explained. If I were to make choice, therefore, of extracts from his works with a view to recommend him as a politician, I should choose those passages which show him a man of infinite capacity to see and understand men of all kinds, past and present. By showing in his case the equipment of a mind open on all sides to the life and thought of society, and penetrative of human secrets of many sorts, I should authenticate his credentials as a writer upon politics, which is nothing else than the public and organic life of society.

Examples may be taken almost at random. There is the passage on Sydney Smith, in the essay on The First Edinburgh Reviewers. We have all laughed with that great-hearted clerical wit; but it is questionable whether we have all appreciated him as a man who wrote and wrought wisdom. Indeed, Sydney Smith may be made a very delicate test of sound judgment, the which to apply to friends of whom you are suspicious. There was a man beneath those excellent witticisms, a big, wholesome, thinking man; but none save men of like wholesome natures can see and value his manhood and his mind at their real worth.

"Sydney Smith was an after-dinner writer. His words have a flow, a vigor, an expression, which is not given to hungry mortals. . . . There is little trace of labor in his composition; it is poured forth like an unceasing torrent, rejoicing daily to run its course. And what courage there is in it! There is as much variety of pluck in writing across a sheet as in riding across a country. Cautious men . . . go tremulously, like a timid rider; they turn hither and thither; they do not go straight across a subject, like a masterly mind. A few sentences are enough for a master of sentences. The writing of Sydney Smith is suited to the broader kind of important questions. For anything requiring fine nicety of speculation, long elaborateness of deduction, evanescent sharpness of distinction, neither his style nor his mind was fit. He had no patience for long argument, no acuteness for delicate precision, no fangs for recondite research. Writers, like teeth, are divided into incisors and grinders. Sydney Smith was a molar. He did not run a long, sharp argument into the interior of a question; he did not, in the common phrase, go deeply into it; but he kept it steadily under the contact of a strong, capable, jawlike understanding, — pressing its surface, effacing its intricacies, grinding it down. Yet this is done without toil. The play of the molar is instinctive and placid; he could not help it; it would seem that he had an enjoyment in it."

One reads this with a feeling that Bagehot both knows and likes Sydney Smith, and heartily appreciates him as an engine of Whig thought; and with the conviction that Bagehot himself,

knowing thus and enjoying Smith's free-hand method of writing, could have done the like himself, — could himself have made English ring to all the old Whig tunes, like an anvil under the hammer. And yet you have only to turn back a page in the same essay to find quite another Bagehot, — a Bagehot such as Sydney Smith could not have been. He is speaking of that other militant Edinburgh reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, and is recalling, as every one recalls, Jeffrey's review of Wordsworth's Excursion. The first words of that review, as everybody remembers, were, "This will never do;" and there followed upon those words, though not a little praise of the poetical beauties of the poem, a thoroughly meant condemnation of the school of poets of which Wordsworth was the greatest representative. Very celebrated in the world of literature is the leading case of Jeffrey *v.* Wordsworth. It is in summing up this case that Bagehot gives us a very different taste of his quality: —

"The world has given judgment. Both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Jeffrey have received their reward. The one had his own generation, the laughter of men, the applause of drawing-rooms, the concurrence of the crowd; the other a succeeding age, the fond enthusiasm of secret students, the lonely rapture of lonely minds. And each has received according to his kind. If all cultivated men speak differently because of the existence of Wordsworth and Coleridge; if not a thoughtful English book has appeared for forty years without some trace for good or evil of their influence; if sermon-writers subsist upon their thoughts; if 'sacred poets' thrive by translating their weaker portions into the speech of women; if, when all this is over, some sufficient part of their writing will ever be found fitting food for wild musing and solitary meditation, surely this is because they possessed the inner nature, — 'an intense and glowing mind,' 'the vision and the faculty divine.' But if, perchance, in their weaker moments, the great authors of the Lyrical Ballads did ever imagine that the world was to pause because of their verses, that Peter Bell would be popular in drawing-rooms, that Christabel would be perused in the city, that people of fashion would make a handbook of The Excursion, it was well for them to be told at once that this was not so. Nature ingeniously prepared a shrill artificial voice, which spoke in season and out of season, enough and more than enough, what will ever be the idea of the cities of the plain concerning those who live alone among the mountains, of the frivolous concerning the grave, of the gregarious concerning the recluse, of those who laugh concerning those who laugh not, of the common concerning the uncommon, of those who lend on usury concerning those who lend not; the notion of the world of those whom it will not reckon among the righteous, — it said, 'This won't do!' And so in all time will the lovers of polished Liberalism speak concerning the intense and lonely prophet."

This is no longer the Bagehot who could "write across a sheet" with Sydney Smith. It is now a Bagehot whose heart is turned away from the cudgeling Whigs to see such things as are hidden from the bearers of cudgels, and revealed only to those who can await in the sanctuary of a quiet mind the coming of the vision.

Single specimens of such a man's writing do not suffice, of course, even as specimens. They need their context to show their appositeness, the full body of the writing from which they are taken to show the mass and system of the thought. Even separated pieces of his matter prepare us, nevertheless, for finding in Bagehot keener, juster estimates of difficult historical and political characters than it is given the merely exact historian, with his head full of facts and his heart purged of all imagination, to speak. There is his estimate of the cava-

lier, for example: "A cavalier is always young. The buoyant life arises before us, rich in hope, strong in vigor, irregular in action: men young and ardent, 'framed in the prodigality of nature;' open to every enjoyment, alive to every passion, eager, impulsive; brave without discipline, noble without principle; prizing luxury, despising danger; capable of high sentiment, but in each of whom the

> 'addiction was to courses vain;
> His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
> His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
> And never noted in him any study,
> Any retirement, any sequestration
> From open haunts and popularity.'

The political sentiment is part of the character; the essence of Toryism is enjoyment. . . . The way to keep up old customs is to enjoy old customs; the way to be satisfied with the present state of things is to enjoy the present state of things. Over the cavalier mind this world passes with a thrill of delight; there is an exultation in a daily event, zest in the 'regular thing,' joy at an old feast."

Is it not most natural that the writer of a passage like that should have been a consummate critic of politics, seeing institutions through men, the only natural way? It was as necessary that he should be able to enjoy Sydney Smith and recognize the seer in Wordsworth as that he should be able to conceive the cavalier life and point of view; and in each perception there is the same power. He is as little at fault in understanding men of his own day. What would you wish better than his celebrated character of a "constitutional statesman," for example? "A constitutional statesman is a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities." Peel is his example. "His opinions resembled the daily accumulating insensible deposits of a rich alluvial soil. The great stream of time flows on with all things on its surface; and slowly, grain by grain, a mould of wise experience is unconsciously left on the still, extended intellect. . . . The stealthy accumulating words of Peel seem like the quiet leavings of some outward tendency, which brought these, but might as well have brought others. There is no peculiar stamp, either, on the ideas. They might have been any one's ideas. They belong to the general diffused stock of observations which are to be found in the civilized world. . . . He insensibly takes in and imbibes the ideas of those around him. If he were left in a vacuum, he would have no ideas."

What strikes one most, perhaps, in all these passages, is the realizing imagination which illuminates them. And it is an imagination with a practical character all its own. It is not a creating, but a conceiving imagination; not the imagination of the fancy, but the imagination of the understanding. Conceiving imaginations, however, are of two kinds. For the one kind the understanding serves as a lamp of guidance; upon the other the understanding acts as an electric excitant, a keen irritant. Bagehot's was evidently of the first kind; Carlyle's, conspicuously of the second. There is something in common between the minds of these two men as they conceive society. Both have a capital grip upon the actual; both can conceive without confusion the complex phenomena of society; both send humorous glances of searching insight into the hearts of men. But it is the difference between the men that most arrests our attention. Bagehot has the scientific imagination, Carlyle the passionate. Bagehot is the embodiment of witty common sense; all the movements of his mind illustrate that vivacious sanity which he has himself called "animated moderation." Carlyle, on the other hand, conceives men and their motives too often with a hot intolerance; there is heat in his imagination, — a heat that sometimes scorches and consumes. Life is for him dramatic, full of fierce, imperative forces. Even when the world rings with laughter, it is laughter which, in his ears, is

succeeded by an echo of mockery; laughter which is but a defiance of tears. The actual which you touch in Bagehot is the practical, operative actual of a world of workshops and parliaments, — a world of which workshops and parliaments are the natural and desirable products. Carlyle flouts at modern legislative assemblies as "talking shops," and yearns for action such as is commanded by masters of action; preaches the doctrine of work and silence in some thirty volumes octavo. Bagehot points out that prompt, crude action is the instinct and practice of the savage; that talk, the deliberation of assemblies, the slow concert of masses of men, is the cultivated fruit of civilization, nourishing to all the powers of right action in a society which is not simple and primitive, but advanced and complex. He is no more imposed upon by parliamentary debates than Carlyle is. He knows that they are stupid, and, so far as wise utterance goes, in large part futile, too. But he is not irritated, as Carlyle is, for, to say the fact, he sees more than Carlyle sees. He sees the force and value of the stupidity. He is wise, along with Burke, in regarding prejudice as the cement of society. He knows that slow thought is the ballast of a self-governing state. Stanch, knitted timbers are as necessary to the ship as sails. Unless the hull is conservative in holding stubbornly together in the face of every argument of sea weather, there 'll be lives and fortunes lost. Bagehot can laugh at unreasoning bias. It brings a merry twinkle into his eye to undertake the good sport of dissecting stolid stupidity. But he would not for the world abolish bias and stupidity. He would much rather have society hold together; much rather see it grow than undertake to reconstruct it. "You remember my joke against you about the moon," writes Sydney Smith to Jeffrey; "d—n the solar system — bad light — planets too distant — pestered with comets — feeble contrivance; could make a better with great ease." There was nothing of this in Bagehot. He was inclined to be quite tolerant of the solar system. He understood that society was more quickly bettered by sympathy than by antagonism.

Bagehot's limitations, though they do not obtrude themselves upon your attention as his excellencies do, are in truth as sharp-cut and clear as his thought itself. It would not be just the truth to say that his power is that of critical analysis only, for he can and does construct thought concerning antique and obscure systems of political life and social action. But it is true that he does not construct for the future. You receive stimulation from him and a certain feeling of elation. There is a fresh air stirring in all his utterances that is unspeakably refreshing. You open your mind to the fine influence, and feel younger for having been in such an atmosphere. It is an atmosphere clarified and bracing almost beyond example elsewhere. But you know what you lack in Bagehot if you have read Burke. You miss the deep eloquence which awakens purpose. You are not in contact with systems of thought or with principles that dictate action, but only with a perfect explanation. You would go to Burke, not to Bagehot, for inspiration in the infinite tasks of self-government, though you would, if you were wise, go to Bagehot rather than to Burke if you wished to realize just what were the practical daily conditions under which those tasks were to be worked out.

Moreover, there is a deeper lack in Bagehot. He has no sympathy with the voiceless body of the people, with the "mass of unknown men." He conceives the work of government to be a work which is possible only to the instructed few. He would have the mass served, and served with devotion, but he would tremble to see them attempt to serve themselves. He has not the stout fibre and the unquestioning faith in the right

and capacity of inorganic majorities which makes the democrat. He has none of the heroic boldness necessary for faith in wholesale political aptitude and capacity. He takes democracy in detail in his thought, and to take it in detail makes it look very awkward indeed.

And yet surely it would not occur to the veriest democrat that ever vociferated the "sovereignty of the people" to take umbrage at anything Bagehot might chance to say in dissection of democracy. What he says is seldom provokingly true. There is something in it all that is better than a "saving clause," and that is a saving humor. Humor ever keeps the whole of his matter sound; it is an excellent salt that keeps sweet the sharpest of his sayings. Indeed, Bagehot's wit is so prominent among his gifts that I am tempted here to enter a general plea for wit as fit company for high thoughts and weighty subjects. Wit does not make a subject light; it simply beats it into shape to be handled readily. For my part, I make free acknowledgment that no man seems to me master of his subject who cannot take liberties with it; who cannot slap his propositions on the back and be hail-fellow well met with them. Suspect a man of shallowness who always takes himself and all that he thinks seriously. For light on a dark subject commend me to a ray of wit. Most of your solemn explanations are mere farthing candles in the great expanse of a difficult question. Wit is not, I admit, a steady light, but ah! its flashes give you sudden glimpses of unsuspected things such as you will never see without it. It is the summer lightning, which will bring more to your startled eye in an instant, out of the hiding of the night, than you will ever be at the pains to observe in the full blaze of noon.

Wit is movement, is play of mind; and the mind cannot get play without a sufficient playground. Without movement outside the world of books, it is impossible a man should see aught but the very neatly arranged phenomena of that world. But it is possible for a man's thought to be instructed by the world of affairs without the man himself becoming a part of it. Indeed, it is exceedingly hard for one who is in and of it to hold the world of affairs off at arm's length and observe it. He has no vantage-ground. He had better for a while seek the distance of books, and get his perspective. The literary politician, let it be distinctly said, is a very fine, a very superior species of the man thoughtful. He reads books as he would listen to men talk. He stands apart, and looks on, with humorous, sympathetic smile, at the play of policies. He will tell you for the asking what the players are thinking about. He divines at once how the parts are cast. He knows beforehand what each act is to discover. He might readily guess what the dialogue is to contain. Were you short of scene-shifters, he could serve you admirably in an emergency. And he is a better critic of the play than the players.

Had I command of the culture of men, I should wish to raise up for the instruction and stimulation of my nation more than one sane, sagacious, penetrative critic of men and affairs like Walter Bagehot. But that, of course. The proper thesis to draw from his singular genius is this: It is not the constitutional lawyer, nor the student of the mere machinery and legal structure of institutions, nor the politician, a mere handler of that machinery, who is competent to understand and expound government; but the man who finds the materials for his thought far and wide, in everything that reveals character and circumstance and motive. It is necessary to stand with the poets as well as with lawgivers; with the fathers of the race as well as with your neighbor of to-day; with those who toil and are sick at heart as well as with those who prosper and laugh and take their pleasure; with the merchant and the manufac-

turer as well as with the closeted student; with the schoolmaster and with those whose only school is life; with the orator and with the men who have wrought always in silence; in the midst of thought and also in the midst of affairs, if you would really comprehend those great wholes of history and of character which are the vital substance of politics.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE APPARITION OF GRAN'THER HILL.

It was near the middle of July, and haymaking in Danvis was well under way. Even Joseph Hill was hard at it, as he said, and about nine o'clock of a morning that promised an unbroken hay-day was walking at a leisurely pace along the shaven sward between the standing grass on the left and the yet unwilted swath on his right. His hired help, Pelatiah Gove and Antoine Bisette, were mowing around a piece on the further side of the ten-acre meadow; but he preferred to "carry his swaths," which gave his back long intervals of rest from bending, and afforded opportunities of sweetening toil with scraps of conversation when a neighbor passed along the highway, to whose border he returned, to strike in anew after the slow and restful walk. Now, as he sauntered along, his scythe hanging easily on his arm, he contemplated with a yeoman's honest pride the broad, even path he had mown, and the straight, regular swath of herd's-grass dappled with the yellow and white of daisies, and blushing with purple clover-heads and scarlet splashes of overripe strawberries. He kicked aside the swath to see if it was neatly "p'inted aout," then stooped to pick up a tempting bunch of strawberries.

"Sam Hill!" he exclaimed, nibbling them from the stem as he resumed his deliberate progress. "Hain't the' snarls on 'em! Why, M'ri' an' Ruby might gather a ten-quart pailf'l on 'em right aout'n the swaths, — seems 's 'ough they might, 'most. I snum, I 'd stop an' pick some on 'em myself, if I hed me a dish an' wa'n't so 'tarnal busy."

When he reached the edge of the field, Pelatiah and Antoine began sharpening their scythes at the farthest corner of their lessening parallelogram, and as his ear caught the sound he dropped the end of his snath upon the ground, drew the emery-clad wooden "rifle" from the long pocket of his tow-cloth trousers, and, with intent eyes and a critical left thumb on the scythe's edge, began whetting it from heel to point.

"If they spend half o' the' time raspin' the' ol' peahooks, guess I c'n 'ford tu tech up mine a leetle mite, seems 's 'ough," he said, as his blade rang an echo to theirs. "It 's a dollar a day, an' no hangin' for stealin'."

The bobolinks were in their gay motley plumage, and as jolly as became such attire. Their songs mingled with the musical clangor of the whetted scythes, as the gay minstrels hung on vibrant wings above their brooding mates, or swayed on the nodding herd's-grass heads. A meadow lark, perched on a haycock, turning his escutcheoned breast to the sun, uttered notes as metallic as those the scythes gave forth, but less musical. Flashing through the foliage of a roadside elm, an oriole broke the sweet, plaintive cadence of his brief song with a discordant chatter, evoked perhaps by some intruder, perhaps by a disappointment over the unmusical promise of his unfledged offspring's three lugubrious notes reiter-

ated with tiresome monotony, while the silent mother came and went in an endless round of food gathering and delivering.

"What 's a-troublin' of ye, this mornin', Mr. Hangbird?" Joseph inquired, looking towards the elm. Presently he descried the canopy of a blue umbrella slowly rising above the crest of a hill. "Wal, I snore, if 't hain't Mis' Pur'n't'n," he declared, after a few moments' study of the approaching figure as it became more fully revealed. "Wonder where she 's a-shoolin' tu. Up tu aour haouse, like 's not. Like 'nough up t' Solon's, I d' know." He laid down the scythe, and refreshed himself with a draught of switchel from a wooden canteen which he drew from its covering of grass in a shady fence corner. This once popular but now obsolete summer drink of temperate haymakers was compounded of molasses and water, with a dash of vinegar and a spice of ginger, and was supposed to be less hurtful than water to heated men. Therefore, Joseph, considering his liability to "git het," providently supplied himself with it. Having quenched his thirst, he rasped his face with a red-and-yellow cotton handkerchief carried in the crown of his palm-leaf hat, and leaned upon the fence to await the coming of the passer-by. Presently she waddled into short range of speech, her flushed face and labored breath seeming to diffuse added heat in the fervid atmosphere. Her eyes were intent on the smooth footpath between the ditch and the wheel-track, and she was not aware of Joseph's presence till he accosted her.

"Mornin', Mis' Pur'n't'n. Where on this livin' airth be you p'inted for, this hot mornin'?"

"Why, sakes alive!" she gasped, coming to a ponderous, quaking halt. "What 's the use o' scarin' anybody aouten the' seben senses? My, I never seen ye till I heard ye, an' I putty nigh jumped aouten my shoes. I 'm rwusted, an' I 'm comin' over there int' the shade. I was just a-thinkin' I 'd ortu seddaown an' rest me. Ther' hain't no bumblebees ner was's nests ner nothin', is the'?"

"Don't seem tu be none," said Joseph, after casual inspection of the premises.

With this assurance she descended into the dry ditch, and, assisting herself with a pudgy hand on her uplifted knee, climbed up the opposite bank, set her open blue umbrella upside down on the ferns and buttercups, and seated herself on a convenient cradle knoll in the shadow of the fence-side raspberry-bushes.

"So you 're a-hayin' of it, be ye?" she said, peeping between the rails into the meadow. "Wal, he is tew. Ho, hum, sussy day! I allers du dread hayin' dretf'l, it does make sech a lot o' work for the women folks; men folks does eat so, an' so many on 'em! Haow 's your father? We heerd las' night 'at he was kinder failin', an' I told him I 'd got tu gwup an' see fer myself; an' so this mornin' I told Sis she 'd got tu git along some way, an' I jest put on my things, an' off I come; for I knowed if I could n't du nothin' much wi' my han's, feeble 's I be, I c'ld chirk him up some, an' Mis' Hill, which she must hev her han's putty nigh full an' anxious in her mind. Haow 'd ye say he was?"

"Oh, wal," said Joseph slowly, embracing the first opportunity to answer, "father hain't not tu say sick, an' then agin he hain't ezackly what you might call well. He 's ben a lee-tle mite off'm the hooks tew three days; the hot weather 's kinder took a holt on him, I guess. I don't b'lieve but what he 'll come raound all right agin in a day er tew."

Mrs. Purington's sunbonnet shook with funereal solemnity, and she heaved a deep sigh.

"Don't flatter yourself. At his time o' life, he 's lierble tu go any minute; an' givin' way tu his temper the way he does, I don't 'spect nothin' but what he 'll go in a fit o' the arteplack. It 'll be terrible onpleasant tu hev him pass

away right in hayin', a fun'r'l does break things up so. But we can't order sech things. My sakes, if there hain't a ripe rosb'ry!" as she spied the first ripe berry of its kind and reached forth to secure it. "Who 'd ever ha' thought o' rosb'ries gittin' ripe? Ho, hum, haow time does fly, an' aour lives is but a span! I mus' send Sis aout tu see 'f she c'n git 'nough fer a mess. I s'pose you give your father bwunset? An' prarbably you 've hed him the darkter?"

"Wal, he 's took some hisself," Joseph answered. "Ye can't ezackly give him nothin'. He won't let ye. No, he won't hev no darkter erless he 'll bleed him, which there don't seem no sense in, seems 's 'ough there wa'n't, 'cause, ye see, he hain't full-blooded. It don't seem 's if he 'd hev the arteplack, sca'cely."

"You can't never tell," Mrs. Purington sighed. "It tackles fat an' lean. Time cuts daown all, bwuth gre't an' small. Is your grass tol'able good? His'n is."

"Bunkum," Joseph declared with unwonted decision, which he hastened to qualify. "Leastways, consid'able more 'n middlin', for all the' 's lots o' stob'ries, which hain't a sign o' heavy grass. If it 's baries ye want, you c'ld pick up a bushil aouten the swaths. I d' know as a bushil, ezackly; fo', five, half dozen quarts, mebby. Say, I swan, Mis' Pur-'n't'n, the' is a was's nes' right in under the — le' me see — one, tew, three, fo', five — the fif' rail f'm the top, on the len'th right behind ye. Don't ye git scairt; go kinder easy, an' not wake 'em up."

She hesitated not on the manner of her departure, but rolled off her seat to the verge of the ditch, into which she dropped her feet, and, scrambling up the further bank on all fours, regained the road. There, resuming an upright position, she began vigorously to shake her skirts and cuff the sides of her sunbonnet.

"Wal, I b'lieve the' hain't none in my clo's ner nothin'!" she exclaimed at last. "But wa'n't I scairt, though? I be dretf'l 'feard o' was's an' bees, they swell up so on me. I do' know but I 'xposed some o' my limbs, but you 'll hafter 'xcuse me on 'caount o' the was's nes' an' your father's health. Naow, if you c'n git a holt o' my umbrel, an' tost it tu me, mebby I c'n git away 'thaout gittin' stung tu death."

Joseph grunted as he reached far across the fence to perform this service, and then, having recovered his breath, he said, "If you see bub, you jest tell him tu hurry up an' come an' shake aout this 'ere grass, an' fer him tu fetch a fork, 'cause the' hain't none here. I do' know why in tunket he don't come, fer the dew 's ben off an haour."

"Prarbably his mother 's a-keepin' on him tu send fer the darkter or the neighbors. An' I s'pose Josier begretches ev'y minute away f'm his gran'ther. He 'll miss him more 'n 'most any of ye." Then sheltering herself under the umbrella, Mrs. Purington resumed her laborious progress.

"Gosh, what a woman!" Joseph ejaculated when he had watched her a moment. "Won't father give her hail Columby, though, if she gits tu mournin' over him!" Then his eyes wandered to the flat-pressed herbage of the cradle knoll and the inverted gray cone beneath the adjacent fence rail, and he chuckled wheezily, "I guess it 's an ol' last year's one, arter all. My, if it hed n't 'a' ben! Wal, I s'pose I must buckle tu." So after trimming out the fence corner with a few short strokes, he struck into his swath with long, regular sweeps whose graceful movement was strangely in contrast to his ordinary turtle-like motions.

With a like movement, yet each with a distinctive if slight difference, the tall angular young American and the lithe and graceful little Canadian swung their scythes in unison, with one cropping swish of the cutting stroke that piled half a summer's growth of stalk, leaf, and blossom in a lengthening line of common ruin, and disturbed labor and revel of

busy bee and idle moth. With one faint ring like bells of fairyland, the two scythes swung back to the standing grass. There was no break in these regularly recurrent sounds, except when a corner was reached, or the scythes were whetted, or there was brief decisive battle with a swarm of bumblebees that made the air seethe with their angry murmur, and hot with the pungent odor of their wrath. Angry buzz and burnt honey incense faded out when the bees were trampled to death, and the conquerors sucked their meagre spoils out of the brown combs.

Thus an hour or more passed with the haymakers, while the bobolinks sang their jubilant medley, the oriole mingled music with scolding, the meadow lark struck his brief metallic notes, and the kingbird uttered sharp, accelerated monotony of clatter as he poised in rapid survey of the grassy coverts or swooped upon his insect game. Then there came a sudden untimely blast of a dinner-horn, sounding an imperative call in its first note, prolonged to a wail of distress, and ending in sputtering failure of breath and tense lips.

Antoine stopped at the end of a stroke, and turned inquiring eyes and ears toward the house, while Pelatiah, in the lead, conscientiously carried out his swath before he stopped to look and listen in the direction of the unexpected signal.

"Bah gosh!" Antoine exclaimed, letting out his restrained breath after a moment of silence. "Ah guess Marri got hees clock go too fas', prob'ly, or less de bee was swarmin', an't he prob'ly?"

"Wal, 't ain't nowher's nigh noon," Pelatiah said, looking up to the sun. "If it 's bees, they hain't wuth fussin' with. 'A swarm in July hain't wuth a fly.' Wonder what the rip is?"

"Boys, did ye hear the horn?" their employer asked anxiously, as he came wading through the grass toward them. "Le's hyper up tu the haouse. I 'm afeard the' 's suthin' the matter."

Pelatiah at once slipped his scythe under the swath and was ready to accompany him, but Antoine whetted his scythe and again struck in.

"Hain't ye goin' with us?" Joseph asked.

"No," he answered, with abrupt decision. "Ah 'll an't never wan' go where anybody sick, an' if dey goin' to dead, oh! mon Dieu, no!" and he applied himself to his work with nervous diligence, while the others went their way.

Joseph Hill's usually cheerful face was shadowed by a cloud of anxiety, as he set forth toward the house at his best pace across the intervening strip of cleared meadow, where the new-fangled, half-distrusted revolving horse-rake, just from Morrison's shop, lay in idle conspicuity, with its double rows of wooden teeth shining in the sun. Its owner gave it but a passing glance that brought no thrill of proud possession, but rather a twinge of remorse for having bought it against the will of his father, who spurned it as a "consarned flipperty-flop, rattle-trap, Tory thingum-a-jig, with teeth a-p'intin' both ways." It seemed to Joseph that his legs were never so short nor the stubble so slippery, especially when his active companion quickly overtook him.

"Father 's hed a wuss spell, I 'll bet ye what 's the matter," he panted, struggling to keep abreast of Pelatiah. "He did n't git mad nary oncte this mornin', which it showed he wa'n't a-feelin' jest right someways. I 'd a grea' deal livser hev him 'an tu not tu. Lord, haow I should miss him if he should be took away!" Joseph was obliged to get the cotton handkerchief from his hat and wipe the sweat from his eyes, for the house, though now only ten rods off, was swimming in a watery haze that made doors and windows indistinguishable.

Mrs. Purington toiled up the path leading to the kitchen door of the Hill homestead, bestowing a glance of severe disapproval on the ill-timed efflorescence

of the hollyhocks and the gorgeousness of the tiger lilies, then lowered her umbrella as a shield against the attack of an old hen who charged upon her furiously through a brood of frightened chicks, more endangered by defender than by invader.

"There, there, you plagued ol' fool, you," she addressed her baffled adversary, who was now making a prodigious fuss of scratching and clucking to collect her scattered brood, one member of which had been nearly trampled to death under her own feet. "You see what comes o' not tendin' t' y' own business." Mrs. Purington moved forward, running a critical eye over a flock of older chickens now in the ugliness and imbecility of half-growth, and uttering yelps of perpetual discontent when they were not making awkward sallies in pursuit of a moth or a grasshopper. "They hain't no forreder 'n aourn, nor no more on 'em," she remarked as she reached the door, and, furling her umbrella, she bent forward to look and listen before she entered.

There was a sound of water briskly splashed and a squeaky breaking of leaf stalks, of quick footsteps moving intermittently to and fro mingled with a cautious clatter of the stove and the contented bubbling of a boiling pot that exhaled a savory odor of cooking pork, which the visitor sniffed with satisfaction when she saw that Ruby Hill was washing beet greens at the sink. She mentally formulated the bill of fare and a declaration of intention: —

"B'iled pork an' beet greens! I 'm goin' tu stay tu dinner, if it is hayin'." Then she wheezily announced herself.

"Mornin', Marier! Wal, here I be, what the' is left on me, arter br'ilin' in sun, tu say nothin' o' raslin' wi' was's. My, if 't ain't hot!" Gran'ther Hill's great splint-bottomed chair received her unaccustomed weight with a protesting creak as Maria turned from the stove to her guest, her face changing from the frown of heat-battling to an expression of surprise, while Ruby cast a frightened glance, a nod, and a murmured salutation over her shoulder.

"Why, for all this worl'!" said Maria. "That 's right, set ri' daown and rest ye. Le' me take your bunnit. Pretty well, be ye, an' all of 'em at hum?"

"No, you need n't take my bunnit. I 'll jest hang it on the cheer," said Mrs. Purington with the air of a martyr, as she fumbled at her bonnet-strings. "I don't s'pose I c'n stop long erless it seems ne'ssary; but it did seem 's if I mus' come, if 't wa'n't only tu call. Be you feelin' putty scrumptious, Ruby? I should n't s'pose you would, a-growin' so. It hain't healthy tu grow so fast. I should think you 'd let aout the tuck in her dress, Marier. My sakes, if there hain't a beet half 's big as a hen's aig! An' we hain't hed us a mess yit. No, sir, not a green, sence caowslops an' dand'lierns went by. I s'pect aour beets hain't ben wed as they 'd ortu ben. He hain't no hand for a garding, like your father Hill. Ho, hum, sussy day! But I s'pose he 's goddone wi' all that. You won't hev no sech beets next year. Haow does he 'pear tu be?" sinking her voice to a gasping whisper. "I come up a puppus tu enquire. We heard yist'day 'at he was terrible mis'able."

"Why, no," Maria answered in a lowered voice, seating herself in front of her visitor and adjusting the tall comb in her back hair, "he don't seem tu be bad off. He hed a kinder poor turn day 'fore yist'day, an' he 's ben keepin' consid'able quiet sence. He 's ben sleepin' 'most all the mornin'. Bub 's in there a-keepin' the flies off of him."

Mrs. Purington shook her head solemnly, and slowly lifted herself by the arms of the chair. Then, with a cautionary hand raised to enjoin silence, she waddled carefully across to the bedroom door and peered in long and anxiously. Then she disappeared within, to come forth presently in haste, with an

awe-stricken countenance, and in a voice befitting it she said, "Marier Hill, he 's a dyin' man! He lays there julluk a lawg, an' he 's slipped daown in the bed; an' I took a holt o' one o' his feet, an' it 's jest as cold as a stun, an' bloated up jest as hard as a stick o' wood. I tell ye he hain't long for this world! You jest come an' look at him!"

Maria followed her in a tremor of alarm, and poor Ruby, sick with horror of the mysterious presence which seemed about to confront her, hovered close in the rear, afraid to follow and afraid to be left alone.

"You c'n see for yourself," Mrs. Purington whispered, with constrained calmness. "You see that 'ere fly a-walkin' on his nose, an' him never a-winkin'. You see haow his fingers keeps a-workin', an' he 's all slid daown in the bed, an' his feet as col' as chunks o' ice. I tell ye he 's struck wi' death, an' you hed n't ortu lose a minute a-callin' in Joseph an' 'mongst 'em, if they 're tu see him a livin' man. It 's arteplack; jest what I told Joseph 'ould take his father, as I come along."

The grim face of the veteran was unwontedly serene as he lay breathing heavily in the deep sleep of age, and now a smile flickered across it like a glint of sunlight on the wintry ruggedness of a mountain, as if he had pleasant dreams or happy visions. His favorite grandson and namesake sat beside him idly brushing the flies away with a feathery asparagus stalk, tired of his inactive duty, and wishing his grandfather would awake and tell a story. But now he turned a wondering, scared face toward the visitor; then, as he comprehended the awful import of her words, he dropped the brush across the bed, and, lightly touching the nearest brown and withered old hand with his browner, grimy young fingers, he buried his face in the patchwork quilt, repeating silently again and again a fervent, untaught prayer, amid smothered, choking sobs: "O God, don't let gran'ther die! Don't ye! Don't ye!"

He did not hear Mrs. Purington's whispered errand: "Josier, your father tol' me tu tell you tu come ri' daown int' the medder, an' go tu shakin' aout the swaths, but I hain't the heart tu." He heard his mother's rapidly retreating footsteps click on the doorstone, and then the untimely blast of the dinner-horn smote his ear like a funeral knell.

Gran'ther Hill half opened his eyes in an unseeing stare, then closed them and lapsed again into quiet sleep.

"He don't take no noticte o' nothin'," Mrs. Purington sighed.

Before long Josiah heard the guarded clump of his father's and Pelatiah's boots upon the kitchen floor; then, by the restrained, labored breathing and whispered inquiries and responses, he knew that they were crowded into the little bedroom whose narrow confines Mrs. Purington's portly presence had seemed to fill already to their utmost capacity.

It was not apparent to Joseph that any great change had occurred in his father's condition, but Mrs. Purington having become an authority on mortuary affairs through frequent attendance at death-beds and funerals, he had no idea of questioning her opinions.

"It seems 's 'ough I 'd got tu speak tu him," he whispered, his face working with painfully restrained emotion.

"The' hain't no use o' disturbin' his last moments," Mrs. Purington whispered authoritatively; and Joseph tried to appease his filial yearning by a clumsy, mannish adjustment of the quilt, which was viewed with severe toleration by Mrs. Purington. Pelatiah heaved a few sympathetic sighs, and retired to the kitchen, emphasizing each careful footfall by a downward sway of head and body, till he reached a chair, and carefully lowered himself into it. After a vain attempt to engage his mind in the study of the almanac which hung by the clock, he tried the better plan of doing

something helpful, and made separate, supposedly noiseless journeys to the well and cistern to replenish the water-pails, although he had found neither empty. With the same purpose, Ruby strove to employ herself, wondering if it would be decorous to begin setting the table, and wishing she might be sent to summon the younger children home from school, to help her bear the misery of this awful waiting, until both were called into the bedroom by an imperative gesture of Mrs. Purington.

There was crowded standing-room for the solemn company between the bedstead, the oilcloth-covered light-stand, and the cherry-wood chest of drawers, whereon lay the worn and ancient family Bible, open at one of the stormiest chapters of the Old Testament. It might have seemed to some that a recently developed turn for Biblical research was one of the most alarming symptoms of Gran'ther Hill's illness. In an unstable position on the edge of the chest there was an unfinished axe-helve awaiting the last touches of the veteran's hands. Last night's candle stood on the stand, the extinguisher half revealing a portentous winding-sheet which had formed during the last burning; and even while Mrs. Purington silently called attention to this ominous sign still another was given. A phœbe-bird hovered a moment at the open window, then flew in and caught a fly in an airy loop of flight that ended in a misjudged dash against the raised sash. In attempting to wallow her way around from the foot of the bed to expel the fluttering intruder, Mrs. Purington struck an end of the axe-helve, and it fell to the floor with a sharp, resonant clatter that aroused the old man.

With wide-opened eyes he cast a glance of stern inquiry around upon the sad-faced group. "What in time be ye all a-gawpin' at?" he sternly demanded in a strong voice. "Be ye all dumb, or why don't ye answer?"

Mrs. Purington ventured to take upon herself the office of spokeswoman, and said, with awful solemnity, "Capting Hill, we thought you was a-dyin', an' I hed Marier call the men folks."

"Ye did, hey? An' what if I was? Did n't you s'pose I c'ld 'tend tu it? Called in the men folks from hayin'? If I 'd ha' got killed tu Hubbar't'n or Bennin't'n, du you s'pose they 'd ha' quit fightin' an' stood 'raound tu gawp at me a-dyin'? An' 't would ha' ben a 'tarnal sight more consequence then 'an 't is naow."

"Your feet was jes' as cold as stuns," Mrs. Purington added, as she ran a groping hand beneath the bedclothes, "an' so they be naow."

"You hain't got a holt o' no foot," Gran'ther Hill chuckled hoarsely. "It 's a freestun Marier put in tu warm 'em las' night." And, drawing up his knee, he gave a vigorous kick that tumbled the stone out with a dull thud upon Mrs. Purington's fat foot, and drew from her an agonized shriek. "I 'm glad on 't, I swear I be, ye ol' carri'n crow!" the old man roared in savage rejoicing. "Clear aouten here, the hull b'ilin' on ye! No, you don't wanter go," he added in a softer tone to Josiah, who was crying now for joy at the sudden and promising change in his grandfather's symptoms.

"It 's awful, dretful! A man at your time o' life, wi' one foot in the grave!" Mrs. Purington whimpered, as she limped out of the bedroom in the rear of the departing company.

"I hain't a man o' my time o' life, an' I hain't nary foot in nothin'," he growled after her, and, suiting action to his last words, he sat upright, and threw his sturdy old legs out of bed.

"Gi' me my breeches, bub. Why, the 'tarnal fools scairt ye, did n't they?" He put an unwontedly gentle hand on the tousled, sun-faded tow head. "There, don't ye cry, sonny. They won't git no fun'al aouten yer ol' gran'ther till he 's larnt ye tu shoot an' tu ketch a traout, an' hev lots o' fun wi' ye."

Through tears and smiles, as in a shower and sunshine, the boy had a bright vision of his reënthroned idol.

"I ruther guess me an' Pelatiah hed better hev us a cold bite," Joseph said in a subdued voice, as he took a longing sniff of the fragrance of the boiling greens. "We can't sca'cely 'ford tu wait for dinner, an' it won' ezackly pay tu come up a puppus for 't quite so soon, it don't seem 's 'ough. An' we 'll take suthin' 'long for Antwine. The pork an' greens 'll be fust chop for supper."

"Men folks hed ortu hev a su'stantial warm dinner, an' so hed anybody 'at 's ben ex'cisin' a-walkin'," said the visitor.

But the two men began eating their lunch standing at the pantry shelf where it was set by Maria, and, quickly finishing it, went afield. No move was made toward getting dinner, and an angry growl was heard issuing from the bedroom. Casting a regretful look upon the boiling pots, Mrs. Purington hastily departed, with the umbrella under her arm, tying her sunbonnet as she walked down the path.

With but little help from his grandson, Gran'ther Hill donned his suit of homespun, and, with convincing thumps of his staff, stamped forth into the kitchen. His face wore a genial expression, nevertheless triumphant and defiant; and Josiah, following close at his heels, was radiant with joy, in spite of the fear that he might now be sent to the hayfield.

Maria and her daughter had set the untasted dishes of pork, greens, and potatoes to cool on the draughtiest shelf of the pantry, and were sitting in a bewilderment of unexpected rest when the old man entered.

"Wal, naow you hain't never ben tu dinner, Marier?" he demanded, looking sharply at the clock, the cleared stove, and empty table. "So I skeered them back int' the lot, did I?" he chuckled, when his daughter-in-law had explained the situation. "An' that 'ere Pur'n't'n womern, hes she cleared aout tew? Wal, I done almighty well. By the Lord Harry, I won't furnish no fun'als for that ol' carri'n crow 's long 's I c'n help it! An' mind ye, Marier, if ever I du die, don't ye let her know it for a week. I want tu cheat her aouten that fun. Lord, it always makes me swearin' mad tu see her a-lookin' at corpses as if she owned 'em! 'Viewin' the re-mains,' she calls it. Hunh! Or'n'ry, every-day dead folks hain't remains. All 'at ever you could see is there just 's it allers was. If she 'd ha' ben tu Hubbar't'n er Bennin't'n er where Injins hed ben hellin' raound, she 'd ha' seen remains. Folks blowed all tu flinders, an' women wi' the' skelps tore off. Them 's remains. Remains! The cussed ol' fat fool!" He shook out the words in a bass tremolo of anger, and then in a milder voice declared, "I smelt greens a-b'ilin', an' I want some on 'em. In the butt'ry, be they? No, you jes' keep yer settin', Marier, an' me an' bub 'll help aourselves. Come on, bub."

"Seems 's 'ough it 's most tew hearty victuals for anybody 'at 's feeble," Maria suggested timidly.

"Sho, Marier! Gardin sass 's the healthiest victuals the' is. Don't woo'-chucks eat it? An' did you ever hear tell o' a woo'chuck's dyin' erless he was killed? Who 's feeble? If bub is, he need n't eat none 'thout he 's a min' ter."

The pantry door closed behind the grandsire and grandson, who at once gave themselves up so entirely to the business in hand that no sound was heard from that quarter but the clatter of knives and forks, the clink of the vinegar cruet, and an occasional clearing of Gran'ther Hill's throat when it was too liberally irrigated with an overdose of vinegar. When at last they came forth, with satisfied faces and wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands, Josiah the younger at once went to roost on the edge of a chair, with his feet on the top round, and began to settle into torpid contentment. He was not long permitted to enjoy it, for his grand-

father, after taking his own hat from its peg and putting it on, drew the boy's tattered straw hat toward him from its latest place of deposit, with the point of his staff, and thrust it upon the owner's head with such force that the surprised youngster barely saved himself from pitching headlong upon the floor. When half-way across the room he halted a stumbling run, and turned to stare with dazed eyes between parted crown and brim on the grimly amused face of his grandfather.

"I s'pect your father wants ye daown 'n the medder," his mother suggested.

"He hain't a-goin' daown intu no medder erless I tell him tu. He 's a-goin' along wi' me," the aged autocrat announced, as he stamped and thumped his way to the door; and Josiah hoped that they might be going fishing, though the blazing heat promised no success.

"Why, father, you hain't never goin' aout in the heat o' the day, be ye? Where be you goin'? You hed n't ortu, old as you be an' sick as you 've ben."

"Old as I be?" he growled scornfully. "I 'm younger 'n any on ye. Sick? I hain't ben sick. Hot? Don't ye s'pose a man 'at 's lived in V'mont ever sence white folks come tu stay knows a leetle suthin' 'baout what sort o' weather he c'n gwaout in? 'T ain't hot. It 's jest comf't'ble, an' I hain't grease ner pitch. I guess I sha'n't melt. Where be I a-goin'? Mebby I 'm a-goin' tu bary myself, an' mebby I 'm a-goin' tu look up a good place tu. Come on, bub."

With his grandson at his heels, he marched down the dooryard path, supremely indifferent to the attack of the Dominique Amazon who charged at his lean shanks only to be poked contemptuously aside by a two-handed thrust of his staff; and his daughter-in-law, ready to cry with worry, watched him to the corner from which the road ran past the hayfield, where he was hidden by a group of cherry-trees, in which a throng of jealous robins and a pair of red-headed woodpeckers were bickering for the first reddening fruit.

"He 'll git het or sunstruck, an' everybody 'll blame it ontu me," she sighed, turning wearily away, and taking her apron from a chair-back with one hand, while with the other she groped for a pin on the bosom of her gown.

"I tell ye, bub," Gran'ther Hill confided to his grandson, as he slackened his pace for his escort to come beside him, "I 'm a-goin' daown int' the medder tu show 'em haow tu hay it. Folks naowerdays do' know haow, erless they won't, but I 'll show 'em, or I 'll make 'em, bub." He stopped, and bent an impressive glance upon the boy's upturned face. "It 'll be suthin' for ye tu tell on, when ye git growed up, haow 't your gran'ther was a-dyin' in the fo'noon, an' went an' pitched hay in the art'noon." He chuckled hoarsely, and, after giving the idea time for digestion, continued, as he began an abstracted search in his pockets, "They hain't no kind of a team, your father an' that 'ere Gove boy an' that 'ere Frenchman. I don't see what Jozeff was a-thinkin' on tu hire him. They hain't goo' for nothin'. I know 'em. Blast 'em! When we went tu Canerdy an' fit for 'em, they jest humped up tu hum, ov' their pea soup an' inions, an' let us freeze an' starve an' du the fightin'. Ye could n't stir 'em up tu no patri'tism no more 'n ye could stir up a chunk o' ice wi' a puddin'-stick, blast 'em! Oh, if a man won't fight for his natyve land for the love on 't, he won' du much a-hayin' for wages, you may depend on 't! Say, bub, I come off an' lef' my pipe on the manteltree shelf, an' I 'd ortu smuk. You clipper back an' git it, an' fill it wi' terbacker; an' ye can't light it, — it 'ould make ye sick; so you fetch me three four o' them hell-fire matches. The' hain't half so good as flint an' steel, but the' hain't no punk in the hull dumb, shif'less haouse. Naow clipper like a whitehead, an' I 'll just wait. An' don't ye let your ma'am

know where we 're a-goin'; she 'll jes' tew," he called after Josiah, while he watched his agile steps with critical admiration, and commented to himself, "He 's a chip o' the ol' block! Jozeff took arter his mother in bein' slow an' easy. But she hed judgment, and Jozeff — wal — She hed 'straor'nary judgment when she was a gal. Why, she wa'n't on'y sebenteen when she took me. Twenty year she 's ben gone! Twenty year, an' me a-hengin' on yit, julluk an' oak-leaf in winter, o' no use for nothin'." His slow thoughts followed his slow, half-wistful gaze to the sumac-tented burying-ground, and far beyond to the pale, sunlit sky above the mountain tops, and then wandered wearily back. "But I 'm wuth a dozen naowerdays young folks yit," he declared, straightening himself energetically, and walking toward the corner of the road. Turning it, he came suddenly in view of Antoine, who was coming up the road, a few rods away.

It was not yet noon when Joseph and Pelatiah reached the hayfield, where Antoine had exchanged a scythe for a fork, and was tossing the swaths as if they were caught in the eddies of a sweetly odorous whirlwind. He took his luncheon in silence, with his employer's laconic remark that "the women folks wa'n't a-goin' tu git no reg'lar dinner tu-day," imagining in Joseph's sober face he read an answer to the question he would ask. If he wondered that the bereaved son should return to labor, when he had so good an excuse for a respite from it, he accounted for this by the fact that toil blunts the edge of grief. The far-resounding dinner-calls of conchs and horns at distant farmsteads faded out in the hot air to the silence which had held languorous sway since the bobolinks' riot of melody had ceased. The song of the oriole was hushed, with the monotonous plaint of his offspring; the sharp, brief note of the meadow lark, like an arrow of sound, was no longer shot athwart the noontide heat, and there was no noisier stir of life than the drowsy boom of the bumblebee swelling above, and lapsing again to the voiceless level as the liveried gold-and-black forager blundered homeward or afield.

Antoine retired to the shade to rest and refresh himself. While he munched the generous but dry ration of bread and cold meat, he also slowly chewed the cud of meditation concerning the long life which he supposed had just come to a close, and his thoughts, addressed to himself, shaped themselves in his accustomed French-English speech: —

"De gran'pere was gat great many hol'. More as mos' honded prob'ly, Ah guess. Wen Ah 'll gat so much hol' prob'ly, Ah 'll been dead great many year. Ah 'll hope so if Ah 'll goin' be so hugly like he was! He so hugly Ah 'll was 'fraid of it, me! An' Ah 'll guess, seh, dis worl' was be more peaceably, for gat de hol' man aout of it! What dey goin' do where he gone prob'ly, hein? Wal, Ah 'll be glad dey gat it, an' Ah 'll hope dey an't send it back."

An overlarge mouthful of bread stuck in his throat, and he was seized with a sudden fear that a judgment had overtaken him. He struggled against it manfully, and, after several gasping elongations of his neck, got the better of the choking morsel, and cried out in bravado, "Yas, sah, Ah 'll glad dat hol' hugly was go, me, an' Ah 'll hope dey an't let it come back!" He could not help casting a scared glance behind him, but he saw only the serene landscape: the shorn meadow dotted with cocks and rumpled with spread hay; the standing grass waving in the fitful gusts of the wind, and tossing the dandelion heads like foam bells on the waterless gray-green billows; the open-doored, gray barn with a row of silent swallows bickering on the ridge; the tasseled cornfield; the rough pasture, and its idle groups of sheep and kine nooning in the shade of scattered trees; and beyond all, the green boundary of

the mountain wall shimmering in the glare of sunlight. If the scene revealed naught to him of its serene beauty but the excellence of an ideal hay-day, there was nothing in it to alarm him, and, after a tepid draught of switchel, he gave himself the crowning consolation of a pipe. The last spark was quenching itself in the moist dregs when he was aroused by Joseph's moderate call.

"Wal, Antwine, I guess like 'nough, if you 're a min' ter, you may gwup an' git the hosses an' the hay-riggin', an' ye can hitch the ol' mare on behind an' tow her 'long daown for tu hitch on the rake, if you 're a min' ter; guess the cult 'll foller all right!" The call came to him in a deliberate, monotonous tone whose high pitch was maintained with effort.

Antoine knocked the ashes out from his pipe on the toe of his moccasin, and, arising, set forth toward the house, not without some unwillingness to go alone into the dread precincts which, as he approached, seemed the more pervaded by an awed silence. As he turned the corner, he saw the subject of his thoughts materialize before him, and doubted not for an instant that the gaunt, tall figure and stern, pallid face were those of a being now belonging to another world. The recollection of his recent defiance of such a visitation surged back upon him in an overwhelming wave that seemed to drown his heart's life out of him. For an instant he felt his legs weakening and bending beneath him like thawing props of ice. He thought himself dying without time for prayer, and powerless to make the sign of the cross.

Then, with a sudden accession of strength, without force of will, but by mere instinct, he turned and ran as he never ran before. He marveled how and why he could go so swiftly with such terror withering him, even wondered if he were not standing still, while trees, fences, and breeze were streaming past him, with the dread form motionless behind him, or drawing nearer, nearer, with noiseless steps, and already reaching out to clutch him with cold fingers. But he was assured by the dull pain that the pebbles inflicted on his moccasined feet, and he thanked the Virgin and every saint he could remember for the unasked aid that was invisibly bearing him onward.

The meadow fence was no barrier to his flight; his hand touched the top rail and his feet flew over like two bounding balls, and on he went, never slacking his pace, till he came to where Joseph and Pelatiah stood agape with wonder at his speed, and apprehensive of woeful tidings. Then he dropped upon his knees and began a prayer, whose fervor was not interrupted by the indrawing and outgoing of his labored breath, and rapidly made the sign of the cross.

"Du for land o' massy's sake, Antwine, stop your dumb foolin', an' tell a feller what 's the matter. Can't ye, or can't ye?" Joseph demanded in a flutter of anxiety. But he could get no answer till he shook Antoine roughly by the shoulder, and said sharply, "Come, naow, quit your prayin' long 'nough tu tell what ye want, so 't someb'dy nuther c'n understand. What is 't? Is father wuss?"

"Oh, oui, oui, oui, wus as loup garou. Hees ghos' come at me on de road. Oh, he scare me dead. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Oh, what for you fader an' let me 'lone wen he 'll dead! He chase me on de road! Oh, he was awf'ly hugly hol' ghos'!"

A smile of enlightenment dawned upon Joseph's bewildered face after a survey of Antoine's recent course.

"Oh, Sam Hill, Antwine!" his words shaken with laughter. "Father hain't half so dead as you be; don't look 's 'ough he was. 'Tain't no aperregotion. He 's comin' daown the road naow along wi' bub, smokin' his pipe as carm as a clock. Come, naow. This grass is all a-burnin' up," and he picked up a rustling wisp of hay, twisting it with both hands, while the parched clover leaves drifted out of it in a shower of fragments.

Rowland E. Robinson.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

A CONVERSATION.

Alumna. Fifty of your easily earned dollars, if you please.

Alumnus. To buy one of the new levers with, now that you women have found the theatre of action where there is standing-room only?

Alumna. You are a little florid, but you are not far from the kingdom, I see. We must have a new gymnasium and athletic field at our college, and I am on the committee to raise the money. I have no objection to disclosing the principle of natural selection I have adopted. Here is a list of all the men of my acquaintance who have been on the crew, or the nine, or the eleven, or have thrown the bar, or sprinted, or beaten the record, or done any of those things that make a man distinguished in college, and I am applying to them. I don't need to argue with them. Now, let me see — I have them all alphabetically arranged — Yes, A. Alumnus, you were a short-stop. I've made ever so many memoranda, you see.

Alumnus. Yes, I was short-stop. Is n't that rather a dangerous sort of person to apply to with a subscription paper? And, by the bye, are you aware that the largest givers to colleges are usually those who have missed a college education?

Alumna. Well, you have missed Wellesley, you know; you have n't even had the advantages of Cornell or Michigan. You belonged to one of the mediæval institutions. Come, now, be generous. Remember the days of thy youth. Fifty? I am a sibyl. I will not let you off now for less than a hundred.

Alumnus. But tell me, Alumna, you really think, then, your women's colleges have demonstrated their right to perpetual existence? The gymnasium and athletic field are the crowning excellence of ours, you know. We have not reached this point except after centuries of growth. Are n't you in the experimental stage still? (*Aside.*) That will fetch her.

Alumna. Experimental! Have n't we proved in less than fifty years, with centuries of neglect behind us, that women are the equals of men in college work? If I had my other memorandum book with me, I could give you crowds of instances where sisters, with the same preparation as their brothers, have fairly beaten them in college. I have names, sir, and dates.

Alumnus. I know. That is what patent medicine has taught you, Alumna. "Mrs. K., living at 65 East Jefferson St., Chelsea, after taking one bottle of the *elixir vitæ* was able to cook a dinner for fifteen adults. She was before not even able to raise a loaf of bread." No more references to Lady Jane Grey, or even Mrs. Somerville. These records of contemporaneous women are your deadliest weapons. And statistics! Well, as old Dr. Walker used to say, "Statistics? What are statistics good for except to fight other statistics with?" But come: grant that you have demonstrated the mental equality of boys and girls of college age, and that you can make a college for women the duplicate of a college for men, what is the next step in your triumph of ideas?

Alumna. Ah, my mocking friend, you go too fast; and besides, we must not stray from the question before us, the subscription you are to make of — let me see — a hundred and fifty dollars. It is just because we have not fully duplicated the college that I am listening to you so patiently. We have repeated the intellectual side of college life, and in our more independent colleges we have

matched you in *camaraderie* and social life. But we confess with shame that we are as yet far behind on the athletic side. We have not caught up to you yet there, and that is why I was just saying that I wanted you to subscribe two hundred dollars to our new gymnasium and athletic field.

Alumnus. And until you complete the equipment of your college in this direction, you will be at a disadvantage as compared with us?

Alumna. Most certainly. You will not find me backward in admitting our deficiency. The great wonder to me is that, with our desultory attention to athletics, we should have kept pace so with the men's colleges in intellectual training.

Alumnus. Oh, but consider how much more time you have for study when you have not to practice on the eleven.

Alumna. Nonsense!

Alumnus. And don't your statistics show that women who take a college course enjoy far better health than those who are debarred? Has n't nervous prostration been excluded from women's colleges?

Alumna. Oh, it pleases you to be sarcastic. Let us come back to plain sense. Don't you know that athletics has revolutionized the ideal of the scholar, and that the anæmic, thin man with the scholarly stoop belongs to a past generation? If the gymnasium and athletic field have done this for you, why should not we perfect our college appointments equally? If colleges for women were to be started now for the first time, don't you believe that the gymnasium would be considered as indispensable as the library? You must remember that all this physical development in your colleges has been going on since we began to build and equip our most thorough colleges.

Alumnus. Yes, Alumna, you are right. If the movement for women's colleges were to begin now, it is most probable that one of the first steps would be in the direction of athletics; for there is no reason to suppose that we should be any wiser than we were a generation ago.

Alumna. What do you mean? Which movement are you condemning, — that for the higher education of women, or that for the physical development of men?

Alumnus. Neither. I am simply saying that if we were to begin now to found colleges for women, we should do just what our forbears did a generation ago, make them as nearly like men's colleges as we could; and of course, that, to-day, would include athletics. We too should feel the need, as our fathers and mothers did, of making good the claim that girls in college could and should do the same things that boys did.

Alumna. Well, and why not?

Alumnus. You think, then, this has been demonstrated?

Alumna. Certainly, except, as I said, so far as physical education is concerned. We are now to demonstrate that also. I should like your subscription for two hundred and fifty dollars.

Alumnus. Perhaps it may be in the books that we must make this demonstration, also, before we have reached our final *q. e. d.* But do you seriously maintain that you must duplicate our apparatus and our sports? Would you, if we could give it to you, accept our gymnasium exactly as it stands, and make the same use of it, trapeze and all?

Alumna. Yes, certainly we should accept it. We need n't use all your ropes and things.

Alumnus. And football? You will have football on your athletic field?

Alumna. Our director has invented a splendid game, which includes all the principles of football-play, but leaves out the brutality.

Alumnus. That you leave to us, I suppose.

Alumna. There will be none left when we women show you what can be done in your own field of athletics.

Alumnus. You admit, then, that your

athletic activity will be a modified form of ours?

Alumna. Oh, you need not be so wary. Of course I am not so foolish as to say that girls can repeat in every particular the feats of boys. Some of them would not be nice, either.

Alumnus. So, when your college is fully equipped on all sides with library, laboratories, debating-clubs, Indian clubs, gymnasium, tennis court, bowling alley, and athletic field, you will be matched with the men's colleges, do just as much and go just as far, except that in physical training you will, to state the matter briefly, use a soft ball where we use a hard one?

Alumna. That is a mean way of putting it.

Alumnus. I know; but that is the trouble with us when we discuss matters with you. We say mean things because they are so conclusive.

Alumna. I won't be kept on the defensive. Sir, will you please explain to me, in a mean way if you choose, why you should not subscribe three hundred dollars toward our gymnasium and athletic field?

Alumnus. I am not sure that would be a too high price to pay, if it would hasten the demonstration.

Alumna. What demonstration?

Alumnus. The one you have been approaching in your mind, — that, after all, girls are not boys.

Alumna. Most sapient conclusion! When did I retreat from that fundamental position?

Alumnus. A generation ago, when you set about demonstrating the essential likeness of the two. Wait! don't interrupt just yet. I am by no means sure that in the field of higher education, as in the general field of affairs, of industry, and of politics, it was not necessary that the world you and I live in should bend its energies toward showing just this, that men and women are alike. The subjection of women has been taken for granted long enough. It was time to prove equality.

Alumna. Well, and now shall we not go on to perfection?

Alumnus. Yes, but not by the same road. Have we not come to a new parting of the ways? Having demonstrated the likeness, is not the next great step to discover the difference? May it not be that whereas, in the old days, woman was supposed to be an inferior animal, it remains for us to recognize that she is a different animal, and to order our education accordingly?

Alumna. You are out of line, Alumnus. You do not seem to observe how the drift is steadily toward the common education of men and women. Radcliffe, for example, and Barnard College are not incipient independent institutions. They are grafts on a stouter trunk, and it will not be long before the ordinary observer will see merely the one tree with its variety of fruit.

Alumnus. Haughty culturist! I should take issue with you as to the tendency. The experiments of these two colleges and of Yale in its graduate department are most interesting, because they point to the real diversity that may exist in the higher education. Now we have colleges like the state institutions of the West, where no other conditions than that of coeducation ever have existed, and we have Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and Bryn Mawr of the exclusive type, and Radcliffe and Barnard of the coöperative sort. Surely, all these vigorous colleges will work out their own salvation, and we shall not see them immediately resolved into one composite order; perhaps we never shall see them greatly modified as to their several forms of administration. But one and all of them have reached the point where they will have to differentiate themselves from the established order of men's colleges.

Alumna. What heresy! I have raised your subscription to three hundred and fifty dollars.

Alumnus. You have an excellent way of bringing us back to our sheep. This proposal of yours interests me immensely. I shall not be surprised if a movement for athletics in colleges for girls is the beginning of the coming great differentiation of colleges on the sex line.

Alumna. Prove your faith by your work. Subscribe! subscribe!

Alumnus. First, let me give my subscription to a creed, and it shall have less than thirty-nine articles. I believe, then, that as soon as men and women throw themselves earnestly into the athletic problem for girls they will run against the immutable distinctions of sex, and that, instead of trying to minimize these distinctions, they will heed them, and that, as they follow the lines of sex in physical education, they will discover that they are building the whole doctrine of education upon far more permanent lines of difference than they at first suspected.

Alumna. Pray be so good as to show me how there is more than a syllable difference between Alumnus and Alumna.

Alumnus. Ah, a syllable sometimes has separated, sometimes has joined, the two sexes! But I will leave the rudiments, and go on toward perfection. For what is the exercise of the man but to increase his muscular power, to harden his sinews, to brace the whole frame, that he may be sturdy, strong to fight, able to endure, ready to meet antagonists and to give force full play? But a sinewy, muscular woman is an anomaly, pretty sure to offend the nearer she reaches the likeness of man. Why then plan her exercises with reference to acquiring the art of man, only in a lesser degree? Why copy, with modifications only, a system of gymnasium and athletics which has for its final effect the induration of the body? No. Get as far away from all that as you can. Begin with the unlikeness of woman to man, and you will finally come nearer to him, even in the use of common apparatus, than if you start with the likeness.

Alumna. You are a theorist, sir, nothing but a theorist.

Alumnus. Yes, being a man, I have to be, where women are concerned. One of these days, when you look at us from the vantage-ground of your own independent and securely fit scheme of education, you will theorize about us. But let me at least air my theory on its woman side. What is it I admire in you, my dear Alumna? You like, I believe, to sit on a hard wooden seat, for hours at a time, under a blue or crimson or orange parasol, and watch highly trained men place a pigskin where just as many equally highly trained men do not want that pigskin placed. You admire the nerve, the brute force, the skill, the alertness, which go into that play. Can you imagine the scene reversed? Not for a moment. But that football-play is simply the manifestation of an intensely developed and highly refined physical nature. The Greeks took the same delight in watching a wrestling-match. Now, men don't go through life playing football or wrestling unless they are professionals; but the qualities which go to make up a good football-player find plenty of expression through character in all sorts of affairs.

Alumna. Well, what do you men like to look at in our exercises?

Alumnus. I detect the irony in your question, but I am not deterred. I admit it. We gather in large numbers in the comfortable orchestra chairs to watch the ballet. We are not, I frankly confess, altogether nice in our discrimination, and we are supposed to countenance what we should be slow to show to our wives and daughters. But let our football-play and our wrestling-match help us to a true view. These are debased at times, and professionalism is very apt to vulgarize them. Look at them, however, at their best, when you yourself are at your best. That is what, theoretically, I

should like to believe as the possibility in public dancing. Given a purity of movement and gesture, a grace, a harmony, an equipoise; let it be ordered to lovely music, with moments of delicious pause: is not all this feminine? Are not the male dancers the merest foils to the female?

Alumna. Have we to begin all over again with you men? Yes, no doubt; you wish to see us dance. We are to be your playthings.

Alumnus. Do not think scorn of me at once. I see I have begun at the wrong end. In the man we admire force, and to that we direct his physical exercise. In the woman we admire grace, and to that we should direct her exercise. The whole scheme of woman's physical exercise should have for its end grace, harmony, repose. Surely, this is not a flagrant statement. And this equipoise, this nice balance which is sometimes, as in the hovering of a hummingbird, the result of movement too swift to be analyzed, is not to be acquired by the use of man's clumsy tools of exercise.

Alumna. You will perhaps allow us the use of the tennis racket?

Alumnus. By all means, — a most feminine substitute for the bat; and the man's use of it is a foray into the woman's world. This illustrates what I said awhile ago, that, let the girl and the boy start at opposite ends, they will, in some plays, come together; and on the tennis field they come together most naturally. Yet even there the grace of the woman is hers, the strength and endurance of the man are his.

Alumna. And you think that on this physical basis of dancing we are to rear our women's colleges?

Alumnus. Just as much as our men's colleges are to be planted in the football field. No, my dear Alumna, do not let us confuse the issue. What I insist upon is that a well-devised scheme of physical exercise for college women, having its foundation in their essential difference physically from men, ought to suggest, and will, radical distinctions, eventually, in the college life of men and women, whether in the field of physical, intellectual, social, or moral culture.

Alumna. Four hundred dollars, if you please.

Alumnus. And why, pray, this last valuation?

Alumna. I did not count on more than fifty dollars from you as your share toward our new gymnasium and athletic field, but we shall need from you at least three hundred and fifty more for the support of the philosophers who are to reorganize our higher education for women on a physical basis.

Alumnus. You shall have five hundred dollars, my dear Alumna, when you can show me a plan for such a gymnasium and field, founded on the ineradicable distinction of sex, and looking for its end toward repose and serenity, not action.

TWO GERMAN BOOKS OF CRITICISM.

The war of sex that began in English letters three generations ago, with the crusade which Godwin and his fellows instituted against the conservative majority of poets, has advanced, with the progress of time, into the heart of Scandinavian drama and up to the periphery of German letters, so that, at the close of our century, it is discernible as a distinctively new trait in literature. The spectacle of such as Ovid and Rabelais imparting their *insouciant* counsel and

anecdotes *de mulieribus* from man to man, so frequent in the classic age and the renascence of the Church and of letters, has vanished, apparently, not soon to return.

Libidinousness and misogyny sigh in vain for a receptive audience. Their whole-hearted sympathizers are discreetly but half-hearted applauders. The gayest quips, of Pantagruel-like flavor, and most delicious cynical perorations are welcomed, as it were, surreptitiously, like darling dark brothers, through postern gates, the public portals of honor being closed against them. Besides, are they not exposed, as was never the fate of their ancient kind, to the cudgels of severe Marcellas and Heavenly Twins?

The books, it is true, that disapprove distinctly of the old-time double-sided moral are isolated as yet. But they are obstreperous, and in America and Great Britain they win the popular acquiescence more and more. The warfare in Scandinavia, meanwhile, between the adherents of the common and those of the new ideas on matters of sex, though less heard of among us, is most general and vehement. Native writers of those countries, at least, somehow manage to infect us with a notion that pretty nearly all men of the pen there have confessed themselves partisans of one or the other of two parties; are members of the ponderous column of loud and virile fighters at whose head marches Björnson, or are in the throng behind August Strindberg, who faces Björnson, metaphorically speaking, with hating defiance in his mien, and The Confessions of a Fool and the dramas Fathers and Miss Julia in either fist. A supporter of Strindberg, as we learn from the same quarter, is Ola Hanson; and Ola Hanson enjoys the distinction of being the husband of Laura Marholm; while Laura Marholm, as will presently appear, enjoys the distinction, if it is one, of being the German-Scandinavian Mrs. Lynn Linton, and the author of a book the nature of which inspires this brief historical survey.

The strife of sex in German literature, as has been said already, is insignificant. There are signs, however, that it is growing, and there is more than a likelihood that it will become obnoxiously coarse and noisy. For the nonce, it is restricted to the comparatively small field of philosophy and criticism; it has barely encroached upon the circumference of the broad expanse of fiction. In philosophy the hubbub is greatest. There the vociferous element consists exclusively of misogynists. In this aspect the spectacle is a little amusing, in fact, for, although not so much as an apparition of petticoatism is discernible on the horizon of practical life, the domineering warning and command, "Down with it!" is kept up unbrokenly by the cordon of philosophers, the outpost of which Schopenhauer established, and which Edward Hartmann and Friedrich Nietzsche, two artillerists by training, have reinforced and held.

Woman's contributions towards the revelation of herself are rare and scanty; that is to say, of course, the openly professed contributions. For this reason a small volume of essays on European authors, by Laura Marholm,[1] awakens a singular interest. The writer is known in more senses than one by a Buch der Frauen, published a twelvemonth ago, containing a review of celebrated women, which fairly established her reputation as a vigorous, autodidactic student of modern biography and fiction, or, as Max Nordau would write, "of contemporary hysteria."

In Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter, Mrs. Marholm means by "we women" sometimes the women of Germanic origin, sometimes womankind in general; by "our poets," as I take it, she is to be understood as meaning the authors who

[1] *Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter.* Von Laura Marholm. Wien und Leipzig: Verlag der Wiener Mode. 1895.

have portrayed women with particular fullness or with especial persistence or insight. Her list includes: the Swiss novelist, Gottfried Keller; the German short-story writer, Paul Heyse; the Scandinavian dramatists, Ibsen, Björnson, and Strindberg; the Russian author, Tolstóy; and the Parisians, Maupassant, Hervieux, and Cazes. These writers were all needed, with their various graphic conceptions of woman, in order to arouse the German *weib* to think of herself. For the Germanic woman is used to regarding herself merely as an adjunct to men. Her all and all in life has consisted in understanding them, existing for them, submitting to them. The father, brother, or lover to whom she belonged was the content and pride of her being. But within the present generation a change has been wrought in her conceptions, and this change has been induced largely by the writings of the great poets of the age. The classic literature of Goethe's time sustained a patronizing tone of gallantry towards woman. She was a "beautiful soul" throughout the literary reign of Schiller and the Epigonen. Along with the Romanticists, for the first time gallantry vanished from fiction. The writers of "Young Germany" had no leisure to do homage to the ideal woman; they were too much engaged in urging the real woman to revolt and emancipate herself. The first original poet of eminent gifts who gave a genuine picture of genuine womanhood to the German public, at once unvarnished by dalliance and undeformed by exaggeration, was Gottfried Keller. No books afford a completer, fuller, and finer embodiment of the Germanic woman than do his. The archetypes of his female personages are to be met with everywhere in German towns and farmsteads. They are good *comme le bon pain*, simple, honest, hearty, cheery, matronly; surrendering themselves to the objects of their affection as unreservedly as does the fertile earth to the beams of the sun, understanding everything by sheer reason of their unspoiled sensibility, becoming the humbler the deeper they love.

The environment of Keller's heroines, however, is still that of a past time. It is primitive and friendly, like their own souls. There is no misery therein, nor overwork, nor industrial slavery. In a similar way, Paul Heyse's stories fail to afford any portrayal of workaday sordidness. Yet, despite this absence of verisimilitude in their surroundings, his female personages present the subtlest and profoundest study of woman's nature in the literature of our century. He recognizes the essence and core of womanhood intuitively, through all its manifold diversities, and he esteems women highly. Up to the time when Heyse began to write, it was quite usual, in poetry, to see women consigned, in a coarser or finer fashion, to one fate or another. Heyse makes them disposers of themselves, active agents. He frees his heroines from narrow limitations; gives to them inner refinement and imperiousness of manner, a cultivated soul, and a quietly grand self-dependence in every emergency of life. Woman in German literature was a provincial who charmed by her *naïveté*. In Heyse's writings she does not hold to any illusions; sometimes she towers above man. She possesses knowledge of life, and is a cosmopolitan.

After Heyse comes Ibsen, who is to be distinguished as the first writer the femininity of whose heroines raised a discussion equal to that which Paul Heyse's had aroused in the previous decade. Almost all of Ibsen's women are the daughters of poor families, who suffer amidst cares and miseries without a prospect of relief. Heyse's impecunious heroines are insensible to their poverty, or spiritually above it. Ibsen's young girls look out for their own livelihood. Love is a luxury to them. They have no time for indulging in it. They are undergrown in figure and plainly clad. In the strug-

gle for life they work beyond their strength. Their hard lot makes them reflect, and they evolve a philosophy which teaches them to make a demand from life. This demand is ever the same, and is the very one which Heyse's heroines hold to, — a demand to possess a right to themselves.

But while Heyse depicts women as sustaining this right in favorable moments and the holiday circumstances of life, Ibsen delineates them as grasping fast hold of it in the meanness and paucity of every-day existence. His pen draws the mothers, brothers, husbands, and guardians of his heroines as we know them by experience to be commonly, all too commonly, and day after day; shows them in their habitual practice of appropriating for themselves the light and air of knowledge and acquaintance with the world, then asking why their womankind are dwarfed in judgment and comprehension.

The men in Ibsen's dramas place their women folk in unlovely or shabby homes, and expect subordination and thankfulness in return. The women all live lonely lives inwardly. And so, too, do Heyse's. But the inward solitude of Heyse's heroines comes of spiritual and physical exclusiveness. Ibsen's female personages are lonely because of deprivation and want of sympathy. Björnson's women are self-detached, not suffering amidst society and because of it, but apart from it; an elbowing throng thrusting their aggressive way into the ranks of the opposite sex, and preaching the perverted doctrine that the exuberance of virility should be cramped within the smaller measure of feminine morality. Heyse's heroines, in a word, are natural aristocrats; Ibsen's are, by compulsion, emancipated; and Björnson's are sexless plebeians.

The chapter on Björnson is full of this word "plebeian." It rings with every possible accent of scorn, and the "Priest of Purity" himself comes off, as it seems to the present writer, with epithets infused with hateful animus. For this reason, it is herein, if anywhere, that the reader is apt to fancy he detects, past doubt, the individual personal views of the authoress, the other chapters being almost free of such animus, while throughout the book the style of writing makes the task of getting at the tendency of Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter in any other wise, if not exactly hard, at least indeterminate. A certain pathetic eloquence, taken together with new and uncommon words, compounded in imitation of the phraseology of pseudo-metaphysicians, renders the trend of writing uncommonly elusive.

The essay on Björnson is followed by one on Björnson's opponent, Herr August Strindberg. German critics consider this misogynist "pervertedly erotomaniacal." Madame Blanc calls him, with unscientific and vigorous directness, brutal. Mrs. Marholm refers to the author's descent. She finds therein a cause of his peculiarities, and comes to the plausible conclusion that they are hereditary. The Mongolian blood in his veins accounts for the extraordinary furtiveness of his literary manner, as well as for the strange aberrations of his private life and civil career. It explains the sudden advances made by his soul out of its secret of secrets, in the Confessions, and its equally abrupt retreat, which is ever carried out cunningly and warily, as is the nomad's wont after a foray. Each genuine item of confidence is covered by a fictitious one, each positive assertion by a contradiction. And as in detail, so in general. His every profession is, or has been, succeeded by its opposite. At first a Radical, he is now a Tory; once a philanthropist, he is now a hater and despiser of men. From the philosophy of altruism he has withdrawn into that of egoism, and from a sally forth into literature as a defender of the weak he has returned at the head of a rabble of writers who accomplish, as much as in their

power lies, the suppression of all that is gentle and spiritual.

Mrs. Marholm suspects his fierce denunciation of women to be but a savage cry of fear and self-defense against a power he must succumb to; and as she herself is a worshiper at the shrine of sex, she understands and consequently forgives him amiably, as she can by no means forgive Björnson, to whom her temple of mystery is no awful temple at all, to be either shunned or visited, but a mere house of common order which men can do better than tarry at for long. She quits it in order to launch upon the quest for the reason why a great bowline should have to be made over Germany, if I may so express it, into Russia, before anything like Strindberg's books is met with. Why has he his spiritual relationships beyond the Caucasus, and not close by in Germany? The dramatists and novelists of the Fatherland are none of them conspicuous because of their doctrines of sex and portrayals of scenes of cruelty and unnatural sins, whereas the Slavonian Dostoieffsky and Tolstóy are. Is the coincidence, in truth, a matter of race? Is Strindberg, by reason of the tincture of Lappish-Finnish blood in his veins, affiliated spiritually to the Mongolian Slavs? And are the writers of this semi-barbaric race destined to appear in literary history in future as the impulsive, passionate confessors, in contradistinction to the Rousseaus and Lamartines of Gallic tradition, with their theatrical pose before the confessional, and sentimental embellishment in the substance of their confessions? And will they continue from their début in our century to be in literature as unlike the insincere or more decorous mass of Romanic and Teutonic authors as the earnest Shemitic Biblical writers appear in contrast with Greek and Roman littérateurs? For a certainty, as poets, these misogynists are not so much writers for women as of women: wherefore it is, perhaps, that Mrs. Marholm pronounces them "bad men in youth, with good consciences; in age, good men, with bad consciences," then passes them by.

The final object of her remarks is the *coquette fin de siècle*. She takes this creature most seriously, and, as is natural with her temperament, abhors her but little less than "Björnson's woman." Most of us, in the innocence of inexperience, have fancied the flirt could love if she only would. Mrs. Marholm says decidedly no; she cannot love. And while Addison's dissection of her heart laid bare, at any rate, a quantity of furbelows, pretty ornaments, and, in a remote corner, a picture of the beau, this later investigator discovers nothing save "a cold curiosity." But then Addison's flirt was younger than Mrs. Marholm's, Hervieux's, Jules Cazes's, and Maupassant's by a couple of centuries!

Upon closing the book, a number of clever observations and felicitous expressions linger in the mind, making the enterprise of reading it seem quite worth the while. The philosophy which the authoress upholds is essentially the same that Luther held on the same subject, so far as the indolent reader can make out. What strikes him is the discovery that he lays down one book on the subject of sex in literature only to take up another that has likewise many references to, and one especial essay on, the selfsame topic. In Herr Georg Brandes's Men and Works,[1] however, the subject is removed from the main point of view to a place aside, and is there treated with plain sense. Thus, for instance, Herr Strindberg's misogynetic fury is not referred to race or origin, but is pronounced due to the disgust which the extravagant heroine-worship of other writers called forth. Without explaining why the same worship in other lands has failed to produce a second Strindberg, Brandes passes under a rapid

[1] *Menschen und Werke.* Literarische Anstalt. Von Georg Brandes. Frankfurt. 1895.

review the Scandinavian novelists who are guilty of representing their Gretchens not only as better than Dr. Faustus, — for that is an old habit, — but as *getting* the better of him. As usual, he shows himself herein altogether on the side of the attacked party. But although this and every part of his book appears monumental in substance when compared with the light cleverness of Mrs. Marholm's work, still, when compared with Brandes's own former writings, it betrays a falling-off; there are frequent lapses in the old, even vigor of his style, and quite an uncommon number of examples of a want of acuteness and intensity of insight and thought. An air of weariness and nonchalance pervades many of the pages. One feels a sentiment of sympathy with him as a man whom one has been ever wont to resort to for instruction; failing to remember that he is a reader of books, an overworked reader of over-many books, who himself has need of relaxation. One thinks of it, strangely enough, now for the first time, and the remembrance puts one into a mood of indulgence. One forgives him everything, especially his contradictions. Contradictions are the defiant cries of men bored sorely and desperately; and how is not a professional critic badgered by the public who will not listen well, and bothered by his brethren of the sacred pen who do not write well! For to him the pen is sacred, and a man who has held it is always the superior, to his mind, of the mass whose idols are not the idols of imagination. Hence, wearied and irritated as he himself is over Nietzsche's disjointed ravings, he still cannot bear the thought of having the philosopher abused by any one but himself. And the anticipation of the objections which his review of Nietzsche's life and writings will meet with at the hands of the moralists and professors of the schools is sufficient to stir his heavy gall. With hardened front, therefore, he resumes his quill, and writes: "There are men whose first thought, on reading anything, is, Now, is this true, or is n't it? There are others to whom this consideration comes in the second place, and who ask themselves first of all, Is the man who has written this interesting, eminent, worth my knowing, or not? If he be so, then the correctness of his views remains a secondary matter, even although the views themselves concern important things. Such men feel the satisfaction of having come across an original, mighty personality.

"Thus of Nietzsche. Is he reactionary? What is the difference? Joseph de Maistre was far more reactionary, and nevertheless is a precious author. Is he cynical? What harm if he is? Cynicism can be of use; and besides, we do not mean to strike in with him. Well, is he not a *dilettante* in exact science? It is possible. But there are *dilettanti* who start up more fresh ideas among us than the most grubbing of our trained specialists. Yes; but he is infinitely more an artist than a thinker! We do not deny it, but we cannot separate the artist from the philosopher, and we enjoy both, the thinker none the less when he dreams than the artist when he speculates. In truth, we are not children who seek instruction, but skeptics on the outlook for men and who have great joy when a man is discovered, for he is the rarest product on earth."

But even in what is second-rate for him, Brandes remains the great critic. Without being possessed of Sainte-Beuve's facility of expression, he has all his forerunner's wonderful versatility of impression. And has he not perhaps more than Sainte-Beuve's stock of knowledge? If one is astonished at the acquaintance of the author of the Causeries de Lundi with the least and minutest of the "trifles light as air" of literature, one is taken back with wonder over Brandes's selection. To have cast out the bric-a-brac of letters as he has done, he needed first to assure himself of its true na-

ture. He has examined everything, and chosen the original thing. He has neither the Gallic appreciation nor the Gallic eye for the merely deft, the merely fantastic, the merely chaste, nor for any of the mere minor virtues that inhere in artful refinements of style and workmanship. His is the philosopher's turn of mind; the democratic philosopher's, not the artistic. He is a searcher of the origin of ideals, not a holder of them. No writer is his equal in this particular. He has made it his forte. From a familiarity with the writings of all authors of all European countries, of the past two centuries, he is able to trace back the types of characters presented in modern novels and the archetypes of ideas in modern philosophies to their fountain and originator. He is the sleuth-hound among critics. He follows the intentions of authors and their pretensions. He goes backwards and forwards over the whole ground not alone of their books, but of their intellectual development.

In the present collection of essays, Oehlenschläger is thus tried and judged. Friedrich Nietzsche's savage paradoxes are tracked back, not to the chambers of his own diseased brain, where Germans have hitherto fancied, in their ignorance, they had their sole hiding-places, but to the known essays of Renan, and the unknown and unsold works of Eugen Dühring and Dr. Paul Rée. In a similar fashion, the assumption of M. Emile Zola's originality is taken to task, and with a truly edifying result. Two sketches of the writings of the German dramatists, Herr Hermann Sudermann and Herr Gerhard Hauptmann, are of inferior worth, while a long paper on Goethe in Denmark is characteristic at once of both the author's best and most eminent traits, which are simplicity of exposition and completeness of development.

MR. HOWELLS UNDER TUTORS AND GOVERNORS.

If, as Bacon says, every man is a debtor to his profession, Mr. Howells is discharging his obligation in a most generous fashion. In two previous publications, A Boy's Town and My Year in a Log Cabin, he gave some hints incidentally of the early intellectual process of his life; and now, in his latest autobiographical work,[1] he makes a frank disclosure of the part which literature has played in his education, with the result of giving to his sympathetic reader some insight into his character as well as his tastes. No one can write long about himself without betraying something more than what lies on the surface of his talk, and especially when one recounts in succession the books he has chosen to read and the experiments he has made in writing will he manage to give some notion of his aims and his way of looking at life.

The frankness of this delightful book is in its manner as well as in its matter. In his recent writing, Mr. Howells has used increasingly the direct speech, the first person, the unmodified assertion. It is as if his passion for the bottom fact in life, which pervades so much of his later fiction, led him to strip himself of all that was in any way fictitious, when he came to write of himself. He has been accustomed to deal so honestly with his characters of imagination, realizing them in his mind, that there is a certain solid satisfaction when it is the memory, and not the imagination, which is the spring of his writing; here surely he cannot be at fault. Consequently, he writes

[1] *My Literary Passions.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

with a brave air, and is not one whit disconcerted by any appearance of inconsistency. The rapidity with which one idol is set up on the pedestal left empty by the smashing or neglect of its former occupant is humorously contemplated, and the occasional return to earlier forms of worship leaves on the reader's mind a confused notion that Mr. Howells, after all, requires a Pantheon for his images, though the final elevation of the one true Tolstóy seems to imply that the previous objects of worship represented a merely temporary phase of development. Seems, we say, for who shall dare to assert that Tolstóy is the last, and not the latest passion?

"I do not know what has become of him," — Mr. Howells is speaking of a priest who read Dante with him, — "but if he is like the rest of the strange group of my guides, philosophers, and friends in literature, — the printer, the organ-builder, the machinist, the drug clerk, and the bookbinder, — I am afraid he is dead. In fact, I who was then I might be said to be dead, too, so little is my past self like my present self in anything but the 'increasing purpose' which has kept me one in my love of literature." This alienation of the man from the boy is a common enough experience, and sometimes, as in this case, is a somewhat exaggerated consciousness of self; but Mr. Howells certainly does succeed in conveying the impression that his attitude toward literature and life underwent a considerable change at one period in his career. He would seem to intimate that his first glimpse of the real world to be disclosed through literature was in the modern Italian drama, and that his literary life then, almost without his willing it, took "the course of critical observance of books and men in their actuality." But the time was that of the expansion of his world from little Ohio neighborhoods to Italy, with Venice as the watch-tower, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this great change in surroundings stimulated that natural development from boyhood to manhood which in most men is more gradual, because unaided by sudden or impressive circumstance. He seems to think that because he imitated Pope laboriously, and walked successively in the steps of Heine and Tennyson, he was blind in his youth, and opened his eyes only when he cast away this artificial method, and was face to face with the real world of men and women. But the interesting truth remains by Mr. Howells's own showing, though he seems a little oblivious of its force, that he has continued ever since to follow literary guides, and that the chief difference lies in the fact of these guides being contemporary rather than historical. He was under tutors and governors in his youth; they were the recognized masters in literature, — Goldsmith, Cervantes, Irving, Scott, Pope, Shakespeare, Thackeray, De Quincey, Goethe, Heine; and from each and all he drew aid, mostly in a spirit of unquestioning discipleship. When he had passed out of this period of schooling, and was himself slowly taking rank among the masters, he had not lost the noble capacity of learning, and, like a true artist, he examined closely the work of brother artists, with the result that, by a natural affinity, he chose Henry James, Björnson, Tourgeneff, the modern Italians, Hardy, and finally Tolstóy, gladly learning from each.

There is no doubt that he has of late years scrutinized very closely the life about him, and that a maturing seriousness of view has led him to see this life more constantly in its ethical relations; not only his earlier fiction, but the reminiscences also which he has indulged in, to the delight of his readers, show conclusively that this habit of scrutiny was native to him in boyhood, and was scarcely obscured by the ardent pursuit of literature in its accepted forms, only with this difference: that formerly he was most interested in the phenomena of life; now he is after the realities, if he can find

them. What he gained by the study he gave to the early masters was, unquestionably, a facility of expression, a delicate sense of literary form, a flexibility of movement, which remained to him when he had thrown away his copy-books. As a wit said of him in his earlier period, when he picked up a word he picked up its shadow with it.

The criticisms which Mr. Howells makes, as he passes, on the several writers who engaged his affections are always interesting, and for the most part sane; but the reader will enjoy the book more for the narrative of his own life which Mr. Howells necessarily makes when recounting the books he read. In the passage we quoted above, Mr. Howells names two or three persons who at different times had been his confidants in the matter of reading. There are few touches in My Literary Passions more delightful and more unconscious than those which reveal the shy youth sharing his literary joy with others. Once he took this or that person into his confidence; now he freely opens his mind to all. The light references, again, to the family life are most charming in the warm, sunny temper of the household which they disclose, and we are mistaken if passages in this book do not take their place with the precious autobiographic passages in literature to which one turns when he would get close to a writer for whom he has a personal liking.

The book, as we have intimated, is a generous one, and in nothing is this more evident than in the tone of the closing pages, when the author stands alone with the master whom he so loyally adopts, Count Lyof Tolstóy. One does not need to be a fellow-disciple to honor the large, joyful reverence which Mr. Howells accords the Russian. It is so rare to find disciples nowadays, so rarer still to find a frank avowal of discipleship. We may suffer ourselves to question the authority of a temper which can in turn be under the fascination of so many and diverse masters in literature, but we cannot withhold admiration from one who reserves the highest expression of loyalty for a master who enthralls him, not so much by the witchery of art as by the lofty idealism which makes nothing of petty inconsistencies because absorbed in the solution of the great mystery of living. Mr. Howells has not unfitly called his book My Literary Passions, yet the latest and most controlling passion is far less literary than ethical.

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BURROUGHS.

Within the last twenty years, there has sprung up, both here and in England, a class of books treating nature in a half-scientific and half-poetical way, which have been a source of the purest pleasure and inspiration to thousands of persons. These books are of the greatest value not only in fostering a desire to know more about the world we live in, but in counteracting a modern tendency towards a too absorbing study of the technically scientific aspect of nature, which could but have a deadening effect on many minds.

As the pioneer of this class of literature in America, Mr. John Burroughs deserves the sincerest gratitude of all lovers of nature; and the reissue, at this season, of his entire writings[1] gives an opportunity, which we gladly seize, for a fresh survey of his work. In giving him the credit

[1] *The Writings of John Burroughs.* In nine volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

of opening this field, we do no injustice to the memory of Thoreau, in whose writings philosophy comes before nature, or to such authors as Colonel Higginson, who have made only desultory and incidental excursions into this province. But it is not only as a pioneer that Mr. Burroughs is noteworthy. He is unique among his fellow-craftsmen. A farm-boy, a descendant of farmers, he more than all the others is filled with the spirit of country life. He is no sentimental admirer of Nature's beauties; in fact, he has very little to say in direct praise of her. "My aim has been, not to tell that love to my reader, but to tell it to the trees and the birds, and to let them tell him. I think we all like this indirect way the best." He loves her as a man loves his own family, and the reader feels that an introduction from him is of more than ordinary value. He shows a fine contempt for the thoughtless people who go about to gaze at scenery in cold blood and "make a dead set" at it. So far is he from being a mere admirer of Nature that he actually tries to persuade us that she does not exist as a living and quickening spirit, but is only a system of phenomena into which the poet breathes the breath of life. But, however thoroughly he is convinced of this in his understanding, we, his readers, know that his heart tells another story, and that the gentle and mighty All-mother has no more loving child than John Burroughs.

As we have hinted, Mr. Burroughs is above all the high priest of the farm. Country life, scenes, sounds, tastes, and smells are his great interest, and in writing of these he strikes a chord which no other prose writer, on this side of the Atlantic at least, has yet touched. Cows, apples, trout-streams, springs, footpaths, — how he loves them, and how he reveals to us their meaning and their beauties! Just before the strawberry season, the writer always makes a point of reading Mr. Burroughs's delightful essay on strawberries. What better appetizer could one have! How one's soul longs for the taste of a luscious "native," or, better still, a handful of wild berries! Visions of trout and trout-streams arise, of the free life of woods and meadows, — and then, with a sigh, we stop dreaming. But the pleasures of anticipation and of recollection are always the sweetest, and if we can add to them anything which will make them sweeter still, by all means let us do so.

It is in these essays that Mr. Burroughs is at his happiest. As a purely descriptive writer he is less successful. His lack of appreciation of the beauty of scenery has something to do with this, doubtless. Color, in which Jefferies reveled and which adds so much to Mr. Bolles's delightful sketches, seems to mean but little to him. The landscape-artist, whether he paints with a brush or with a pen, must have an eye for color; but Mr. Burroughs is no artist. Yet perhaps we do him wrong in speaking of a lack of appreciation of scenery. We do not mean to say that he is indifferent to its charms, although he somewhere denies the existence of beauty in the landscape except under certain unusual conditions. But his descriptions are rather infrequent, and his attitude is subjective. His interest is in the qualities that touch the heart rather than in those that please the eye. Rarely, however, we find such passages as this, which shows something of the painter's sense of natural beauty: —

"The sun was gilding the mountains, and its yellow light seemed to be reflected through all the woods. At one point we looked through and along a valley of deep shadow upon a broad sweep of mountain quite near and densely clothed with woods, flooded from base to summit by the setting sun. It was a wild, memorable scene. What power and effectiveness in Nature, I thought, and how rarely an artist catches her touch! Looking down upon or squarely into a mountain covered with a heavy growth

of birch and maple, and shone upon by the sun, is a sight peculiarly agreeable to me. How closely the swelling umbrageous heads of the trees fit together, and how the eye revels in the flowing and easy uniformity, while the mind feels the ruggedness and terrible power beneath!"

And yet, even here, the last line shows that it is not his eye alone which is charmed. Of course this human view is the more suggestive and inspiring, but there is not enough of it, and we miss the vivid outlines, the chiaroscuro, and the coloring which a painter would have given us.

Mr. Burroughs's attitude towards birds, on the other hand, is objective, and is happily free from that excessive "anthropomorphism" which pervades the writings of some recent observers, mostly of the motherly sex. His birds are birds, not feathered people; and though he finds human traits in them at times, one seldom feels that these traits exist only in the author's imagination, as is apt to be the case when the search for analogies is carried too far. Such phrases as "bird babies" and "feathered darlings" are, of course, not to be found in his vocabulary.

Mr. Burroughs has made many original observations on the habits of our more common birds, and has added much to the literature of science in this respect. It was he who first called attention to the ecstatic song-flight of the oven-bird, and his description of the discovery of the black-throated blue warbler's nest is both interesting and valuable. Sometimes he makes a rather sweeping statement without giving his grounds; so that we find ourselves wondering whether his observations were sufficiently wide and long continued to warrant it. But, on the whole, the reader will find in this new edition little to question from a scientific point of view.

Not the least entertaining of the outdoor papers are those on British birds, flowers, and landscapes. Mr. Burroughs, we think, is the only competent American observer who has published a record of his experiences on the other side, and we believe no Englishman has ever given us a similar record of his impressions of nature in America. Our author's notes on the characters and customs of the English, Scotch, and French, also, and on the general aspects of city and country on both sides of the Channel, deserve more than this passing mention.

Besides the outdoor sketches, by which Mr. Burroughs is best known, these volumes contain an amount of fresh, fair, and wholesome criticism which will be a surprise to many readers. As a critic the author has decided opinions, and is enthusiastic in praise or in defense of his favorites. Walt Whitman, Emerson, and Carlyle receive a large share of his attention, and the free and unconventional views of these and other men which this untrammeled literary observer gives us are refreshing indeed. In the critical articles, as in the nature-sketches, we sometimes find a rather polemical and controversial tone, but the warfare is always open and honorable. Mr. Burroughs's unconventionality, it will be understood, does not lead him away from a very sane and natural view of life. He seizes every opportunity to insist on a complete manliness and virility, and a healthy coarseness is by no means unwelcome to him. We are not surprised, therefore, to find him a warm supporter of Walt Whitman, and one of the chief faults he finds in his "master-enchanter," Emerson, is a tendency to refinement at the expense of breadth and heartiness. He will make no attempt to remove the "cakes and ale" from the world's bill of fare.

We have said that Mr. Burroughs lacks the artist's eye. We think he himself would confess to lacking a perfect appreciation of literary art. The matter, not the manner, interests him, and still more the man behind the book. His

favorite authors are those whose style is faulty, — Whitman, Emerson, Carlyle. He commends Matthew Arnold's style, but his praise is for its lucidity and continuity, not for any beauties he finds in it. In An Egotistical Chapter — which, by the way, is more modest than its title promises — the author says: "I must write from sympathy and love, or not at all. I have in no sort of measure the gift of the ready writer, who can turn his pen to all sorts of themes, or the dramatic, creative gift of the great poets, which enables them to get out of themselves, and present vividly and powerfully things entirely beyond the circle of their own lives and experiences. I go to the woods to enjoy myself, and not to report them; and if I succeed, the expedition may by and by bear fruit at my pen." This explains the fact that he writes most charmingly when under the exhilarating spell of his recollections of country sights and sounds; when he enjoys again those autumn walks near Washington; when he calls to mind just how the apples tasted which, as a boy, he drew out of the apple hole in the garden; when he lives over again that first day in England; when, in imagination, he wooes the coy trout in a Catskill mountain stream, or follows the cows to pasture, or listens to the wild bark of a fox in the wintry woods. He cannot produce an artistically beautiful effect in cold blood.

But it would be ungracious to complain that the hermit thrush is not as faultless a singer as the mocking-bird, that his plumage lacks the gorgeousness of the tanager's. He has honest and unassuming virtues of his own, and his song is an inspiring hymn to Nature's praise. Last summer, visitors to our northern forests missed his glorious music. Only here and there a single songster could be heard, where in previous summers the woods had resounded to the answering strains of dozens. The rest had, like the bluebirds, fallen victims to the terrible cold of last February in the South. But we can never lose John Burroughs! His call into the woods and fields we can always hear when we will.

A word should be said in praise of this edition, for the fair proportion of the page, the durability and beauty of the paper, and the good taste of the binding. The decoration, confined to etched frontispieces and title-pages, is to the point; portraits of the author and sketches of his haunts form the subjects of the designs; and the total effect is to dignify the art of book-making. The careful indexes in the several volumes add to the value, and confirm one's confidence in the thoroughness with which the whole series has been edited.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Billy Bellew, by W. E. Norris. (Harpers.) To those condemned to read much of the fiction of the day, a new novel by Mr. Norris must always be heartily welcome, such assurance is there beforehand regarding certain desirable qualities which it will possess. His latest story, though by no means to be reckoned among his best, is no exception to the rule, having the usual agreeable style, easy but sure touch in characterization, and that perfect good breeding which we prize the more because of its present rarity, and which in no way detracts from the realistic truth of poor Billy's history. The sketch of this simple-minded, unselfish, kind-hearted, and absurdly loyal young gentleman, whose weaknesses spring from his very virtues, is excellently well done, and many readers will probably be inclined to quarrel with the author for so ordering the destiny of his foolish, lovable hero that the final ca-

tastrophe becomes the only escape possible from his troubles. The illustrations, so called, which are scattered somewhat at haphazard through the book, had been better omitted. — The Martyred Fool, by David Christie Murray. (Harpers.) This is the best novel Mr. Murray has given us for a long time, and will rank with those early successes between which and his later work readers have been compelled to draw regretful comparisons. It is the history of the making, the brief career, the disillusion and death of an Anarchist, one who is at least sincere in his mad folly. It is almost of necessity sensational, but is full of vitality, and, especially in the Australian portion of the tale, of genuine and poignant human interest. The story is well constructed, vigorously and graphically told, and at no time loses its hold on the reader. — The Curse of Intellect. (Blackwood, Edinburgh; Roberts, Boston.) A story told partly by a cynical worldling, and partly by a monkey, in whom the strong-willed, misanthropic hero of the tale has, after years of labor, developed an intellect. Power's Beast, though perhaps suggested by Peacock's Sir Oran Haut-ton, is as unlike as possible the amiable, flute-playing M. P. for Onevote, a gentle animal to whom pessimism and our latter-day fiction were perforce unknown. The Beast views humanity very much after the manner of Swift, hating the intelligence that has been given him and the man to whom he owes it. As a social satire his story is unequal, being sometimes distinctly clever, and sometimes rather ordinary in quality. — The Judgment Books, by E. F. Benson. (Harpers.) One of those tales which owe their inspiration to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Frank Trevor, a successful artist, who has been leading for ten years a decorous life with a well-beloved wife, by finding an old programme of a concert at a *café chantant* has recalled to him certain Parisian experiences. He proceeds to paint his own portrait, a presentment which embodies all these evil memories, and rapidly obtains such a mastery over his later self that if his wife had not persuaded him to adopt the simple remedy of cutting the picture in pieces, we tremble to think what consequences might have ensued ; that is, we should tremble, but do not, for Mr. Benson, though he succeeds in being readable, neither thrills nor convinces. — Heart of the World, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.) Mr. Haggard is an indefatigable discoverer of strange cities, unknown, lost, or forgotten, and the City of the Heart, which the heroes of this story reach after a painful pilgrimage, is as marvelous as any yet revealed to us. In truth, this pre-Aztec capital, somewhere in the wilds of Mexico, with its grass-grown streets, dwindling, spiritless people, and well-filled but useless treasure chambers, is an excellent invention. It shows praiseworthy moderation, we might almost say a touch of realism, on the author's part, that his bold adventurers gain little but disappointment and suffering from their hardly won entrance into Heart of the World. — Love in Idleness, a Tale of Bar Harbor, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) The lightest and least of the stories of Mr. Crawford, whose genuine successes have never been won in dealing with American subjects. He could hardly write an unreadable tale, and certainly has not done so here, but, notwithstanding this, the book is in most respects unworthy of him. Apparently, he needs a more serious and complex subject, while the character-drawing is neither refined nor subtle, and in some instances more than verges on caricature. The volume is issued in attractive style and is generously illustrated. — A Little Sister to the Wilderness, by Lilian Bell (Stone & Kimball), is a wholesome little bit of realism : the portrait of a wild, beautiful creature, born and reared in the roughest and poorest part of the Tennessee bottom-lands, with the birds for her only companions until she is discovered and loved by a young preacher. If this sounds romantic, perhaps it is a mistake to call it realism. At least the picture has sweetness and charm, and (one guesses) a faithful local color. — Celibates, by George Moore (Macmillan), is another of the books which had much better have remained unwritten. Mr. George Moore is one of those persons who imagine that ugliness is tragedy, who never shrink from the revolting, who confound manliness with brutality, and, because they have forgotten delicacy themselves, fancy that sweetness and wonder have departed from the earth. And their ghastly inventions are condoned in the sacred name of art. — Colonel Norton, by Florence Montgomery. (Longmans.) We fear that this novel will prove a poor rival to its author's children's sto-

ries in popular esteem, partly, perhaps, because she uses similar methods with older and younger readers, treating the former as persons needing much instruction and admonition regarding the conduct of life. The story (of which there is little, considering the length of the book) is loosely and not very artistically put together, the characterization is conventional, and, in brief, the tale is generally commonplace, and sometimes wearisome. That it is neither morbid nor unwholesome in tone we gladly admit. — A Sawdust Doll, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven (Stone & Kimball), a story of New York society, is not original in plot, though the handling of the material is careful, and the style even and not overstrained. The girl is well drawn, but the man's lack of faith makes the *dénouement* of the tale rather sinister than tragic. It is too ugly to be pathetic. — Forward House, a Romance, by William Scoville Case. (Scribners.) The scene of this melodramatic tale is supposed to be somewhere upon our coasts, but it might be the coast of Bohemia as well, so far as its characters and action are related to any life with which we are acquainted, even life viewed with the eye of a romancer. — In Deacon's Orders, and Other Stories, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) The title story, which fills nearly a third of this volume, is a study in religiosity, a quality which, as the writer explains, has no connection with any genuine belief in or practice of religion, but is simply a sensuous and very real delight in religious services and emotionalism allied therewith, and to this extent not necessarily hypocritical, though usually so designated. The history of Paul Leighan, who has an abundance of religiosity, and no morality whatever, is exceedingly interesting, and the improbable in it never quite becomes the impossible, though it must be owned that the boundary is approached very nearly. The ten brief sketches which complete the book show very plainly that the author's gifts are only to a moderate extent those which go to the making of a successful short-story writer. — A Scarlet Poppy, and Other Stories, by Harriet Prescott Spofford (Harpers), is a collection of some half dozen good-natured little social satires, neither too light nor too heavy for an hour's entertainment. — A Truce, and Other Stories, by Mary Tappan Wright. (Scribners.) There is an intensity and a dramatic sense about these seaboard New England tales that gives them a good deal of power. In some of them, as in A Tone and From Macedonia, this intensity, this stress of passion, is too strong for perfect art. The tragedy is too harsh. In the second story, however, this vehemence of feeling is mitigated by the ghostly setting, and the result is a very successful piece of work. — A Man Without a Memory, and Other Stories, by William Henry Shelton. (Scribners.) The tale which gives its name to this volume is a modification of the Rip Van Winkle legend. A man, wounded in the head during the war, is restored to his memory after a lapse of thirty years. — Thistledown and Mustard Seed, by Andreas Burger (Elliot Stock), is a collection of pastels in prose, of a hundred words or so each. Some are wise, many are striking, and most of them have a terse quality that makes them easy to read. — The Crucifixion of Philip Strong, by Charles M. Sheldon. (McClurg.) — The Preacher's Son, by Wightman Fletcher Melton, A. M. (Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn.) — Crawford's Mr. Isaacs has been brought out in Macmillan's Novelists' Library ; and God Forsaken, by Frederic Breton, and Elizabeth's Pretenders, by Hamilton Aïdé, have been added to the Hudson Library (Putnams).—The Lost Paradise, based on Henry C. De Mille's drama of that name, by Marie Walsh. (The Mascot Publishing Co.)

Literature. Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, edited by William Aldis Wright. (Macmillan.) The two volumes of Fitzgerald's Letters already published included a few out of this series, but there is a fresh opportunity of knowing a man when we have a continuous collection of letters to one person, and Fitzgerald's lovable and whimsical nature looks out from these pages. A mere nothing the book may be to a casual reader, but to one who attends, a delightful disclosure. By the bye, it is interesting to find the editor explaining, in a footnote, Fitzgerald's east England phrase "out of kelter." The phrase is common enough in New England, though we should spell it "kilter." — Essays on Questions of the Day, by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) Mr. Goldwin Smith has long been known as a close observer of current events, and a caustic commentator on events of the day. A brilliant and not over-scrupulous advocate, he

is carried away by a prophet's vanity, until truth, in his eyes, wears the color of his own prognostications. But if one does not demand trustworthy information nor impartial criticism, one may enjoy some gracefully turned sentences in these essays on Utopian Visions, The Empire, Woman Suffrage, The Irish Question, and like themes. — A Companion to Plato's Republic, by Bernard Bosanquet (Macmillan), is a running commentary adapted to the translation of Davies and Vaughan. The paragraphs of the book are numbered throughout with the page and line of the translation to which they refer, so that they form a series of extensive notes rather than a continuous essay. Though intended only for English readers, it will be extremely valuable even to students of the original. — Essays on Scandinavian Literature, by H. H. Boyesen (Scribners), is a collection of papers on Björnstjerne Björnson, Kielland, Jonas Lie, Hans Christian Andersen, Contemporary Danish Literature, Georg Brandes, and Isaias Tegnér. Mr. Boyesen's training and education make him thoroughly at home in these subjects, and his acquirement of an admirable English style makes him always entertaining. Apart from some danger of becoming the advocate of a theory in literature, he has the good gift of words, and the better gift of enthusiasm. None but a Norseman, touched with the delight and wholesomeness of life, could do justice to Björnson, that leonine figure, so romantic, so real, whom Professor Boyesen portrays for us with much sympathy and acumen. — An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction, by W. E. Simonds. (Heath.) It is sufficient criticism of this indifferent little volume to mention that its author's list of "one hundred works of fiction which, for one reason or another, are quite worth reading," contains five novels by Bulwer-Lytton, three by W. D. Howells, five by Marion Crawford, and three by Mrs. Humphry Ward, while Mr. George Meredith's name does not even occur in the index. — An Introduction to English Literature, by Henry S. Pancoast. (Holt.) Mr. Pancoast has a just and temperate critical faculty and a sense of perspective, which make this survey of English letters from Chaucer to Browning of much more than ordinary value. It should fill a useful place between Mr. Stopford Brooke's invaluable little primer and more extended critical works. There are careful appendices, study-lists, and references. — The Student's Chaucer, edited by W. W. Skeat. (Macmillan.) This single, convenient volume of eight or nine hundred pages must supersede all other one-volume editions of the poet. The print is small but clear, the paper thin but opaque, and there is a thorough glossary. For students' purposes, this edition is surpassed only by Professor Skeat's own six-volume edition, the text of which is here followed, while the casual reader who wishes to escape the old spelling as far as possible may be referred to Mr. A. W. Pollard's excellent two-volume edition of the Tales. In an introduction of twenty pages, Professor Skeat has managed to present all the extant information on his subject clearly and concisely, under the headings, Life, Writings, Editions of Chaucer, Grammatical Hints, Pronunciation, Metre, etc. The hints on pronunciation and grammar are useful, but the remarks on versification are inadequate and misleading. However, even an editor is not infallible, and we must be grateful for the untiring effort and diligent research which have given us this definitive scholarly text of the great master. — The Temple Shakespeare (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York) is enriched with two more volumes: King Henry V., which has an etching of an old London street, and Richard III., which has one of the gateway of the Bloody Tower. A glossary in each volume makes a condensed substitute for many notes, and the plan of the edition provides for serviceable and succinct introduction and notes. — The ninth volume of De Foe's Romances and Narratives (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York) is occupied with the famous Journal of the Plague Year. It does not relieve the reader much to know that the narrative is fictitious. But what an example to the ordinary reporter of city life the book is! — Messrs. Roberts have added to their edition of Balzac in English two volumes: one, Lucien de Rubempré, the not ill-chosen title given by the translator to the first three parts of Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes, the fourth and concluding division of which, The Last Incarnation of Vautrin, appears in the other volume, together with Ferragus, Chief of the Dévorants. The whole work is a sequel to Lost Illusions, which, in its different parts, has already been brought out in this edition, and both are, in a sort, a con-

tinuation of Le Père Goriot. In tales which present a rather severe test, Miss Wormeley's work is, as usual, admirable ; and as her translation of Balzac cannot fail to be a standard one, it is a matter of regret that an introductory note, not except incidentally of a critical nature, giving the more important facts, bibliographical and otherwise, regarding the book, should not have been prefixed to each novel. Perhaps this may be done when the edition is complete and the volumes are arranged in their proper sequence. — Maid Marian and Crotchet Castle, by Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Macmillan's Standard Novels.) The true Peacockians, if clever and enthusiastic, are hardly a large band, but their number will probably be appreciably increased by the reissue of these two tales : one, the delightful refashioning of the Robin Hood legend ; the other, perhaps the best work in the writer's usual vein, that of a satirist of his contemporary world. By right, Mr. Saintsbury introduces the author to his new readers, and, in his interesting biographical and critical essay, claims that he has at last discovered the model which, consciously or unconsciously to himself, suggested to Peacock the method and manner of his " fantastic-sarcastic " stories. — Another reprint of The Annals of the Parish and The Ayrshire Legatees has appeared, forming the first two volumes of a new illustrated edition of Galt's works, the text of which has been revised and edited by D. Storrar Meldrum, who has also, we suppose, contributed the interesting memoir contained in the first volume, and furnished some welcome annotations. This edition, which, wisely, is to include only the six tales of the author which have bravely stood the test of time, is well printed and attractive in its make-up. Of Mr. John Wallace's illustrations, we note that, of the two devoted to The Annals, the first, of the year 1775, really represents persons of at least half a century later, while its companion of 1806 gives correct eighteenth-century costumes. The latter can be excused, as old fashions doubtless lingered at Dalmailing, but the former hardly aids the pleasant realism of the story. (Roberts.) — Tales from Scott, by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., with an Introduction by Edward Dowden. (Roberts.) Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare evidently served as the model of this volume, which gives in outline the plots of nine of the immortal romances. Though this is, on the whole, not ill done, Scott's lovers will find the book melancholy reading, as the stories here told bear the same relation to the novels that a skeleton does to a living man. Of Scott's wonderful power of characterization, his large humanity and all-pervasive humor, these dry bones, of course, give no hint. Imagine The Bride of Lammermoor with Caleb Balderstone reduced to a mere name, or The Antiquary with Jonathan Oldbuck and Lovel as personages of equal significance. The best portion of the volume is the Introduction of Mr. Dowden, who carefully confines his commendations to the usefulness of these abstracts in recalling details of the plots to faithful readers. But the book is presumably intended for the young, to whom a single novel as it came from the author's hand would be of infinitely greater value. — The reissue of Thomas Hardy's novels now includes Two on a Tower, published first in The Atlantic. The author's prefatory note is an amusing little apologia, and at the same time an incisive word on the moral of the story as it lay in his mind while he was writing it. So entertaining was the narrative that we suspect many readers at the time missed the moral. (Harpers.) — Great Expectations and Hard Times, by Charles Dickens. A new issue in the series appearing under the editorship of Charles Dickens the younger, who furnishes interesting introductions. (Macmillan.)—Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller, with an introduction by Brander Matthews and notes by George R. Carpenter. (Longmans.) A well-considered school edition. The introductory matter is fresh and to the point, and the notes are brief and precise. We are not sure that it is well to explain any unusual words contained in a good dictionary, but the editor certainly has not erred greatly in this particular. The annotation is conveniently at the foot of the page instead of at the end of the book, as in Putnams' edition, edited by W. L. Phelps, though Mr. Phelps's notes are in some instances fuller and more helpful. In general style the book accords with the well-known Riverside Literature Series. — Selections from Browning, edited by Charles W. French (A. Lovell), contains one or two of Browning's masterpieces, amid a somewhat hete-

rogeneous collection of his poems. A few of the more important poems have analytical introductions. — Late additions to Macmillan's Miniature Series in paper are, From a New England Hillside, by William Potts, and The Pleasures of Life, by Sir John Lubbock.

Religion and Ecclesiasticism. Thoughts on Religion, by the late George John Romanes (Open Court Publishing Co.), is edited by Canon Gore, and is made up of fragments and one completed essay left by Mr. Romanes. The author's work as an evolutionist, and as the writer of Darwin and After Darwin, lends interest to these philosophic speculations; and his conclusions as here presented show, as his editor thinks, "the tendency of a mind from a position of unbelief in the Christian revelation towards one of belief in it." — The Gospel of Buddha, by Paul Carus (Open Court Publishing Co.), is a compilation from the best sources of the life and teachings of Gautama. Many parables and stories are also included, illustrating his doctrines. A glossary and an index add to the usefulness of the book; and there is a table of reference showing parallel passages in the New Testament. — The Parables by the Lake, by W. H. Thomson, M. D., LL. D. (Harpers.) — Matter, Force, and Spirit, or, Scientific Evidence of a Supreme Intelligence. (Putnams.) — The Structure and Authorship of the New Testament, by I. Panin. — The Use of Ecclesiastical Vestments in the Reformed Episcopal Church, by Bishop James A. Latané, D. D., in three parts: 1. A Letter on Vestments. 2. The Reply to an Open Letter of Bishop Charles E. Cheney, D. D. 3. A Review of the Arguments for and against the Surplice and the Bishop's Robes.

Art. The Madonna of St. Luke, the Story of a Portrait, by Henrietta Irving Bolton. (Putnams.) In this attractive little volume, Mrs. Bolton gives the history of the portrait in the Borghese Chapel, together with notices of other works attributed to St. Luke, and also considers the influence of this much-venerated ancient picture of the Madonna upon religious art. The authentic story of the painting does not begin until the thirteenth century, the legendary not earlier than the sixth, and the author concludes that nothing is known of its real origin or its early history. One fact alone, that the Divine Child is depicted holding a bound book with clasps and giving the papal benediction, places the portrait centuries later than the beginning of our era. — Technique of Sculpture, by William Ordway Partridge. (Ginn.)

History and Politics. The Life of Samuel J. Tilden, by John Bigelow, LL. D. (Harpers.) It may fairly be claimed for Mr. Bigelow's volumes that they will take a place among the important political biographies of our time, in spite of the fact that, following the current fashion in biographies, they are far too large. The books are full of important information, but they are not an artistic biography, because the narrative runs too far afield into the general political history of the period. But the material is authentic, and it is so used as, in spite of diffuseness, to give a very clear understanding of a very remarkable personality, — a clearer understanding, indeed, than most of his contemporaries or even his companions had. — The Meaning of History, and Other Historical Pieces, by Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.) This collection of lectures, addresses, and reviews, so grouped as to give a certain logical continuity of topics, throws side-lights on a wide range of historical subjects. Mr. Harrison is a man always of positive, and sometimes of radical convictions, and of a very independent mind; and no essayist of our time writes in a more animated style. — Canadian Independence, by James Douglas. (Putnams.) This is a series of essays on Imperial Federation, Annexation, and Independence, considered as possible solutions of the problem of Canada's future, and was primarily "written for Canadian readers by a Canadian long resident in the United States." Mr. Douglas has the ingratiating temper and the freedom from prejudice so commendable in political criticism. — The Armenian Crisis in Turkey, by Frederic Davis Greene. (Putnams.) A group of letters from residents in Armenia, most of them apparently missionaries, concerning the massacre last year at Sassoun, followed by descriptive, historical, and documentary chapters about this unhappy land. The author, himself formerly a missionary, has written in a somewhat hortatory style, and has done his work too much after the newspaper fashion to give the book permanent value. — Common Sense applied to Woman Suffrage, by Dr. Mary Putnam Ja-

cobi. (Putnam's Questions of the Day Series.) A vigorous brief for woman suffrage, and the best literary result of the recent agitation of the subject in New York. — Short Studies in Party Politics, by Noah Brooks. (Scribners.) — How the Republic is Governed, by Noah Brooks. (Scribners.) — Municipal Reform Movements in the United States, by William Howe Tolman, Ph. D., with an Introductory Chapter by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Travel. My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia, by Henry M. Stanley. (Scribners.) These two volumes of letters to newspapers, descriptive of military campaigns among the Indians in the West (1867), and of the Suez Canal, of a journey up the Nile, of a visit to Jerusalem, and of a trip to the Caspian Sea and through Persia (1869–1870), contain some well-told adventures and vivid descriptions scattered through narratives of long journeys, now become stale. The sporadic stories of adventure are yet interesting, but the mass of these letters, whose substance was at best perishable, has little permanent value beside the more systematic writings of later travelers. These volumes, however, make Mr. Stanley's "works" of adventure and exploration complete, and thereby serve the purpose to cover the spirited period of apprenticeship of a very remarkable career. — Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.)

Science. A Primer of Evolution, by Edward Clodd (Longmans), not only deals with the evolution of organic forms of life upon the earth, but gives us also a luminous sketch of the origin of the universe, so far as knowledge has gone, and shows the necessary connection between physical science and sociology. Mr. Clodd's statements are clear and succinct ; and this valuable little book will be a distinct help to the spread of scientific truth.

Economics and Sociology. Trusts or Industrial Combinations and Coalitions in the United States, by Ernst von Halle. (Macmillan.) This volume is the outgrowth of a report made by the author on industrial combinations in the United States for the Verein für Social-Politik, as a part of such investigations in all countries ; and it has the merit of an independent study of the facts by a trained student from a point of view outside the current controversies in our own country. The book (with its appendices) contains more definite information than can elsewhere be so conveniently found ; and the author has no theory to propound, to say nothing of a remedy to prescribe. He shows great confidence in publicity as a preventive of many evils, and the only definite recommendation that he offers is that corporation laws be made uniform throughout the United States. — Outlines of English Industrial History, by W. Cunningham and Ellen A. McArthur. (Macmillan.) There could be no better corrective of dangerous or vague economic theories than such a book as this, which sets contemporaneous industrial forces in proper relation to one another by tracing their gradual development. It is a history, beginning at the dawn of industrial activity in England, and explaining its changes and developments into the present complex social and political problems. — The Rights of Labor, an Inquiry as to the Relation between Employer and Employed, by W. J. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) — Wheelbarrow on the Labor Question. (Open Court Publishing Co.) — The Free Trade Struggle in England, by M. M. Trumbull. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

Finance. Joint-Metallism, by Anson Phelps Stokes. (Putnams.) A book that grew out of a newspaper discussion, in which Mr. Stokes made a plea for a plan of coining silver and gold in quantities determined by their relative market value at the time of coinage, — a plan that he thinks would permit the safe use of both metals as money, and would automatically regulate the quantity of each. It is an ingenious and whimsical theory, upon which a man of unselfish purpose and public spirit has spent industry and some research, and for which he pleads with great earnestness, but it is one of the oddest of many odd theories cast up by the recent tide of financial discussion. — The Money we Need, by Henry Loomis Nelson. (Harpers.)

Humor. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica, by John Kendrick Bangs (Harpers), is hardly equal to the Comic History of England or the Comic History of Rome, which delighted our childhood ; and one has opportunity, while perusing it, to think many sad thoughts on humor as a profession.

Books of Reference. Harper's Book of

Facts, compiled by Joseph H. Willsey, edited by Charlton T. Lewis. (Harpers.) Suggested by Haydn's Book of Dates, this much larger volume covers an encyclopædic range, with emphasis on American subjects. History, to a less degree biography, literature, the practical arts and sciences, and even "curious information" come within its scope. Under every State of the Union, for instance, are a brief geographical explanation, a chronological table of the principal events in the State's history, a list of Governors, and a list of United States Senators. Every American city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants is similarly treated. Similarly treated, also, but briefly, is the history of other countries. The very practical purpose is kept in view to enable the reader to find quickly the single fact that he is looking for, whether it be a record of sports or the date of a battle. It is a book that will be used oftener, perhaps, by persons who have it than any other single-volume book of general reference. — The American Congress, a History of National Legislation and Political Events, 1774–1895, by Joseph West Moore. (Harpers.) A useful book of reference, which would be more useful if it were more a simple chronicle, and less a running narrative. Mr. Moore has done for Congress a service similar to the service done for presidential elections by Mr. Stanwood in his History of Presidential Elections.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Napoleon learning English.

A RECENT exhibition of Napoleonic relics in Paris comprised, among numerous specimens of handwriting, — one of them the draft abdication of Fontainebleau, another the draft "Themistocles" letter to the Prince Regent, — a lesson in translating French into English. Pitying Napoleon as we must, though conscious that captivity alone secured France and Europe against another Hundred Days, his attempt to learn English is irresistibly pathetic. We are reminded of Ovid learning to speak, and even to versify, in Dacian, but Napoleon does not seem to have mastered English sufficiently to be able to write in prose without numerous mistakes. He had been acquainted from his youth, by translations, with several English authors. He was fond of Ossian, and a collection of thirty-four books, given him by his sister Pauline to take with him to Egypt, included Bacon's Essays, in which he marked in pencil two passages : one in the chapter Of Great Place, from the third sentence, "It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty," to the sentence preceding the lines from Seneca ; the other in the chapter Of Kingdoms and Estates, from "triumph amongst the Romans" to the end. Patronized by the younger Robespierre and by Barras, he had already exemplified the saying, "By indignities men come to dignities ;" and he was destined, also, like Bacon himself, to find that "the standing is slipping, and the regression is either a downfall or at least an eclipse." He never, apparently, saw acted even an adaptation of Shakespeare, yet on the eve of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens he surprised his Council of State by diverging from a coinage question into a tirade against both Shakespeare and Milton. Too busy, even if inclined, to study English, he would, had he invaded England in 1803 and commissioned Sir Francis Burdett to organize a republic, have taken with him one hundred and seventeen interpreter guides, in red coats and white trousers, — a corps which he expected to recruit from Irish and other refugees. One of these refugees, the notorious Lewis Goldsmith, whose daughter, Lady Lyndhurst, is still living, read the London newspapers for him. But Napoleon was not fated to get nearer to English soil than William III.'s landing-place, Torbay.

Captivity afforded him the requisite leisure and also a strong inducement, for he was anxious, not to acquaint himself with English literature, but to see what was said of himself in the English press. Accordingly, on the six weeks' voyage to St. Helena, he took two lessons from Las Cases, who, when himself an exile, had taught French and learned English in London. It seems

likely that he had acquired just a smattering before Waterloo, if not before Elba; for while waiting at Balcombe House till Longwood was ready for him, he occasionally spoke English (desiring her to correct his mistakes) to the lively Betsy Balcombe, that *enfant terrible* who coolly questioned him not only as to his supposed atheism, but as to the "happy dispatch" of the wounded French at Jaffa and as to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. He sent, moreover, for some English books, one of them an edition of Æsop, and, pointing to the picture of the ass kicking the sick lion, he remarked in English, "It is me [*sic*] and your governor" (Sir Hudson Lowe). His accent then, and probably to the last, was very peculiar, and he usually talked and joked with Betsy in French, though her French was not of the best. He got her to translate to him Dr. Warden's account of the voyage of the Northumberland. Though addicted to teasing, he had so won her affection that she shed many tears on quitting the island, where, according to a recent French visitor, the recollections of Napoleon have been effaced by a wild-beast show, a visitor quite as rare as an imperial captive. When settled at Longwood, Napoleon resolved on seriously renewing the study. Las Cases gave him a daily lesson; sometimes finding him a diligent scholar, at other times so inattentive that Napoleon would himself laughingly ask his teacher whether he did not deserve the rod, regarded by him as an essential adjunct to education. He even wrote several letters in English to Las Cases, but the irregular verbs overtaxed his patience. He managed, however, to read after a fashion, and, according to Las Cases, might at a push have made himself understood in writing; but it does not appear that the lessons went on more than a few weeks. They had probably ceased long before December, 1816, when Las Cases had to quit the island. A scrap of paper, presented by him to a friend, and also included in the exhibition, is the only trace of these lessons. We read on it, in his pupil's handwriting: "Gone out, *aller dehors, sortir*. Opened, *ouvert*. To see, *voire* [*sic*], *regarder*."

Napoleon's next professor, after how long an interval we cannot tell, was Countess Bertrand, daughter of General Arthur Dillon by Anne Laure Girardin, cousin to the Empress Josephine. She had never even visited England, but her father, guillotined when she was eight years of age, had probably taught her his native tongue. Napoleon, disposing of rich heiresses with Oriental despotism, had required her to marry Bertrand, one of his generals; and though the poor girl was at first in despair and refused to see her suitor, she speedily became attached to him, and they lived happily ever after. One of their children, named Arthur, — not, as one of the St. Helena narratives states, after the Duke of Wellington, but after the grandfather, — was born on the island in January, 1817, and archly introduced by the mother to Napoleon as "the first Frenchman who had entered Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe." She was extremely fond of society, and though, with her husband, she had accompanied the Emperor to Elba, she was so averse to St. Helena that she stormed at Napoleon for involving Bertrand and his family in his banishment, and even tried to throw herself overboard. This, unlike some of her other antipathies, she never overcame, and at the time of Napoleon's death she was arranging for a return to France, on the plea of getting her children educated. One of those children, whose ears were bored in Napoleon's presence that he might present her with earrings, survived, as Madame Thayer, widow of one of Napoleon III.'s senators, till 1890. Madame Bertrand, apparently, gave a specimen of Napoleon's lessons to Madame Junot, whose granddaughter, Madame de la Ferrière, lent it to the recent exhibition. A sheet of letter paper, yellow with age, contains alternate lines of French and English; but it will be more convenient to give first the theme, and then the translation, which has never yet been published. The italics in brackets indicate the erasures.

"Quand serez-vous sage?

"Quand je ne serai plus dans cette île. Mais je le deviendrai après avoir passé la ligne.

"Lorsque je débarquerai en france, je serai très content. Ma femme viendra près de moi, mon fils sera grand et fort, il pourra boire sa bouteille de vin à dîner, je trinquerai avec lui. Ma mère sera vieill, mes sœurs seront laides, ce qui ne leur sera pas agréable, elles seront *toujours* coquettes, car les femmes se croient toujours jolies."

"When will you be wise?

"Never [*then that*] as long as I [*should*] could be in this isle, but I shall become vise after [*have*] having passed the line. When I shall [*landed*] land in france I shall be very content. Mi [*wive*] wife shall come [*after, bef-*] near me. Mi son shall be great and [*fort*] strong. He [*shall get*] will be able to take his bottle of wine at diner. I shall trink with him. Mi mother shall be olde, mi sisters shall . . . for the women believe they" . . .

The pronoun *I* is uniformly written *j*. The corrections are mostly inserted above the line, but some are a continuation of the line, showing that the translation was written in Madame Bertrand's presence. The first sentence, it is evident, had been playfully uttered by her on account of Napoleon's teasing her for being boisterously gay; for it is the question addressed to obstreperous or fretful children, and Napoleon himself used to say to Betsy Balcombe, "Quand seras-tu sage?" *Sage* does not here mean wise, but good or well behaved. Madame Bertrand passed over this and some other obvious blunders, either because her own English was defective, or because she would not discourage her pupil by too many corrections. At one corner of the sheet is a rude drawing of a ship, the imaginary ship in which Napoleon was to return to France, and in another corner is a sketch apparently meant for a line of muskets extended for firing. There are also the words, "Qui vous a apporté cette lettre?" (Who has brought you this letter?) The writing is small and cramped, but fairly legible; much more so than other specimens at the exhibition, such as the audit of Napoleon's accounts. The allegation that he wrote a scrawl to conceal his bad spelling seems far-fetched. Like many people, he had a hasty scrawl for drafts, which he was sometimes himself unable to decipher, and a plainer hand for his correspondents. Louis XVI.'s very plain, round-hand signature to the admission of "Napoleon Buonaparté" (observe the *u* and the accented *é*) to Brienne college and to his appointment to a lieutenancy shows good penmanship to be no proof of mental vigor.

A "Novel" Suggestion. — Glancing, let us say, over perhaps a dozen or a score of novels, of both older and more modern times, it would seem to be a natural conclusion that history does indeed repeat itself; that all the mines of human interests, ambitions, and passions have been so well worked as to be almost exhausted, all possible combinations of character and plot worn so threadbare that scarcely any new design in the great tapestry of life can now be discovered or invented. But it seems to me there is one kind of character, and the unhappy entanglements almost sure to be brought about by its full manifestation, that has never yet received its due share of attention from writers of fiction: I mean the masculine counterpart of the very often depicted woman coquette, — that still more contemptible creature, the male flirt. Understand that I do not here have in mind the coarser types, such as the regular Lovelaces and Don Juans, whose doings have been abundantly chronicled for us in a dozen fashions, but refer to that species which I believe is exceedingly common in what is called "society," — the man who finds his satisfaction in more subtle ways, and, flitting literally like a butterfly from flower to flower, makes it the chief business and interest of his life to win — and disappoint — the hearts of the women who cross his path, provided they are attractive enough to capture my lord's attention at all. Little by little — a bit of delicate flattery here, an impulsive show of something that seems like marked preference there — he wins his stealthy way into those hearts, and induces them to reveal more and more of their own emotions. Yet the spiritual Don Juan — he may as well have that name — is always most carefully on his guard never to convey anything save subtle, if sometimes very strong impressions, often by look or tone or manner alone; never to say anything positive enough to *commit* him to anything; never to use language save such as is vague and ambiguous enough to be twisted afterwards into anything and everything that may suit him, if the woman should happen to mistake his meaning. The arts, indeed, that he may practice are countless, and the mischief he may do is incalculable, and of the kind against which there seems no protection and for which there is no redress.

Often, of course, in most cases, perhaps, he fortunately meets his match, succeeds in deceiving no one, and gets as good as he gives. And yet now and then it does happen that a really noble woman's life is made miserable in that way, especially if the

charmer is a man of brains, — which, strange to say, does happen, — and endowed besides with that most mysterious of all qualities, which no one seems able to define satisfactorily, "personal magnetism," as he needs to be, to prove successful in his career. Indeed, it is of the "victims" rather than of the "slayers" that I wish to speak. It has occurred to me that it would be very fine, as well as anything but hackneyed, to depict a woman (and necessarily she would have to be very deep-hearted and whole-souled, as well as of very strong character) who really loved a man of this kind, though fully knowing what he was, and conscious also that he could hardly be unaware (the Don Juans are not apt to be) of the true nature of her feeling for him, — loved him still, though he had made plain to her beyond the possibility of doubt that while, in a measure, her devotion was accepted (idols but rarely refuse the incense offered at their shrines), she too had at times only served for his amusement, had not been held too good to be toyed and played with, as he had played with dozens of other women; and who yet, through the unutterable pain of it all, not only found it in her heart not to turn from him, but truly forgave him, and determined cheerfully to stand by him, his devoted, loyal friend to the end of their days, if it should appear that he had any need of her in his life!

This is a very different matter from the constancy of lovers to each other through all trials and separations; from the devotion of a wife, faithful still through all coldness and perhaps ill treatment. Here is a woman who, perhaps half unconsciously, has been won not only to give of her deepest and richest and sweetest and best, without any adequate return, but even at times to have that best made sport of, and who yet forgives not only, but never falters in loyal devotion. Truly, I think that human magnanimity — and it takes a large nature, and one devoid of shallow and petty vanities, to be magnanimous — and womanly heroism could go no further. The pride and fortitude of the Spartan boy bitten by a wolf, who laughed, covered up his wound, and dropped dead, sinks into insignificance beside it. We have all heard of examples, in both ancient and modern history, where women who had revealed their love, and found it rejected, turned into furies of despairing hatred and vengeance, and either themselves wreaked it upon their ought-to-be lovers, or hired assassins to do the work for them, but never, I think, of just this effect upon the "eternal feminine."

Perhaps there may be those to whom it would seem that true womanly pride and dignity would imperatively demand withdrawal from any such unequal relation as that, but I do not agree with them; so far from it, indeed, that it rather appears to me true pride and dignity would counsel the very course this woman pursued, and I could easily show the reason why. For I have in mind some facts from real life that suggested this whole train of thought to me. True, the drawing of such a woman — of two such characters, and of the scenes and situations that would necessarily grow out of the circumstances — would be a difficult task, which would require a very delicate as well as very firm hand; one touch of the pencil a little too black, one cut of the engraver's tool a little too deep, might easily spoil the whole picture. Yet on that very account, it seems to me all the more worth attempting. I offer the suggestion gratis, — and will not some one take it up?

Concerning Mr. Euphues.

— To any Contributor of the Club: Dear Sir or Madam, — A word in complaint against our good friend Mr. Euphues, Junior. And first, it does seem captious to find fault with so excellent a person for no better reason than that his manner of speech, his vocabulary, his idioms, are not to one's liking. But it is useless to attempt to reason away antipathies of this sort. There must be an *odium grammaticale* as well as an *odium theologicum;* and if so, the one is as stubborn as the other.

When you meet Mr. Euphues, you have a sure prevision that each one is to suffer a series of shocks at the hands (or rather at the tongue) of the other. At least, that is my experience of the encounter. My hodden-gray Saxon must settle like a wet blanket upon his sensibilities; while his "genteel" — somewhat shabby "genteel" — Latinity and his *fin de siècle* (inevitably *fin de siècle*) Gallic borrowings will come no better to my ear than tinkling cymbals. We have each, virtually, a different vernacular. Are we speaking of some book in hand to read, Mr. Euphues always "commences it," whereas I "begin it."

I have my "neighborhood" and "conditions;" Mr. Euphues lives and has his being amidst what he terms his "environments" and his "atmosphere" (which latter he sometimes "creates" himself). I should have said, at first, that he rarely "talks" with anybody, but frequently "converses." He is never "hopeful," yet you will often find him "confident" about projects in which he is interested, although he has intervals in which he is not a little "apprehensive." Do not expect him to "take a risk;" he will, however, "assume a responsibility," if he is "desired" so to do. A "shiftless" man is discharged at his tribunal as "irresponsible" merely, and a "penniless" one afflicts him less in contemplation by being characterized as "impecunious." A "drunkard" may take comfort to learn that he is only a "confirmed inebriate" in Mr. Euphues's lexicon, in which well-expurgated volume the word "crazy" is not found, "insane" is obsolescent, while "deranged" is always in good usage.

I suppose you are also well aware that he is greatly interested in the "amelioration of the race," and of the "colored" race particularly; for neither Mr. Euphues nor any member of his family could ever be induced to speak of the "blacks" or the "negroes," though what humane distinction is to his mind implied in the adjective "colored" I was never able to guess. (*He*, however, never "guesses.")

Speaking of the excellent family to which Mr. Euphues belongs: if I go to drive with any member of the household, he invariably refers to the driver as "our Jehu." On the same principle, he would describe a sportsman as "a Nimrod;" a rich man is characterized as "Crœsus" or "Dives," while a wise counselor is invariably "Mentor," and so on.

Now, my dear Contributor, lest you should think me a shade malicious in these discriminations, I will disclose the real animus of the same. I grant, what you may very justly remind me, that Mr. Euphues has as good a right to exercise his own taste in his selection of the Queen's English (or the President's American) as you or I have to exercise ours. But Mr. Euphues employs certain little tests of language, which might be called character-gauges or caste-metres. What remark so frequently in his mouth as, "No gentleman or lady will ever say" — then follow sundry verbal specifications to the use of which he is himself not well disposed. These gauges and metres, I must add, are not by any means static. I have known Mr. Euphues many, many years. I knew him first in the days when any person of absolute trust was by him pronounced "reliable." There was a later period of our acquaintance when, according to Mr. Euphues's strictures, a person of culture might be discriminated from one not possessing that indefinable advantage by the former's wholesome abhorrence of the word "reliable." And it was only the other day that I heard our friend making an eloquent and chaste plea for the restoration of certain words that had fallen from their first estate. Among these long-suffering parts of speech was the word "reliable"!

I have sometimes thought Mr. Euphues's chief failing to be a lack of the sense of humor. But I await, dear Contributor, your opinion on this matter, and subscribe myself, Yours obediently,

DORIC.

"English as She is Spoke." — I have been pleased to observe that, as a general thing, Americans are as indulgent and courteous as Frenchmen have the reputation of being towards foreigners helplessly floundering amid the difficulties of English as she is spoke. But then, truly, by every law of politeness as well as Christian charity, we ought to be! For we who have been brought up in it and with it, who have had it in daily use from infancy, until we have grown familiar with its every twist of feature, wrinkle, and mark, hardly ever stop to think what a very singular language it really is, — that it wears a face quite as grotesque as that of the most fantastic gargoyle ever fashioned. An acquaintance of mine calls it the "maddest yet the greatest language in the world," and I am not indisposed to agree with him. For even a very superficial glance will reveal that, composed of many heterogeneous elements and borrowing from many other languages, apparently altogether arbitrary, acknowledging no rhyme or reason, subject to no rules or regulations, it seems to have grown up and unfolded with much of the rich variety, the rank luxuriance, and the wild lawlessness of Nature herself, who forms no

two things in all her wide domain exactly alike. And the words of our language might indeed be compared to the countless leaves on the millions of trees in the world, each one of which is to a certain extent a law unto itself and develops individual peculiarities. I believe it never happens with any other tongue spoken on this globe that people of culture, and even learning, are in doubt as to the proper pronunciation of any word, and go to the dictionary to settle the matter, finding often enough that doctors disagree! I have given some time in my life to the study of foreign languages, and know that in all of them certain inflexible rules govern certain combinations of consonants and vowels, so rarely, if ever, departed from that it is possible at least to approach, from books alone, a correct pronunciation. But in English who ever knows from its spelling how a word will "get itself" pronounced? And woe to the misguided foreigner who should attempt to learn to speak our idiom from the printed page only! I know of one such case, attended, as might be supposed, with most disastrous consequences. It was that of a German, who came here during the war, and, having no means, enlisted in a German regiment; in the leisure of camp life he undertook to learn English by himself by reading Dickens. But, ye gods and little fishes! to this day, this man, who, it must be admitted, has exceptionally little ear, and equally little ambition, speaks of the "*won*ly thing" he can do, and of the "*pew*blic good," and uses a jargon in general which it is simply wonderful any American mind should grasp the meaning of! But then, for the matter of that, why really should it not be "wonly" and "pewblic"? Can we give the slightest reason why vowels sometimes have one sound and sometimes another; why, for instance, we have a faded father, and a mother who is the first among women; why the vowel sounds are sometimes long and sometimes short, with the very same consonants; we take a pill, but enter a hall, poll a vote, but pull a bell? Can we offer the poor struggling foreigner even the smallest spar that might serve as a guide and stay amid these whirlpools and quicksands? Alas, no! We can only tell him, You must learn, help yourself, and Heaven will help you — perhaps! Only consider for a moment the vast task before him! Even after he has come to know all the strange mute consonants in such words as debt, indict, sign, honor, know, would, hymn, demesne, mortgage, clothes, etc., and has mastered — if he ever does — the peculiar sound of our *w*, and (here Heaven help him, indeed!) the *th's*, both soft and hard, as in "This thin gruel," and "Those thundering waves," there are still left for him to apprehend a great variety of subtle *shadings* of sound, as I should like to call them, which have always seemed to me like delicate neutral tints amid other colors, such as are shown in the difference between dog and dug, awe and own, rag and peg, etc. Our language is specially rich in such, and indeed I have found that the foreign ear or tongue, perhaps both, often seem particularly incapable of grasping them. Even were these difficulties surmounted, there is still a simply countless multitude of words, each one of which the foreigner must learn to pronounce separately by itself, because each one appears to have an independent life of its own, without the slightest regard to its nearest blood relation. At this juncture a friend brings me a nonsensical little sketch, which is far from complete, and yet so well illustrates some of the wild freaks and vagaries and wonderful changes and magical transformations of both consonants and vowels in the language that I will insert it here: —

"That day, having some chores to do, and no choice about it, I went into the garden, but stopped to listen to the chorus or choir of birds, although I had an ache in my stomach from eating too much spinach, and a pain in my head from the heat. My ear was not affected, however, and, it being still early, I cut down a pear, and found in it a pearl. Otherwise it proved a disappointment, which I loved not. It was somewhat tough and gave me a cough, and, as I had not bought the fruit, I let the bough slip back. There was no use, though, in having a sour soul, so I set off on a little journey, making a tour of the garden. My wife had not been able to sew, yet I had intended to sow some corn, but a sow with her litter had eaten it, while the owl came forth to drink from her bowl. It being near noon, I took out my book to read, and, having read some time, marked with a bit of lead such passages as had the lead. Some were about a daughter who always sought to be neat, and had a bonnet so beautiful that she knew it had impressed the hand-

somest beau in town, though he would not own it. And she wore a bow that was worse, yet had once brought her from a friend a bow, as good as anything from Cupid himself, with his bow and arrows, only the bow of his boat demanded attention. Just then I glanced through the door, and across my book and a row of cabbages saw a boor pass, and was attracted by a row in the broad road beyond. I saw men and women there, many people, and a leopard. I thought, There is jealousy between them; they are foes; and all had poor shoes that looked worn, while a worm crawled in the dust. Surely he is a surly fellow, whom even sugar could not surfeit. It might all end badly, only how easily slaughter might be turned into laughter by the simple dropping of the first letter! But although it was an old tome that might have been consigned to the tomb, I was still busy with my book, and proceeded to bury myself in it again, — it was a primer about prime beef. Yet I put it away when I discovered there was a hut near, and I heard the sound of a bugle. Having leisure now, I looked down from a height on some freight cars. There were but a few, yet I had a good view, but true I had nothing else to do. The sun had shone hot, something to shun, and I had done nothing, save won the approval of one heart. But the gist of the matter was, that I had nothing to give, and, though germs were in the ground, there was no harvest to get. So I went in search of a birch-tree, which gave a lurch forward as I came. After that, I said not a word, but heard a bird that stirred in the branches, and a cat that purred, and then I preferred to go home. On the way there, I thought, how strange it is that we rhyme such words as eyes, sighs, skies, size, guise, buys! And I wondered why we consider the devil as the father of all evil, but doubted whether we shall ever make it even with him!"

This sort of thing might be almost indefinitely extended, but I think that the foreigner who could pass safely through even all these snares, without once stumbling or coming to fall, might be considered in a fair way to become a naturalized citizen — of the language! But truly, my friend is not wholly wrong in calling it the maddest language in the world. And yet the greatest, too, because it lends itself so easily to the expression of every thought and every emotion, and from the shout of command on the battlefield to the lovers' whisper, from the grandest oration in the forum or outburst of passion on the stage to the prattle of the child in the nursery, is adequate to every human need. With all its lawless vagaries, possibly because of them, it is wonderful how easily children acquire its correct use; and, for my own part, I am persuaded that we already possess the only "Volapük," world-language, there will ever be in English as she is spoke.

A Prehistoric Luck of Edenhall.

— It is a curious fact that the heroes of Homeric song are apparently themselves conscious of inferiority to the generation preceding their own. Thus Nestor recalls with longing the mightier men he had known in his youth: Heracles, almost single-handed, had taken the very city which baffled the younger chieftains for ten weary years; Theseus the slayer of the Minotaur, Jason the Argonaut, Castor and Pollux among his companions, — these certainly seem a statelier race of demigods, dwarfing even Achilles and Odysseus. Of that tall elder race Œdipus the Theban is no ignoble member.

Before the two great triumphs of the Homeric school appeared, to efface all previous efforts, there must have been many cruder epic attempts. Had these earlier singers glorified an elder generation of heroes, and did Homer in filial modesty sing of the later and lesser men as a graceful confession of his own inferiority to his artistic masters?

There is, however, at least one passage in the Iliad which has a more self-assertive tone. Agamemnon, reproaching Diomed and Sthenelos for slothfulness in arming after Pandaros' treacherous breaking of the truce, compares them unfavorably with their fathers, who had fought, in vain, to aid Œdipus' banished son in reconquering Thebes. Diomed is courteously silent, but the obscurer chieftain bursts forth indignantly: —

> "Verily we make claim to be mightier far than our fathers:
> We who captured the hold of Thebes with its sevenfold portals,
> Leading a lesser array beneath that bulwark of Ares,
> Putting our trust in the aid of Zeus and the heavensent portents;
> — Whereas they, our sires, by their own impiety perished!"

We said there must have been cruder epics before Homer. Yet from

> "The dark backward and abysm of time"

there is little hope that even a fragment will ever drift to our feet. The passage just quoted at least indicates that Homer, perhaps his hearers as well, had a perfect familiarity with the tragic story of Thebes.

Among the poems of the lost Epic Cycle, we hear of three connected works upon this Theban theme. The titles show that they told respectively the tale of Œdipus, of his ill-fated sons and their allies, and lastly of these very chieftains, Diomed, Sthenelos, and the rest, who avenged their fathers' fall. To this last poem of the trio Herodotus makes respectful allusion, merely raising the question in passing whether it is from Homer's own hand. Of the Œdipodea hardly anything survives. From the next epic, the Thebaid, we can quote the opening line : —

Sing, O Goddess, of waterless Argos, whence the commanders.

Moreover, Athenæus, in the course of one of his discussions over trifles, has quoted, and thus preserved for us, quite a sustained passage from the same poem. This glimpse of a classic Luck of Edenhall is in itself striking. The three poems together attained, we are told, a length of twenty thousand verses, or nearly twice the contents of our Odyssey. Probably nobody contends that any one among the epics of that stately cycle, still extant for Athenæus, but forever lost to us, was actually pre-Homeric ; but the lines which by his courtesy or caprice we are enabled to cite will at least deepen the impression that we have lost a goodly body of poetry, not all unworthy to stand beside the Iliad and Odyssey. It is a pity that we can offer only this tantalizing glimpse into so stately a volume of Theban song, from which five great tragedies drew in some degree, at least, their inspiration : Æschylos' martial Seven against Thebes, the three noble Sophoclean dramas in which Antigone appears, and lastly Euripides' more melodramatic and over-ingenious Phœnissæ.

The passage which we here render has still another bearing on the Homeric question. No one now supposes "Homer" wrote these Œdipus epics. Yet here is another easy master of his dialect and of the hexameter movement. And so falls at once the argument that none save the one indivisible magician could lift the heavy wand, and therefore that one man must bear the credit for all the contradictions and incongruities of the Iliad, perhaps even of both poems. But we are in danger of forgetting the passage, which must serve to "excuse," in the architect's sense, our title and our utterance : —

Yet the divinely descended hero, the fair Polynices,
First at Œdipus' side made ready the beautiful table,
Silvern, of Cadmus wise as the gods, and straightway upon it
Poured for his sire sweet wine in a golden beautiful goblet.
Then when Œdipus saw at his side that cup of his father, —
Precious, in reverence held, — great woe came over his spirit.
Instantly then upon both his sons did he utter his curses, —
Never to be escaped, for the wrath of the gods was awakened, —
Wishing that they might never in amity share their possessions ;
Ever between them twain might strife and battle continue.

The strife did indeed continue, but the slender connection with this far-away voice breaks off here ! Of course we instinctively make the inquiry, Why did the sight of this heirloom so rouse Œdipus' wrath ? What was the mystic connection between it and the fate of his house ? But there is no one to answer this or any question. No other tradition throws any light upon this picturesque detail in the great Theban legend.

Such glimpses into vanished literatures almost tempt us to apply to books, lost and extant, the words which our first great American poet uttered of mankind : —

"All that tread
The earth are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVI. — DECEMBER, 1895. — No. CCCCLVIII.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXIV.

THAT night, at nine o'clock, the Terror of France, catching the flow of the tide, with one sail set and a gentle wind, left the fleet, and came slowly up the river, under the batteries of the town. In the gloom we passed lazily on with the flow of the tide, unquestioned, soon leaving the citadel behind, and erelong came softly to that point called Anse du Foulon, above which Sillery stood. I could not see the shore distinctly, but I knew by a perfect instinct the cleft in the hillside where was the path leading up the mountain. I bade Clark come up the river again two nights hence to watch for a signal from me, which was there agreed upon. If I did not come, then, with General Wolfe's consent, he must be the pilot to our fleet up the river to Cap Rouge, and show the General this path up the mountain as well. He swore that all should be as I wished; and indeed you would have thought that he and his Terror of France were to level Quebec to the sea.

I stole softly to the shore in a boat, which I drew up among the bushes, hiding it as well as I could in the dark, and then, feeling for my pistols and my knife, I crept upwards, coming presently to the passage in the mountain. I toiled on to the summit without a sound of alarm from above. Pushing forward, a light flashed from the windmill, and a man, and then two men, appeared in the open door. One of them was Captain Lancy, whom I had very good reason to remember. The last time I saw him was that famous morning when he would have had me shot five minutes before the appointed hour, rather than endure the cold and be kept from his breakfast. I itched to call him to account then and there, but that would have been foolish play. I was outside of the belt of light falling from the door, and I stole round and came near to the windmill on the town side. It amazed me that such poor watch was kept; but truly, above the town, up to this time, the guard was of a perfunctory sort, for the great cliffs were thought impregnable; and even if surmounted, there was still the walled town to take, surrounded by the St. Lawrence, the St. Charles, and these massive bulwarks.

Presently Lancy stepped out into the light, and said, with a hoarse laugh, "Blood of Peter, it was a sight to-day! She cried out like a pretty lamb. What devil's tincture he gave her I know not, but she has a constant fancy for the English filibuster. 'Robert! my husband!' she bleated, and Doltaire laughed at her."

"But Doltaire will have her yet."

"He has her pinched like a mouse in a weasel's teeth — a man of damned

fine designs. You know not what he will do next. It is whispered that he may take the reins from the Governor and the Intendant."

"Why does he not, then?"

"Pish! Now, if it were France itself! but this — no, no, it 's too small a game."

"But the girl is a small game."

"La, la! a game of the private life, the biggest a man can play — amusing, full of interest, finesse, and difficulty, elusive all the time; he enjoys it. But ruling, keeping, or losing of Quebec, that 's too little a public matter for his vanity."

"He is no patriot, then?"

"Pish! Patriot? Who is a patriot here, save the peasants, and such as the Seigneur Duvarney, and the priests?"

"And the good Seigneur gets pinched like his daughter."

"True enough. He thought his cousin the Governor honest once, and stood for him; but when he saw Vaudreuil join Bigot against Montcalm, he went over to the General; and now the two pursue him, and they say that Bigot puts his life in danger."

"Why does n't Doltaire stand by the Seigneur?"

"Good Lord, can you not see? Doltaire would have him in damnable trouble, so that he might turn to him for help, thus pinching the young lady to his desires more and more."

"My faith, she has no sweet road to travel since her mother died," was the careless reply.

I almost cried out. Here was a blow which staggered me. Her mother dead — poor, poor soul! I ached to clasp her to my heart.

"There was a scene for you. It has got abroad, somehow. 'Love! love!' said the mother to her. 'I would rather lie in my grave than see you go with him. It was no marriage.' Then the daughter said, 'It was the only marriage I shall ever have, my mother. And let it be me to lie in my grave, not you; for till that hour comes I shall be the wife of Robert Stobo.' At that the mother says, 'But you shall marry again, you shall be the bride of the Church — no other. There, at least, you shall not shame us.' And what says the pert Mademoiselle but this: 'My mother, I fear not God's judgment as much as yours.' She has a proud spirit, which comes of too much cleverness. Doltaire will touch her off with new ideas. Ten years from now she 'll prate no more than Madame Cournal."

"Coward!" said I under my breath. "You shall pay for that one day."

They both laughed with a villainous meaning, and Lancy continued: "The Duvarneys would remain in the city, and on that very night, as they sit at dinner, a shell disturbs them, a splinter strikes Madame, and two days after she is carried to her grave."

Here they linked arms and walked on, and I lost their words save one phrase, "To-morrow, in the cathedral," which came to me. Instantly I pieced things out, remembering Doltaire's words to me, "Come and pray with me in the cathedral." Our marriage was to be formally annulled from the high altar of the cathedral to-morrow — that was it. It was a dangerous business I was set on, for I was sure that I would be shot without shrift if discovered. As it proved afterwards, I had indeed been proclaimed, and it was enjoined on all true Frenchmen and Catholics to kill me if the chance showed.

Only two things could I depend on, Voban and my disguise, which was very good. From the Terror of France I had got a peasant's dress, and by rubbing my hands and face with the stain of butternut, cutting again my new-grown beard, and wearing a wig, I was well guarded against discovery, save to such keen folk as Doltaire.

How to get into the city was the question. By the St. Charles River and the

Palace Gate, and by the St. Louis Gate, not far from the citadel, were the only ways, and both were difficult. I had, however, two or three plans, and these I chewed as I went across Maître Abraham's fields, and came to the main road from Sillery to the town.

Soon I heard the noise of clattering hoofs, and jointly with this I saw a figure rise up not far ahead of me, as if waiting for the coming horseman. I drew back. The horseman passed me, and, as he came on slowly, I saw the figure spring suddenly from the roadside and make a stroke at the horseman. In a moment they were a rolling mass upon the ground, while the horse trotted down the road a little, and stood still. I never knew the cause of that encounter — robbery, or private hate, or paid assault; but there was scarcely a sound as they struggled for a minute or two. Then I heard groaning, and both lay still. I hurried to them, and found one dead, and the other dying, dagger wounds in both, for the assault had been at such close quarters that the horseman had had no chance to use a pistol.

My plans were changed on the instant. I drew the military coat, boots, and cap off the horseman, and put them on myself; and thrusting my hand into his waistcoat — for he looked like a courier — I found a packet. This I put into my pocket, and then, making for the horse which stood quiet in the road, I mounted it and rode on towards the town. Striking a light, I found that the packet was addressed to the Governor. A serious thought disturbed me: I could not get into the town through the gates without the countersign. I rode on, anxious and perplexed.

Presently a thought pulled me up. The courier was insensible when I left him, and he was the only one who could help me in this. I greatly reproached myself for leaving him while he was still alive. "Poor devil," thought I to myself, "there is some one whom his death will hurt. He must not die alone. He was no enemy of mine." I went back, and, getting from the horse, stooped to him, lifted up his head, and found that he was not dead. I spoke in his ear. He moaned, and his eyes opened.

"What is your name?" said I.

"Jean — Labrouk," he whispered.

Now I remembered him. He was the soldier whom Gabord had sent as messenger to Voban the night I was first taken to the citadel.

"Shall I carry word for you to any one?" I asked.

There was a slight pause; then he said, "Tell my — Babette — Jacques Dobrotte owes me ten francs — and — a leg — of mutton. Tell — my Babette — to give my coat of beaver fur to Gabord the soldier. Tell" . . . he sank back, but raised himself, and continued: "Tell my Babette I weep with her. . . . Ah, mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!" He sank back again, but I roused him with one question more, vital to me. I must have the countersign.

"Labrouk! Labrouk!" said I sharply.

He opened his dull, glazed eyes.

"Qui vive!" said I, and I waited anxiously.

Thought seemed to rally in him, and, staring, — alas! how helpless and how sad, that look of a man brought back for an instant from the Shadows! — his lips moved. "France," was the whispered reply.

"Advance and give the countersign!" I cried.

"Jésu," he murmured faintly. I drew from my breast the cross that Mathilde had given me, and pressed it to his lips. He sighed softly, lifted his hand to it, and then fell back, never to speak again.

After covering his face and decently laying the body out, I mounted the horse again. Glancing up, I saw that this bad business had befallen not twenty feet from a high Calvary at the roadside.

I was in a painful quandary. Did

Labrouk mean that the countersign was "Jésu," or was that word the broken prayer of his soul as it hurried forth? So strange a countersign I had never heard, and yet it might be used in this Catholic country. This day might be some great feast of the Church — possibly that of the naming of Christ: which was the case, as I afterwards knew. I rode on, tossed about in my mind. So much hung on this. If I could not give the countersign, I should have to fight my way back again the road I came, and it would go abroad that an enemy had tried to enter the gates. In that case Doltaire would quickly guess who it was, with some peril to my plans and myself. But I must set all upon this hazard. So I went on, beating up my heart to confidence; and now I came to the St. Louis Gate. A tiny fire was burning near, and two sentinels stepped forward as I rode boldly on the entrance.

"Qui vive!" was the sharp call.

"France," was my reply, in a voice as like the peasant's as possible.

"Advance and give the countersign," came the demand.

Another voice called from the darkness of the wall: "Come and drink, comrade; I've a brother with Bougainville."

"Jésu," said I to the sentinel, answering his demand for the countersign, and I spurred on my horse idly, though my heart was thumping hard, for there were several sturdy fellows lying beyond the dull handful of fire.

Instantly the sentinel's hand came to my bridle-rein. "*Halt!*" roared he.

Surely some good spirit was with me then to prompt me, for, with a careless laugh, as though I had not before finished the countersign, "Christ," I added — "Jésu Christ!"

With an oath the soldier let go the bridle-rein, the other opened the gates, and I passed through. I heard the first fellow swearing roundly to the others that he would send yon courier to fires of hell, if he played with him again so.

The gates closed behind me, and I was in the town which had seen the worst days and best moments of my life. I rode along at a trot, and once again beyond the citadel was summoned by a sentinel. Safely passed on, I came down towards the Château St. Louis. I rode boldly up to the great entrance door, and handed the packet to the sentinel.

"From whom?" he asked.

"Look in the corner," said I. "And what business is 't of yours?"

"There is no word in the corner," answered he doggedly. "Is 't from Monsieur le Général at Cap Rouge?"

"Bah! Did you think it was from an English wolf?" I asked.

His dull face broke a little. "Is Jean Labrouk with Bougainville yet?"

"He 's done with Bougainville — he 's dead," I answered.

"Dead! dead!" said he, a sort of grin playing on his face.

I made a shot at a venture. "But you 're to pay his wife Babette the ten francs and the leg of mutton in twenty-four hours, or his ghost will follow you. Swallow that, pudding-head. And see you pay it, or every man in our company swears to break a score of shingles on your bare back."

"I 'll pay, I 'll pay," he said, and he took to trembling.

"Where shall I find Babette?" asked I. "I come from Isle aux Coudres — I know not this ruffian town."

"A little house hugging the cathedral rear," he explained. "Babette sweeps out the vestry, and fetches water for the priests."

"Good," said I. "Take that to the Governor at once, and send the corporal of the guard to have this horse fed and cared for, and he 's to carry back the Governor's messenger. I 've further business for the General in the town. And tell your captain of the guard to send and pick up two dead men in the highway, just against the first Calvary beyond the town."

He did my bidding, and I dismounted,

and was about to get away, when I saw the Chevalier la Darante and the Intendant appear at the door. They paused upon the steps. The Chevalier was speaking most earnestly.

"To a nunnery — a piteous shame: it should not be, your Excellency."

"To decline upon Monsieur Doltaire, then?" asked Bigot, with a sneer.

"Your Excellency believes in no woman," responded the Chevalier stiffly.

"Ah yes, in one!" was the cynical reply.

"Is it possible? And she remains a friend of your Excellency?" came back in irony.

"The very best; she finds me unendurable."

"Philosophy shirks the solving of that problem, your Excellency," was the cold reply.

"No, it is easy. The woman to be trusted is she who never trusts."

"The paragon — or prodigy — who is she?"

"Even Madame Jamond."

"She danced for you once, your Excellency, they tell me."

"She was a devil that night — she drove us mad."

So Doltaire had not given up the secret of that night! There was silence for a moment, and then the Chevalier said, "Her father will not let her go to a nunnery — no, no. Why should he yield to the Church in this?"

Bigot shrugged a shoulder. "Not even to hide — shame?"

"Liar — ruffian!" said I through my teeth. The Chevalier answered for me:

"I would stake my life on her truth and purity."

"You forget the mock marriage, dear Chevalier."

"It was after the manner of his creed and people."

"It was after a manner we all have used at times."

"Speak for yourself, your Excellency," was the austere reply. Nevertheless, I could see that the Chevalier was much troubled.

"She forgot race, religion, people — all, to spend still hours with a foreign spy in prison," urged Bigot, with damnable point and suggestion.

"Hush, hush!" said the Chevalier. "She is a girl once much beloved and ever admired among us. Let not your rancor against the man be spent upon the maid. Nay, more, why should you hate the man so? It is said, your Excellency, that this Stobo did not fire the shot that night, but one who has less reason to love you."

Bigot smiled a wicked smile, but said nothing.

The Chevalier laid a hand on Bigot's arm. "Will you not oppose the Governor and the Bishop? Her fate is sad enough."

"I will not lift a finger. There are weightier matters. Let Doltaire, the idler, the Don Amato, the hunter of that fawn, save her from the holy ambush. Tut, tut, Chevalier. Let her go. Your nephew is to marry her sister — let her be swallowed up — a shame behind the veil — the sweet litany of the cloister."

The Chevalier's voice set hard as he said in quick reply, "My family honor, François Bigot, needs no screen. And if you doubt that, I will give you argument at your pleasure;" and as he spoke he turned and went back into the Château.

And thus the honest Chevalier kept his word given to me when I released him from serving me on the river.

At that Bigot came down the steps, smiling detestably, and passed me with no more than a quick look. I made my way cautiously through the streets towards the cathedral, for I owed a duty to the poor soldier who had died in my arms, through whose death I had been able to enter the town.

Disarray and ruin met my sight at every hand. Shot and shell had made wicked havoc. Houses where, as a host-

age, I had dined, were battered and broken; public buildings were shapeless masses, and dogs and thieves prowled among the ruins. Drunken soldiers staggered past me; hags begged for sous or bread at corners; and devoted priests and long-robed Recollet monks, cowled and alert, hurried past, silent, and worn with labors, watchings, and prayers. Soon a company of officers in white uniform rode by, going towards the Château, and a company of *coureurs de bois* came up from Mountain Street, singing,

> "Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
> Brigadier, vous avez raison."

Here and there were fires lighted in the streets, though it was not cold, and beside them peasants and soldiers drank and quarreled over food, for starvation was abroad in the land.

By one of these fires, in a secluded street, — for I had come a roundabout to avoid passing through crowds, — were a number of soldiers of Languedoc's regiment (I knew them by their trick of head-gear and their stoutness), and with them reckless girls, who, in their abandonment, seemed to me like those revelers in Herculaneum, who danced their way into the Cimmerian darkness. I had no thought of staying there to moralize upon the theme; but, as I looked, a figure came out of the dusk ahead, and moved swiftly towards me. It was Mathilde. She seemed bent on some errand, but the revelers at the fire caught her attention, and she suddenly swerved towards them, and came into the dull glow, her great black eyes shining with bewildered brilliancy and vague keenness, her long white fingers reaching out with a sort of chafing motion. She did not speak till she was among them. I drew into the shade of a broken wall, and watched. She looked all round the circle, and then, without a word, took an iron crucifix which hung upon her breast, and silently lifted it above their heads for a moment. I myself felt a kind of thrill go through me, for her wild beauty was almost tragical. Her madness was not grotesque, but solemn and dramatic. There was something terribly deliberate in her strangeness; it was full of awe to the beholder, more searching and painfully pitiful than melancholy.

Coarse hands fell away from wanton waists; ribaldry hesitated; hot faces drew apart; and all at once a girl with a crackling laugh threw a tin cup of liquor into the fire. Even as she did it, a haggard dwarf sprang into the circle without a word, and, snatching the cup out of the flames, jumped back again into the darkness, peering into it with a hollow laugh. As he did so a soldier raised a heavy stick to throw at him; but the girl caught him by the arms, and said, with a hoarse pathos, "My God, no, Alphonse! It is my brother!"

Here Mathilde, still holding out the cross, said in a loud whisper, "'Sh, 'sh! My children, go not to the Palace, for there is François Bigot, and he has a devil. But if you have no cottage, I will give you a home. I know the way to it up in the hills. Poor children, see, I will make you happy."

She took a dozen little wooden crosses from her girdle, and, stepping round the circle, gave each person one. No man refused, save a young militia-man; and when, with a sneering laugh, he threw his into the fire, she stooped over him and said, "Poor boy! poor boy!" She put her fingers on her lips, and whispered, "Beati immaculati — miserere mei, Deus," stray phrases gathered from the liturgy, pregnant to her brain, order and truth flashing out of wandering and fantasy. No one of the girls refused, but sat there, some laughing nervously, some silent; for this mad maid had come to be surrounded with a superstitious reverence in the eyes of the common people. It was said she had a home in the hills somewhere, to which she disappeared for days and weeks, and came back hung about the girdle with crosses;

and it was also said that her red robe never became frayed, shabby, or disordered.

Suddenly she turned and left them. I let her pass, unchecked, and went on towards the cathedral, humming an old French chanson. I did this because now and then I met soldiers and patrols, and my free and careless manner disarmed notice. Once or twice drunken soldiers stopped me and threw their arms about me, saluting me on the cheeks *à la mode*, asking themselves to drink with me. Getting free of them, I came on my way, and was glad to reach the cathedral unchallenged. Here and there a broken buttress or a splintered wall told where our guns had played upon it, but inside I could hear an organ playing and a Miserere being chanted. I went round to its rear, and there I saw the little house described by the sentinel at the Château. Coming to the door, I knocked, and it was opened at once by a warm-faced, bright-eyed woman of thirty or so, who instantly brightened on seeing me. "Ah, you come from Cap Rouge, m'sieu'," she said, looking at my clothes — her own husband's, though she knew it not.

"I come from Jean," said I, and stepped inside.

She shut the door, and then I saw, sitting in a corner, by a lighted table, an old man, bowed and shrunken, white hair and white beard falling all about him, and nothing of his features to be seen save high cheek-bones and two hawk-like eyes which peered up at me.

"So, so, from Jean," he said in a high, piping voice. "Jean 's a pretty boy — ay, ay, Jean 's like his father, but neither with a foot like mine — a foot for the Court, said Frotenac to me — yes, yes, I knew the great Frotenac " —

The wife interrupted his gossip. "What news from Jean?" said she. "He hoped to come one day this week."

"He says," responded I gently, "that Jacques Dobrotte owes you ten francs and a leg of mutton, and that you are to give his great beaver coat to Gabord the soldier."

"Ay, ay, Gabord the soldier, he that the English spy near sent to heaven."

The bitter truth was slowly dawning upon the wife. She was repeating my words in a whisper, as if to grasp their full meaning.

"He said also," I continued, "'Tell Babette I weep with her.'"

She was very still and dazed; her fingers went to her white lips, and stayed there for a moment. I never saw such a numb misery in any face.

"And last of all, he said, 'Ah, mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!'"

She turned round, and went and sat down beside the old man, looked into his face for a minute silently, and then said, "Grandfather, Jean is dead; our Jean is dead."

The old man peered at her for a moment, then broke into a strange laugh, which had in it the reflection of a distant misery, and said, "Our little Jean, our little Jean Labrouk! Ha! ha! There was Villon, Marmon, Gabriel, and Gouloir, and all their sons; and they all said the same at the last, 'Mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!' Then there was little Jean, the pretty little Jean. He could not row a boat, but he could ride a horse, and he had an eye like me. Ha, ha! I have seen them all say good-night. Good-morning, my children, I will say one day, and I will give them all the news, and I will tell them all I have done these hundred years. Ha, ha, ha" —

The wife put her fingers on his lips, and, turning to me, said with a peculiar sorrow, "Will they fetch him to me?"

"They will," I answered.

The old man fixed his eyes on me most strangely, and then, stretching out his finger and leaning forward, he said, with a voice of senile wildness, "Ah, ah, the coat of our little Jean!"

I stood there like any criminal caught

in his shameful act. Though I had not forgotten that I wore the dead man's clothes, I could not think that they would be recognized, for they seemed like others of the French army — white, with violet facings. I cannot tell to this day what it was that enabled them to detect the coat; but there I stood condemned before them.

The wife sprang to her feet, came to me with a set face, and stared stonily at the coat for an instant. Then, with a cry of alarm, she made for the door; but I stepped quickly before her, and bade her wait till she heard what I had to say. Like lightning it all went through my brain. I was ruined if she gave an alarm: all Quebec would be at my heels, and my purposes would be defeated. There was but one thing to do — tell her the whole truth, and trust her. For I had at least done fairly by her and by the dead man.

So I told them how Jean Labrouk had met his death; told them who I was, and why I was in Quebec — how Jean died in my arms; and, taking from my breast the cross that Mathilde had given me, I swore by it that every word which I said was true. The wife scarcely stirred while I spoke, but with wide dry eyes and hands clasping and unclasping heard me through. I told her how I might have left Jean to die without a sign or message to them, how I had put the cross to his lips as he went forth, and how by coming here at all I placed my safety in her hands, and now, by telling my story, my life itself.

It was a daring and a difficult task. When I had finished, both sat silent for a moment, and then the old man said, "Ay, ay, Jean's father and his uncle Marmon were killed a-horseback, and by the knife. Ay, ay, it is our way. Little Jean was good company — none better, mass over, o' a Sunday. Come, we will light candles for Jean, and comb his hair back sweet, and masses shall be said, and" —

Again the woman interrupted, quieting him. Then she turned to me, and I awaited her words with a desperate sort of courage.

"I believe you," she said. "I remember you now. My sister was the wife of your keeper at the common jail. You shall be safe. Alas! my Jean might have died without a word to me — all alone in the night. Merci mille fois!" Then she rocked a little to and fro, and the old man looked at her like a curious child. At last, "I must go to him," she said. "My poor Jean must be brought home."

I told her I had already sent word to the Commandant. She thanked me again — truly such a brave and simple heart is not often found in the world! *Distraite* as she was, she went and brought me a peasant's hat and coat. Such trust and kindness touched me. Trembling, she took from me the coat and hat I had worn, and she put her hands before her eyes when she saw a little spot of blood upon the flap of a pocket. The old man reached out his hands, and, taking them, he held them on his knees, whispering to himself, now and then kissing a little crucifix which lay at his hand.

"You will be safe here," the wife said to me. "The loft above is small, but it will hide you, if you have no better place."

I was thankful that I had told her all the truth. I should be snug here, waiting the affair in the cathedral on the morrow. There was Voban, but I knew not of him, or whether he was open to aid or shelter me. His own safety had been long in peril; he might be dead, for all I knew. I thanked the poor woman warmly, and then asked her if the old man might not betray me to strangers. She bade me leave all that to her — that I should be safe for a while, at least.

Soon afterwards I went abroad, and made my way by a devious route to Vo-

ban's house. As I did so, I could see the lights of our fleet in the Basin, and the camp-fires of our army on the Levis shore, on Isle Orleans, and even at Montmorenci, and the myriad lights in the French encampment at Beauport. How impossible it all looked — to unseat from this high rock the Empire of France! Ay, and how hard it would be to get out of this same city with Alixe!

Voban's house stood amid a mass of ruins, itself broken a little, but still sound enough to live in. There was no light. I clambered over débris, made my way to his bedroom window, and tapped on the shutter. There was no response. I tried to open it, but it would not stir. So I thrust beneath it, on the chance of his finding it if he opened his window in the morning, a little piece of paper that I had prepared, with one word on it only — the name of his brother. He knew my handwriting, and he would guess where to-morrow would find me, for I had also hastily drawn upon the paper the entrance of the cathedral.

I went back to the little house by the cathedral, and was admitted by the stricken wife. The old man was abed. I climbed up to the small loft, and lay there wide-awake for hours, unlike my custom. At last came the sounds that I had waited for, and presently I knew by the tramp beneath, and by low laments floating up, that a wife was mourning over the dead body of her husband. I lay long and listened to the varying sounds, but at last all became still, and I fell asleep.

XXV.

I awoke with the dawn, and, dressing, looked out of the window, seeing the brindled light spread over the battered roofs and ruins of the Lower Town. A bell was calling to prayers in the Jesuit College not far away, and bugle-calls told of the stirring garrison. Soldiers and stragglers passed down the street near by, and a few starved peasants crept about the cathedral with downcast eyes, eager for crumbs that a well-fed soldier might cast aside. Yet I knew that in the Intendant's Palace and among the officers of the army there was abundance, joined to revelry and dissipation.

Presently I drew to the trap-door of my loft, and, raising it gently, came down the ladder to the little hallway, and softly opened the door of the room where Labrouk's body lay. Candles were burning at his head and at his feet, and two peasants sat dozing in chairs near by. I could see Labrouk's face plainly in the flickering light: a rough, wholesome face it was, refined by death, yet a little unkempt, too. As I looked, a thing struck me. Here was work for Voban's shears and razor. Even as I thought it there was a footstep behind me, and, turning, I saw in the half-light the widowed wife.

"Madame," said I in a whisper, "I too weep with you. His was a good end. I pray for as true for myself."

"He was of the true faith, thank the good God," she said sincerely. "I will let them go," she added, pointing, and then she passed into the room, and the two watchers, after taking refreshment, left the house. Suddenly she hastened to the door, called one back, and, pointing to the body, whispered something. The peasant nodded and turned away. She came back into the room, stood looking at the face of the dead man for a moment, and bent over and kissed the crucifix clasped in the cold hands. Then she stepped about the room, moving a chair and sweeping up a speck of dust in a mechanical way. Presently, as if she again remembered me, she asked me to enter the room. Then she bolted the outer door of the house. I stood looking at the body of her husband, and said, "Were it not well to have Voban the barber?"

"I have sent for him and for Gabord the soldier," she replied. "Gabord was Jean's good friend. He is with General Montcalm. The Governor put him in prison because of the marriage of Mademoiselle Duvarney, but Monsieur Doltaire had him out, and now he serves General Montcalm."

Doltaire had freed Gabord! I have puzzled long over his motive in doing many things, for their justness and mercy seemed so out of keeping with his general character; but I am forced in the end to believe that where his own particular feelings were not concerned he could be just. It seems not unreasonable that he should have felt no hate for Gabord: he dealt with principals, not with subordinates. And so he freed the witness to my marriage ceremony, my humane jailer.

"I have work in the cathedral," said the poor woman, "and I shall go to it this morning as I have always gone. There is a little unused closet in a gallery where you may hide, and still see all that happens. It is your last look at the lady, and I will give it to you, as you gave me to know of my Jean."

"My last look?" I asked.

"She goes into the nunnery to-morrow, they say," was the reply. "This is her last night to live as such as I — but no, she will be happier so."

"Madame," said I, "I am a heretic, but I listened when your husband said, 'Mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!' Was the cross less a cross because a heretic put it to his lips? Is a marriage less a marriage because a heretic is the husband? Madame, you loved your Jean; if he were living now, what would you do to keep him, when you knew he loved you, too? Shall a lady's heart be broken because a heretic holds to her lips the cup of love? Think, madame, is not love more than all?"

She turned to the dead body. "My little Jean!" she murmured, but made no reply to me, and for many minutes the room was silent. At last she turned, and said, "You must come at once, for soon the priests will be at the church. A little later I will bring you some breakfast, and you must not stir from there till I come to fetch you — no."

"I wish to see Voban," said I.

She thought a moment. "I will try to fetch him to you by and by," she said. She did not speak further, but finished the sentence by pointing to the body.

Presently, hearing footsteps, she drew me into another little room. "It is the grandfather," she said. "He has forgotten you already, and he must not see you again."

We saw the old man hobble into the room we had left, carrying in one arm Jean's coat and hat. He stood still, and nodded at the body and mumbled to himself; then he went over and touched the hands and forehead, nodding wisely; after which he came to his armchair, and, sitting down, spread the coat over his knees, put the cap on it, and gossiped with himself.

"In eild our idle fancies all return,
The mind's eye cradled by the open grave."

A moment later, the woman passed from the rear of the house to the vestry door of the cathedral. After a minute, seeing no one near, I followed, came to the front door, entered, and passed up a side aisle towards the choir. There was no one to be seen, but soon the woman came out of the vestry and beckoned to me nervously. I followed her quick movements, and was soon in a narrow stairway, coming, after fifty steps or so, to a sort of cloister, from which we went into a little cubiculum, or cell, with a wooden lattice door which opened on a small gallery. Through the lattices the nave and choir could be viewed distinctly.

Without a word the woman turned and left me, and I sat down on a little stone bench and waited. I saw the acolytes come and go, and priests move back and

forth before the altar; I smelt the grateful incense as it rose when mass was said; I watched the people gather in little clusters at the different shrines, or seek the confessional, or kneel to receive the blessed sacrament. Many who came I knew — among them Mademoiselle Lucie Lotbinière. Lucie prayed long before a shrine of the Virgin, and when she rose at last, her face bore signs of weeping. Also I noticed her suddenly start as she moved down the aisle, for a figure came forward from seclusion and touched her arm. As he half turned I saw that it was Juste Duvarney. The girl drew back from him, raising her hand as if in protest, and it struck me that her grief and her repulse of him had to do with putting Alixe away into a nunnery.

I sat hungry and thirsty for quite three hours, and then the church became empty, and only an old verger kept a seat by the door, half asleep, though the artillery of both armies was at work, and the air was laden with the smell of powder. Until this time our batteries had avoided firing on the churches. At last I heard footsteps near me in the dark stairway, and I felt for my pistols, for the feet were not those of Labrouk's wife. I waited anxiously, and was filled with joy to see Voban enter my hiding-place, bearing some food. I greeted him warmly, but he made little demonstration. He was like one who, occupied with some great matter, passed through the usual affairs of life with a distant eye. Immediately he handed me a letter, saying —

"M'sieu', I give my word to hand you this — in a day or a year, as I am able. I get your message to me this morning, and then I come to care for Jean Labrouk, and so I find you here, and I give the letter. It come to me last night."

The letter was from Alixe. I opened it with haste, and, in the dim light, read: —

My beloved Husband, — Oh, was there no power in earth or heaven to bring me to your arms to-day?

To-morrow all Canada will come to see my marriage annulled by the Church. And every one will say it is annulled — every one but me. I, in God's name, will say No, though it break my heart to oppose myself to them all. Though I am weak in spirit to-night, I shall be strong to-morrow. I have fought them, and I will fight them till I can fight no more — one woman against them all.

Why did my brother come back? He has been hard — oh, Robert, he has been hard upon me, and yet I was ever kind to him! My father, too, he listens to the Church, and, though he likes not Monsieur Doltaire, he works for him in a hundred ways without seeing it. I, alas! see it too well, and my brother is as wax in Monsieur's hands. Juste loves Lucie Lotbinière — that should make him kind. She, sweet friend, does not desert me, but is kept from me. She says she will not yield to Juste's suit until he yields to me. If — ah, if Madame Jamond had not gone to Montreal!

. . . As I was writing the foregoing sentence, my father asked to see me, and we have had a talk — ah, most bitter! Yet I am glad we had it, for in it, too, were things sweet to my memory.

"Alixe," said he, "this is our last evening together, and I would have it peaceful."

"My father," said I, "it is not my will that this evening be our last; and for peace, I long for it with all my heart."

He frowned, and answered, "You have brought me trouble and sorrow. Mother of God! was it not possible for you to be as your sister Georgette? I gave her less love, yet she honors me more."

"She honors you, my father, by a sweet, good life, and by marriage into an honorable family, and at your word she gives her hand to Monsieur Auguste

la Darante. She marries to your pleasure, therefore she has peace and your love. I marry a man of my own choosing, a man honored by his own people, a bitterly wronged gentleman, and you treat me as some wicked thing. Is that like a father who loves his child?"

"The wronged gentleman, as you call him, invaded that which is the pride of every honest gentleman," he said.

"And what is that?" asked I quietly, though I felt the blood beating at my temples.

"My family honor, the good name and virtue of my daughter."

I got to my feet, and looked my father in the eyes with an anger and a coldness that hurts me now when I think of it, and I said, "I will not let you speak so to me. Friendless though I be, you shall not. You have the power to put me in confinement, you can oppress me, but you shall not slander me to my face. Surely you will leave insults to my enemies."

"I will never leave you to the insults of this mock marriage," answered he, angrily also. "Two days hence I take command of five thousand burghers, and your brother Juste serves with General Montcalm. There is to be last fighting soon between us and the English. I do not doubt of the result, but I may fall, and your brother also, and, should the English win, I will not leave you to him you call your husband. Therefore, if you will not take the veil, if you will not atone for wrong by repentance and a holy life, you shall at least be kept safe where no alien hands may reach you. The Church will hold you close."

I calmed myself again while listening to him, and I asked, "Is there no other way?"

He shook his head.

"Is there no Monsieur Doltaire?" said I. "He has a king's blood in his veins!"

He looked sharply at me. "You are mocking," he replied. "No, no, that is no way, either. Monsieur Doltaire must never mate with daughter of mine. I will take care of that; the Church is a perfect if gentle jailer."

I could bear it no longer. I threw myself on my knees to him. I begged him to have pity on me. I pleaded with him; I recalled the days when I sat upon his knee and listened to the wonderful tales he told; I begged him, by the memory of all the years when he and I were such sweet friends as well as father and child, to be kind to me now, to be merciful, — even though he thought I had done wrong, — to be merciful. I asked him to remember that I was a motherless girl, and that if I had missed the way to happiness he ought not to make my path bitter to the end. I begged him to give me back his love and confidence, and, if I must for evermore be parted from you, to let me be with him, not to put me away into a convent.

Oh, how my heart leaped when I saw his face soften! "Well, well," he said, "if I live, you shall be taken from the convent; but for the present, till this fighting is over, it is the only safe place. There, too, you shall be safe from Monsieur Doltaire."

It was poor comfort. "But should you be killed, and the English take Quebec?" said I.

"When I am dead," he answered, "when I am dead, then there is your brother."

"And if he speaks for Monsieur Doltaire?" asked I.

"There is the Church and God always," he answered.

"And my own husband, the man who saved your life, my father," I urged gently; and when he would have spoken I threw myself into his arms, — ah, the first time in such long, long weeks, — and, stopping his lips with my fingers, burst into tears on his breast. I think much of his anger against me passed, yet before he left he said he could not now prevent the annulment of the marriage, even if he would, for other pow-

ers were at work; which powers I supposed to be the Governor, for certain reasons of enmity to my father and me, — alas! how changed is he, the vain old man! — and Monsieur Doltaire, whose ends I knew so well. So they will unwed us to-morrow, Robert; but be sure that I shall never be unwed in my own eyes, and that I will wait till I die, hoping you will come and take me — oh, Robert, my husband — take me home.

Ah, if I had one hundred men, I would fight my way out of this city, and to you; but, dear, I have none, not even Gabord, who is not let come near me. There is but Voban. Yet he will bear you this, if it be possible, for he comes to-night to adorn my fashionable brother. The poor Mathilde I have not seen of late. She has vanished. When they began to keep me close, and carried me off at last into the country, where we were captured by the English, I could not see her, and my heart aches for her.

God bless you, Robert, and farewell. How we shall smile, when all this misery is done — oh, say we shall, say we shall smile, and all this misery cease. Will you not take me home? Do you still love thy wife, thy ALIXE?

I bade Voban come to me at the little house behind the church that night at ten o'clock, and by then I should have arranged some plan of action. I knew not whether to trust Gabord or no. I was sorry now that I had not tried to bring Clark with me. He was fearless, and he knew the town well; but he lacked discretion, and that was vital. Voban left me, and I took to reading and rereading Alixe's letter.

Two hours of waiting, then came a scene which is burned into my brain. I looked down upon a mass of people, soldiers, couriers of the woods, beggars, priests, camp-followers, and anxious gentlefolk, come from seclusion, or hiding, or vigils of war, to see a host of powers torture a young girl who by suffering had been made a woman long before her time. Out in the streets was the tramping of armed men, together with the call of bugles and the sharp rattle of drums. Presently I heard the hoofs of many horses, and soon afterwards there entered the door, and way was made for him up the nave, the Marquis de Vaudreuil and his suite, with the Chevalier la Darante, the Intendant, and — to my indignation — Juste Duvarney.

They had no sooner taken their places than, from a little side door near the vestry, there entered the Seigneur Duvarney and Alixe, who, coming down slowly, took places very near the chancel steps. The Seigneur was pale and stern, and carried himself with great dignity. His glance never shifted from the choir, where the priests slowly entered and took their places, the aged and feeble Bishop going falteringly to his throne. Alixe's face was pale and sorrowful, and yet it had a dignity and relf-reliance that gave it a kind of grandeur. A buzz passed through the building, yet I noted, too, with gladness that there were tears on many faces.

A figure stole in beside Alixe, even Mademoiselle Lotbinière, who immediately was followed by her mother. I leaned forward, perfectly hidden, and listened to the singsong voices of the priests, the musical note of the responses, heard the Kyrie Eleison, the clanging of the bell as the host was raised by the trembling Bishop. The silence which followed the mournful voluntary played by the organ was most painful to me. At that moment a figure stepped from behind a pillar, and gave Alixe a deep, scrutinizing look. It was Doltaire. He was graver than I had ever seen him, and was dressed scrupulously in black, with a little white lace showing at the wrists and neck. A handsomer figure it would be hard to see; and I hated him for it, and wondered what new devilry was in his mind. He seemed to sweep the church with a glance. Nothing

could have escaped that swift, searching look. His eyes were even raised to where I was, so that I involuntarily drew back, though I knew he could not see me. I was arrested suddenly by a curious disdainful, even sneering smile which played upon his face as he looked at Vaudreuil and Bigot. There was in it more scorn than malice, more triumph than active hatred. All at once I remembered what he had said to me the day before: that he had commission from the King through La Pompadour to take over the reins of government from the two confederates, and send them to France to answer the charges made against them.

At last the Bishop came forward, and read from a paper as follows: —

"*Forasmuch as a well-beloved child of our Holy Church, Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney, of the parish of Beauport and of this cathedral parish, in this province of New France, forgetting her manifest duty and our sacred teaching, did illegally and in sinful error make feigned contract of marriage with one Robert Stobo, captain in a Virginian regiment, a heretic, a spy, and an enemy to our country, and inasmuch as this was done in violence of all nice habit and commendable obedience to Mother Church and our national uses, we do hereby declare and make void this alliance until such time as the Holy Father at Rome shall finally approve our action and proclaiming. And it is enjoined upon Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney, on peril of her soul's salvation, to obey us in this matter, and neither by word or deed or thought have commerce more with this notorious and evil heretic and foe of our Church and of our country. It is also the plain duty of the faithful children of our Holy Church to regard this Captain Stobo with a pious hatred, and to destroy him without pity, and any good cunning or enticement which should lure him to the punishment he so much deserves shall be forgiven. Furthermore, Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney shall, until such times as there shall be peace in this land, and the molesting English are driven back with slaughter, — and for all time, if the heart of our sister incline to penitence and love of Christ, — be confined within the Convent of the Ursulines, and cared for with great tenderness.*"

He left off reading, and began to address himself to Alixe directly; but she rose in her place, and while surprise and awe seized the congregation, she said: —

"Monseigneur, I must needs, at my father's bidding, hear the annulment of my marriage, but I will not hear this public exhortation to me. I am but a poor girl, unlearned in the law, and I must needs submit to your power, for I have no one here to speak for me. But my soul and my conscience I carry to my Saviour, and I have no fear to answer Him. I repent me that I have offended against my people and my country and Holy Church, but I repent not that I love and hold to my husband. And so you must do with me as you will, but in this I will never yield."

She turned to her father, and all the people breathed hard, and the air grew hot with excitement; for it passed their understanding, and seemed most scandalous that a girl could thus defy the Church, and answer the Bishop in his own cathedral. Her father rose, and then I saw her sway with faintness. I know not what might have occurred, for the Bishop stood with hand upraised and a great indignation in his face, about to speak, when out of the desultory firing from our batteries there came a shell, which burst even at the cathedral entrance, and tore away a portion of the wall, and killed and wounded people not a few.

The firing increased, and there was a panic which the priests in vain tried to quell, and the people swarmed into the choir and through the vestry. I saw Doltaire with Juste Duvarney spring swiftly

to the side of Alixe, and, with her father, put her and Madame Jamond into the pulpit, forming a ring round it, and preventing the crowd from trampling on her, as, suddenly gone mad, they swarmed past. The Governor, the Intendant, and the Chevalier la Darante did as much also for Madame and Lucie Lotbinière; and as soon as the crush had in a little subsided, a number of soldiers cleared the way, and I saw my wife led from the church, distraite, but still with a good firmness in her eye and face. I longed to leap down there among them and claim her, and fight for her and for our escape; but that thought was madness, for I should have been food for worms in a trice, and I kept my place.

Gilbert Parker.

THE SONG OF A SHEPHERD-BOY AT BETHLEHEM.

I.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary:
Rest Thee now.
Though these hands be rough from shearing,
And the plough,
Yet they shall not ever fail Thee,
When the waiting nations hail Thee,
Bringing palms unto their King.
Now — I sing.

II.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary,
Hope divine.
If Thou wilt but smile upon me,
I will twine
Blossoms for Thy garlanding:
Thou 'rt so little to be King,
God's Desire!
Not a brier
Shall be left to grieve Thy brow:
Rest Thee now.

III.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary.
Some fair day,
Wilt Thou, as Thou wert a brother,
Come away
Over hills and over hollow?
All the lambs will up and follow,
Follow but for love of Thee.
Lov'st Thou me?

IV.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary:
Rest Thee now.
I that watch am come from sheep-stead,
And from plough.
Thou wilt have disdain of me
When Thou 'rt lifted, royally,
Very high for all to see:
Smilest Thou?

Josephine Preston Peabody.

A NEW ENGLAND WOODPILE.

When the charitable mantle of the snow has covered the ugliness of the earth, as one looks towards the woodlands he may see a distant dark speck emerge from the blue shadow of the woods and crawl slowly houseward. If born to the customs of this wintry land, he may guess at once what it is; if not, speculation, after a little, gives way to certainty, when the indistinct atom grows into a team of quick-stepping horses or deliberate oxen hauling a sled-load of wood to the farm-house.

It is more than that. It is a part of the woods themselves, with much of their wildness clinging to it, and with records, slight and fragmentary, yet legible, of the lives of trees and birds and beasts and men, coming to our door.

Before the sounds of the creaking sled and the answering creak of the snow are heard, one sees the regular puffs of the team's breath jetting out and climbing the cold air. The head and shoulders of the muffled driver then appear, as he sticks by narrow foothold to the hinder part of his sled, or trots behind it beating his breast with his numb hands. Prone like a crawling band of scouts, endwise like battering-rams, not upright, with green banners waving, Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane to fight King Frost.

As the woodpile grows at the farm-house door in a huge windrow of sled-length wood or an even wall of cord wood, so in the woods there widens a patch of uninterrupted daylight. Deep shade and barred and netted shadow turn to almost even whiteness, as the axe saps the foundations of summer homes of birds and the winter fastnesses of the squirrels and raccoons. Here are the tracks of sled and team, where they wound among rocks and stumps and over cradle knolls to make up a load; and there are those of the chopper by the stump where he stood to fell the tree, and along the great trough made by its fall. The snow is flecked with chips, dark or pale according to their kind, just as they alighted from their short flight, bark up or down or barkless or edgewise, and with dry twigs and torn scraps of scattered moss.

When the chopper comes to his work in the morning, he finds traces of nightly visitors to his white island that have drifted to its shores out of the gray sea of woods. Here is the print of the hare's furry foot where he came to nibble the twigs of poplar and birch that yesterday were switching the clouds, but have fallen, manna-like, from skyward to feed him. A fox has skirted its shadowy margin, then ventured to explore it, and in a thawy night a raccoon has waddled across it.

The woodman is apt to kindle a fire more for company than warmth, though he sits by it to eat his cold dinner, casting the crumbs to the chickadees that come fearlessly about him at all times. Blazing or smouldering by turns, as it is fed or starved, the fire humanizes the woods more than the man does. Now and then it draws to it a visitor, oftenest a fox-hunter who has lost his hound, and stops for a moment to light his pipe at the embers and to ask if his dog has been seen or heard. Then he wades off through the snow, and is presently swallowed out of sight by gray trees and blue shadows. Or the hound comes in search of his master or a lost trail. He halts for an instant, with a wistful look on his sorrowful face, then disappears, nosing his way into the maw of the woods.

If the wood is cut "sled length," which is a saving of time and also of chips, that will now be made at the door and will serve to boil the tea-kettle in summer, instead of rotting to slow fertilization of the woodlot, the chopper is one of the regular farm hands or a "day man," and helps load the sled when it comes. If the wood is four foot, he is a professional, chopping by the cord, and not likely to pile his cords too high or long, nor so closely that the squirrels have much more trouble in making their way through them than over them; and the man comes and goes according to his ambition to earn money.

In whichever capacity the chopper plies his axe, he is pretty sure to bring no sentimentalism to his task. He inherits the feeling that was held by the old pioneers toward trees, who looked upon the noblest of them as only giant weeds, encumbering the ground, and best got rid of by the shortest means. To him the tree is a foe worthy of no respect or mercy, and he feels the triumph of a savage conqueror when it comes crashing down and he mounts the prostrate trunk to dismember it; the more year-marks encircling its heart, the greater his victory. To his ears, its many tongues tell nothing, or preach only heresy. Away with the old tree to the flames! To give him his due, he is a skillful executioner, and will compel a tree to fall across any selected stump within its length. If one could forget the tree, it is a pretty sight to watch the easy swing of the axe, and see how unerringly every blow goes to its mark, knocking out chips of a span's breadth. It does not look difficult nor like work; but could you strike "twice in a place," or in half a day bring down a tree twice as thick as your body? The wise farmer cuts, for fuel, only the dead and decaying trees in his woodlot, leaving saplings and thrifty old trees to "stand up and grow better," as the Yankee saying is.

There is a prosperous and hospitable look in a great woodpile at a farmhouse door. Logs with the moss of a hundred years on them, breathing the odors of the woods, have come to warm the inmates and all in-comers. The white smoke of these chimneys is spicy with the smell of seasoned hard wood, and has a savor of roasts and stews that makes one hungry. If you take the back track on a trail of pitchy smoke, it is sure to lead you to a squalid threshold with its starved heap of pine roots and half-decayed wood. Thrown down carelessly beside it is a dull axe, wielded as need requires with spiteful awkwardness by a slatternly woman, or laboriously upheaved and let fall with uncertain stroke by a small boy.

The Yankees who possess happy memories of the great open fires of old time are growing few, but Whittier has embalmed for all time, in Snow-Bound, their comfort and cheer and picturesqueness. When the trees of the virgin forest cast their shadows on the newly risen roof there was no forecasting provision for winter. The nearest green tree was cut, and hauled, full length, to the door, and with it the nearest dry one was cut to match the span of the wide fireplace; and when these were gone, another raid

was made upon the woods: and so from hand to mouth the fire was fed. It was not uncommon to draw the huge back-logs on to the hearth with a horse, and sometimes a yoke of oxen were so employed. Think of a door wide enough for this; half of the side of a house to barricade against the savage Indians and savage cold! It was the next remove from a camp-fire. There was further likeness to it in the tales that were told beside it, of hunting and pioneer hardships, of wild beasts and Indian forays, while the eager listeners drew to a closer circle on the hearth, and the awed children cast covert, scared, backward glances at the crouching and leaping shadows that thronged on the walls, and the great samp-kettle bubbled and seethed on its trammel, and the forgotten johnny-cake scorched on its tilted board.

As conveniently near the shed as possible, the pile of sled-length wood is stretching itself slowly, a huge vertebrate, every day or two gaining in length; a joint of various woods, with great trunks at the bottom, then smaller ones, gradually growing less to the topping out of saplings and branches. Here is a sugar-maple, three feet through at the butt, with the scars of many tappings showing on its rough bark. The oldest of them may have been made by the Indians. Who knows what was their method of tapping? Here is the mark of the gouge with which early settlers drew the blood of the tree; a fashion learned, likely enough, from the aboriginal sugar-makers, whose narrowest stone gouges were as passable tools for this purpose as any they had for another. These more distinct marks show where the auger of later years made its wounds. The old tree has distilled its sweets for two races and many generations of men, first into the bark buckets of Waubanakis, then into the ruder troughs of Yankee pioneers, then into the more convenient wide-bottomed wooden sap-tubs; and at last, when the march of improvement has spoiled the wilderness of the woods with trim-built sugar-houses and patent evaporators, the sap drips with resounding metallic tinkle into pails of shining tin. Now the old maple has come to perform its last office, of warming and cooking the food for a generation that was unborn when it was yet a lusty tree.

Beside it lies a great wild-cherry tree that somehow escaped the cabinet-maker when there was one in every town and cherry wood was in fashion. Its fruit mollified the harshness of the New England rum of many an old-time raising and husking. Next is a yellow birch with a shaggy mane of rustling bark along its whole length, like a twelve-foot piece of the sea serpent drifted ashore and hauled inland; then a white birch, no longer white, but gray with a coating of moss, and black with belts of old peelings, made for the patching of canoes and roofing of shanties.

With these lies a black birch, whose once smooth bark age has scaled and furrowed, and robbed of all its tenderness and most of its pungent, aromatic flavor. Some of it yet lingers in the younger topmost twigs which the hired man brings home to the little folks, who fall to gnawing them like a colony of beavers. By it is an elm, whose hollow trunk was the home of raccoons when it stood on its buttressed stump in the swamp. Near by is a beech, its smooth bark wrinkled where branches bent away from it, and blotched with spots of white and patches of black and gray lichen. It is marked with innumerable fine scratches, the track of the generations of squirrels that have made it their highway; and among these, the wider apart and parallel nail-marks of a raccoon, and also the drilling of woodpeckers. Here, too, are traces of man's visitation, for distorted with the growth of years are initials, and a heart and dart that symbolized the tender passion of some one of the past, who wandered, love-sick, in the shadow of the woods. How long ago did death's inevi-

table dart pierce his heart? Here he wrote a little of his life's history, and now his name and that of his mistress are so completely forgotten one cannot guess them by their first letters, inscribed in the yesterday of the forest's years.

Above these logs, rolled up on skids or sled stakes, are smaller yet goodly bodies of white ash, full of oars for the water and rails for the land; and of black ash, as full of barrel hoops and basket splints, the ridged and hoary bark shagged with patches of dark moss; and a pine too knotty for sawing, with old turpentine boxes gashing its lower part, the dry resin in them half overgrown, but odorous still; and oaks that have borne their last acorns; and a sharded hickory that will never furnish another nut for boy or squirrel, but now, and only this once, flail handles, swingles, and ox-bows, and helves for axes to hew down its brethren, and wood to warm its destroyers, and smoke and fry ham for them; and a basswood that will give the wild bees no more blossoms in July, hollow-hearted and unfit for sleigh or toboggan, wood straight rifted and so white that a chip of it will hardly show on the snow, but as unprofitable food for fires as the poplars beside it, which, in the yellow-green of youth or the furrowed gray of age, have shivered their last.

Still higher in the woodpile are white birches, yet in the smooth skin of their prime, that is fit to be fashioned into drinking-cups and berry-baskets, or to furnish a page for my lady's album. Here are hardhacks, some with grain winding like the grooves of a rifle. This is the timber the Indians made their bows of, and which now serves the same purpose for the young savages whom we have always with us. There are sinewy blue beeches, slowly grown up from ox-goads and the "beech seals" of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys to the girth of a man's thigh, a size at which they mostly stop growing. A smaller trunk, like yet unlike them, sets folks to guessing what kind of wood it is. He will hit the mark who fires at random the names "shadblow," "service berry," or "amalanchier." If the axe had been merciful, in early May its branches would have been as white with blossoms as if the last April snow still clung to them. Tossed on a-top of all is a jumbled thatch of small stuff, — saplings improvidently cut, short-lived striped maple, and dogwood, the slender topmost lengths of great trees, once the perches of hawks and crows, and such large branches as were not too crooked to lie still on the sled.

The snow-fleas, harbingers and attendants of thaws, are making the snow in the woods gray with their restless myriads, when the sled makes its last trip across the slushy fields that are fast turning from white to dun under the March winds and showers and sunshine.

The completed woodpile basks in the growing warmth, as responsive to the touch of spring as if every trunk yet upheld its branches in the forest. The buds swell on every chance-spared twig, and sap starts from the severed ducts. From the pine drip slowly lengthening stalactites of amber, from the hickory thick beads of honeydew, and from the maples a flow of sweet that calls the bees from their hives across the melting drifts. Their busy hum makes an island of summer sound in the midst of the silent ebbing tide of winter.

As the days grow warmer, the woodpile invites idlers as well as busy bees and wood-cutters. The big logs are comfortable seats to lounge on while whittling a pine chip, and breathing the mingled odors of the many woods freshly cut and the indescribable woodsy smell brought home in the bark and moss, and listening to the hum of the bees and harsher music of the saws and axe, the sharp, quick swish of the whip-saw, the longer drawn and deeper ring of the cross-cut, and the regular beat of the axe, — fiddle, bass-viol, and drum, each with its own time, but all somehow in tune. The

parts stop a little when the fiddler saws off his string, the two drawers of the long bass-viol bow sever theirs, and the drummer splits his drum, but each is soon outfitted again, and the funeral march of the woodpile goes on. Here is the most delightful of places for those busy idlers the children, for it is full of pioneers' and hunters' cabins, robbers' caves and bears' dens, and of treasures of moss and gum and birch, and of punk, the tinder of the Indians and our forefathers, now gone out of use except for some conservative Canuck to light his pipe or for boys to touch off their small ordnance.

It is a pretty sight to watch the nuthatches and titmice searching the grooves of the bark for their slender fare, or a woodpecker chopping his best for a living with his sharp-pointed axe, all having followed their rightful possessions from the woods, taking perhaps the track of the sled. It is wonderful to hear the auger of the pine-borer, now thawed into life, crunching its unseen way through the wood. Then there is always the chance of the axe unlocking the stores of deer-mice, quarts of beechnuts with all the shells neatly peeled off; and what if it should happen to open a wild-bee hive full of honey!

If the man comes who made the round of the barns in the fall and early winter with his threshing-machine, having exchanged it for a sawing-machine, he makes short work of our woodpile. A day or two of stumbling clatter of the horses in their treadmill, and the buzzing and screeching of the whirling saw, gnaws it into a heap of blocks.

Our lounging-place and the children's wooden playground have gone, and all the picturesqueness and woodsiness have disappeared as completely as when splitting has made only firewood of the pile. It will give warmth and comfort from the stove, but in that black sepulchre all its beauty is swallowed out of sight forever. If it can go to a generous fireplace, it is beautified again in the glowing and fading embers that paint innumerable shifting pictures, while the leaping flames sing the old song of the wind in the branches.

Rowland E. Robinson.

WITCHCRAFT.

A YOUNG minister was walking through the streets of a small town in the island of Cape Breton. The minister was only a theological student who had been sent to preach in this remote place during his summer holiday. The town was at once very primitive and very modern. Many log-houses still remained in it; almost all the other houses were built of wood. The little churches, which represented as many sects, looked like the churches in a child's Dutch village. The town hall had only a brick facing. On the hillsides that surrounded the town far and wide were many fields, in which the first stumps were still standing, charred by the fires that had been kindled to kill them. There were also patches of forest still to be seen among these fields, where the land had not yet been cleared. In spite of all this the town was very modern, every improvement being of the newest kind because so recently achieved. Upon huge ungainly tree-trunks, roughly erected along the streets, electric lamps hung, and telephone wires crossed and recrossed one another from roof to roof. There was even an electric tram that ran straight through the town and some distance into the country on either side. The general store had a gayly dressed lay figure in its window, — a female figure, — and its

gown was labeled "The latest Parisian novelty."

The theological student was going out to take tea. He was a tall, active fellow, and his long strides soon brought him to a house a little way out of the town, which was evidently the abode of some degree of taste and luxury. The house was of wood, painted in dull colors of red and brown; it had large comfortable verandas under shingled roofs. Its garden was not old-fashioned in the least; but though it aspired to trimness, the grass had not grown there long enough to make a good lawn, so the ribbon flower-beds and plaster vases of flowers lacked the green velvet setting that would have made them appear better. The student was the less likely to criticise the lawn because a very nice, fresh-looking girl met him at the gate.

She was really a fine girl. Her dress showed rather more effort at fashion than was quite in keeping with her very rural surroundings, and her speech and accent betrayed a childhood spent among uneducated folk, and only overlaid by more recent schooling. Her face had the best parts of beauty; health and good sense were written there, also flashes of humor and an habitual sweet seriousness. She had chanced to be at the gate gathering flowers. Her reception of the student was frank, and yet there was just a touch of blushing dignity about it which suggested that she took a special interest in him. The student, also, it would appear, took an interest in her, for, on their way to the house, he made a variety of remarks upon the weather which proved that he was a little excited, and unable to observe that he was talking nonsense.

In a little while the family were gathered round the tea-table. Miss Torrance sat at the head of the table. Her father was a banker and insurance agent. He sat opposite his eldest daughter, and did the honors of the meal with the utmost hospitality, yet with reserve of manner caused by his evident consciousness that his grammar and manners were not equal to those of his children and their guest. There were several daughters and two sons younger than Miss Torrance. They talked with vivacity.

The conversation soon turned upon the fact that the abundant supply of cream to which the family were accustomed was not forthcoming. Strawberries were being served with the tea; some sort of cold pudding was also on the table: and all this to be eaten without cream! These young people might have been asked to go without their supper, so indignant they were.

Now, Mr. Torrance had been decorously trying to talk of the young minister's last sermon, and of the affairs of the small Scotch church of which he was an elder; and Miss Torrance was ably seconding his effort by comparing the sentiments of the sermon with a recent magazine article, but against her will she was forced to attend to the young people's clamor about the cream.

It seemed that Trilium, the cow, had recently refused to give her milk. Mary Torrance was about eighteen: she suddenly gave it as her opinion that Trilium was bewitched; there was no other explanation, she said, no other possible explanation of Trilium's extraordinary conduct.

A flush mounted over Miss Torrance's face; she frowned at her sister when the student was not looking.

"It 's wonderful, the amount of witchcraft we have about here, Mr. Howitt," said the master of the house tentatively to the minister.

Howitt had taken Mary's words in jest. He gave his smooth-shaven face the twist that with him always expressed ideas wonderful or grotesque. It was a strong, thin face, full of intelligence.

"I never could have conceived anything like it," said he. "I come across witch tales here, there, everywhere; and the marvelous thing is, some of the people really seem to believe them."

The younger members of the Torrance

family fixed their eyes upon him with apprehensive stare.

"You can't imagine anything more degrading," continued the student, who came from afar.

"Degrading, of course." Mr. Torrance sipped his tea hastily. "The Cape Breton people are superstitious, I believe."

An expression that might have betokened a new and noble resolution appeared upon the fine face of the eldest daughter.

"*We* are Cape Breton people, father," she said, with dignified reproach. "I hope" — here a timid glance as if imploring support — "I hope we know better than to place any real faith in these degrading superstitions."

Howitt observed nothing but the fine face and the words that appeared to him natural. Torrance looked at them both with the air of an honest man who was still made somewhat cowardly by new-fashioned propriety.

"I never put much o' my faith in these things myself," he said at last in broad accents; "still," — an honest shake of the head, — "there 's queer things happens."

"It is like going back to the Middle Ages" — Howitt was still impervious — "to hear some of these poor creatures talk. I never thought it would be my lot to come across anything so delightfully absurd."

"Perhaps, for the sake of the ministry, ye 'd better be careful how ye say your mind about it," suggested Mr. Torrance; "in the hearing of the poor and uneducated, of course, I mean. But if ye like to make a study o' that sort of thing, I 'd advise ye to go and have a talk with Mistress Betty McLeod. She 's got a great repertory of tales, has Mistress Betty."

Mary spoke again. Mary was a young woman who had the courage of her opinions. "And if you go to Mistress McLeod, Mr. Howitt, will you just be kind enough to ask her how to cure poor Trilium? And don't forget anything of what she says."

Miss Torrance gave her sister a word of reproof. There was still upon her face the fine glow born of her resolution never again to listen to a word of witchcraft.

As for Howitt, there came across his clever face the whimsical look which denoted that he understood Mary perfectly. "I will go to-morrow!" he exclaimed. "When the wise woman has told me who has bewitched Trilium, we will make a waxen figure and stick pins in it."

The next day Howitt went over the hills in search of Mistress Betty McLeod. The lake of the Bras d'Or held the sheen of the western sun in its breast. The student walked upon green slopes far above the water, and watched the outline of the hills on the other side of the inlet, and thought upon many things. He thought upon religion and philosophy, for he was religious and studious; he thought upon practical details of his present work, for he was anxious for the welfare of the souls under his charge; but on whatever subject his thoughts dwelt, they came back at easy intervals to the fair, dignified face of his new friend, Miss Torrance.

"There 's a fine girl for you," he said to himself repeatedly, with boyish enthusiasm. He thought, too, how nobly her life would be spent if she chose to be the helpmeet of a Christian minister. He wondered whether Mary could take her sister's place in the home circle. Yet with all this he made no decision as to his own course. He was discreet, and in minds like his decisions upon important matters are fruits of slow growth.

He came at last to a farm, — a very goodly farm for so hilly a district. It lay, a fertile flat, in a notch of the green hillside. When he reached the house-yard, he asked for Mistress Betty McLeod, and was led to her presence. The old dame sat at her spinning-wheel in a farm kitchen. Her white hair was drawn closely, like a thin veil, down the sides of her head and pinned at the back. Her features were small, her eyes bright; she was not unlike a squirrel in her sharp little movements and quick glances. She

wore a small shawl pinned around her spare shoulders. Her skirts fell upon the treadle of the spinning-wheel. The kitchen in which she sat was unused; there was no fire in the stove. The brick floor, the utensils hanging on the walls, had the appearance of undisturbed rest. Doors and windows were open to the view of the green slopes and the golden sea beneath them.

"You come from Canada?" said the old dame. She left her spinning with a certain interested formality of manner.

"From Montreal," he replied.

"That 's the same. Canada is a terrible way off."

"And now," he said, "I hear there are witches in this part of the land." Whereupon he smiled in an incredulous, cultured way.

She nodded her head as if she had gauged his thought. "Ay, there 's many a minister believes in them, if they don't let on they do. I mind" —

"Yes," said he.

"I mind how my sister went out early one morning, and saw a witch milking one of our cows."

"How did you know she was a witch?"

"Och, she was a neighbor we knew to be a witch real well. My sister did n't anger her. It 's terrible unlucky to vex them. But would you believe it? as long as we had that cow her cream gave no butter. We had to sell her and get another. And one time — it was years ago, when Donald and me was young — the first sacrament came round" —

"Yes," said he, looking sober.

"And all the milk of our cows would give hardly any butter for a whole year! And at house-cleaning time, there, above the milk shelves, what did they find but a bit of hair rope! Cows' and horses' hair it was. Oh, it was terrible knotted, and knotted just like anything! So then, of course, we knew."

"Knew what?"

"Why, that the milk was bewitched. We took the rope away. Well, that very day more butter came at the churning, and from that time on, more, but still not so much as ought by rights to have come. Then, one day, I thought to unknot the rope, and I undid, and undid, and undid. Well, when I had got it undone, that day the butter came as it should!"

"But what about the sacrament?" asked he.

"That was the time of the year it was. Oh, but I could tell you a sad, sad story of the wickedness of witches. When Donald and me was young, and had a farm up over on the other hill — well, there was a poor widow with seven daughters. It was hard times then for us all, but for her, she only had a bit of flat land with some bushes, and four cows and some sheep, and you see she sold butter to put meat in the children's mouths. Butter was all she could sell.

"Well, there came to live near her on the hill an awful wicked old man and woman. I 'll tell you who their daughter is: she 's married to Mr. McCurdy, who keeps the store. The old man and his wife were awful wicked to the widow and the fatherless. I 'll tell you what they did. Well, the widow's butter failed. Not one bit more could she get. The milk was just the same, but not one bit of butter. 'Oh,' said she, 'it 's a hard world, and me a widow!' But she was a brave woman, bound to get along some way. So now that she had nothing to sell to buy meal, she made curds of the milk, and fed the children on that.

"Well, one day the old man came in to see her in a neighboring way, and she, being a good woman, — oh, but she was a good woman! — set a dish of curds before him. 'Oh,' said he, 'these are very fine curds!' So he went away, and next day she put the rennet in the milk, and not a bit would the curd come. 'Oh,' said she, 'but I must put something in the children's mouths!' She was a fine woman, she was. So she kept the lambs from the sheep all night, and next morn-

ing she milked the sheep. Sheep's milk is rich, and she put rennet in that, and fed the children on curd.

"So one day the old man came in again. He was a wicked one; he was dreadful selfish; and as he was there, she, being a hospitable woman, gave him some of the curd. 'That's good curd,' said he. Next day she put the rennet in the sheep's milk, and not a bit would the curd come. She felt it bitterly, poor woman; but she had a fine spirit, and she fed the children on a few bits of potato she had growing.

"Well, one day the eldest daughter got up very early to spin, — in the twilight of the dawn it was; and she looked out, and there was the old woman coming from her house on the hill, with a shawl over her head and a tub in her arms. Oh, but she was a really wicked one, for I 'll tell you what she did. Well, the girl watched and wondered, and in the twilight of the dawn she saw the old woman crouch down by one of the alder bushes, and put her tub under it, and go milking with her hands; and after a bit she lifted her tub, that seemed to have something in it, and set it over against another alder bush, and went milking with her hands again. So the girl said, 'Mother, mother, wake up, and see what the neighbor woman is doing!' So the mother looked out, and there, in the twilight of the dawn, she saw her four cows in the bit of land among the alder bushes, and the old neighbor woman milking away at a bush. And then the old woman moved her tub likewise to another bush, and likewise, and likewise, until she had milked four bushes; and she took up her tub, and it seemed awful heavy, and she had her shawl over it, and was going up the hill.

"So the mother said to the girl, 'Run, run, and see what she has got in it.' For they were n't up to the ways of witches, and they were astonished like. But the girl, she said, 'Oh, mother, I don't like!' Well, she was timid, anyway, the eldest girl. But the second girl was a romping thing, not afraid of anything, so they sent her. By this time the wicked old woman was high on the hill; so she ran and ran, but she could not catch her before she was in at her own door. But that second girl, she was not afraid of anything, so she runs in at the door, too. Now, in those days they used to have sailing-chests that lock up; they had iron bars over them, so you could keep anything in that was a secret. They got them from the ships, and this old woman kept her milk in hers. So when the girl bounced in at the door, there she saw that wicked old woman pouring milk out of the tub into her chest, and the chest half full of milk, and the old man looking on! So then, of course, they knew where the good of their milk had gone."

The story was finished. The old dame looked at the student and nodded her head, with eyes that awaited some outburst of his righteous indignation.

"What did they know?" asked he.

"Know! Oh, why, that the old woman was an awful wicked witch, and she 'd taken the good of their milk."

"Oh, indeed!" said the student; and then, "But what became of the widow and the seven daughters?"

"Well, of course she had to sell her cows and get others, and then it was all right. But that old man and his wife were that selfish they 'd not have cared if she 'd starved. And I tell you, it 's one of the things witches can do, to take the good out of food, if they 've an eye to it; they can take every bit of nouriture out of it that 's in it. There were two young men that went from here to the States, — that 's Boston, ye know. Well, pretty soon one, that was named McPherson, came back, looking so white like and ill that nothing would do him any good. He drooped and he died. Well, years after, the other, whose name was McVey, came back. He was of the same wicked stock as the old folks

I 've been telling ye of. Well, one day he was in low spirits like, and he chanced to be talking to my father, and says he, 'It 's one of the sins I 'll have to 'count for at the judgment that I took the good out of McPherson's food till he died. I sat opposite to him at the table when we was at Boston together, and I took the good out of his food, and it 's the blackest sin I done,' said he.

"Oh, they 're awful wicked people, these witches! One of them offered to teach my sister how to take the good out of food, but my sister was too honest; she said, 'I 'll learn to keep the good of my own, if ye like.' However, the witch would n't teach her that because she would n't learn the other. Oh, but I cheated a witch once. Donald, he brought me a pound of tea. 'T was n't always we got tea in those days, so I put it in the tin box; and there was just a little over, so I was forced to leave that in the paper bag. Well, that day a neighbor came in from over the hill. I knew fine she was a witch; so we sat and gossiped a bit. She was a real pleasant woman, and she sat and sat, and the time of day went by. So I made her a cup of tea, her and me; but I used the drawing that was in the paper bag. Said she, 'I just dropped in to borrow a bit of tea going home, but if that 's all ye have' — Oh, but I could see her eying round; so I was too sharp for her, and I says, 'Well, I 've no more in the paper just now, but if ye 'll wait till Donald comes, maybe he 'll bring some.' So she saw I was too sharp for her, and away she went. If I 'd as much as opened the tin, she 'd have had every grain of good out of it with her eyes."

At first the student had had the grave and righteous intention of denouncing the superstition, but gradually he had perceived that to do so would be futile. The artistic soul of him was caught by the curious recital. He remembered now the bidding of Mary Torrance, and thought with pleasure that he would go back and repeat these strange stories to Miss Torrance, and smile at them in her company.

"Now, for instance," he said aloud, "if a good cow, that is a great pet in the family, should suddenly cease to give her milk, how would you set about curing her?"

The dame's small bright eyes grew keener. She moved to her spinning-wheel, and gave it a turn. "Ay," she said, "and whose is the cow?"

He was not without a genuine curiosity. "What would you do for *any* cow in that case?"

"And is it Torrance's cow?" asked Mistress Betty. "Och, but I know it 's Torrance's cow that ye 're speiring for."

The young minister was recalled to a sense of his duty. He rose up with brisk dignity. "I only asked you to see what you would say. I do not believe the stories you have been telling me."

She nodded her head, taking his assertion as a matter of course. "But I 'll tell you exactly what they must do," she said. "Ye can tell Miss Torrance she must get a pound of pins."

"A pound of pins!" said he.

"Ay, it 's a large quantity, but they 'll have them at the store, for it 's more than sometimes they 're wanted, — a time here, a time there, against the witches. And she 's to boil them in whatever milk the cow gives, and she 's to pour them boiling hot into a hole in the ground; and when she 's put the earth over them, and the sod over that, she 's to tether the animal there and milk it there, and the milk will come right enough."

While the student was making his way home along the hillside, through field and forest, the long arm of the sea turned to red and gold in the light of the clouds which the sun had left behind when it sank down over the distant region that the Cape Breton folk call Canada.

The minister meditated upon what he had heard, but not for long. He could not bring his mind into such attitude

towards the witch-tales as to conceive of belief in them as an actual part of normal human experience. Insanity, or the love of making a good story out of notions which have never been seriously entertained, was, he supposed, the warp and woof of the fabric of such strange imaginings. It is thus we account for most experiences we do not understand.

The next evening the Torrance family were walking to meeting. The student joined himself to Miss Torrance. He greeted her with the whimsical look of grave humor. "You are to take a pound of pins" — he said.

"I do not believe it would do any good," she interrupted eagerly.

It struck him as very curious that she should assert her unbelief. He was too nonplused to go on immediately. Then he supposed it was part of the joke, and proceeded to give the other details.

"Mr. Howitt," — a tremulous pause, — "it is very strange about poor Trilium, she has always been such a good, dear cow; the children are very fond of her, and my mother was very fond of her when she was a heifer. The last summer before she died, Trilium fed out of mother's hand, and now — she's in perfect health as far as we can see, but father says that if she keeps on refusing to give her milk he will be obliged to sell her."

Miss Torrance, who was usually strong and dignified, spoke now in an appealing voice.

"Could n't you get an old farmer to look at her, or a vet?"

"But why do you think she has suddenly stopped giving milk?" persisted the girl.

"I am very sorry, but I really don't know anything about animals," said he.

"Oh, then, if you don't know anything about them" — She paused. There had been such an evident tone of relief in her voice that he wondered much what could be coming next. In a moment she said, "I quite agreed with you, the other night, when you said that the superstition about witchcraft was degrading."

"No one could think otherwise." He was much puzzled at the turn of her thought.

"Still, of course, *about animals* old people like Mistress Betty McLeod may know something."

As they talked they were walking down the street in the calm of the summer evening to the prayer-meeting. The student's mind was intent upon his duties, for, as they neared the little whitewashed church, many groups were seen coming from all sides across the grassy space in which it stood. He was an earnest man, and his mind now became occupied with the thought of the spiritual needs of these others who were flocking to hear him preach and pray.

Inside the meeting-room, unshaded oil lamps flared upon a congregation most serious and devout. The student felt that their earnestness and devotion laid upon him the greater responsibility; he also felt much hindered in his speech because of their ignorance and remote ways of thought. It was a comfort to him to feel that there was at least one family among his hearers whose education would enable them to understand him clearly. He looked with satisfaction at the bench where Mr. Torrance sat with his children. He looked with more satisfaction to where Miss Torrance sat at the little organ. She presided over it with dignity and sweet seriousness. She drew music even out of its squeaking keys.

A few days after that prayer-meeting the student happened to be in the post-office. It was a small, rough place; a wooden partition shut off the public from the postmistress and her helpers. He was waiting for some information for which he had asked; he was forced to stand outside the little window in this partition. He listened to women's voices speaking on the other side, as one listens to that which in no way concerns himself.

"It 's just like her, stuck up as she is since she came from school, setting herself and her family up to be better than other folks."

"Perhaps they were out of them at the store," said a gentler voice.

"Oh, don't tell me. It 's on the sly she 's doing it, and then pretending to be grander than other folks."

Then the postmistress came to the window with the required information. When she saw who was there, she said something else also.

"There 's a parcel come for Miss Torrance, if you happen to be going up that way," she simpered.

The student became aware for the first time that his friendship with Miss Torrance was a matter of public interest. He was not entirely displeased. "I will take the parcel," he said.

As he went along the sunny road, he felt so light-hearted that, hardly thinking what he did, he began throwing up the parcel and catching it again in his hands. It was not large, and it was very tightly done up in thick paper, and had an ironmonger's label attached; so that, though he paid small attention, it did not impress him as a thing that could be easily injured. Something, however, did soon make a sharp impression upon him: once as he caught the parcel he felt his hand deeply pricked. Looking closely, he saw that a pin was working its way through the thick paper. After that he walked more soberly, and did not play ball. He remembered what he had heard at the post-office. The parcel was certainly addressed to Miss Torrance. It was very strange. He remembered now with displeasure the assumption of the postmistress that he would be glad to carry this parcel.

He delivered the pound of pins at the door without making a call. His own mind had never come to any decision as regarded his feeling for Miss Torrance, and now he was more undecided than ever. He was full of curiosity about the pins. He found it hard to believe that they were to be used for a base purpose, but suspicion had entered his mind. The knowledge that the eyes of the little public were upon him made him realize that he could not continue to frequent the house merely to satisfy his curiosity.

He was destined to know more.

That night, long after dark, he was called to visit a dying man, and the messenger led him somewhat out of the town.

He performed his duty to the dying with wistful eagerness. The spirit passed from earth while he yet knelt beside the bed. When he was returning home alone in the darkness, he felt his soul open to the power of unseen spirit, and to him the power of the spiritual unseen was the power of God.

Walking on the soft, quiet road, he came near the house where he had lately loved to visit, and his eye was arrested by seeing a lantern twinkling in the paddock where Trilium grazed. He saw the forms of two women moving in its little circle of light; they were digging in the ground.

He felt that he had a right to make sure of the thing he suspected. The women were not far from a fence by which he could pass; and he did pass that way, looking and looking till a beam of the lantern fell full on the bending faces. When he saw that Miss Torrance was actually there, he went on without speaking.

After that two facts became known in the village, each much discussed in its own way; yet they were not connected with each other in the common mind. One was that the young minister had ceased to call frequently upon Miss Torrance; the other, that Trilium, the cow, was giving her milk.

L. Dougall.

THE STARVING TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA.

THE men of bygone days were quite as fond of playing with names as we are, and the name of Christopher, or "Christ-bearer," was a favorite subject for such pastime. The old Syrian saint and martyr was said to have forded a river carrying Christ on his back in the form of a child; and so when, in the year 1500, Columbus's famous pilot, Juan de La Cosa, made his map of the new discoveries, and came to a place where he did not know how to draw his coast-line, he filled the space with a picture of the new Christopher wading in mid-ocean and bringing over Christ to the heathen. At the court of James I. it was fashionable to make similar mild jests upon the name of Captain Christopher Newport, whose ships were carrying, year by year, the gospel to the tawny natives of Virginia. Very little of the good tidings, however, had the poor heathen of Pamunkey and Werowocomoco as yet received. So much ado had the English colonists to keep their own souls from quitting their bodies that they had little leisure to bestow upon the spiritual welfare of the Indians. By the accident of Smith's capture and the intercession of Pocahontas they had effected a kind of alliance with the most powerful tribe in that part of the country, and this alliance had proved extremely valuable throughout the year 1608; without it the little colony might have perished before the arrival of Newport's Second Supply. Nevertheless, the friendship of the red men was a very uncertain and precarious factor in the situation. The accounts of the Englishmen show confused ideas as to the relations between the tribes and chieftains of the region; and as for the Indians, their acquaintanceship with white men was so recent that there was no telling what unforeseen circumstance might at any time determine their actions. The utmost sagacity was needed to retain the slight influence already acquired over them, while to alienate them might easily prove fatal. The colony was far from able to support itself, and as things were going there seemed little hope of improvement. The difficulties involved in the founding of colonies were not well understood, and the attempts to cope with them were unintelligent.

In the lists of these earliest parties of settlers, one cannot fail to notice the preponderance of those who are styled gentlemen, an epithet which in those days was not lavishly and indiscriminately, but charily and precisely applied. As a rule, the persons designated as gentlemen were not accustomed to manual labor. To meet the requirements of these aristocratic members of the community, we find in one of the lists the name of a dealer in perfumes. A few score of farmers, with abundance of livestock, would have been far more to the purpose. Yet let us do justice to the gentlemen. One of the first company of settlers, the sturdy soldier Anas Todkill, thus testifies to their good spirit and efficiency: —

"Thirty of us [President Smith] conducted 5 myles from the fort, to learn to . . . cut down trees and make clapboard. . . . Amongst the rest he had chosen Gabriel Beadell and John Russell, the only two gallants of this last supply [he means October, 1608] and both proper gentlemen. Strange were these pleasures to their conditions; yet lodging, eating and drinking, working or playing, they [were] but doing as the President did himselfe. All these things were carried on so pleasantly as within a week they became masters; making it their delight to heare the trees thunder as they fell; but the axes so oft blistered their tender fingers that many times every third blow had a loud othe to drowne

the eccho; for remedie of which sinne, the President devised how to have every man's othes numbred, and at night for every othe to have a cann of water powred downe his sleeve, with which every offender was so washed (himselfe and all) that a man should scarce hear an othe in a weeke.

'For he who scorns and makes but jests of cursings and his othe,
He doth contemne, not man but God; nor God nor man, but both.'

By this let no man thinke that the President and these gentlemen spent their time as common wood-hackers at felling of trees, or such other like labours; or that they were pressed to it as hirelings or common slaves; for what they did, after they were but once a little inured, it seemed and some conceited it only as a pleasure and recreation: . . . 30 or 40 of such voluntary gentlemen would doe more in a day than 100 of the rest that must be prest to it by compulsion." Nevertheless, adds this ingenuous writer, "twentie good workmen had been better than them all."

One strong motive which drew many of these gentlemen to the New World, like the Castilian hidalgos of a century before, was doubtless the mere love of wild adventure. Another motive was the quest of the pearls and gold about which the poet-laureate Drayton had written. In the spring of 1608, while Newport was on the scene with his First Supply, somebody discovered a bank of bright yellow dirt, and its color was thought to be due to particles of gold. Then there was clatter and bustle; "there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." In the list of the First Supply we find the names of two goldsmiths, two refiners, and one jeweler; but such skill as these artisans had was of little avail, for Newport carried a shipload of the yellow stuff to London, and found, to his chagrin, that all is not gold that glitters. On that same voyage he carried home a coop of plump turkeys, the first that ever graced an English bill of fare. Smith seems early to have recovered from the gold fever, and to have tried his hand at various industries. If precious metals could not be found, there was plenty of excellent timber at hand. The production of tar and soap was also attempted, as well as the manufacture of glass, to assist in which eight Germans and Poles were brought over in the Second Supply. It was hardly to be expected that such industries should attain remunerative proportions in the hands of a little company of settlers who were still confronted with the primitive difficulty of getting food enough to keep themselves alive. The arrival of reinforcements was far from being an unmixed benefit. Each new supply brought many new mouths to be filled, while, by the time the ship was ready to sail for England, leaving all the provisions it could safely spare, the remnant was so small that the gaunt spectre of threatening famine was never quite out of sight. Moreover, the new-comers from the civilized world arrived with their heads full of such wild notions as the older settlers were beginning to recover from under the sharp lessons of experience; thus was confusion again and again renewed. While the bitter tale was being enacted in the wilderness, people in London were wondering why the symptoms of millennial happiness were so slow in coming from this Virginian paradise. From the golden skewers and dripping-pans adorning the kitchens of barbaric potentates,[1] or the priceless pearls that children strolling on the beach could fill their aprons with, the descent to a few shiploads of ignoble, rough boards and sassafras was truly humiliating. No wonder that the Company should have been loath to allow tales of personal peril in Virginia to find their way into print. No wonder that its directors should have looked with rueful faces at the long col-

[1] See Chapman and Marston's play Eastward Ho, London, 1605.

umns of outgoes compared with the scant and petty entries on the credit side of the ledger. No wonder if they should have arrived at a state of impatience like that of the urchin who has planted a bed full of seed and cannot be restrained from digging them up to see what they are coming to. At such times there is sure to be plenty of fault-finding; disappointment seeks a vent in scolding. Wingfield, the deposed president, had returned to England early in 1608; with him went Captain Gabriel Archer, formerly a student of law at Gray's Inn, and one of the earliest members of the legal profession in English America. His name is commemorated in the little promontory near Jamestown called Archer's Hope. He was a mischief-maker, of whom Wingfield, in his Discourse of Virginia, speaks far more bitterly than of Smith. To the latter Archer was an implacable enemy. On the return of Smith from his brief captivity with the Indians, this crooked Archer exhibited his legal ingenuity in seeking to revive a provision in the laws of Moses that a captain who leads his men into a fatal situation is responsible for their death. By such logic Smith would be responsible for the deaths of his followers slain by Opekankano's Indians; therefore, said Archer, he ought to be executed for murder! President Ratcliffe, alias Sickelmore, appears to have been a mere tool in Archer's hands, and Smith's life may really have been in some danger when Newport's arrival discomfited his adversaries. One can see what kind of tales such an unscrupulous enemy would be likely to tell in London, and it was to be expected that Newport, on arriving with his Second Supply, would bring some message that Smith would regard as unjust. The nature of the message is reflected in the reply which Smith sent home by Newport in November, 1608. The wrath of the much-enduring man was thoroughly aroused; in his Rude Answer, as he calls it, he strikes out from the shoulder, and does not even spare his friend Newport for bringing such messages. Thus does he address the Royal Council of Virginia, sitting in London: —

"Right Honourable Lords and Gentlemen: I received your letter wherein you write that our minds are so set upon faction and idle conceits, . . . and that we feed you but with ifs and ands, hopes, and some few proofes; as if we would keep the mystery of the businesse to ourselves; and that we must expressly follow your instructions sent by Captain Newport, the charge of whose voyage amounts to neare £2000 the which if we cannot defray by the Ship's returne, we are like to remain as banished men. To these particulars I humbly intreat your pardons if I offend you with my rude answer.

"For our factions, unlesse you would have me run away and leave the country, I cannot prevent them: . . . I do make many stay that would els fly anywhither. . . . [As to feeding] you with hopes, etc., though I be no scholar, I am past a school-boy; and I desire but to know what either you [or] these here do know but I have learned to tell you by the continual hazard of my life. I have not concealed from you anything I know; but I feare some cause you to believe much more than is true.

"Expressly to follow your directions by Captain Newport, though they be performed, I was directly against it; but according to our Commission, I was content to be ruled by the major part of the council, I fear to the hazard of us all; which now is generally confessed when it is too late. . . . I have crowned Powhatan according to your instructions. For the charge of this voyage of £2000 we have not received the value of £100. . . . For him at that time to find . . . the South Sea, [or] a mine of gold, or any of them sent by Sir Walter Raleigh: at our consultation I told them was as likely as the rest. But during this great discovery of thirty miles (which might as well have been done by one man, and

much more, for the value of a pound of copper at a seasonable time) they had the pinnace and all the boats with them [save] one that remained with me to serve the fort.

"In their absence I followed the new begun works of pitch and tar, glass, soap ashes, and clapboard; whereof some small quantities we have sent you. But if you rightly consider what an infinite toil it is in Russia and Swedeland, where the woods are proper for naught else, and though there be the help both of man and beast in those ancient commonwealths which many an hundred years have [been] used [to] it; yet thousands of those poor people can scarce get necessaries to live but from hand to mouth. And though your factors there can buy as much in a week as will fraught you a ship . . . ; you must not expect from us any such matter, which are but a many of ignorant miserable souls, that are scarce able to get wherewith to live and defend ourselves against the inconstant salvages; finding but here and there a tree fit for the purpose, and want[ing] all things else [which] the Russians have.

"For the coronation of Powhatan, by whose advice you sent him such presents I know not; but this give me leave to tell you, I fear they will be the confusion of us all ere we hear from you again. At your ship's arrival the salvages's harvest was newly gathered and we [were] going to buy it; our own not being half sufficient for so great a number. As for the two [shiploads] of corn [which] Newport promised to provide us from Powhatan,[1] he brought us but 14 bushels . . . [while most of his men were] sick and near famished. From your ship we had not provision in victuals worth £20, and we are more than 200 to live upon this; the one half sick, the other little better. . . . Our diet is a little meal and water, and not sufficient of that. Though there be fish in the sea, fowls in the air, and beasts in the woods, their bounds are so large, they so wild, and we so weak and ignorant that we cannot much trouble them.

"The soldiers say many of your officers maintain their families out of that you send us; and that Newport hath £100 a year for carrying news. . . . Captain Ratcliffe is now called Sickelmore, a poor counterfeited imposture. I have sent you him home, lest the company [here] should cut his throat. What he is, now every one can tell you. If he and Archer return again, they are sufficient to keep us always in factions.

"When you send again I intreat you [to] send but 30 carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees' roots, well provided, [rather] than 1000 of such as we have; for except we be able both to lodge them and feed them, the most will consume with want of necessaries before they can be made good for anything. . . . And I humbly entreat you hereafter, let us know what we [are to] receive, and not stand to the sailors's courtesy to leave us what they please. . . .

"These are the causes that have kept us in Virginia from laying such a foundation [as] ere this might have given much better content and satisfaction; but as yet you must not look for any profitable returns; so I humbly rest."[2]

It is to be hoped that the insinuation that some of the Company's officers were peculators was ill founded; as for the fling at Newport, it was evidently made in a little fit of petulance, and is inconsistent with the esteem in which Smith really held that worthy mariner. These are slight blemishes in a temperate, courageous, and manly letter. It is full of hard common sense, and tells such plain truths as must have set the Company thinking. It was becoming evident to many persons in London that some new departure must be made. But

[1] Smith here means the village of that name, on the James River, near the site of Richmond.

[2] Smith's Works, pages 442–445.

before Newport's home-bound ship could cross the ocean, and before the Company could decide upon its new plan of operations, some months must needs elapse, and in the interim we will continue to follow the fortunes of the little colony, now left to itself in the wilderness for the third time.

It is evident from Smith's letter that he anticipated trouble from the Indians. In The Powhatan's promise to count him forever as his own son he put little faith. His own view of the noble savage seems to have been much the same as that expressed about this time by Rev. Richard Hakluyt, in a letter of advice and warning to the London Company: "But for all their fair and cunning speeches, [these natives] are not overmuch to be trusted; for they be the greatest traitors of the world, as their manifold most crafty contrived and bloody treasons . . . do evidently prove. They be also as unconstant as the weathercock, and most ready to take all occasions of advantages to do mischief. They are great liars and dissemblers; for which faults oftentimes they had their deserved payments. . . . To handle them gently, while gentle courses may be found to serve, . . . will be without comparison the best; but if gentle polishing will not serve, [we] shall not want hammerers and rough masons enow — I mean our old soldiers trained up in the Netherlands — to square and prepare them to our Preacher's hands."[1] There is something delicious in the naïve promptness with which this worthy clergyman admits the probable need of prescribing military measures as a preparation for the cure of souls. The London Company stood in need of such advice; Smith did not. He looked upon Indians already with the eyes of a frontiersman, and the rough vicissitudes of his life had made him quick to interpret signs of mischief. It was not so much a direct assault that he feared as a contest arising from the Indians' refusal to sell their corn. During the past winter Pocahontas had made frequent and regular visits to Jamestown, bringing corn, and occasionally venison, raccoons, and other game; and this aid had been so effective as to ward off famine for that season. But a change had come over her father and his councilors. As the English kept strengthening their fortifications and building houses, as the second and third shiploads of colonists arrived, the Indians must have begun to realize that it was their intention to stay in the country. On Smith's first visit to Werowocomoco, when The Powhatan said that he should henceforth regard him as a son, he showed himself extremely curious to know why the English had come to his part of the world. Smith did not think it safe to confess that they had come to stay, so he invented a story of their having been defeated by the Spaniards and driven ashore; then, he added, the pinnace being leaky, they were obliged to stay until their Father Newport should come back and get them and take them away. Since that conversation Father Newport had come twice, and each time he had brought many of his children and taken away but few. Instead of thirty-eight men at Jamestown there were now two hundred. Every painted and feathered warrior could see that these pale children were not good farmers, and that their lives seemed to depend upon a supply of corn. By withholding this necessary of life, how easy it might be to rid the land of their presence! As the snows began to come, toward Christmas of 1608, Smith's fears began to be realized. When the Indians were asked for corn, they refused with a doggedness that withstood even the potent fascination of blue glass beads. Smith fully comprehended the seriousness of the situation. "No persuasion," he says, "could persuade him to starve." If the Indians would not trade of their own free will, they must be made to trade. The Powhatan asked for some men who would

[1] Neill's Virginia Company, page 28.

aid him in building a house, and Smith sent to Werowocomoco fourteen men, including four of the newly arrived Germans. Smith followed with twenty-seven men in the pinnace and barge. In the party were George Percy and Francis West, brother of the Lord Delaware of whom we shall have soon to speak. At Warrasqueak Bay, where they stopped the first night, a chieftain told them to beware of treachery at Werowocomoco; The Powhatan, he said, had concocted a scheme for cutting their throats. Captain Smith thanked the redskin for his good counsel, assured him of his undying affection, and proceeded down the river to Hampton, where he was very hospitably entertained by the Kecoughtans, a small tribe numbering scarcely more than twenty warriors. For about a week, from December 30, 1608, till January 6, 1609, a fierce blizzard of snow and sleet obliged the party to stay in the dry and well-warmed wigwams of the Kecoughtans, who regaled them with oysters, fish, venison, and wild fowl. As they passed around to the northern side of the peninsula and approached the York River, the Indians seemed less friendly. When they arrived at Werowocomoco, the river was frozen for nearly half a mile from the shore; but Smith rammed and broke the ice with his barge until he had pushed up to a place where it was thick enough to walk safely; then sending the barge back to the pinnace, he landed the whole party by installments. They quartered themselves in the first house they came to, and sent to The Powhatan for food. He gave them venison, turkeys, and corn bread. The next day, January 13, the wily barbarian came to see Smith, and asked him bluntly how soon he was going away. He had not asked the English, he said, to come and visit him, and he was sure he had no corn for them; nevertheless he thought he knew where he could get forty baskets of it for one good English sword per basket. Hearing this speech, Captain Smith pointed to the new house already begun, and to the men whom he had sent to build it, and said, "Powhatan, I am surprised to hear you say that you have not invited us hither; you must have a short memory!" At this retort the old chieftain burst into fits of laughter; but when he had recovered gravity it appeared that his notions as to a bargain remained unchanged. He would sell his corn for swords and guns, but not for copper; he could eat corn, he could not eat copper. Then said Captain Smith, "Powhatan, . . . to testify my love [for you] I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine own. What your people had, you have engrossed, forbidding them our trade; and now you think by consuming the time we shall consume for want, not having [wherewith] to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and guns, I told you long ago I had none to spare. . . . You must know [that the weapons] I have can keep me from want; yet steal or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constrain me by . . . bad usage." This covert threat was not lost upon the keen barbarian. He quickly replied that within two days the English should have all the corn he could spare; but, said he, "I have some doubt, Captain Smith, [about] your coming hither, [which] makes me not so kindly seek to relieve you as I would. For many do inform me [that] your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people and possess my country. [They] dare not come to bring you corn, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this fear, leave your weapons aboard [the ship], for here they are needless, we being all friends, and forever *Powhatans*."

This last remark, that Smith's men were virtually or constructively members of the Powhatan tribe, is in harmony with my suggestion that the rescue of their leader by Pocahontas a year be-

fore had directly led to his adoption, according to the usual Indian custom in such cases of rescue. With many such discourses, says our chronicle, did they spend the day; and on the morrow the parley was renewed. Again and again the old chief insisted that, before the corn could be brought, the visitors must leave their arms on shipboard; but Smith was not so blind as to walk into such a trap. He said, "Powhatan, . . . the vow I made you of my love, both myself and my men have kept. As for your promise, I find it every day violated by some of your subjects; yet . . . for your sake only we have curbed our thirsting desire of revenge; else had they known as well the cruelty we use to our enemies as our true love and courtesy to our friends. And I think your judgment sufficient to conceive — as well by the adventures we have undertaken as by the advantage we have [in] our arms [over] yours — that had we intended you any hurt, we could long ere this have effected it. Your people coming to Jamestown are entertained with their bows and arrows, without any exceptions; we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our arms as our apparel." Having made this hit, the captain assumed a still loftier tone. It would never do to admit that this blessed corn, though the cause of so much parley, was an indispensable necessity for the white men. "As for your hiding your provisions . . . we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude; your friendly care in that behalf is needless, for we have [ways of finding food that are quite] beyond your knowledge."

The narrative which I am here following is written by William Phettiplace, captain of the pinnace, Jeffrey Abbot, described as sergeant, and two of the original settlers, Anas Todkill and Richard Wiffin. Abbot and Phettiplace were on the spot, and the narrative was revised by Captain Smith himself, so that it has the highest kind of authority. One need but examine the similar parleys described so frequently by Francis Parkman, to realize the faithful accuracy with which these Englishmen portrayed the Indian at that early period, when English experience of the red man's ways was only beginning. The hint that perhaps white men could get along without his corn after all seems to have wrought its effect upon the crafty Powhatan. Baskets filled with the yellow grain were brought, and dickering as distinguished from diplomacy began. Yet diplomacy had not quite given up its game. With a sorrowful face and many sighs, the chief exclaimed, "Captain Smith, I never used any chief so kindly as yourself, yet from you I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what[ever] I desired; ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his guns when I entreated him.[1] None doth . . . refuse to do what I desire but only you; of whom I can have nothing but what you regard not, and yet you will have whatsoever you demand. . . . You call me father, but I see . . . you will do what you list. . . . But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your arms that I may believe you."

Smith felt sure that this whimpering speech was merely the cover for a meditated attack. Of his thirty-eight Englishmen, but eighteen were with him at the moment. He sent a messenger to his vessels, ordering all save a guard of three or four men to come ashore, and he set some Indians to work breaking the ice, so that the barge could be forced up near to the bank. For a little while Captain Smith and John Russell were left alone in a house with The Powhatan and a few squaws, when all at once the old chief slipped out and disappeared from view. While Smith was talking with the women a crowd of armed war-

[1] It is to be feared that in this statement the old chieftain departed from the strict truth.

riors surrounded the house, but instantly Smith and Russell sprang forth, and with drawn swords charged upon them so furiously that they all turned and fled, tumbling over one another in their headlong terror.

This incident gave the Englishman a moral advantage. The Indian plot, if such it was, had failed, and now the red men "to the uttermost of their skill sought excuses to dissemble the matter; and Powhatan, to excuse his flight and the sudden coming of this multitude, sent our Captain a great bracelet and a chain of pearl,[1] by an ancient orator that bespoke us to this purpose; perceiving even then from our pinnace a barge, and men departing and coming unto us: — Captain Smith, our [chief] is fled, fearing your guns, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men, sent these numbers but to guard his corn from stealing, [which] might happen without your knowledge. Now, though some be hurt by your misprision, yet [The] Powhatan is your friend and so will forever continue. Now since the ice is open he would have you send away your corn, and if you would have his company send away also your guns." It was ingeniously if not ingenuously said, but the concluding request remained unheeded, and Smith never set eyes on his Father Powhatan again. With faces frowning, guns loaded and cocked, the Englishmen stood by while a file of Indians with baskets on their backs carried down the corn and loaded it into the barge. The Indians were glad to get safely done with such work; as the chronicle observes, "we needed not importune them to make despatch."

The Englishmen would have embarked at once, but the retreating tide had left the barge stranded, so that it was necessary to wait for the next high water. Accordingly, it was decided to pass the night in the house where they were already quartered, which was a kind of outpost at some distance from the main village, and they sent word to The Powhatan to send them some supper. Then the Indians seem to have debated the question whether it would be prudent to surprise and slay them while at supper, or afterward while asleep. But that "dearest jewel" Pocahontas, says the narrative, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captain great cheer should be sent us by and by; but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after[ward] come kill us all, if [indeed] they that brought it [did] not kill us . . . when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in [we] would have given her; but with the tears running down her cheeks she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came." Within less than an hour eight or ten stalwart Indians appeared, bringing venison and other dainties, and begged the English to put out the matches of their matchlocks, for the smell of the smoke made them sick. Our narrator tells us nothing of the sardonic smile which we are sure that he and his comrades can hardly have suppressed. The captain sent the messengers back to Father Powhatan with a concise but significant message: "If he is coming to visit me to-night, let him make haste, for I am ready to receive him." One can imagine how such an announcement would chill the zeal of the Indians. A few of their scouts prowled about, but the English kept vigilant guard till high tide, and then sailed away. A queer interview it had been. With some of hell's fiercest passions smouldering beneath the surface, an explosion had been prevented by watchful tact on the one side, and vague dread on the other. Peace had been preserved between the strange white chieftain and his dusky father, and two Englishmen

[1] Wampum is probably meant.

were left at Werowocomoco, with the four Germans, to go on with the house-building. If our chronicle is to be trusted, the Germans played a base part. They made up their minds that the English colony would surely perish of famine, and sought their own profit in fraternizing with the Indians. So, no sooner had Smith's vessels departed from Werowocomoco, on their way up to Opekankano's village, than two of these "damned Dutchmen," as the narrator calls them, went overland to Jamestown and said that Captain Smith had sent them for more weapons; in this way they got a number of swords, pikes, muskets, and hatchets, and traded them off at Werowocomoco.

Meanwhile, Smith's party arrived at Opekankano's village, near the place where the Pamunkey and Mattapony rivers unite to form the York. The chief of the Pamunkeys received them with smiles and smooth words, but seems to have meditated treachery. At all events, the Englishmen so interpreted it when they found themselves unexpectedly surrounded by a great crowd of armed warriors numbering several hundreds. It was not prudent to fire on such a number if it could be avoided; actual bloodshed might do more harm than good; a peaceable display of boldness was better. It might have been, and probably was remembered that the Spaniards in the West Indies had often overawed all opposition by seizing the person of the chief. After a brief consultation, Smith, accompanied by West and Percy and Russell, rushed into Opekankano's house, seized him by the long scalp-lock, dragged him before the astonished multitude, and held a pistol to his breast. Such prompt audacity was its own safeguard. The corn was soon forthcoming, and the little expedition made its way back to Jamestown, loaded with some three hundred bushels of it, besides a couple of hundredweight of venison and deer suet. In itself it was but a trifle of a pound of meat and a bushel and a half of grain for each person in the colony. But the chief result was the profound impression made upon the Indians. A few years later, such a bold treatment of them would have been attended with far more difficulty and danger; would seldom, indeed, have been possible. But in 1609 the red man had not yet learned to gauge the killing capacity of the white man; he was aware of terrible powers there which he could not estimate, and was therefore inclined to err on the side of prudence. This sudden irruption of about forty white men into the principal Indian villages, and their masterful demeanor there, seemed to show that after all it would be wiser to have them for friends than for enemies. A couple of accidents confirmed this view of the case.

One day, as three of the Chickahominy tribe were loitering about Jamestown, admiring the rude fortifications, one of them stole a pistol and fled to the woods with it. His two comrades were arrested, and one was held in durance, while the other was sent out to recover the pistol. He was made to understand that if he failed to bring it back the hostage would be put to death. As it was intensely cold, some charcoal was charitably furnished for the prisoner's cell. In the evening his friend returned with the pistol, and then the prisoner was found apparently dead, suffocated with the fumes of the charcoal, whereupon the friend broke forth into loud lamentations. But the Englishmen soon perceived that some life was still left in the unconscious and prostrate form, and Smith told the wailing Indian that he could restore his friend to life, only there must be no more stealing. Then with brandy and vinegar and friction the failing heart and arteries were stimulated to their work, the dead savage came to life, and the two comrades, each with a small present of copper, went on their way rejoicing.

The other affair was more tragic. An Indian at Werowocomoco had got possession of a bag of gunpowder, and was playing with it while his comrades were pressing closely about him, when all at once it took fire and exploded, killing three or four of the group and scorching the rest. Whereupon our chronicler tells us, "These and other such pretty accidents so amazed and affrighted Powhatan and all his people, that from all parts with presents they desired peace, returning many stolen things which we never demanded nor thought of; and after that . . . all the country became absolutely as free for us as for themselves."

The good effects of this were soon apparent. With his mind relieved from anxiety about the Indians, Smith had his hands free for work at Jamestown. One of the most serious difficulties under which the colony labored was the communistic plan upon which it had been started. The settlers had come without wives and children, and each man worked, not to acquire property for himself and his family, but to further the general purposes of the colony. In planting corn, in felling trees, in repairing the fortifications, even in hunting or fishing, he was working for the community; whatsoever he could get by his own toil or by trade with the natives went straightway into the common stock, and the skillful and industrious fared no better than the stupid and lazy. The strongest kind of premium was thus at once put upon idleness, which, under circumstances of extreme anxiety and depression, is apt enough to flourish without any premium. Things had arrived at such a pass that some thirty or forty men were supporting the whole company of two hundred, when President Smith applied the strong hand. He gathered them all together one day, and plainly told them that he was their lawfully chosen ruler and should promptly punish all infractions of discipline, and they must all understand that hereafter he that will not work shall not eat. His authority had come to be great, and the rule was enforced. By the end of April some twenty houses had been built, a well of pure, sweet water had been dug in the fort, thirty acres or more of ground had been broken up and planted, and nets and weirs had been arranged for fishing. A few hogs and fowl had been left by Newport, and now could be heard the squeals of sixty pigs and the peeping of five hundred spring chickens. The manufacture of tar and soap-ashes went on, and a new fortress was begun in an easily defensible position upon a commanding hill. This useful work was suddenly interrupted by an unforeseen calamity. Rats brought from time to time by the ships had quickly multiplied, and in April these unbidden guests were found to have made such havoc in the granaries that but little corn was left. Harvest time was a long way off, and it was necessary to pause for a while and collect provisions. Several Indian villages were again visited, and trading went on amicably; but there was a limit to the aid they had it in their power to give, and in the quest of sustenance the settlers were scattered. By midsummer, a few were picking berries in the woods, others were quartered among the Indians, some were living on oysters and caviare, some were down at Point Comfort catching fish; and it was these that were the first to hail the bark of young Samuel Argall, who was coming for sturgeon and whatever else he could find, and had steered a straighter course from London than any mariner before him. Argall brought letters from members of the Company complaining that the goods sent home in the ships were not of greater value in the market, and saying that Smith had been accused of dealing harshly with the Indians. This must have referred to some skirmishes he had had with the Rappahannocks and other tribes in the course of his exploration of

the Chesapeake waters during the previous summer. Another piece of news was brought by Argall: the London Company had obtained a new charter, and a great expedition, commanded by Lord Delaware, was about to sail for Virginia.

This was true. The experience of two years had convinced the Company that its methods needed mending. In the first place more money was needed, and the list of shareholders was greatly enlarged. By the second charter, dated May 23, 1609, the Company was made a corporation, and all its members were mentioned by name. The list was headed by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and contained among other interesting names those of the philosopher Bacon and Sir Oliver Cromwell, from whose nephew, then a lad at Huntingdon School, the world was by and by to hear. On the list we find the names of 659 persons, of whom 21 were peers, 96 were knights, 11 were clergymen and physicians, 53 are described as captains, 28 as esquires, 58 as gentlemen, 110 as merchants, while the remaining 282 are variously designated or only the name is given. "Of these, about 230 paid £37 10*s.* or more, about 229 paid less than £37 10*s.*, and about 200 failed to pay anything."[1] It should be borne in mind that £37 10*s.* at that time was equivalent to at least $750 of to-day. Besides these individuals, the list contains the companies of mercers, grocers, drapers, fishmongers, vintners, brewers, masons, bowyers and fletchers, armorers, and others, — in all 56 companies of the city of London. Such a list, as well as the profusion of sermons and tracts on Virginia that were poured forth at the time, bespeaks a general interest in the enterprise. The Company was incorporated under the name of "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London for the First Colony in Virginia." Nothing was said about the Second Colony, so that by this charter the London Company was unyoked from the Plymouth Company.

[1] Brown's Genesis, i. 228.

The jurisdiction of the reorganized London Company was to extend two hundred miles south and two hundred miles north of Old Point Comfort, which would not quite contain all of North Carolina, but would easily include Maryland and Delaware. The government of this region was vested in a supreme Council, sitting in London, the constitution of which was remarkable. Its members were at the outset appointed by the king, but all vacancies were thereafter to be filled by the vote of the whole body of 659 persons and 56 trade guilds constituting the Company. The sole power of legislation for Virginia, with the right to appoint all colonial officers, was vested in the Council. Besides thus exercising entire sovereignty over Virginia, the Company was authorized to levy and collect custom-house duties and to wage war for purely defensive purposes. Thus this great corporation was made virtually independent of Parliament, with a representative government of its own.

As for the local government in Virginia, it was entirely changed. The working of the local Council with its elected president had been simply ludicrous. Two presidents had been deposed and sent home, while the councilors had done nothing but quarrel and threaten one another's lives, and one had been shot for mutiny. Order and quiet had not been secured until President Smith became autocratic, after the other members of the Council had departed or died. Now the new charter abolished the local Council, and the direct rule was to be exercised by governor, with autocratic power over the settlers, but responsible to the supreme Council in London, by which he was appointed.

For the Company as thus reorganized the two most important executive offices were filled by noteworthy appointments.

The treasurer was the eminent merchant Sir Thomas Smith, the promoter of Arctic exploration and first governor of the East India Company. For governor of Virginia the Council appointed Thomas West, third Baron Delaware, whose younger brother, Francis West, we have seen helping John Smith to browbeat the Indians at Werowocomoco and Pamunkey. This Lord Delaware belonged to a family distinguished for public service. On the mother's side he was nearly related to Queen Elizabeth. In America he is forever identified with the history of Virginia, and he has left a name to one of our great rivers, to a very interesting group of Indians, and to one of the smallest States in our Union. With New England, too, he has one link of association, for his sister, Penelope West, married Herbert Pelham, and their son was the first treasurer of Harvard College. Thomas West, born in 1577, was educated at Oxford, served with distinction in the Netherlands, and was knighted for bravery in 1599. He succeeded to the barony of Delaware in 1602, and was a member of the Privy Council of Elizabeth and James I. No one was more warmly enlisted than he in the project of founding Protestant English colonies in the New World. To this cause he devoted himself with ever-growing enthusiasm, and when the London Company was remodeled he was appointed governor of Virginia for life. With him were associated the sturdy soldier Sir Thomas Gates as lieutenant-governor, and the old sea-rover Sir George Somers as admiral.

The spring of 1609 was spent in organizing a new expedition, while Smith and his weary followers were struggling with the damage wrought by rats. People out of work were attracted by the communistic programme laid down by the Company. The shares were rated at about three hundred dollars each, to use our modern figures, and emigration to Virginia entitled the emigrant to one share. So far as needful, the proceeds of the enterprise "were to be spent upon the settlement, and the surplus was either to be divided or funded for seven years. During that period the settlers were to be maintained at the expense of the Company, while all the product of their labors was to be cast into the common stock. At the end of that time every shareholder was to receive a grant of land in proportion to his stock held."[1] Doubtless the prospects of becoming a shareholder in a great speculative enterprise, and of being supported by the Company, must have seemed alluring to many people in difficult circumstances. At all events, some five hundred people — men, women, and children — were got together. A fleet of nine ships, with ample supplies, was entrusted to Newport; and in his ship, the Sea Venture, were Gates and Somers, who were to take the colony under their personal supervision. Lord Delaware remained in London, planning further developments of the enterprise. Three more trusty men he could hardly have sent out. But a strange fate was knocking at the door.

On the 1st of June, 1609, the fleet set sail and took the route by the Azores. Toward the end of July, as they were getting within a week's sail of the American coast, the ships were "caught in the tail of a hurricane;" one of them was sunk, and the Sea Venture was separated from all the rest. That gallant ship was sorely shaken and torn, so that for five days the crew toiled steadily in relays, pumping and baling, while the water seemed to be gaining upon them. Many of the passengers abandoned themselves to despair and to rum; or, as an eye-witness tells us, "some of them, having good and comfortable waters in the ship, fetched them and drank one to the other, taking their last leave one of the other until their more joyful and happy meeting in a more blessed world."[2] The

[1] Doyle's Virginia, page 128.

[2] Plain Description of the Bermudas, page 10.

company were saved by the skill and energy of the veteran Somers, who for three days and nights never once left the quarter-deck. At last land was sighted, and presently the Sea Venture was driven violently aground and wedged immovable between two rocks, a shattered wreck. But all her people, a hundred and fifty or so, were saved, and most of their gear was brought away.

The island on which they were wrecked was one of a group the early history of which is shrouded in strange mystery. If my own solution of an obscure problem is to be trusted, these islands had once a fierce Carib population, whose first white visitors, Vincent Pinzon and Americus Vespucius, landed among them on St. Bernard's day, in August, 1498, and carried off more than two hundred slaves. Hence the place was called St. Bernard's Archipelago, but on crudely glimmering maps went wide astray and soon lost its identity. In 1522, a Spanish captain, Juan Bermudez, happened to land there, and his name has remained. But in the intervening years Spanish slave-hunters from San Domingo had infested those islands and reaped and gleaned the harvest of Carib flesh till no more was to be had. The ruthless cannibals were extirpated by the more ruthless seekers for gold, and when Bermudez stopped there he found no human inhabitants, but only swine running wild, a sure witness to the recent presence of Europeans. Then for nearly a century the unvisited spot was haunted by the echoes of a frightful past, wild traditions of ghoulish orgies and infernal strife. But the kidnapper's work in which these vague notions originated was so soon forgotten that when the Sea Venture was wrecked those islands were believed to have been from time immemorial uninhabited. Sailors shunned them as a scene of abominable sorceries, and called them the Isles of Demons. Otherwise they were known simply by the Spanish skipper's name, as the Bermoothes, afterward more completely anglicized into Bermudas. From the soil of those foul goblin legends, that shuddering reminiscence of inexpiable crime, the potent sorcery of genius has reared one of the most exquisitely beautiful, ethereally delicate works of human fancy that the world has ever seen. The wreck of the Sea Venture suggested to Shakespeare many hints for his Tempest, which was written within the next two years, and performed before the king in 1611. It is not that these islands were conceived as the scene of the comedy; the command to Ariel to go and "fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes" is enough to show that Prospero's enchanted isle was elsewhere; doubtless in some fairy universe hard by the Mediterranean. But from the general conception of monsters of the isle down to such incidents as the flashing light on the shrouds of the ship, it is clear that Shakespeare made use of Strachey's narrative of the wreck of the Sea Venture, published in 1610.

Gates and Somers found the Isles of Demons far pleasanter than their reputation; and it was well for them that it was so, for they were obliged to stay there nearly ten months, while with timber freshly cut and with bolts and beams from the wreck the party built two pinnaces, which they named Patience and Deliverance. They laid in ample stores of salted pork and fish, traversed the seven hundred miles of ocean in a fortnight, and arrived at Jamestown on the 10th of May, 1610. The spectacle that greeted them was enough to have appalled the stoutest heart. To explain it in a few words, we must go back to August, 1609, when the seven ships that had weathered the storm arrived in Virginia and landed their three hundred or more passengers, known in history as the Third Supply.

Since the new dignitaries and all their official documents were in the Bermuda wreck, there was no one among the newcomers in Virginia competent to succeed

Smith in the government; but the mischief-makers Ratcliffe and Archer were, unfortunately, among them, and the former instantly called upon Smith to abdicate in his favor. He had persuaded many of the new-comers to support him, but the old settlers were loyal to Smith, and there was much confusion until the latter arrested Ratcliffe as a disturber of the peace. The quality of the new emigration was far inferior to that of the older. The older settlers were mostly gentlemen of character; of the new ones, far too many were shiftless vagabonds, or, as Smith says, "unruly gallants, packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies." They were sure to make trouble, but for a while Smith held them in check. The end of his stay in Virginia, however, was approaching. He was determined to find some better site for a colony than the low, marshy Jamestown; so in September he sailed up to the Indian village called Powhatan, and bought of the natives a tract of land in that neighborhood near to where Richmond now stands, — a range of hills, salubrious and defensible, with so fair a landscape that Smith called the place Nonesuch. On the way back to Jamestown a bag of gunpowder in his boat exploded, and wounded him so badly that he was completely disabled. The case demanded such surgery as Virginia could not furnish, and as the ships were sailing for England early in October he went in one of them. He seems also to have welcomed this opportunity of answering sundry charges brought against him by the Ratcliffe faction. Some flying squirrels were sent home to amuse King James.

The arrival of the ships in England, with news of the disappearance of the Sea Venture and the danger of anarchy in Virginia, alarmed Lord Delaware, and he resolved to go as soon as possible and take command of his colony. About the 1st of April he set sail with one hundred and fifty persons, mostly mechanics. He had need to make all haste. Jamestown had become a pandemonium. Smith left George Percy in command, but that excellent gentleman was in poor health and unable to exert much authority. There were now (October, 1609) five hundred mouths to be filled, and the stores of food diminished with portentous rapidity. The "unruly gallants" got into trouble with the Indians, who soon responded after their manner. They slaughtered the settlers' hogs for their own benefit, and they murdered the settlers themselves when opportunity was offered. The worthless Ratcliffe and thirty of his men were slain at one fell swoop, as they were sailing up toward Nonesuch. As the frosts and snows came, more shelter was needed than the cabins already built could furnish. Many died of the cold. The approach of spring saw the last supplies of food consumed, and famine began to claim its victims. Soon there came to be more houses than occupants, and as fast as one was emptied by death it was torn down for firewood. Even palisades were stripped from their framework and thrown into the blaze; for cold was a nearer foe than the red men. The latter watched the course of events with savage glee, and now and then, lurking in the neighborhood, shot flights of arrows tipped with death. A gang of men stole one of the pinnaces, armed her heavily, and ran out to sea, to help themselves by piracy. After the last basket of corn had been devoured, people lived for a while on roots and herbs, then they had recourse to cannibalism. The corpse of a slain Indian was boiled and eaten. One man killed his own wife and salted her, and had eaten a considerable part of her body before he was found out. This was too much for people to endure; the man was tied to a stake and burned alive. Such were the goings-on in that awful time, to which men long afterward alluded as the Starving Time.

When Smith left the colony in October, it numbered about five hundred souls.

When Gates and Somers and Newport arrived from the Bermudas in May, they found a haggard remnant of sixty, all told, men, women, and children, scarcely able to totter about the ruined village, and with the gleam of madness in their eyes. The pinnaces brought food for their relief, but with things in such a state there was no use in trying to get through the summer. The provisions in store would not last a month. The three brave captains consulted together, and decided, with tears in their eyes, that Virginia must be abandoned. Since Raleigh first began, every attempt had ended in miserable failure, and this last calamity was the most crushing of all. What hope could there be that North America would ever be colonized? What men could endure more than had been endured already? It was decided to go up to the Newfoundland fishing-stations and get fish there, then cross to England.

On Thursday, the 7th of June, 1610, to the funereal roll of drums, the cabins were stripped of such things as could be carried away, and the doleful company went aboard the pinnaces, weighed anchor, and started down the river. As the arching trees at Jamestown receded from the view, and the sombre silence of the forest settled over the deserted spot, it seemed indeed that "earth's paradise," Virginia, the object of so much longing, the scene of so much fruitless striving, was at last abandoned to its native Indians. But it had been otherwise decreed.

That night a halt was made at Mulberry Island, and next morning the voyage was resumed. Toward noonday, as the little ships were speeding their way down the ever-widening river, a black speck was seen far below on the broad waters of Hampton Roads, and every eye was strained. It was no red man's canoe. It was a long-boat. Yes, Heaven be praised! the governor's own long-boat with a message. His three well-stocked ships had passed Point Comfort, and he himself was with them!

Despair gave place to exultant hope, words of gratitude and congratulation were exchanged, and the prows were turned up-stream. On Sunday the three stout captains stood with their followers drawn up in military array before the dismantled ruins of Jamestown, while Lord Delaware stepped from his boat, and, falling upon his knees on the shore, lifted his hands in prayer, thanking God that he had come in time to save Virginia.

John Fiske.

THE END OF THE TERROR.

A COLONIAL INCIDENT: BEING THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM HARLESTON, GENT., OF WAMBADEE PLANTATION, NEAR CHARLES TOWN, IN THE PROVINCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

So often have I been urged by my friends to put into writing the incident of the destruction of the pirate schooner Terror, in the year of grace 1719, in which I, William Harleston of Wambadee, was personally engaged, that I have at last determined to do so. For being now, on this 27th day of November, 1735, my birthday, an old man, as age is counted in this province, I think that if the story is to be told at all it had best be told now.

As we all remember, the government of the Lords Proprietors had at that time become very unpopular in this province, and men were beginning to clamor

for a change, desiring a governor by the royal appointment who should be directly responsible to the Crown. Governor Robert Johnson had been much disturbed by these oppositions, which were very strong in the Assembly, and found it necessary to send a confidential messenger to London for conference with their lordships, to which highly honorable and responsible duty I had the good fortune to be assigned. My mission being accomplished, and I ready and anxious to return to the province, it was found that no vessel was like to sail for Charles Town for more than a month to come, and therefore for greater expedition, since my matters were very urgent, their lordships advised that I take passage in a brig just sailing for the Barbados, having procured for me a royal warrant for any of his Majesty's ships that might be lying there to bring me on to Charles Town at the earliest day that wind and weather would permit. Accordingly, on arriving at Bridge Town I was fortunate enough to find H. M. corvette the Nightingale lying at her anchors in Carlisle Bay, in port for fresh water and some new spars, her royal masts and yards having been carried away by a hurricane a few days before; these terrific winds being very prevalent in those latitudes, and sometimes doing immense damage to the lives and property of the people of that island. For nearly two centuries these seas had been infested by buccaneers and pirates of every class and character, from those who, like Drake and Hawkins, sailed under the protection of letters of marque nominally to prey on the commerce of the Spaniards, but actually on any merchant vessel, flying any flag, which was not strong enough to resist capture, to those diabolical villains whose crimes had made them *hostes humani generis*, like Teach and Evrard, and whom the laws of all nations permitted to be strung up to the yard-arm by a drum-head court-martial or gibbeted on the nearest tree, by any that might take them on sea or land. These wretches would often come ashore at the coastwise plantations and towns, which they plundered and burned at will, having more than once been bold enough to levy tribute on Charles Town itself. Barbados, being a very small and rich island, in easy reach of their haunts, had always been looked at by these sea-kites with covetous eyes, but was, from its situation, perfectly safe from their attacks, guarded by impassable coral reefs on every side except the roadstead of Carlisle Bay, which is its only harbor, and which is well protected by the batteries on Needham Point and elsewhere, making any assault on Bridge Town impossible.

The Nightingale, commanded by Lord William Campbell, a cadet of the noble house of Argyle, was cruising between the Floridas and the British West Indies in quest of these very gentry of the black pennant, who had lately been committing many outrages in these waters, under the notorious Teach, more commonly known as "Blackbeard," and Steed Bonnet, a retired major in the royal service, who, for some unaccountable reason, had taken to sea-roving, and had made his name a terror to all who traded between New York and the Spanish Main. It is unnecessary for me here to relate particularly how, in this very year, Teach was attacked in his Cape Fear nest by Governor Spottiswoode, of the Virginias, himself killed and his piratical horde exterminated, or how Bonnet and his entire crew were captured by Colonel William Rhett, of Charles Town, and hanged at White Point with thirty-eight others of his villainous gang. On presenting my credentials to Lord William I found him very ready to perform the duty required of him, he having not long since been married to a lovely and very wealthy lady of Charles Town, and being not unwilling to any business which would take him back to that port.

Two days later we sailed out of Carlisle Bay and stood away to the nor'west,

Lord William thinking to coast the Floridas as near inshore as he could make a safe offing; that being a way to perform two duties, and possibly pick up a prize without undue delay to his voyage. Our progress was slow, however, since the corvette's best point of sailing was close-hauled, while we had nothing but beam winds and half-hurricanes, which made long tacks necessary to avoid the dangers of the shore, so that it was near two weeks before we made the low outlying islands of the Carolina coast. It was the morning of the tenth day out when we found ourselves some five miles off the mouth of Charles Town harbor, the weather being rough, with a chopping sea, such as is always made on that bar when the wind blows against or across the tide, and the shore line completely hidden by a dense fog, which had lifted to seaward, where the whitecaps were having a merry dance on the combs of a long, rolling swell. Shoreward we could hear the distant roar of breakers and the noisy tumble of the shoals which make the bar of Charles Town so dangerous. Schools of porpoises were slowly heaving their black backs above the water, in the manner which makes me think them to be responsible for the stories of a great sea-serpent which mariners bring to us from time to time. The presence of these fish — being, indeed, more like pigs than like other fishes — was itself enough to show that we were near inshore, for they never go out to sea, like the dolphins, from which they differ in their darker color and more sluggish movements, never leaping, like them, from the water, nor racing before the ship's cutwater. Now and then a flock of those large black ducks which we call "tarpots" would come flying heavily out of the fog, flapping along just above the wave crests, and drop lazily into the sea, — another certain indication of the land. The sun was about an hour high, and the ship was just coming about for a long board on the starboard tack, when the lookout aloft hailed the deck and reported a sail two points on the starboard bow. A midshipman scrambled up to the crosstrees with a telescope nearly as long as himself, and soon reappeared on the poop deck to report the strange sail as a low schooner, with very slender masts and long spars, making out to sea under all sail as fast as her legs could carry her, flying no colors, and about two leagues away. Exactly what to do under the circumstances was an awkward question to settle, for it was doubtful which would be the more acceptable to the authorities, proprietary and royal, — the speedy return to Charles Town of the private agent of both, or the capture of perhaps a desperate rover, just at a juncture when such a stroke might have an important influence in extirpating all such wretches from our seas. The destruction of Blackbeard, together with the wholesale hanging of Bonnet and his crew under the stern sentence of Mr. Chief Justice Nicholas Trott, had produced two very opposite effects. The pirates had for the most part abandoned the waters of the provinces as no longer wholesome, and betaken themselves to the Caribbean Islands and the Costa Rica, so that navigation was now far more safe than for many years before. But one or two of the most desperate of the villains — the foulest scum which even piracy had thrown off in disgust — were known to be still cruising on the forbidden ground; and these, being the worst and most reckless of them all, had lately been reported as guilty of some most atrocious murders and cruelties, partly from revenge, and partly from pure hopeless deviltry. These scoundrels never omitted scuttling or burning a prize after murdering all on board, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales." But *dying* men sometimes do, as we shall see. The appearance and behavior of the strange sail were so very suspicious that Lord William soon decided to give chase. He offered me the choice of accompanying the ship, or of

going into Charles Town in the pinnace, by which means both objects of his voyage might be accomplished. Now I have never, to my knowledge, been accused of cowardice, and twice I have been out with gentlemen who were willing to give me satisfaction for such affronts as the requirements of my honor forbade me to pass over. One of these left me a rapier scar on the left arm by which to remember the occasion, and the other carries on his body a bullet mark of similar reminiscent effect. But I name neither, since we all have long since been good friends again, — as in truth we were when we fought, — and have cracked many a good bottle together since then over a neighborly game of picquet. But I never had any special taste for fighting, nor any strong desire to risk my life except for good and sufficient cause, and I took not the least interest in the world in this matter of the pirates. I therefore promptly accepted Lord William's offer to put me ashore, little thinking to what result it was to lead.

The pinnace was soon lowered away and her crew told off, being an old Scotch quartermaster, and three seamen and a marine who were in the sick bay, but not too ill for such light duty. These were put on board with me and my luggage; my skipper and crew looking as glum as discipline permitted at the idea of losing their chance for a hand in the row. As we ran up the lugsail and cast off from the corvette's side, the ship went about in a perfect pandemonium of drums beating to quarters, whistles piping the watches to their posts, orders shouted through the trumpets, cordage rattling through the blocks, and sails flapping with reports as sharp as pistol-shots. The confusion was all in my mind, however, for everything was done with the precision of machinery, and before we could look into her stern-ports the ship was in fighting trim and the decks as quiet as a churchyard. In five minutes the fog had swallowed us up, and we lost sight of her as she stretched away after her chase, while our stanch little craft danced merrily in towards the harbor, the wind blowing a topsail breeze on our larboard bow and the tide running out on the young ebb, so that it was almost as hard to hold our course in the fog as to keep our jackets dry in the dashing spray. As we had our bearings all right, however, when we dropped away from the ship, and as all of us were familiar with our sailing-ground, it seemed a very easy matter for us to make our port, notwithstanding the thickness of the weather, and after an hour's run we began to look out pretty sharply for the land-lift of Sullivan's Island, which should have been showing up on our starboard bow. But we sailed on for an hour more without making it, and it soon began to look very much as if we had been thrown off our course in the fog by the set of the currents, which are very strong on this bar, and are constantly changing with the channels as the heavy deposits from the Ashley and the Cooper are shifted by the tides.

The wind began to veer round to the northeast, and the swash of a heavy surf was growing every minute more distinct, when suddenly the fog lifted and commenced to roll away, revealing to our startled eyes two things which made us look at one another in blank amazement. "Ha-a-a-rd a-port!" shouted the old skipper without another word; and as I jammed down the tiller and the boat swung round before the wind, he let go the sheet, and in three minutes the mast was unstepped, the sail furled, and all stowed snugly along the thwarts, while the men seized the oars and ran them out. No orders were given, and none were necessary, for every man took in the situation at a glance. Right ahead of us was a long white line of washing surf, breaking on the flat beach of an island that I saw at once must be the long spit of sand which flanks the sea-

ward side of Sullivan's Island, we having made some six miles of northing in the fog. The tide being ebb, there was a rod or two of beach backed by high, shifting sand-hills, behind which was a dense growth of myrtle and young palmetto; and just above the tide line lay the hull of a large vessel that had beached broadside on, having evidently been wrecked there a long while ago. Her larboard side, which lay toward the water, had been entirely skinned by the breakers, leaving her ribs all bare, while the wet sand that was banked behind her had preserved the planking on the shore side from like destruction. The old skipper had seized the stroke oar, and seeing that I was heading her straight for the wreck he rapped out, "Ay, sir, beach her there! Right over the breakers, messmates, as if the deil was after ye! And he *will* be, too, directly," he added grimly, "gin he be na too busy wi' his hell's wark to see us, and that 's aboot our ae chance to keep our weasands whole. Lord! gin the Nightingale had only knawed aboot this ane!" A dozen strokes of the oars while this was saying had been driving us toward the beach with that long, steady sweep that only man-o'-war's men can give to the bending blades. A gruff "Ay, ay!" was the only response from the disciplined seamen, who well knew, every man of them, that the skipper's words were true; for there in the offing, not two miles away, lay a large brig, with her sails flapping loose against the masts, while grappled alongside her, with interlocking yards, like some ugly little spider clinging to a huge moth, was a low-railed, wicked-looking schooner, from whose truck was blowing out a long, forked pennant as black as night. It was too far off for us to see more than that there was some bustle on the deck of the brig, and now and again there seemed to be a splash as something went over her side. I had with me a pocket-telescope, but there was no time now to use it. Holding the tiller, I of course had my back to the brig, but the oarsmen never took their eyes from her as they bent with straining muscles to their task. Suddenly one of the men ground his teeth together, with a look of the blackest rage I ever saw, and said in a hoarse whisper, "By God! they 're makin' 'em walk the plank!" Not another word was uttered. Every moment we looked for a boat to put off from the pirate and give us chase, and we all knew that in that case there would be nothing for us but to die like brave men, with arms in our hands, after the best fight we could make, or be murdered in cold blood after probably the most brutal torture. As the boat flew over the rollers, and I bent low with every stroke, this thought flashed through my mind just once, and after that I thought of nothing but the work before us, every faculty of mind and body being absorbed in the one idea of shooting those breakers and reaching the shore. Nearer and nearer we drew to what every man of us knew to be at the best an even chance of life or death; for a broken oar, a single false stroke, a single turn of the wrist on the helm, would certainly swamp the boat and leave us at the mercy of the undertow. But I do not believe there was one of us who gave that a thought. And still no boat from the schooner, the murdering devils being evidently too busy with their bloody employment to notice us in the thick atmosphere, and their lookout no doubt intent on looking seaward for sails. As we climbed the crest of a long curling swell, old Futtocks glanced sideways and said to me, "Keep her steady so, sir. Now all thegither, my hearties!" The pinnace shot upward on the roller, the men feathering to prevent the oars from being wrenched from their hands. For an instant we seemed to hang motionless on the top of the green slope of water, and then, with one tremendous effort which buckled the oar blades until I thought they must snap, we spun forward on the now reced-

ing wave, and struck the beach with a shock that jerked us from the thwarts and left the pinnace stranded within a fathom of the old wreck. No orders were needed by the well-drilled Nightingales, and the next moment we were dragging the boat over the wet sand to the wreck, bending low by her sides so as to make as little show as possible. It is taking me very much longer to write all this — or at least it seems so now — than it did for us to haul the pinnace behind the wreck, which concealed her completely, open the arm-locker and buckle on cutlasses, each man sticking two brace of pistols in his belt, and throw ourselves flat behind the scrub-covered sand-hills to await the course of events with such patience as we could muster. There could be no certainty that we had not been seen, and now that the excitement was over the men lay resting on the sand, all breathless from their terrible exertions. A breaker of water was cautiously opened, and while the others were eagerly drinking I got out my telescope, and, stretched at full length on the sand, brought it to bear on the brig. What I saw I have no heart to describe in detail on these sheets, and I would to God I could blot out utterly the memory of it that haunts me still after all these years. Sufficient to say that what that glass revealed, indistinct as it was from the distance, worked in me a change which I never could have believed possible in a nature such as mine. There was a fascination in the horrid sight that glued my eye to the lens. To lie there helplessly, an eye-witness to cold-blooded, deliberate, and diabolical murder, was the most fearful experience of my life, absolutely powerless as I was to raise a hand in succor of the wretched victims, and even now I can scarce control myself to write of it. As I brought the brig into focus and realized what was doing on her deck, a cold, clammy sweat broke out upon my forehead, a deathly sickness came over me, and my heart almost stopped its beating; and then, as the reaction came and a great rage took entire possession of me, I could scarce repress a scream of impotent fury. Then every tremor left me, and I could feel myself hardening like scorching leather, until each muscle and sinew in my body was strained to its utmost tension, as if locked in a death-struggle with some ferocious beast. Indeed, the beast that lurks in all our natures was so roused within me that I believe I could have sunk my teeth in the throats of those wretches and drunk their spouting blood; and I would have given all the broad acres of Wambadee to have been on that deck, with cutlass drawn and a score of brave fellows at my back. And then I, who in my wildest mood have ever shrunk from profanity, dashed the glass from my hand and sprang to my feet, shaking my clenched fist like a maniac, and hurling at the cowardly devils a storm of such curses as it makes my blood creep to remember. And I *do* remember with a marvelous distinctness things that at the moment I neither heard nor saw. A flock of little sandpipers ran out on the beach close on the line of receding water, scurrying back as the frothy surf came in upon them. Some white terns and gray-backed gulls were calmly flying about and circling in the glancing sunlight, and a large shark was paddling and splashing as he fished among the shallows, while the scream of an eagle came from the sky above me, where his white head and tail were flashing like silver as he slowly wheeled in the rays of the morning sun. But I was suddenly gripped by four brawny arms and dragged down into sense and concealment, and I lay there glaring and almost foaming at the mouth as the glass was passed from hand to hand, and curses, such as only the fo'-castle can boast of, gave vent to the feelings of the men. I honestly believe that the boat, which a moment before we had so much dreaded, would have been hailed

with cheers by the brave fellows, who, like myself, would have asked for nothing better than a chance to avenge that outrage on humanity.

"God in heaven! it 's a woman!" yelled the man who had the glass, and as I snatched it from his hand the true-hearted British tar, hard and rough as the ship's hawser, burst into tears and sobbed like a child. I could see something projecting from the rail of the brig, and on it a white figure with fluttering drapery that moved forward in short jerks as men prodded it with pikes. Then there was a great splash, and still I *must* look. Another splash, from the stern of the brig this time, and a small black object appeared in the water, apparently a man swimming. The next instant there was a flash from the schooner's deck, a puff of white smoke drifted seaward on the wind, and the black thing was gone. Just beyond the breakers I could see a sharp black blade cutting the water with a swift, steady motion towards the vessels. Then another, and still another appeared close behind it, and there was no more paddling and splashing where the shark had been fishing awhile ago. Had these ravenous monsters some mysterious instinct by which they knew of the ghastly work that was going on at such a distance? I closed the glass deliberately and put it in my pocket. Without a word I sat down on the sand and began to load my pistols, putting two bullets into each, and carefully picking and wiping the flints. Every man at once followed my example; and it was like the sudden breaking of a spell, the mere act of doing something suggestive of hostile action seeming to relieve the fearful tension. None of us could guess how it all was to end, but the consciousness of being well armed and able to make a good fight put new vigor into us all, and we began calmly to discuss the situation. By this time we felt certain that we had not been seen, and as there was little likelihood of the pirates coming ashore, except in pursuit of us, we felt easy on that score. But we were not in a talkative humor, and no unnecessary words were said. The condition of things was not conducive to appetite, but as we had put off from the ship without breakfasting, a bag of biscuit and a kid of boiled junk had been put into the boat for the crew, and the ward-room steward had lowered in for my use a hamper of cold provisions and a couple of bottles of wine, with a jug of special Hollands. These, in default of any more substantial enemy, we proceeded to attack, and the taste of the food seemed to kindle up our hunger, so that a pretty hearty meal soon brought all of our manhood back to us.

I knew that the island was very narrow at one point, and it came to my mind that if we could get the pinnace into the backwater we could make the upper end of Sullivan's Island and reach Charles Town in time to give the alarm and start an expedition to capture the murderous villains whom we had caught red-handed in the very act of most atrocious piracy. After a short consultation with old Futtocks, we decided to leave the seamen and the marine to keep a sharp lookout, while we two should cautiously crawl through the scrub on an exploring tour. As we worked on painfully through the myrtles and saw-palmettos, the utter hopelessness of my plan became more and more evident. Although our craft was not really a pinnace, she was a long ten-oared boat such as usually goes — though incorrectly — by that name, and even a full crew of able seamen could not possibly have dragged her across those bush-covered sand-hills. Indeed, how we six men, four being just out of hospital and one more than sixty years old, had ever hauled her to where she then lay is a mystery solvable only by the old saw that "Needs must when the devil drives;" and I began to doubt whether, that necessity be-

ing over, we should ever get her back into the water without the help of a spring-tide, for which this was not the season. However, I said nothing, and after much toiling we managed to cross the ridge, this proving to be very narrow, and found ourselves on the back beach, to the great dismay of some thousands of those strange, small crabs called "fiddlers," that scuttled away to their holes in the mud, holding up their enormous right claws from which that name is given them. There, sure enough, was the narrow inlet, and right across it the Sullivan's Island shore, thickly overgrown with myrtles making down close to a narrow strip of beach, on which were feeding a flock of those birds, with long and curving bills, known as Spanish curlews. But we could not hope even to swim across, it being impossible to reach the water on account of the quicksands and the soft pluff mud. There was nothing for it but to get back as quickly as we might to the men and wait for night to hide us; and so back we went, with what speed we could make, and with very bad consequences to our smallclothes. We had been gone something more than an hour, and as we came out into the open our surprise may be imagined at finding neither brig nor schooner in sight. The mystery was soon explained by the men, whom we found still concealing themselves behind the sand-hills. Just after we had left them, they saw the schooner cast off from the brig and drift away from her on the current. The wretches had finished their horrid work, and afterwards scuttled the ill-fated craft; for in a little while she began to settle by the head, and then suddenly heeled over to starboard, her stern cocking up out of water, and, plunging her bows, went down all standing, leaving nothing to show that she had ever been except a few hencoops, hatches, and other light hamper that the glass showed tossing on the swirling sea. But dreadful as is always such a sight to a sailor's eyes, it was an actual relief to us after all the horrors we had witnessed that morning.

Meanwhile there was some great commotion on board the schooner. Every rag of canvas disappeared like magic, and even her bare topmasts were unfidded and sent down. Two boats were lowered, and our Nightingales believed that our time had come at last. They crawled behind the wreck, determined to stand them off while the powder should last, and then "Boarders away!" for a death-charge with cutlasses. But as the villainous craft swung round, and long sweeps, like a spider's legs, came thrusting through her ports, it was seen that the boats were towing her shoreward, helped for all they were worth by the steady pushing of her crew; and, sure enough, there she was, creeping stealthily inshore towards a clump of tall palmettos that we could just make out to the north of us, whether on our island or not we could not tell. I have already said that I am no coward, but my heart went into my sea-boots as I looked at her, when a thought suddenly struck me. Had something frightened these sea-tigers from their prey, and were they sneaking in for concealment in some well-known hiding-place until the danger should be over? Jumping to my feet, I swept the horizon with the glass, and, right enough, there was a blur of white against the blue of the sky, — the upper canvas of a large ship, still hull down, in the distance! I passed the glass to Futtocks, and the old fellow looked through it so long that the blur became to the naked eye a distinct patch of white canvas before he jumped into the air and cracked his heels together in a regular fo'castle hornpipe step, shouting, "Glory to God! it 's the auld Nightingale hersel'! I 'd swear to the set o' thae to'gallant yards outen a whole fleet!" Then, shaking both fists at the schooner that was crawling inshore, like some huge venomous insect, as fast as sweeps and tow-lines could take her, he yelled, "We 've got ye noo, ye

damned murtherin' deevils! ye bloody, shark-hearted dogs o' hell! ye woman-killin' scum o' the scuppers! I doot na ye did n't knaw that Nightingales have claws, but ye 'll knaw it noo! It 's jolly fun ye have drowndin' honest sailormen, is it? But we 'll dress your ship for ye, we will, an' we 'll man your yards for ye, too, wi' ane o' ye hangin' frae every earring, fore an' aft, up to the royals!" Exactly how this threat was to be enforced on a schooner-rigged craft we did not stop to inquire, for the ship was looming larger every minute, sailing close up to the wind on her larboard bow, which was precisely where we wanted it to cross her track before she could make the harbor. There was nothing to fear from the pirate, who was quite too busy with his own affairs to notice us, and who would not dare to send a shot after us, his object being evidently to conceal himself behind the palmettos until the king's ship should be safely out of sight; so, at least, we thought. But opinions sometimes differ. How we got the pinnace down the beach and afloat we could no more tell than we could how we had ever dragged her ashore, but it seemed like half a lifetime before we were once more pulling through the surf. It was tougher work than getting in, but we cleared the white water safely. We then stepped the mast, ran up the sail, and headed straight for the ship's forefoot, she being now full in sight under easy sail, all unconscious of the awful tragedy that she might so easily have prevented. Suddenly we saw her come about on the other tack, and at the same moment, almost, her royals were set, the reefs shaken out of her courses, and in less time than I can write it the lines of her spars and rigging were lost in a cloud of canvas. The next minute there was a dull boom behind us, and a round-shot came ricochetting over the water within a half cable-length of our stern. A glance at the schooner showed her with topmasts in place and all sail set, the Jolly Roger fluttering at her peak, and the long black pennant blowing out from her truck as stiff as a piece of painted tin, while her slender bowsprit pointed out to sea and her long upper spars bent like whip-sticks before the wind. A flash from her stern-port, and another shot came dancing after us; but it fell shorter than the first, for she was fast leaving us in her reckless effort to outrun the ship. Evidently the corvette's movements had told the pirate that he was sighted, and that, all chance of concealment being over, his only safety lay in a clean pair of heels. In sheer bravado he had shown his colors to the king's ship, probably thinking that he could easily shake her off, as no doubt he had often rid himself of others like her. But it looked as if we were to be left in the lurch altogether, when the Nightingale came up into the wind, backed her sails, and lay to waiting for us to run alongside. In another half-hour we were on board, our fearful story was told, and the corvette, whose previous chase proved to be only an innocent slaver, was dashing the foam from her cutwater in full chase of the schooner, with the wind on her best point; the pirate evidently making for the dangerous shoals off the North Carolina coast, where her light draught would easily enable her to give us the slip.

I need not dwell on the next five or six hours, during which the ship was got ready for the desperate job in hand. The horrible story had spread like wildfire among our crew, and every face I looked at was glowing with the excitement of the hunt, while the hard, determined set of every mouth and the glitter of every eye showed the bitter hatred such as only an honest sailorman can feel towards his natural enemy the pirate. Even the little reefers gripped their dirk handles and fairly shrieked the orders they were sent to carry. The men looked lovingly at the boarding-pikes and battle-axes which they were setting in their racks about the masts, and at the piles

of shrapnel, cases of canister, and heaps of bar and chain shot that they were putting handily in place near the guns. Lord William had called me into his cabin, and listened gravely to the details of the bloody sights I had seen that morning. "It must be that infernal devil Gonzago Gomez," he said, "in the Terror. The murderous wretch has been for two years the scourge of the Spanish seas. I have chased him twice before, and he has slipped me each time, but I think he is on his last cruise now. I will follow him to New York if he keeps the sea, or cut him out with the boats if he runs inshore. He 's not at home on these shoals and flats as he is among the keys of the southern Floridas, and he would not be here now if he had known of your fortunate requisition on this ship, which he thinks is cruising south of the Barbados."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, the chase having been constantly in sight, that the lookout forward sung out something, and a middy came tumbling aft, in his excitement almost forgetting to salute, with the report that the pirate seemed to be aground about three miles away on the larboard quarter. As we sprang up the companion-ladder to the deck, we saw at a glance what had happened. The treacherous shoals along this coast stretch far out to sea, and the schooner, keeping purposely as near in as she dared, had, sure enough, run aground on one of them, and four boats were already tugging at her as she lay rolling and lurching in the swell. "Crowd on everything, Mr. Maidman," shouted Lord William to the lieutenant in charge of the deck, "and send two men to heave the lead! Open on him as soon as the range will allow. If it is Gomez," he added, turning to me, "he 'll fire his magazine and blow her out of the water, if he fails to get her off; but I am greatly mistaken if he does n't wait to make a fight first, in the hope of doing us some mischief before he goes."

We were fairly surging through the water now, the ship lying over until her lee scuppers were running with the seas she was shipping, every stayline and stu'nsail boom straining with bellying canvas, and still the pirate's boats were tugging at her, first one way, then another. Nearer and nearer we drew, the leadsmen chanting their monotonous song, until we could see the schooner's decks swarming with bustling, hurrying forms, and one wild-looking figure clinging to the foremast shrouds as he leaned over apparently directing the efforts of the men in the boats. "Try the range, Mr. Maidman, with the bow-chaser," said his lordship. In a moment more the long eighteen-pounder was trained, a cloud of white smoke and a heavy report followed, and a round-shot went skipping over the water, falling far short of the stranded vessel. There was no reply, and a moment after three of the boats ranged close to the schooner's side and were soon swinging at the davits, while their crews leaped to the deck. One boat, however, seemed to be parleying with the man in the shrouds; then it headed shorewards and shot away from the schooner, the men bending desperately to their oars. It was a ten-oared gig, fully manned, and was steered, as the glass made out, by a man in a red shirt, with his head bound up in a handkerchief. This boat had gotten about two cable-lengths away when a puff of smoke rose up, and before the dull report could reach us we saw that a heavy charge of grape had gone crashing into her, sweeping the oarsmen from the thwarts, splintering the oars, and crushing in the planking like an egg-shell. The red-shirted coxswain sprang up and fired a pistol at the schooner, and the next minute was struggling in the water along with three of his men, while the shattered boat went down with all the others, who had evidently been killed or hopelessly wounded by the discharge. "By Heaven! that 's pirate's discipline with a vengeance!" said an

officer who stood near me. "Those scoundrels were trying to save their bacon by deserting, and the desperate villain turned his guns on them. See there! at that rate there 'll not be many for the yard-arm." As he spoke a smaller puff spurted out, as from a musket-shot, and red-shirt flung up his hands and disappeared. A second man, who had nearly reached the vessel, went down, probably helped by a pistol-ball, while the other two swam to the schooner's stern and clambered up ropes that were flung to them from the deck. But just then a shot came howling over our quarter-deck, and then another slap through our fore-course. The corvette's long bow-chaser bellowed out a reply, and this time we saw the splinters fly just above the schooner's water-line amidships. "I think we may give him the broadside now," said Lord William, as calmly as if he had said, "I think we 'll have another bottle, steward." The order was passed, "Luff her up! steady so!" to the man at the wheel. The ship swung half round and heeled over to starboard as her larboard battery spoke out all together. For a moment the heavy smoke cloud hid everything from sight, and as it slowly drifted away we saw the pirate schooner a hopeless wreck, her after-bulwarks gone, her main-mast cut clean in halves, the upper part hanging in a tangle of ropes and broken spars, and her foresail flapping unmanageably, the boom shattered by a round-shot. No colors were visible, but a moment later a man went shinning up the foremast, and the black flag fluttered out in the wind as he nailed it to the topmast. Had it been the colors of any nation under heaven, our brave fellows would have cheered themselves hoarse in honor of a gallant enemy; but they only cursed more deeply. The schooner, being hard aground, was of course entirely at our mercy, — or would have been if we had had any, — but the corvette was obliged to come about again to bring her starboard battery into action, and this manœuvre left us for a moment exposed to a raking fire; the range, by this time, was short enough for grape, and the murderous pirates were not slow to seize the advantage. Their long stern gun spoke out as our bows swung past, with a roar which told that they had crammed it to the muzzle, and a storm of shot swept the deck from stem to stern, cutting shrouds, splintering woodwork, and killing three poor fellows outright, four more having to be carried, badly wounded, to the cockpit. One of these was poor old Futtocks, whose right arm was smashed at the elbow; but the game old sea-dog shook his left fist at the wreck as he passed down the shivered companionway, and growled out, "There 's one left to help run ye up to the yard-arm, ye bloody, murtherin' deevils! Drown sailormen like blind puppies, will ye? Stretchin' your craigs is too good for such bloody dogfish! Ye ought to be drownded in bilge water!" "There 'll be none to hang when this row is over," remarked Lord William, as he lowered his glass. "If he does n't blow up his magazine, I 'll do it for him. To board him would be only a useless sacrifice of the lives of our brave fellows. There! what did I tell you!"

A heavy report came from the schooner, as a cloud of smoke and fire, mixed with huge splinters, tore up her deck. She lurched over until her coppers showed above the water, and righted again, seeming little the worse for the explosion. "By Heaven, he 's failed! thrown away his last trump and lost the rubber!" said his lordship. "Bear down on him, Mr. Maidman, and give him all you 've got." We were now so near that we could see the terrible effects of our fire. The pirate's deck was littered with dead and dying men. Her guns were all silenced, but the few wretches left alive began to open on us with small arms, which, however, did no damage. The next instant the Nightingale's broadside roared out on the evening air, and was followed by a

fearful crash of timbers. As the smoke cleared off, we saw where the schooner had been only a shapeless mass of smashed wood and ragged cordage, the foremast gone, the hull torn and gaping and cut down almost to the water-line. In deeper water the whole thing would have gone to the bottom. The sea was littered with wreckage, but the bowsprit still projected from a few square feet of the forward deck that remained clinging to the stem. On the heel of the spar two men were standing: one, a large, red-bearded ruffian, his face covered with smut and blood; the other, a small, wiry, black-whiskered, tawny-skinned Spaniard, with large gold hoops in his ears and an old-fashioned bell-muzzled blunderbuss in his hands. The burly villain suddenly jerked a white handkerchief from his belt and waved it toward the Nightingale. The next moment, before he could know what had hurt him, he went down with a great splash into the sea, riddled with bullets from the Spaniard's gun, his clothing on fire from the burning powder. A musket-shot flashed from the corvette's foretop, and Gomez, the scourge of the Caribbean, dropped into the hungry water with a bullet through his brain. The Terror and her bloody-hearted commander were but a nightmare story of the past, and the lusty cheers that went up from our deck were the strangest Nightingale's song that the world had ever heard.

Robert Wilson.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

An officer of the American navy has lately aroused widespread interest in the influence of sea power upon history. For England the subject has a very special significance. Supremacy at sea is the only safeguard of her world empire. Will she be able to maintain this supremacy against all possible combinations of her powerful rivals? Thoughtful Englishmen, endeavoring to answer this question by learning the lessons of the past, are to-day turning their attention to the beginning of their glorious naval history, to the great crisis of the sixteenth century, from which, thanks to her fleet, England emerged grandly victorious.

Froude and Motley have described with great brilliancy the defeat of the Armada, but nobody has drawn a complete and accurate picture of the battles. An endeavor, therefore, to weave the authentic Spanish and English evidence[1] into an impartial description of an event so momentous will not seem superfluous.

The acquisition of England had always been one of the principal aims of Philip II. He at first attempted it by the peaceful method of marriage. As Mary Tudor's husband he had been titular king of England, and had afterwards sued for the hand of Elizabeth. Baffled in this suit, he began to entertain the idea of acquiring the country by force of arms, but halted long on his proverbial "leaden foot" before he deemed the time come to realize it. During the nineteen years of her captivity,

[1] The Spanish materials consist chiefly of the documents published by Cesáreo Fernandez Duro in his La Armada Invencible. Froude copied, at Simancas, several important Spanish manuscripts not published by Duro, and deposited his transcripts in the British Museum, where I made use of them. The English materials consist of manuscripts in the British Museum and London Record Office. These have just been edited in two volumes for the Navy Records Society, London, by Professor J. K. Laughton.

Mary Queen of Scots inspired Catholic Europe to form endless plans for invading England; but they all came to naught, because Philip, whose aid was regarded as essential, steadily refused to take part in an enterprise which promised only to serve the ends of the great rival power, France. Guise, one of the most zealous advocates of the invasion, was a Frenchman. His father had beaten Philip's father at Metz. Mary Stuart's mother was a Guise, and she herself had once been queen of France. Since the formation of the League, however, Guise had become Philip's ally against the French king and the Huguenots. France, torn by civil war, was no longer in a position to interfere in the conquest of England. Philip's dread of Mary Stuart's French sympathies had also been relieved when she bequeathed him her rights to the throne of England. Her death brought about what she had vainly hoped and striven for in life. No sooner had Philip heard of the tragedy at Fotheringay than he decided irrevocably upon the invasion, since it could now be undertaken for the aggrandizement of Spain alone.

In sending forth the Armada, Philip appeared to Catholic Europe as the avenger of a saintly martyr to the Catholic cause. In reality he was hastening to enter upon his inheritance. Yet his religious motives must not be overlooked. In his mind, greed of power and zeal for Holy Church were inseparably confused. While the conquest of Great Britain meant a vast increase of his empire, it meant also the restoration of the country to the true faith, and was thus, he easily persuaded himself, a service especially acceptable to the Almighty.

Both because the war was a religious one and because the anxious king wished to make sure of Heaven's favor for his ambitious project, he proclaimed that his chief object in sending the Armada was to serve the Lord and deliver the souls of oppressed English Catholics. Officers and men were exhorted to live blameless lives, as became soldiers of the Church. Severe penalties were fixed for blasphemy against "our Lord, our Lady, or the saints," for brawling or dueling, for unchastity. Even the flags, showing, besides the arms of Spain, the figures of Christ and the Virgin, symbolized the double nature of the invasion. Every evening, at sunset, the ships' boys were to chant, at the foot of the mainmast, the Ave Maria, and every Saturday evening the Salve as well.

The Armada was to be commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the most distinguished officer in the Spanish navy, a weather-beaten old hero who was said never to have lost a battle. But Santa Cruz died in the midst of his preparations. Philip chose as his successor the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, whose only claims to distinction were high birth and enormous wealth. He knew absolutely nothing of naval warfare, having been on the water only enough to know that he was subject to seasickness. What induced the king to make this fatal choice is an unsolved riddle.

Medina-Sidonia's instructions bade him sail straight to Margate roads. The Duke of Parma was to come across from Flanders with his army and join him here as soon as possible after the arrival of the Armada. As he sailed up channel, he was not especially to seek or to avoid an engagement. In case, however, an English fleet off Margate should prevent Parma's transports from crossing, the admiral was to risk a decisive battle.

The Armada left the mouth of the Tagus on May 30th. The high-built, clumsy galleons made no progress against the northerly winds. After tacking out and in for a whole fortnight, they were still in the latitude of Lisbon. Not till June 10th did they get a fair wind. On the 19th it was blowing a gale, and Medina-Sidonia put for shelter, with part of his ships, into Coruña. The rest expected to enter the harbor the next

morning, but were scattered and crippled during the stormy night. The inexperienced admiral was discouraged, and wrote advising the king, since the fleet was dispersed and many of the men were ill, the provisions bad and scanty, crews and officers inefficient, to seek an honorable peace with England. Here was a startling revelation of his character. He was longing to abandon the expedition before he had seen an enemy or so much as left the shores of Spain. It was a piece of inexcusable folly that Philip did not seize this opportunity to retrieve his error, and appoint in Medina-Sidonia's stead an efficient veteran; Recalde, for instance, who had served under Santa Cruz, and was regarded, since the latter's death, as the first sea-warrior in Spain.

The king, however, with characteristic tenacity, refused to acknowledge his mistake, and bade the admiral collect and repair the fleet and start afresh. Soon all was in order. After several days of stormy weather, it began, in the evening of July 21st, to clear. The sun rose next morning upon a scene impressive and singularly beautiful. The mightiest fleet ever built in Christendom was floating majestically, before a light, southwesterly breeze, down the harbor and past the fair vineyards of Coruña. The great sails hung listlessly from the yards. Early in the afternoon the wind had fallen to a calm. It seemed as if the Armada, with a foreboding that only a shattered remnant of these proud ships and high-spirited warriors would ever return, was leaving Spain with sad reluctance.

Soon the wind came up from the south, and the galleons could be laid upon their course for England. The blue hills of Spain gradually sank into the sea. On the 27th the Armada encountered a fearful storm. The Spanish sailors declared they had never known such a high sea at that time of year. The next morning forty sail were missing. It was found that they had simply been driven ahead. On the 29th, after the ships had been got together again, there was a cry of "Land!" The men on the lookout had descried the gray ridge of the Lizard. It was a solemn moment. With mingled feelings of hope and anxiety, the chivalry of Spain now caught a first glimpse of the country which they had set forth to conquer for their king and their Church. Amidst the roar of cannon, Medina-Sidonia ran a flag up to his foretop, embroidered with a Christ on the cross, the Virgin, and the Magdalene. Officers and men fell on their knees for thanksgiving and prayer. Soon the Spaniards saw along the shore the glare of beacon-fires flashing from hill to hill the news that the invaders of England were upon her.

The English admiral, Lord Howard, got the startling tidings in Plymouth, the day that the Armada sighted the Lizard. That very night he worked his fleet out of harbor in the teeth of a southwester, and ran out the next day as far as the Eddystone. It was dark and rainy. At last the English sailors, peering with ill-concealed excitement through the gloom, made out the indistinct outlines of the great Armada.

Before the fighting begins it will be essential to give some description of the fleets. The Spaniards had a hundred and thirty-two vessels, with seven thousand sailors and seventeen thousand soldiers. Of these ships, fifty-nine were first-rates, averaging seven hundred and twenty-six tons and carrying an average of twenty-six guns. The other vessels had much fewer guns, except the four galleasses, which had fifty each. The Spanish first-rates, though somewhat lightly built, had two huge masts with very large sails, besides two smaller masts at bow and stern. The largest galleons drew from twenty-five to thirty feet. The galleasses were very large galleys, each propelled by three hundred rowers.

The English fleet consisted, in the Ar-

mada year, of one hundred and ninety-six vessels and fifteen thousand men. The greatest number of ships present in any fight was one hundred and thirty, with perhaps ten thousand men. Of these ships, the twenty-three largest varied from one thousand to three hundred tons.

Though the Spaniards had many more heavy ships than their opponents, several of the English ships were equal in tonnage to the largest galleons. The latter, however, looked bigger on account of their higher poops and forecastles. The English ships also were very high, according to our present ideas. The largest of them, no bigger than a good-sized yacht of to-day, measured one hundred feet on the keel. Their greatest length, owing to an overhang fore and aft, was one hundred and fifty feet. Lower built and better rigged, they easily outsailed the Spaniards. The queen's best ships had four masts, two forward, each with two yards, the others with one each. There was also a little mast on the bowsprit.

Unfortunately, the data are not adequate to an accurate comparison of the English and Spanish armaments. The hardest fighting was done by about twenty-two Spanish and fourteen English ships. These two squadrons had on the average about the same number of guns. Since the guns of the Spanish squadron were not very inferior in weight, their absolutely greater number was a considerable advantage. It may, however, be accepted that the armament of the English fleet as a whole was somewhat heavier than that of the Armada. Yet the English owed their great success, not to a slight superiority of armament, but to their splendid artillery practice. They greatly surpassed the Spaniards in both quickness and accuracy of fire.

Such were the fleets which were just heaving in sight of each other. The cautious Spanish admiral thought the day too far spent for a battle, and lay to for the night. In the small hours of the morning the moon came out, and by her light the Spaniards could see English ships flitting past and getting to windward. By sunrise on the 31st of July about sixty of them had got the weather-gauge. The rest, a little squadron of eleven, now joined these, saucily tacking past the Armada and exchanging shots with it.

Meanwhile, Medina-Sidonia had given the signal to clear for action. His fleet extended from north to south in a line which, curving from its centre gradually westward, resembled a crescent. Leyva, who was to succeed Medina-Sidonia in case of mishap, commanded the ships which formed the northern horn, Recalde the south wing, and Medina-Sidonia himself the centre.

It was now nine o'clock. The Lord Admiral Howard, with a touch of chivalrous formality, let his pinnace Disdain sail towards the Armada "to give the Duke of Medina defiance." Then the whole English fleet, led by Howard in the Ark, bore down in admirable order before the westerly wind. When within cannon-shot they turned to the south, and, as they glided by with wind abeam, poured forth their broadsides. In a moment they had rushed past, and were now opposite the southern division of the crescent. The ships of this division retired hastily towards the centre, leaving their commander, Recalde, to fight alone. He held his ground nobly. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and many others pounded him with their heavy guns, but refused, in spite of the odds in their favor, to close and fight hand to hand. Soon the battle had become general. Leyva left the northern wing, and, after a rash attempt to engage Howard, was quickly surrounded and exposed to a galling fire. Meanwhile, Howard had found in Pimentel, captain of the San Mateo, a foe worthy of his mettle. The fray was still hottest on the southern wing, where Recalde continued to bear the brunt of it. Though nobody came to his rescue, he kept up the unequal contest for hours.

Medina-Sidonia, hoping he would retire, rounded to and waited for him instead of drifting along before the west wind, like the rest of the Armada. When the English saw the Spanish admiral thus lagging behind, three of their ships led down upon him and opened fire. Soon after midday Howard suddenly ran up to his masthead the signal for retreat. The whole English fleet turned and flew away, close-hauled, leaving the astonished Spaniards far to leeward.

Recalde had sustained his reputation as the best seaman that Spain possessed. He could not have held out much longer. The English guns had played such havoc that his crew were busy with repairs till noon of the next day.

Medina-Sidonia followed the retreating English with a few galleons, but soon saw how vain was the attempt to catch them. The Spaniards were amazed to see the English ships slipping away, as it seemed to them, in the very eye of the wind. The baffled Armada wore round and proceeded slowly up channel.

Though the first skirmish with the Armada had been in no way decisive, the English had certainly done more damage than they had suffered. It is curious to see Medina-Sidonia's impression of the encounter. After the smoke had blown away, he sat down and wrote a letter to Parma. He said that Recalde, though for a time in some danger, had by his undaunted resistance made the enemy withdraw. He did not call this flight, nor did he think the Armada had won a victory; on the contrary, the mysterious tactics of the English, who were still hovering in full view a few miles to windward, troubled him. He could not understand, if they were really formidable, why they had not risked a decisive engagement.

The Spaniards had constantly tried to grapple and board. It was a bitter disappointment to them that the English, who with their fast ships could fight as they chose, obstinately refused to come to "hand strokes." For there was a large army on board the Armada. Had it been possible to grapple and send those splendid veterans into the enemy's ships, the Spaniards would have had excellent chances of victory.

The inability to board was not the only disheartening feature of the fight. The slowness of the galleons was to blame for that. There was, however, no excuse for the disgraceful cowardice of the captains who had fled and left Recalde to resist a whole fleet alone.

While the Spaniards were perplexed and dissatisfied, the English had a right to be pleased with their Sunday morning's work. On the shelves of the London Record Office are many autograph letters written by Howard, Drake, and other Elizabethan worthies during the stirring Armada days. They are yellow with age, and so badly scrawled that the recipients must have found great difficulty in deciphering them. One of Howard's and one of Drake's bear the date of the battle of Plymouth.

"I will not trouble you with any long letter," says Howard. "We are at present otherwise occupied than with writing." In the fight, he continues, perhaps slightly overestimating his success, "we made some of them to bear room[1] to stop their leaks." Nevertheless, the Armada had struck him as very formidable. "We durst not put in among them, their fleet being so strong." Scarred and weather-beaten Drake, too, who had spent his life fighting Spaniards on every sea, looked for a hard struggle. "They are determined to sell their lives with blows," he writes.

Not long after the unexpected retreat of the enemy, the Spaniards saw them drawing near again. The Armada rounded to. Immediately the wary English did the same. Howard was unwilling to expose his fleet till the forty ships still in Plymouth harbor had joined him. While the Spaniards were awaiting an at-

[1] To leeward.

tack, the air was suddenly rent by a terrific explosion. Anticipating a renewal of the morning's fight, the captain of the San Salvador had been getting his powder-casks ready, when, owing to careless handling, they ignited and blew up the castle-like structure of the stern. The water began to pour in. The rigging collapsed. Part of the crew sprang into the sea, others were brought off in boats. Many had been killed or mutilated by the explosion. Several galleons hastened to the rescue, and, after the fire had been mastered, took the shattered San Salvador in tow.

Nor was this the only accident of the eventful Sunday. After the fight, Recalde sent word to Don Pedro de Valdes, admiral of the Andalusia squadron, that "his galleon was sore beaten," and begged him to come to his relief. While, in compliance with this request, he was bearing down towards his old companion in arms, Valdes fouled successively two galleons, carrying away his bowsprit and suffering other serious damage. He immediately notified Medina-Sidonia, asking him to wait till his hurts could be repaired. Meanwhile the sea rose, and Valdes's crippled ship rolled so badly that her foremast broke clean off close to the deck. Valdes informed the duke of his new mishap, and discharged his guns as a signal of distress. The duke gave order that he should be taken in tow. This order was not carried out, and, as Valdes afterwards wrote from his English prison, Medina-Sidonia, "even as if we had not been your Majesty's subjects nor employed in your service, discharged a piece to call the fleet together and followed his course, leaving me comfortless." Valdes exchanged shots with the enemy during the night, "hoping still that the duke would not use so great inhumanity and unthankfulness towards me; for greater, I think, was never heard of among men." The next day he struck his flag to Drake, who sent the galleon to Dartmouth. Valdes, however, and a few of his officers remained with Drake, and had the remarkable experience of witnessing the defeat of the Armada from his ship, the Revenge, which was always in the thickest of the fight.

Medina-Sidonia's incapacity had now cost him one of his best ships and one of his most distinguished officers. Valdes had commanded the Spanish fleet on the coast of Holland in Don Juan's time, and his knowledge of the Channel would have proved most useful. As if this loss was not enough, the ship which had exploded on Sunday afternoon also fell into the enemy's hands, the next day, after a bungling attempt to sink her, and proved a valuable prize. Lord Thomas Howard and John Hawkins went aboard her, "where they saw a very pitiful sight, — the deck of the ship fallen down, the steerage broken, the stern blown out, and about fifty poor creatures burnt with powder in most miserable sort." Both ships furnished Howard with ammunition, of which he was sorely in need.

These two mishaps had a most depressing effect upon the Spaniards, to whom they seemed an omen of complete disaster. Their confidence in their admiral was shaken. Fearing to share Valdes's fate if they allowed their ships to be battered by the enemy, they felt little encouragement to deeds of prowess.

Medina-Sidonia determined to hasten on his way towards Parma, and waste no more time upon an enemy who, attempting only to harass and impede him, would not fight a decisive battle. He united the north and south wings, thus forming a very strong rearguard, which was to keep the English at bay. He commanded his *sargentos mayores* to hang at once any captain who should leave the post now assigned him. The duke's decision to hasten up channel was quite justifiable. Nevertheless, it must have struck the Spaniards, humiliated and discouraged as they were by the occurrences of Sunday, that their present

course bore an unpleasant resemblance to flight.

Sunday night the English fleet had been ordered to follow Drake's ship, which was to carry a special light; but late in the evening Drake started off in pursuit of certain hulks which he mistook for Spaniards. Having thus lost their guide, most of the English fleet stayed behind, while Howard and a few others continued to follow the Armada. At sunrise the English admiral could see nothing of his fleet save a few topsails whitening here and there the western horizon. Very many of the stragglers, among them Drake, who stopped to capture Valdes, did not overtake Howard till late Monday evening. Had his fleet been together, he would perhaps have repeated the performance of Sunday. At all events, he would not yet have risked a great battle. His chief object was to keep the enemy from landing, and at the same time to weaken him as much as possible without great risk to his own fleet.

At sunrise, Tuesday, August 2d, the fleets were off the Isle of Portland. The wind was blowing from the northeast, so that the Armada was at last to windward. The English were all sailing close-hauled towards the shore, hoping to regain the weather-gauge. Medina-Sidonia was determined, if possible, to keep his advantage, and went off on the same tack, followed by the whole Armada. As the fleets, owing to the better weatherly qualities of the English, drew nearer and nearer, Howard, seeing that he could not get by on that tack, went about. When the English were in stays, the Spaniards slackened sheets and swept down upon them, hoping that their nimble enemy could no longer escape a hand-to-hand encounter.

It was an imposing spectacle. The countless oars of the galleasses were flashing in the sunlight. The towering galleons, as they bore down under full sail, looked as if they might ram and sink the low-built English without firing a gun. The Regazona, largest of the galleons, was leading the Spaniards, and made directly for Howard, firing into him and trying to close. He allowed her to get very near, then filled and backed away in a twinkling. The other galleons had no better success. Medina-Sidonia's chief hope of boarding now rested with the galleasses. They attacked a little cluster of English ships, among them Frobisher's Triumph, which were already engaged in a hot fight with several big galleons; but the galleasses, rowed by unwilling slaves, could not get near enough to throw grappling-hooks into the enemy's rigging. They too had to content themselves with replying as best they could to the incessant fire of the English guns. Many ships on both sides were scarcely more than lookers-on.

Soon, as often happens in the Channel, the wind began to go round with the sun. It shifted to southeast, and soon to south-southwest, putting the English in their turn to windward. A strong division of them now charged the main body of the Armada, leaving to the southwestward Frobisher and his group still engaged with a Spanish detachment. They bore with free sheets straight down upon Recalde, who was always present where the hardest blows might be expected. Leyva hastened to his support, while Medina-Sidonia sent the ships about him to help Recalde, and started off close-hauled to the westward, hoping to tack through the enemy and succor the galleasses and galleons which were fighting Frobisher. He had already left the English, who were now engaged in a furious fight with Recalde and Leyva, somewhat to leeward, when Howard, seeing Medina-Sidonia's design, and fearing that Frobisher might be caught in a trap, suddenly left Recalde and hastened to the rescue. On his way he had to pass Medina-Sidonia, who was now quite isolated. When he saw Howard leading down upon him, he short-

ened sail and waited for him. Howard approached within musket-shot before firing a gun, and, as he sailed by, discharged a terrific broadside at this short range. He was followed by a long line of ships, which likewise fired into Medina-Sidonia as they passed; but he replied so fiercely that, as the Spaniards noticed complacently, the second half of the English line did not venture so near as the first. Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo hastened to the support of their hard-pressed admiral, who was now attacked by a fresh group of English. The fighting became desperate. As a gentleman on board the San Martin wrote, Oquendo completely "hid his ship in the smoke of his guns and made Fame jealous." The Spaniards were inspired anew with the hope of grappling, but every attempt was foiled. This was maddening. It seemed, one of them said, as if their galleons were anchored, while the English vessels had wings. By this time Howard had succeeded in driving off the ships which were besetting Frobisher. It was now late in the afternoon. Medina-Sidonia, unable to close, and unwilling longer to expose the Armada to a fire so much more deadly than his own, collected his scattered ships and started up channel again.

The next day there was but little fighting. Howard, whose ammunition had been nearly exhausted by the quick firing, decided to await a fresh supply. Meanwhile he arranged his fleet in four squadrons, commanded by himself, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. Medina-Sidonia, on the other hand, took advantage of the favorable wind and weather to hasten on towards Parma.

Thursday morning, August 4th, the fleets had reached the Isle of Wight. The wind had fallen to a calm. A galleon which had lagged behind during the night was drifting along not far ahead of Hawkins's squadron. Hoping to make a prize of her, Hawkins ordered boats lowered, and had a number of his ships towed so near that the boats were beaten off with musket-shot. The galleasses, however, darted over the smooth water to the rescue. The lord admiral and his kinsman, Lord Thomas Howard, immediately towed within range of the galleasses, and raked them so effectively with their heavy guns that they had not the courage to close. "One of them was fain to be carried away upon the careen," wrote an Englishman who saw the fight, "and another, by a shot from the Ark, lost her lantern, which came swimming by, and the third his nose." The galleasses "were never seen in fight any more, so bad was their entertainment in this encounter." Both fleets looked on, until "at length it began to blow a little gale" from the south. This enabled Leyva to bring a few ships to the relief of the galleasses. At the same time, Frobisher, followed by some of the best ships of his squadron, bore down upon Medina-Sidonia, who had sailed back with part of his vanguard to take part in the fight. He now formed with his consorts the north wing of the Armada. Frobisher and his companions came closer than any English ships had done as yet, and they hulled Medina-Sidonia's galleon so often that he thought they were using bigger guns than hitherto and firing from a lower deck. Soon, Recalde, Oquendo, and others came up and drove their ships between their admiral and the English. In the confusion of battle Frobisher's Triumph fell away to leeward of these Spaniards. The duke and Recalde at once bore down upon him and cut him off entirely from his consorts. He was in great danger. The eager Spaniards thought he could not elude them, but suddenly a number of boats dropped like a flash over the side of his ship, and their crews got her clear with a few vigorous strokes. Her sails filled again, and she spurted away from her amazed and disappointed pursuers. They had never seen ships handled in this fashion before. Meanwhile, How-

ard, seeing Frobisher's danger, had sailed into the Spaniards with such unwonted rashness that they again hoped he would close and furnish them with what they now called *solo el remedio de la victoria*, their only chance of victory. But this was not to be ; and Medina-Sidonia, with a heavy heart, laid the Armada once more upon its eastward course.

As an officer on the San Martin wrote the king, the progress of the Armada up channel was " like an intermittent fever." There had been a battle every other day. Medina-Sidonia had again been inveigled into wasting time upon the enemy. It was St. Dominic's Day. The Armada's flags were flying in his honor. The superstitious Spaniards thought they must surely beat the impudent heretics on the day of this saint, whom the duke was said to count among his ancestors, and to whom he was especially devoted. St. Dominic, however, had been deaf to the prayers of his votaries. The Spaniards had wasted three precious days, and, what was far more serious, the greater part of their ammunition. After the battle the duke wrote Parma, begging him to send ships with a fresh supply.

Howard's magazines were also well-nigh depleted. He determined to fight no more till he arrived in the Downs, when he was to be joined by Seymour's fleet. In the mean time he could supply his needs from the shore.

All day Friday it was very calm, and the fleets drifted along in sight of each other. The duke sent off a message to Parma, requesting forty or fifty light craft which could outsail the English and enable him to grapple and board. He was getting anxious, and felt that something must be done to shake off the constantly increasing English fleet, which clung to the Armada like a shadow.

How different was Howard's position! All day long, ships were bringing him men and ammunition. He, like every English sailor, was inspired by the feeling that he was defending his own fireside. Receiving constant aid and encouragement from the shore, he was never allowed to forget that the mighty sympathy of a nation on fire with patriotic indignation was behind him.

While the fleets were drifting lazily along, the crew of Howard's flag-ship witnessed a scene which must have deeply impressed them with its noble simplicity. " His lordship," says an eye-witness, " as well in reward for their good services in these former fights as also for the encouragement of the rest, called the Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield, Sir Roger Townshend, Sir Martin Frobisher, and Sir John Hawkins, and gave them all the order of knighthood aboard the Ark." The English admiral was satisfied with the way in which his officers and sailors had met the great Armada, and looked forward with manly hopefulness to the great struggle which was yet to come.

Saturday morning the fleets were very near each other, sailing with a fair wind into the Straits of Dover. " The Spaniards went always before the English army like sheep." Before noon the French coast arose above the horizon. At four o'clock the Armada was off Calais. Medina-Sidonia proposed waiting for Parma there instead of sailing on to Dunkirk. He seems long since to have given up the idea of going directly to Margate. His best officers urged him not to stop, but the pilots declared that if he tried to wait off Dunkirk, wind and current were very likely to sweep the Armada out into the North Sea. Alarmed at such a possibility, the duke hurriedly gave orders to drop anchor in Calais roads, and sent an officer to the governor of the town to assure him of his friendly intentions. Not many minutes later, the English fleet, now increased by Seymour's thirty sail, was also riding at anchor a little to windward of the Armada. Howard now had about one hundred and forty ships, and Medina-Sidonia one hundred and thirty.

The anxiety and perplexity of the Spanish admiral were fast increasing. He begged Parma to join the Armada in Calais roads without delay, when they would make for some safe harbor. Medina-Sidonia, who was to clear the passage for Parma's transports, was now imploring aid from him. This was discouraging to both. It was especially maddening to the admiral, who felt that he could annihilate this *endemoniada gente*, the devilish English, if he could only get at them. The Spaniards, as they set out from Coruña, would not have believed that they could fight three battles without thoroughly beating the English fleet. Yet instead of sweeping the enemy from the Channel, they had met with very serious losses, while the English had suffered no damage, and were now twice as strong as in the first encounter. The absolute ignorance as to Parma's movements greatly increased the difficulties of the Spanish admiral, who had been constantly sending dispatches since the 25th of July, and had as yet got no reply, though Parma was now within a few hours' sail. A feeling of uncertainty and dread pervaded the whole Armada. As the ships' boys chanted the Salve that Saturday evening, their voices must have trembled with the fervor of heartfelt supplication.

The next morning, as the two fleets lay watching each other, "both riding still," Howard "put out his flag of council." It was decided that, on account of the "great and hugeness of the Spanish army," it could be removed only "by a device of firing ships." Howard resolved to put the plan in execution that very night, and sent Sir Henry Palmer to Dover for "such vessels as were fit to be fired and materials apt to take fire."

This same morning Medina-Sidonia got discouraging news from Parma. A messenger who had left Dunkirk the day before reported that Parma had not arrived there, and that neither troops nor supplies had been put on board the transports. Medina-Sidonia at once dispatched another message to Parma, urging him to make haste. He admitted that he had already failed in his appointed task. He was incapable of clearing the passage for Parma's transports. "It is impossible," he wrote, "to do anything with the Armada." He hoped, however, that when Parma joined him with his flotilla they could fight their way together across the Channel.

The Englishmen were completing arrangements which soon frustrated this hope. It was impossible for Sir Henry Palmer to get back Sunday evening, but as "occasion would not be overslipped" Howard decided to use some of the worst craft in his fleet as fire-ships. He was determined that the Spaniards should not be allowed to rest and renew their supplies, and, above all, that they should not effect a junction with Parma. The conduct of the English had been consistent from the beginning. They would not permit the enemy to take refuge either on the English coast or in dangerous proximity to it.

Medina-Sidonia had been warned against fire-ships, and was naturally on his guard, since the fleets lay for the first time at anchor, and the wind was blowing straight from the English fleet towards the Armada. Noticing, in the evening, unwonted movement among the English ships, he ordered one of his officers to spend the night in a pinnace, and in case a fire-ship appeared to throw a grapnel aboard and tow it ashore, where it could do no damage. He also warned all captains to have boats ready to tow their ships out of harm's way, if the pinnace should fail.

About midnight Howard's preparations were completed. At a given signal, eight ships, all abreast, left the English fleet. Under full sail, and as yet scarcely visible in the darkness, they swept with wind and tide down upon the silent Armada, which was huddled together in a circle. Their crews gave a last look

to make sure that the fire had caught well, then sprang into their boats and rowed back to the fleet. The Spanish watches descried the black vessels moving towards them, and aroused their sleeping comrades, who rushed, half dazed, up the hatchways. The fire soon broke out at the port-holes, and leapt in little tongues of flame along the shrouds, till hulls and sails burst into a lurid mass of conflagration. The guns had been loaded, and added to the startling effect by going off in the flames. The memory of those awful floating mines at Antwerp flashed through the brains of the panic-stricken Spaniards. What if these ships too should be supplied with mines! The Armada might be blown to atoms. In taking his precautions, Medina-Sidonia had not dreamt of so many. Quick as thought cables were cut and sails hoisted. As soon as the burning vessels had passed, the duke signaled his fleet to anchor. The confusion was such that few heard the signal-gun, and only those ships nearest him obeyed. The rest were swept along by wind and tide towards the dangerous coast of Flanders.

Not a storm, as Medina-Sidonia had dreaded, but the skill and activity of the enemy had driven his galleons from Calais roads, and exposed them to the dangers which he had so anxiously tried to avoid. The losses and disappointments during the sail up channel, the increasing strength of the English fleet, the bad news from Parma, the precariousness of their anchorage, had already filled the Spaniards with dark forebodings of disaster. The moment for producing a panic could not have been better chosen. By burning a few small ships the English captains had accomplished more than they could have hoped to do in days of hard fighting.

At sunrise on Monday, the 8th of August, the English saw the scattered Armada far off to leeward. As they were hastily making sail, the chief galleass, which, in the confusion of the night, had fouled a galleon and carried away her own rudder, caught their attention. She had stayed behind and dropped anchor close under Calais. Howard, followed by several ships, sailed towards the crippled Spaniard, while the rest of his fleet darted off before the wind in pursuit of the discomfited Armada. The galleass rowed ashore in order to escape the English guns, but Howard sent off his long-boat and a pinnace, which, "after a pretty skirmish with our small shot against theirs,"[1] won a "victory above all hope or expectation." The captain of the galleass was killed within the first half-hour by a musket-shot, whereupon most of the crew leapt overboard and fled to the beach. Many of them were drowned. Other English boats now approached, and the few remaining Spaniards "put up two handkerchiefs upon two rapiers, signifying that they desired truce." The victorious English clambered eagerly up the high side of the galleass, "each man seeking his benefit of pillage." They had not been on board long when the governor of Calais sent two French officers, who said the English had by their gallantry earned the right to plunder, but forbade them to take away the ship or her artillery. The English officers gave them a friendly, somewhat evasive answer; but before the Frenchmen could leave the galleass they were seized by a band of rough English sailors, who "fell to spoiling them, taking away their rings and jewels as from enemies." No sooner had they escaped to the shore and indignantly told their story than Calais fort opened fire upon the galleass, forcing the Englishmen to abandon their well-earned prize.

Howard, who had wasted too much time over this stray vessel, now hastened after his fleet, which, as the smoke and the roar of cannon told him, was already engaged in a hot fight.

The westerly wind, before which the

[1] Letter of Richard Tomson, who was in the pinnace.

fire-ships had sailed down upon the Armada, had increased during the small hours of the morning, and, aided by the strong current, had now driven the greater part of the Spaniards far along the coast to the northeastward of Medina-Sidonia. Drake, whose squadron was leading the chase, saw at a glance the possibilities of the situation, and swooped down upon the duke and the cluster of ships which had stayed by him. The Spanish admiral at once weighed anchor, hoping to collect his scattered flock and regain Calais roads. If he sailed after the ships which had gone ahead, his pilots said, he would have to fight on the shoals, where the whole Armada might be driven ashore and lost. He determined, therefore, by standing his ground to give his ships time to get away from the treacherous coast, and sent jolly-boats ahead to warn them of their danger.

It was only six o'clock when Drake reached the duke's little group and began to pound them with his heavy guns, coming near enough to use small arms as well. Medina-Sidonia responded with great spirit, and his gallantry was not without avail. His ships sailed away from the coast and began to collect about him. Leyva, Recalde, Oquendo, and many others were soon pouring their broadsides into the English. Drake had not been long engaged when Frobisher and Hawkins came up with their squadrons and joined in the attack. The fleets were carrying on a running fight, drifting with wind and current constantly eastward. When Howard arrived at nine o'clock they were off Gravelines. The English fleet was now united, and Howard was determined to drive the Armada far out into the North Sea.

The Spaniards, who also were now together again, had formed themselves in a long line running north and south, but so curved that the ends were considerably farther west than the centre, giving, as at Plymouth, the appearance of a crescent. The centre was much stronger than the wings, although the latter contained many big ships.

Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher were pounding the left wing and the centre, which had grouped itself about Medina-Sidonia. The right wing, or northerly horn of the crescent, had been formed by a large number of galleons, which, after getting clear of the shoals, had kept their northerly course and sailed out behind the Armada. After passing the centre they had sailed closer to the wind, and, about the time of Howard's arrival, were ready to take part in the fight. Howard joined Drake and the others who were engaged with centre and left wing, while Seymour and Winter, followed by a cluster of their ships, bore down upon this newly formed right wing.

The conflict on the Spanish centre and left became very hot. The Spaniards felt the great importance of recovering Calais roads. The English were determined to prevent them, and sailed constantly within musket-shot, discharging their guns at this distance with great effect. The San Martin was a target which they particularly sought. Her rigging was badly cut up, and she was so often hit between wind and water that she began to leak very badly. Many of the big galleons, seeing that the fight on the north wing had been extremely violent, and hoping to get a chance there to close and grapple, were one by one leaving the centre. Medina-Sidonia, however, held out valiantly until three o'clock, when those English who had been fighting the centre all day also bore away towards the Spanish right. They evidently wished to use their store of ammunition, which the rapid fire was fast exhausting, where it would do most good, and therefore, having wrought considerable havoc among the ships of Medina-Sidonia and his consorts, now fell upon the right wing, which by this time had become very strong.

As the fury of battle around Medina-Sidonia abated, he knew by the roar of

cannon and the sharp crack of small arms that his right wing was engaged in a terrific combat at short range. The men in his tops could see through the clouds of smoke only that two Spanish ships were surrounded and hard pressed by the enemy. In spite of the crippled state of the San Martin, he wore round and sailed to the rescue.

The fight on the Spanish right was the most important feature of the battle of Gravelines. It had begun at nine o'clock, when Seymour and Winter made their charge. They had not fired a gun till very near, when their broadsides were so destructive that a great part of the wing turned and fled towards the centre, like the left wing in the battle of Plymouth. In the confusion of retreat, several galleons fouled each other and became entangled. That was exactly what the English wanted. They surrounded these isolated ships in overwhelming numbers and riddled them with shot. Their tactics were not chivalrous, perhaps, but they were prudent, skillful, deadly. "Myself," wrote Seymour soon after the battle, "with the Vanguard, the Antelope, and others, charged upon the tail, being somewhat broken, and distressed three of their great ships, among which my ship shot one of them through six times, being within less than musket-shot." The *maestre de campo*, Toledo, sailed out to help his hard-pressed comrades, endeavoring in vain to board the English, who, in their eagerness to chase the Armada into the North Sea, were venturing very near. "When I was furthest off in discharging any of the pieces," wrote Winter, "I was not out of the shot of their harquebus, and most times within speech one of another." The Earl of Cumberland, Winter, Seymour, and others lost no time in surrounding Toledo, who got into such a plight that a second maestre de campo, Pimentel, sailed to his assistance. Instead of driving the English away, Pimentel was soon in as great distress as Toledo, until Recalde and others came up. The English then filled and got away, whereupon Toledo and Pimentel, accompanied this time by a number of galleons, charged them anew, coming near enough to use their muskets, and now and then almost succeeding in grappling.

It was now three o'clock. The battle was raging almost exclusively on the right wing. As Medina-Sidonia approached with ships from his centre and left, he saw that the English had concentrated their forces upon Toledo and Pimentel, who, in their efforts to board, had driven their galleons far in among the enemy's fleet. They paid dearly for their courage. The English did not cease pouring their broadsides into them until, in the words of a Spaniard present, their ships were "knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly all dead or wounded." It is impossible to suppress a feeling of sympathy for the chivalrous Spaniards. For more than a week they had been exposed to the galling tactics of an enemy whom they could not grasp. At last the English allowed them to get nearer than ever before, yet just as the Spaniards seemed on the point of closing they whirled about and were gone. Enraged and baffled, the Spaniards hissed out after them, "Cowards!" "Lutheran hens!" daring them to come on again. It was all in vain.

After silencing Toledo's and Pimentel's guns the English suddenly broke off the fight; for, says Winter, "every man was weary with labor." Both Spaniards and English had nearly used up their ammunition. Howard had already driven the Armada far from Calais roads, and, since the Spaniards no longer showed any disposition to force their way back, but were fast sailing away from Parma, wisely decided to save his little store of powder and balls for any emergency that might arise. He hurried off a messenger, requesting a new supply at once, and then, as he wrote Walsingham, "set on a brag coun-

tenance and gave them chase, as though we had wanted nothing."

It was of the utmost importance for the Spaniards to return to Calais. Had their commander been a man of heroic mould, he would have made every effort to beat back that night. He would have persevered till there was not a man left to work a gun or haul a sheet. Such a course, even if it had resulted in defeat, would have retrieved the honor of Spain. But the case was not so desperate. Had the Spaniards continued the fight, the enemy's guns must soon have fallen silent from want of cartridges. Nothing but boarding, for which the Spaniards had so longed, could then have prevented the duke from sailing back into the Channel. The next day might have seen the Armada riding at anchor once more in Calais roads.

Medina-Sidonia, however, was no hero. He thought no longer of fighting, but only of getting the crippled Armada together again. Seeing that Pimentel was in trouble, he sent boats to bring off all hands; but Pimentel and part of his crew refused to desert the ship, which was drifting, a helpless wreck, towards the breakers of the low Dutch coast.

Meanwhile, Toledo got his sinking San Felipe alongside the hulk Doncella and went aboard her with all his crew. Suddenly the cry arose that the hulk was foundering as well, whereupon Toledo, who preferred going down on his own ship, sprang back again. It was not discovered that the alarm had been false till Toledo had drifted, like Pimentel, far away towards the Dutch coast. Soon night closed in, and the Spaniards sailed on, leaving to their fate two chivalrous comrades. Such was Medina-Sidonia's mode of rewarding and encouraging conspicuous gallantry.

Toledo's ship ran ashore on Nieuport beach. He thus found himself among friends. Pimentel had a different fortune. Drifting along off the coast between Ostend and the Sluys, his ship was reported to Lord Willoughby, general of the queen's army in the Low Countries, who sent out three men-of-war against her. After a sharp fight of two hours Pimentel struck his colors. The "best sort" among the prisoners were spared for their ransoms, while the others were cast without mercy into the sea.

Medina-Sidonia was too fully occupied in keeping his own vessel afloat to think much about the misfortunes of others. Amidst the groans of the wounded, his weary sailors were working the pumps, splicing ropes, and plugging shot-holes. Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo, who had fought with only less conspicuous courage than Toledo and Pimentel, also found that their galleons had greatly suffered. Besides the galleass on Calais bar and the ships of the two heroic maestres de campo, several others were missing when Medina-Sidonia counted his fleet the next morning. "There is three of them a-fishing in the bottom of the seas," wrote Howard. "Their force is wonderful great and strong," he said, "and yet we pluck their feathers by little and little."

The number of killed and wounded was very small in comparison with the importance of the results. No battle had ever decided more momentous questions than did this of Gravelines. "The fate of mankind hung in the balance," says Ranke. Yet not over five hundred Spaniards were killed in the fight, and still fewer English. "God hath mightily protected her Majesty's forces," wrote Captain Thomas Fenner of the Nonpareil, "with the least losses that ever hath been heard of, being within the compass of so great volleys of shot, both small and great. I verily believe there is not three score men lost of her Majesty's forces." Amazing as this statement is, it really seems that the day of Gravelines cost the English less than a hundred men, and it is certain that, if we except the fire-ships, they lost not a single vessel.

They had ceased fighting on Monday

evening with a feeling of great satisfaction. Especially Drake, whose trade was fighting Spaniards, and who knew of what stuff they were made, realized in its full importance the success achieved. In high glee he wrote after the battle, "God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands this few days; and whensoever they shall meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoice of this day's service." It was very fortunate for Howard that the wind had been westerly Sunday night and all day Monday. Had it blown fair for the Spaniards, he could hardly have prevented them from returning to Calais. But the English, though favored by circumstances, had made the most of their opportunities from the time of the first appearance of the Armada on their coasts, and owed their success to a splendid display of energy, skill, and courage.

Both fleets sailed through the night along the coast of Flanders. The wind gradually edged to the northward, and in the morning was blowing hard from the northwest. This was a fair wind for Calais, but Medina-Sidonia had no heart for another battle. Owing to their crippled state, the Spanish ships, bad sailers at best, were now falling off rapidly to leeward towards the low line of shoals which skirt the coast of Zealand. The anxious Spaniards could see the great waves breaking into foam on the treacherous sands. The enemy did not offer to attack them, believing, the Spaniards thought, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. On ships which drew twenty-five feet the lead was already giving only thirty. "It was the fearfullest day in the world," a gentleman on board the San Martin wrote to the king. "The Lord made the enemy blind and kept him from attacking us." Suddenly, by a miracle as the Spaniards fondly thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada, rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the North Sea, closely followed by the English.

There could be no doubt about it. The proudest fleet that had ever whitened the sea was fleeing. Rations were so shortened that men died of hunger and thirst. All horses and mules, which a wise commander would have kept for food, were cast overboard to save water. As if the Spaniards were not miserable enough already, they had to see one of their comrades, an officer who had been accused of inefficiency, hanged at the yard-arm.

The English did not realize that they had fought their last battle with the Spanish Armada, that England was saved. Even Drake still expected "to wrestle a pull," but hoped "ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees." Soon, however, it became evident that the Spaniards were simply trying to escape. On the 12th of August, when the fleets were thirty-two leagues off Newcastle, Howard decided to abandon the chase, and take in a supply of provisions and ammunition, of which there was "wonderful need." "If our wants of victuals and munition were supplied," he declared, "we would pursue them to the furthest that they durst have gone." Leaving certain "pinnaces to dog the fleet until they should be past the Isles of Scotland," he sailed back to the Channel. When the rent topsails of Medina-Sidonia's galleons disappeared beneath the horizon, Elizabeth's seamen had seen the Invincible Armada for the last time. The mighty fleet which came to conquer England was reeling homewards, battered and miserable, without having so much as sunk one of the enemy's cockboats. In his anxiety to avoid facing the terrible English again, Medina-Sidonia was fleeing with his half-ballasted, top-heavy galleons into the greater dangers of the wild Irish coast.

W. F. Tilton.

DOROTHY.

I WAS standing in the old Florentine monastery of San Marco, in the quiet company of Fra Angelico angels, when a child entered who might well have been a Fra Angelico angel herself, rounded face and floating hair being of such fair and delicate coloring. She crossed the cell, surveyed one of the faded frescoes gravely, and said aloud, "Is this mentioned in Baedeker?"

I replied that I would look, and opened my guidebook.

Thus began my acquaintance with the little English girl Dorothy.

Amy and Frederick Alexander came in shortly after this, stopped to chat for a moment, then passed on to consider the other rooms of the convent.

"Your friends are very nice ones," observed Dorothy, as the two disappeared. "Will you please tell me their names?"

I told her; also that Amy and I sometimes called Mr. Alexander "the Lord Byron Boy," because we thought he resembled youthful portraits of that poet; that we had met him several months before in Venice, and had been meeting him constantly ever since, which was of course perfectly natural when three persons were traveling in the same direction.

"Perfectly natural," assented Dorothy, now proceeding to give me a brief account of her own affairs. She had spent her seven years in Italy, with the exception of a summer in England, where her papa and mamma were at present. Her papa was a sculptor; his studio was in Florence; they lived in an apartment; she had a German governess. "In fact," said the child, "while papa and mamma are away, I seem to have two of them, because Fräulein Klara has a friend visiting her. I believe they are engaged or married, I am not sure which. I am not sure, either, whether they are girls or women. Mamma calls them girls, and they call themselves 'uns Mädchens.' I just left them in Savonarola's cell; they always linger so everywhere. How old does one have to be to become a woman?"

"Sometimes no older than seven," I answered; "sometimes one is never old enough: it depends on the person."

Dorothy continued her description of the Fräuleins: "They dress exactly alike, and the other day they bought some books, and had them marked with their initials all mixed in together."

"Interwoven," I suggested.

"Interwoven," repeated Dorothy, as she put the word in the safety of a mental corner for future needs. "Is n't it rather queer for two women to be engaged or married? I thought, for that, the persons had to be a pretty young lady and a very handsome young man, like your friends."

I remarked that it was not unusual for one woman to give a lifelong devotion to another; cases of such devotion had become famous in history; there were even stranger things in the way of engagements and marriages, — had she ever been in Venice?

Oh yes, twice, and she was going again, she and the Fräuleins; they were only waiting for the moon to be full.

"A very curious thing used to take place in Venice, in the days when a Doge lived in the palace on the Piazza. Every year, at the feast of the Ascension, the Doge went out beyond the Lido, borne by a magnificent barge, and followed by a train of richly dressed people; and there were roses in golden bowls, and clouds of incense, and a ceremony as if for a wedding, and the Doge, extending his hand over the water, let fall a ring, saying, 'With this ring We thee wed.' He did not speak these words for himself, but for Venice, for this was her

marriage with the sea. Now these weddings no longer occur on Ascension Day, and although people are continually losing their hearts to Venice, she herself always remains faithful to the memory of the days of the Doges."

"I suppose you know a great many things," said Dorothy, who had listened with flattering attention. "Do you know about Florence, — are you worthy to see it? Have you been shown the old, old map of the world in the library of San Lorenzo? It has n't any America on it, because it was made before that sentence got into the geography where it says, 'The earth is round like a ball or an orange.' Everything is quite flat, and the four winds are blowing themselves very red in the face. There is a wind in each corner. It must have been very interesting to go to school when they made maps in that way."

"Is there a turtle on the old map in San Lorenzo?" I asked. "Before people knew that the earth was round, some of them thought it was carried about on the back of a turtle."

"Did they?" said Dorothy. "Fräulein Klara never spoke of that. I had two little turtles once; their names were Shadrach and Abednego. They came from Venice. You can buy two for half a franc on the Piazza in front of St. Mark's. You did n't tell me if you were worthy to see Florence."

I replied that I had n't the least idea what she meant, but without knowing would confess that I was most unworthy; that Florence seemed to me like a dull town on a dull river bordered by dull houses. Still, I had only come the evening before, and it took time to form correct impressions. Of course I knew it was not a dull town, because I had read so much about it.

"Have you read about the little boy who went to ride at midnight on the back of the bronze boar?"

I was again obliged to confess ignorance.

"Dear Hans Christian Andersen wrote it. You can see the boar for yourself at the Mercato Nuovo. It is really a fountain. If you will tell me where you live, I will bring you the book."

I said that would be very kind, and that Frederick Alexander would be delighted to read the story to Amy and me; he was very fond of reading to us.

Dorothy asked for more information regarding Frederick Alexander. Did he speak Italian, and what was he going to be?

Yes, he spoke Italian, and he was going to be an architect. At present it occupied all his time to explain pictures to us and to bring us flowers. In Rome he had brought roses; in Naples, armfuls of yellow laburnum; here in Florence he brought lilies, tall white lilies, fresh every morning.

After dinner, that night, as I opened my books, trying if possible to learn how best one might become worthy to see Florence, Amy came in and sat down by my side for a moment without saying anything; then she went into the next room, and I heard her at the piano playing a happy little tune to herself in the dark. After this Frederick Alexander knocked at my door, took possession of the chair Amy had just left, unfolded his hopes, his happiness, stated his age, which was twenty-five, his worldly prospects, which were most favorable, and concluded these glad and not wholly unexpected confidences by fervently thanking me for my good wishes and willingness to accept him as the lover of the party. But indeed, what could I do otherwise, since he had asked Amy to marry him and she had said yes, and there was absolutely no reason for objecting to either question or answer?

When Dorothy and I exchanged addresses in the monastery of San Marco, we made the joyful discovery that we were living on adjacent floors in the same house; and when, later in the day, Dorothy appeared at my door with the pro-

mised copy of Andersen's fairy tales, in true neighborly fashion, she offered her services as an occasional guide to various delightful places in and about Florence, provided these services would be agreeable.

Before accepting the tempting proposal, I suggested conscientiously that possibly Dorothy's mamma or the Fräuleins might not wholly approve of these attentions so generously bestowed upon an utter stranger.

"But you are not a stranger," returned Dorothy. "I knew you at once. Did n't you know me at once? You acted as if you did."

"If I acted so," I said, "it must have been for the reason that a good many people are something like mechanical toys: you pull certain strings, and certain things happen. You pulled the string which made me act as if I knew you at once; whereas, on the contrary, I did not know you at all, and was wondering to myself, What kind of a little girl is this who inquires if one is worthy to see Florence, and why should she ask such a question?"

"I asked," explained Dorothy, "because just before I met you I was at Santa Maria Novella with the Fräuleins, and some American ladies were reading aloud before two old pictures; and what they read and the pictures together made them say they were not worthy to see Florence, and never should be. They did n't seem to care very much. The book is by Mr. Ruskin. Fräulein Klara has one; I will ask her to lend it to you. Then you can read what the American ladies read, and see if you are worthy."

There was a reception in the salon of our pension that evening, and I had the pleasure of meeting the Fräuleins. They were charming and gracious, and assured me I need feel no hesitation in accepting Dorothy's proposal, provided the child's presence did not disturb my own plans.

This matter comfortably settled, the next day, when Dorothy's lessons were over, we went together to the smaller cloister of Santa Maria Novella, where, half hidden behind an old tomb, are two frescoes from the hand of Master Giotto. Referring to one of these, Mr. Ruskin says, "If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not — by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it."

"Are you going to be pleased?" asked Dorothy in rather a responsible tone.

"They are very interesting," I answered cautiously.

At this point Amy and Frederick Alexander appeared, and passed on, unmindful alike of our presence and of Master Giotto's frescoes, although they had included the latter as an important part of their afternoon programme. I mentioned the engagement, and how happy we were about it.

"Counting the Fräuleins, that makes four engaged," said Dorothy thoughtfully. "What else is there besides being engaged? Of course we don't want to do exactly the same thing."

I proposed a club.

What was that?

A number of persons who met regularly for a certain object, as, for instance, in order to take walks. A club always had a name. We might call ours the Italian Ramblers, because our object was rambling. Dorothy approved; and thus was established, in the smaller cloister of Santa Maria Novella, before Master Giotto's frescoes, a delightful association, having no bylaws, no fees, no restrictions, except those common to all men, women, and children trying to conduct themselves in a proper manner.

After this we rambled almost every afternoon, going many times again to the place of our first meeting, the old monastery of San Marco, with its memories of Fra Angelico and Savonarola; climbing Dante's narrow stairway in the Via San Martino, assisting at the noonday feeding of stray pussies in the hos-

pitable close of San Lorenzo, refreshing ourselves at the fountain of the bronze boar, and gazing untiringly at the lovely babies of the House of the Innocents. One day we went up from the town to Fiesole, fair Fiesole, where Fra Angelico, walking in the gardens, worked out in thought his tender fancies, or lost himself in loving remembrance of the Master.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame.
But the olives, they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
As into the woods He came."

"What is that you are saying over?" asked Dorothy. "Are you making a poem?"

I repeated the lines, explaining that they were written by a poet who was dead; that they reminded me of Fra Angelico. I thought he would have liked them.

"A great many people are dead," observed Dorothy, "such nice people, — your poet, and Fra Angelico, and dear Hans Christian Andersen. The Fräuleins never say 'dead;' they call it *heimgegangen*. How can one be heimgegangen and at the same time waiting in the tomb for the Day of Judgment? I don't care for Day of Judgment pictures, do you? There is such a lot of horrid things going on. When I die, I want an angel to hurry down to me with a little golden crown and a palm branch. What do you think of Day of Judgment pictures, dearest Rambler?"

I replied, cautiously again, that many of them seemed to me not unlike the old map of which she had spoken, the one without any America, or perhaps an even older map, dating from the time when people believed that the earth was carried about on the back of a turtle, — interesting, but highly imaginary; and, speaking of turtles, if there were any left in Venice, I promised myself the pleasure of presenting her with two on the occasion of our first Venetian ramble. For as affairs had developed we were going to Venice together, — the four engaged persons, Dorothy and I. A few days later we said *a rivederci* to beloved Florence, and journeyed on and on until we crossed fields that in the moonlight shone like a sea of silver; then we had the smell of the real sea, then the sea itself, then the long bridge, and then the guard calling at our carriage door, "Venezia! Venezia!"

We left the train and entered our gondola. A sound of music drifted in welcome across the water; a moonbeam played with Dorothy's hair; the moon itself, round and golden, looked out of the sky as if saying, "Venice spelled with a *c* and Venise spelled with an *s*, Venedig spelled in German and Venezia spelled in Italian, — let the world name her what it will, I alone have the right to name her *bellissima*, since it is through me and for me that she becomes 'the most beautiful.'"

The following day we started forth, a pilgrim-like procession, in the direction of St. Mark's. Various distractions, however, separated us on the way, among others the replacing of the lost Shadrach and Abednego; and once separated, we did not meet again until dinner. This was our first and last attempt at seeing things in complete company, and Dorothy and I were able to pursue our rambles with even fewer interruptions than in Florence.

One morning, and, as it chanced, the feast of the Ascension, we had been in the church of St. James of the Deep Stream, in the market-place at the foot of the Rialto. As we came out I said, "When you are older, and read Mr. Ruskin's Stones of Venice, remember this church in the market-place, for it was exactly here that once upon a time the very first stone of all was laid in the name of St. James the Fisher; it was here that little Venice must have lived and played when she was about your age, before she grew up and became a signorina."

"And married the sea," continued Dorothy. "Don't you remember, you told me the Doge went out in a magnificent barge, with incense burning and with roses in golden bowls, and let fall a ring, saying, 'With this ring We thee wed;' and although people have kept losing their hearts to Venice ever since, she herself is always missing the Doges, and sad because there can be no more weddings?"

I complimented Dorothy on her excellent memory, and we crossed the market-place, stopping for a moment to buy flowers and cherries, when we noticed, directly at my companion's feet, a silver heart, doubtless lost from some neck ribbon. "How curious," I said, "that just as we were talking about losing hearts to Venice, we should find one which Venice had lost for you!"

"Perhaps it is her little-girl heart," returned Dorothy, quick to follow out a fancy; "you were saying she lived somewhere near here when she was a little girl."

I replied that it was true there were happy little-girl hearts, and fluttering young-lady hearts, and quiet hearts that came later when people had been through a good deal. I was sure that Venice must have had all three kinds.

"Like St. Paul's three skulls," said Dorothy. "Mr. Alexander has seen them: St. Paul's little-boy skull and his young-man skull in Rome, and his old-man skull in some other place. But the Fräuleins tell me it is impossible to have three skulls, and that Mr. Alexander was talking nonsense. I suppose hearts and skulls are quite different, — or are you talking nonsense?"

"Not exactly; that is, not as much as Mr. Alexander, because, as you say, hearts and skulls are quite different;" and I added that it was a very pretty adventure to find a heart in Venice on Ascension Day.

After our walk I did not see Dorothy again until supper-time, when she brought me a bunch of jasmine from the garden trellis, and asked if I would go out with her a little while that evening; it was something very important.

Supper finished, therefore, we went down to the water-door of the house, where Pietro, our pet gondolier, was waiting. He wore a fine new blue sash, had a pink rose in the band of his hat, and there were roses fastened in a decorative way to the side of the gondola.

We glided through the side canal behind the house, in and out among all the mystery and shadows of the canals beyond, past silent doors and gateways, under palace and garden wall; Dorothy chatting with Pietro in soft Italian sounds falling on the ear like the cooing of doves, I leaning back among the cushions and enjoying that peculiar feeling of repose which can come only in Venice and in a gondola, when we emerged from the twilight and stillness into the life of the broad river just beyond the Rialto, and in the neighborhood of the little church of St. James.

"I was telling Fräulein Klara what happened this morning," began Dorothy, now addressing herself in my direction, "and she said, just as you did, that it was a very pretty adventure; and then she went out with me to buy the roses and a new sash for Pietro, and a little silver heart which I am going to give in exchange for the one I found. It 's all my own idea, only Fräulein Klara encouraged it."

I loosened the jasmine bouquet, and made a wreath for Dorothy's hair.

"What a pity Shadrach and Abednego were not invited to come with us!"

"They were invited," said Dorothy, "and they are here." She produced a small pasteboard box in which the two turtles were peacefully reposing on a lettuce leaf. "Do you know a nice verse about hearts? Not having a ring, we can't say, 'With this ring We thee wed,' the way the Doges did."

I knew a very nice verse, only it was too beautiful except to use seriously.

Dorothy assured me there could be nothing more serious than her present intentions. I said I thought I understood, and that the ceremony about to be performed meant from henceforth Dorothy would always have a particular fondness for things Venetian, would study their history, would make sketches of boats and bridges and doorways like Amy, would write poems about Venice like the Lord Byron Boy, — a habit lately discovered, — or perhaps even like Lord Byron himself.

"So sweet of you to plan ahead," said Dorothy. "I had only planned as far as the ceremony; it seems to take a number of persons to plan for everything. Now please be ready with your verse when I say 'Amen.'"

"Dearest Venice," the child began in Italian, and she let fall into the water the heart procured for this purpose, while Pietro, with ready response to the spirit of the moment, lifted his hat, and stood uncovered and smiling, — "dearest Venice, I love you forever and ever, and forever after that. Amen."

> "Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
> Heart's love will meet thee again,"

I responded.

Pietro turned the gondola and guided it slowly homeward down the Grand Canal, singing, —

> "O Venezia benedetta,
> No le vogio piu lazar!"

Other gondolas drifted about us to listen, and thus we had music and flowers and a throng of attendants, all according to tradition; but only Dorothy with the jasmine wreath resting on her fair hair, and Pietro with his rose, and Shadrach and Abednego, and myself knew the secret of the hour, — that once again a romance and an espousal had been enacted with Venice on Ascension Day.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE HAMADRYAD.

The large moon smoulders on the misty hills;
A chill wind gathers through the desolate garth;
And, driven in moody spasms, the wet leaves wheel,
Or, batlike, cling against the casement pane.
Upon the hearth the pine log's dying fire
Leaps up anon in eager flash of flames,
Stirred by the passing of the night's wild sounds,
While from the ashes comes a burring note,
Continuous; an azure coil of smoke
Lies charmed in sleep, dispelling from its dreams
Warm memories of the balsam-breathing woods;
Athwart the walls the shadows, hand in hand,
Swirl in the measure of a mystic dance, —
I gazing in the fire; when through the flames
A gradual vision shows.

Upon one knee
She crouches 'mid the ashes, a young hand
Upraised against her ear which strains to catch
The sounds shrilling without, the other held

Unto the heaving beauty of her breast;
Along her shoulder falls her hair, cone-crowned,
In color flamelike; deep as dusky glens
Her lifted eyes, and full of mortal pain.
She, kneeling, listens; then her languid lips
Sigh forth the music of entreating words:

"Is it thy voice, O North Wind, that I hear?
My spirit from some darkened swoon awakes
At thy bleak calling, O my love of old!
Is 't I whom, through the hollow-stretching night,
Thou seekest, wanderer, with impatient arms,
With voicings of despair on finding not?
O North Wind, is it I, thy love of old?
Too long, too long, perchance, hath fateful night
Enthralled my sense, since that dread hour I felt
The mortal anguish of successive blow
Cleave through my bark, until with utter pain
My being failed me! Lo, from sleep I wake,
O Wind Love, yearning for thy clasping arms.

"My soul is full of visions! All the past
Presses its joys against my falling lids:
I see again the gloomed and dreary wood;
The stars that watched our covert of content,
Where waited I thy passage and return,
Where mourned thee 'mid the verdant break of spring.
Oh, sore to me the blush of budding leaves, —
The world's awakening tore thee from my arms;
Sombre with weeds of my worn widowhood,
My sighings hushed the robin's thrill of joy.
Haunted was I by soul of alien seas,
Of roaring forelands and wave-whitened strands,
Where thou didst wander; with my boughs I breathed
Deceits of ocean sound to lure the gull
And straying sea-fowl, and from them I gleaned
Hope's tiding-word.

"Thus dreamful of frore days,
I thrilled and waited through the summer suns,
Cheered by the gradual signs of thy approach.
Reared high upon the mountain's cragged steep,
I leaned, and heard the awful prophecies
Of gathering storms search through the wasting vales,
Where fell the leaves aflame with phantom fears
Of winter's coming dearth; while lightnings reeled
And vanished into far, abysmal darks.
Faint grew my soul with love's foreshadowing bliss!
The wonder-spirit of thy blest return
Flitted with feet snow-shod along the air,

And thou wert come! With spoil of boreal realm
(The jagged brilliants of the pendent ice,
Wrought of sea-spells and frost's hoar wizardry)
Decking my gloomèd branches like a bride!
O Wind! hast thou forgot thy love of old?

"Lo, now my being from these gyves of flame
Is loosening! And to thee and thy dear arms
My shade prepares to mount. Oh, flee not, Love!"
. . . . . .
Upon her pleading eyes the wan lids droop,
And through her lips escapes a lingering sigh;
From flushing hues to gradual change of death,
The vision fades and slowly melts away:
A wreath of smoke drifts upward from the hearth;
The flaking ashes lie, gray, desolate —
One last spark breaks, burns redly, and is gone.

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN EUROPE.

I.

ON THE DANUBE.

A LONG spring day upon the Danube; an early start from Vienna, under a cloudless but delicately hazy sky that forebodes hot weather ashore for the season, — April 8, 1894, — though out in midstream, after we have emerged from the canal which skirts the Prater, and fairly embarked upon our eastward voyage, the breeze blows crisp and cool. Close to so populous a city, and moving along one of the world's great water highways, one wonders at the seeming solitude of the river-banks and the soft monotony of the prospect. The great stream lays itself out lazily, embracing with its wide-flung arms numbers of willowy islands, appearing even to lag and loiter in its course, though we know that the hidden currents are terrifically strong.

Towns of the first rank upon the Danube, between Vienna and Budapest, there are none; and even the modest little villages keep well back from the treacherous edge of the tremendous flood, peeping through groves of sheeny white aspens and elms not yet in leaf, or lifting the round belfries of their ugly little churches over the first low range of hills. Still less are there any visible monuments to mark the fact that we are passing one of the world's most famous arenas, the sanguinary Marchfeld, which fairly teems with reminiscences of

"old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

For it was here that Rudolf of Hapsburg defeated Ottocar of Bohemia, and so laid the foundations of the Austrian Empire. Hitherto, but no farther, came the last great wave of Mohammedan invasion in the seventeenth century. Here the ancestral sceptre was all but wrenched out of Austria's hands by the first Napoleon, on the fierce days of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram, — days not yet a hundred years gone by, and lately restored for us with startling reality in the naïf pages of General Marbot. Here again,

upon the right bank of the stream, in the very dawn of our era, the Eastern barbarian, whose hour was not yet come, fell back before the advance of the Roman eagles; here, to celebrate the conquest of Pannonia, Augustus built an edifice that still exists under the name of the Heathen Tower, and the great Roman city of Caruntum arose and flourished for a few hundred years, until suddenly effaced by the Scourge of God. Here, too, by the selfsame monotonous route of the full but featureless river, came Marcus Aurelius to the conquest of the Quadi, and to those long nights in camp, of starless and solitary vigil, when the Thoughts visited him which have supplied courage to his spiritual progeny for all the ages since. "His ennui was infinite," says Renan, "but he knew how to endure it all."

If, however, the borders of the Danube hereabout are tame in outline, there is no end, in this hour of bursting leafage, to the beauty of their color. The willows along the river's edge make a continuous flame of light, clear green. The grass, by contrast, deepens into emerald. The frequent groves that clothe the gentle slopes beyond show every conceivable *nuance* of luminous umber, primrose yellow, and warm olive gray; these mellow tints all mingling in the distance, and seeming to dissolve into the universal golden mist that suffuses the wide horizon. The sky is blue at the zenith only. The vast and incessantly widening river, belying its fame in song and story, is never blue at all, but clear umber or beryl green. The only time I ever came this way before, it was high summer, and the sky was overcast, and the foliage along the banks parched and dusty. Why, then, should all this glad and lucent color strike me as so strangely familiar? What ethereal and elusive memory is this that the slowly unrolling panorama awakens of the desperately long ago? A vision — a cadence — a rhyme — I have it! Certain fugitive stanzas, forgotten for God knows how many years, but which captivated my fancy as a child, and on which I doted with unreasoning admiration. I used to go about singing them, I remember, to a foolish little tune of my own making, or stealing, that moved like an old-fashioned three-time waltz, and comes back along with the words: —

"Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn
When I climbed the Danube's height,
By the fountain of the Thorn,

"And beheld its waves and islands,
Flashing, glittering, in the sun,
From Vienna's gorgeous towers
To the mountains of the Hun!

"There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around,
And where'er it turned, the eye
Looked on rich historic ground.

"Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's distant haze was cast,
And the hills of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past."

Not such very bad poetry, after all! The stanzas glow with life and sunshine, and I find a simple distinction about them still that agreeably justifies my juvenile preference. Whoever among my possible readers may chance to know their author's name and where to find them, which I certainly do not, may very likely be able to correct, in some trifling points, my transcription from memory.

Here, meanwhile, is the identical scene that they foretold to my young imagination, and I wonder I did not recognize it on that other voyage to Budapest. The eminence described with vague romanticism as the "Danube's height" was, no doubt, the Bisamberg, which overlooks the Marchfeld; but of the fountain under the thorn-tree I find no longer any trace in local nomenclature.

The "mountains of the Hun" loom suddenly upon the horizon, about an hour's sail from Vienna, and come trooping down toward the river at Presburg, much as the gallant Hungarian gentry

rallied to the same spot, a century and a half ago, in defense of their menaced "king," Maria Theresa. At that time there was a stately and well-fortified royal palace on the high hill of Presburg, which remained intact until destroyed by fire in 1811. Or rather, it was not completely destroyed, but reduced in a day to the condition of a very striking ruin; for the blackened walls and corner towers of the great quadrangle still crown the height and predominate over the modern town.

It was in the cathedral of Presburg that the kings of Hungary used always to be invested with that primitive regalia of St. Stephen, the massive sceptre and the iron crown, regarded by all true Magyars with a kind of mystic devotion; defended, stolen, reclaimed, concealed, discovered, buried, and rediscovered through a series of incredibly romantic accidents and adventures extending over some thousand years. Now that Austria and Hungary are ostensibly one and indivisible, these historic gewgaws are kept in the castle of Buda, under so strict a guard that it is next to impossible to get a glimpse of them; while as for the artificial mound near the end of the bridge that here spans the contracted river, up which the newly crowned monarch used to ride and wave his drawn sword to the four points of the compass, as a sign that he would defend his realm from dangers upon every side, it has long since been leveled before the march of modern improvement. They tell me that one of the chief distinctions of Presburg to the man of to-day is the possession of an ideal restaurant; one of those establishments that do indeed add a steady and benign lustre to the crown of the dual empire; where eating and drinking become a pious function, and the art of cookery touches the sublime. One takes a return ticket from Vienna to Presburg now, not to revel in a vision of the fair young empress in her weeds and the plumed and jeweled glories of the Hungarian "insurrection,"[1] but purely and simply to go and dine and return.

Beyond Presburg the hills recede as suddenly as they assembled, and the river once more widens greatly over a level tract of country. It is here that we begin to notice one of the most picturesque and peculiar features of the Donaufahrt, the floating grain mills, of which we shall see hundreds before the day is done. They are all constructed on exactly the same principle as those which Belisarius set up in the Tiber during the siege of Rome in the sixth century. Two solid, flat-bottomed boats are anchored side by side. A huge water-wheel, with floats, is suspended and revolves between them, the grinding-machinery being protected by a shelter-hut on the boat that lies nearest the shore. The miller's white figure passes and repasses across the dark doorway of this hut. Another man, and very likely a dog, lie asleep in the sunshine outside. The tiny skiff which took them over from the mainland is tied loosely to the prow of one of the anchored boats, and bounds lightly over the long green billow that is lifted by our passing steamer.

Where the river Raab falls in upon our right, the town of the same name being twelve miles inland and far out of sight, we mark for the first time, amid the idle groups that lounge about the steamboat-landing, tall peasant forms, in dirty sheepskin cloaks and leggings, with straight hair of raven gloss, swarthy skins, high cheek-bones, and eyes of sparkling jet. These men are no longer of Europe. There is no perceptible trace about them whether of Latin or of Teuton. Nor is theirs exactly the gypsy type, though the country whose frontier we have crossed abounds, we know, in those mysterious nomads. The obvious resemblance of the Hungarian peasant *pur sang* is to the higher types of the North American Indian; and there have even been fanciful philologists who maintained that the

[1] *Insurrectio*, levy in mass.

true affinity of the comparatively isolated Hungarian language is with the strange, indigenous dialects of that New World which is the Old. But what will not a fanciful philologist maintain ?

From this point onward, throughout the "all-golden afternoon," our republican party impresses itself to remember that we are moving among the last and most fiercely contested battlefields of the Hungarian war of independence. Here they fought, only forty-five years ago, and here they seemed most tragically to fail, those reckless idealists, belated heroes of an epic mould ; never dreaming that they were in at the death of an era, that the principle for which they exulted to perish would soon cease to be accounted sacred, and that only after their cause was lost could their ends be won. The single man among the leaders of that day sagacious enough to divine something of all this would now appear to have been Arthur Görgey, one of the ablest of the patriot generals, who capitulated and surrendered a hitherto victorious army immediately after Russia had intervened on the Austrian side. He was cursed as the blackest of traitors by the remnant of his own party, and later, under stress of the passionate appeals for sympathy of his exiled comrades, by the whole civilized world of the west. One remembers hearing, as a child, the thrilling legend of the Honvéds, or Hungarian cavalrymen, who shot themselves in the ranks rather than lay down their arms on the bitter day of the capitulation. Yet now, after almost half a century, one questions whether, in truth, that hastily branded soldier had not a clearer prevision of his country's needs, a saner grasp of her possibilities, than the indomitable and impracticable old rebel of ninety who has just breathed his last at Turin, Louis Kossuth, of the godlike, youthful presence and the golden tongue.

The great fortress of Komorn, on the left bank of the Danube, was held by the patriots under General Klapka up to the time of Görgey's surrender, but had, of course, to be yielded then. They say, in fact, that it has never been captured at all, and cannot be ; that it is one of the very few strongholds of the world which may be described with literal truth as impregnable. To the uninitiated eye it is not in the least imposing, a mere assemblage of earthworks, and the might of Komorn lies in its position.

As the sun descends through the clear spaces of a crocus-colored sky, we approach the finest point in this section of the Danube, Gran, the seat of the primate of Hungary. The wayward river, whose direction from Vienna has been mainly eastward, here makes a last abrupt bend or loop toward the north before turning its course definitively toward the Pontic Sea, and the cathedral stands high upon a noble promontory nearly encircled by the golden flood. It is not a venerable church, dating only from the early part of the present century, but it was built on a magnificent scale and at great cost, the revenues of the see having been about a hundred thousand pounds sterling before they were cut down one half by the reforming Hungarian diet of 1848, and its effect is curiously imposing. With its central dome and wide façade and two tall flanking towers, it looks much more like a Greek than like a Latin church, and appeals to the fancy as the visible gateway of the East. Hard by stands the archbishop's palace, an object only less grand and conspicuous than the cathedral, and the great curve of the river enables one, after almost circumnavigating the point that they crown, to look back and see these two structures for a marvelous distance, with their admirably massed outlines clearly defined against the evening sky. There is also a group of very tall and slender trees on the spit of low land at the foot of the promontory ; pollarded poplars, most likely, but which take on, in the glowing dusk, a vague resemblance to palms, and so assist the Oriental illusion.

All at once the night infolds us. Mists begin to muffle the river-banks and thin vapors to obscure the stars. The dizzy six-story tower of the mediæval castle of Visegräd is barely discernible as we glide beneath it, and the voyage becomes a mere dreamy sameness of rushing waters between invisible shores. It is eight o'clock in the evening when the renowned view of the twin cities of Buda and Pesth as approached from the Danube — really one of the most magnificent that Europe has to show — resolves itself into terrestrial constellations of gaslights on this side and on that, studding like stars the tall pyramid of the Blocksberg on the right, and running in long lines of fire down the quays of the modern capital on the left, their yellow radiance overpowered and extinguished at intervals by a blazing blue planet of calcium or electric light.

II.

THE KOSSUTH LEGEND.

Our first move, on awaking the next morning, was to run to our high front windows, in the sumptuous Hotel Hungaria, for a glance at the dramatic view, so well remembered, of the crowded quays, the sealike river, and the phenomenally long bridges, with a stern old castle and a shining modern palace looking superciliously down from their respective eminences beyond the stream. But for all the visionary beauty of the vernal day, and the clear green of the leafage in Buda's palace gardens and along the tree-planted embankments on either side of the river, we experienced a shade of disappointment. The stately dual city appeared indefinitely more commonplace than of old, and our subsequent explorations convinced us that here, as in some places nearer home, effect is being ruthlessly sacrificed to enterprise; and that Budapest (as it is now the fashion to write it) is, in fact, suffering from a peculiarly malignant attack of the fever for modern "progress." The mighty Danube is presently to be fettered by two more iron bridges, and the last of the pretty, low, old-fashioned family mansions, with their smiling courtyards, their double ranges of dormer-windows along the street front, and the bright brass knockers on their hospitable doors, will soon have given place to a seven-story structure in yellow stone, surmounted by fantastic iron spires, and rearing at the angle of the busy street a queer, balloon-like cupola. The electric light is everywhere, even at the head of one's bed in the grand hotel, as a palliative, no doubt, to the inevitable insomnia of so stirring a time; and the electric tram is rushing on. There is no help for all this even if one were fully minded to help it; and it so chanced that we also encountered at every step, upon that April morning, certain moving reminders of a more romantic past; for we had provokingly missed, and that by a few days only, one of the most striking and suggestive pageants of the century's end, the public obsequies of Kossuth Lajos. The greater part of the streets and public buildings of Budapest were still in mourning for him. Black-edged posters and programmes upon the walls announced, in the most inscrutable language of the civilized world, the order of the old patriot's funeral procession, and the wild native music that had been selected to accompany its march. In one or another shop window, crowned with laurel or swathed in crape, one saw his portrait at every stage of his fabulously long career: now as a beautiful and dreamy child; now as a smart young official of the thirties, with whiskered cheeks and braided surtout; now wearing the black velvet and shadowy plumes, and the air of tragic distinction with which he subjugated England and America in 1851 and 1852; afterwards as an old, and then a very old man, in

a nimbus of thick white hair, sad and stern, one might almost say stubborn, but keen and vigilant always. "Late, late in the gloaming" of the century with which he was so nearly coeval, the exile of almost fifty years, the clarion-voiced orator who had once made two hemispheres ring with the story of his country's wrongs, had come back silent and cold. To the very last of earth, he had been rigid, irreconcilable, incredulous of the regeneration he had done so much to effect. We heard the funeral eloquently described, and all the bearings of the scene discussed with great animation and acumen, one evening before we left Budapest, in a circle comprising some of the most active minds, both men and women, of the new generation. They said it gave one a vivid notion of what a barbarian incursion must have looked like, to see the hordes of semi-savage men who came pouring into the trim capital from the remotest recesses of Hungary for that solemn function. There were shepherds from the *puzta* and miners from the mountains, folk in elf locks and shaggy mantles, with flaming eyes, uncouth gestures, and barely intelligible speech, defiant of the anxious officials who strove to regulate their movements, yet all melted by a common emotion, bowed by a common sorrow, and bringing — most affecting circumstance of all — from every county in the kingdom a handful of earth to fling into the open grave. Most of our friends spoke English so much better than we spoke anything else that it afforded us a certain consolation when one Herr Professor (but he, I think, was of German extraction) testified to the agitation of the assembled thousands in these ingenuous terms: "Zey veep! Ze nation veep! I hear tell. I did not believe. So I make — what you call ze cortége? — from here to ze cimetar, und dere vere zey all, *mit larmes!*"

"Ah yes," answered our sympathetic hostess rather sadly. (Her faultless English was to some extent explainable by the fact that her parents were living as exiles in London through all her schoolgirl years.) "It was so, and they were sincere. And yet they hardly knew for whom the muffled drums were beating. Only the aged, and of those, of course, but few, had ever seen him in life. To me and my brothers, the old hero, though dimly remembered, was still a reality. We had sat on his knee and heard that matchless voice of his; long after the great days, to be sure, when our father was in banishment in England. But to the majority of those wild folk he was merely the tutelary genius of an imaginary state; a sort of demigod, to whom it was meet and prudent to bring a pious offering on the day of his *festa*. He had been a legend in his own adored fatherland for a full generation before he passed away."

"But that was his own fault," some one objected. "He might have come back years ago, if he would have bated one jot of his impossible pretensions, made the simplest and most reasonable concessions! He might have come back and seen, as the Scripture says, 'his children's children and peace upon Israel.'"

"He had no faith," she answered, "in the validity of our peace. He would have said, in some transcendental sense of his own" (and she, too, quoted textually from the English Bible), "'*I* am for peace; but when I speak, lo, they are for war,' — meaning by 'they' moderate liberals, like our ignoble selves. He was a born irreconcilable: wrathfully useless in common, compromising times like these; fully himself, quite clear and at rest, only in the quiet centre of terrific storm."

"And then we must never forget," added another voice, "that there were two irreconcilables. The Emperor was just as bad. He vehemently refused, at first, to admit even the dust of Kossuth into Hungary, and yielded only to a sharp sense of expediency. The

Emperor and the outlaw, — those two remembered all. They stood facing each other gloomily upon their severed heights, while the swollen stream of so-called progress tore its turbid way between them. Men do sometimes outlive themselves in this way, though not often for so many years. But the legend, — that endures from generation to generation."

III.

THE QUARNERO.

In the white dawn of a certain summer-like morning, after a fifteen-hours' railway journey southwestward from Budapest, we got our strange, visionary, first glimpse of a hitherto unknown country. Twilight had closed in upon us amid the pleasant Croatian villages, where the long, low mud cottages, with their thatched verandas, are made spick and span with whitewash, and the tidy little gardens, now in mid-April, were sweet with peach and cherry bloom. At midnight our train had halted for half an hour in a smart new station, flaming with electric light, at Agram, the capital of Croatia. The modern town is built at the foot of a hill that almost deserves to be called a mountain, and of which the outline looked majestic under a crescent moon. But of the cathedral, and the ancient archiepiscopal city standing high upon the hillside, we could see nothing at all, except a line of lights bordering a sinuous roadway, that had the effect of a huge fiery serpent wriggling along the slope. So we rattled on, until we finally awoke from the troubled slumbers of the train to find ourselves laboring slowly up the last, steep grades of the mountain range that prolongs itself into the promontory of Istria.

It was a weird-looking world upon which our eyes opened, — treeless, and almost herbless; where fantastic shapes of ash-colored rock thrust themselves up out of a vivid red soil, while far, far below us, to the right, we could just discern a slender line of white breakers upon a sandy beach, and the vague purple of the Adriatic. Trieste lay that way, and Treviso, and Aquileia, and Venice, and all the dear, familiar world of Italy. But we, when we had passed the height of land, rattled rapidly down among terraced vineyards and twinkling little white towns to Fiume on the Gulf of Quarnero.

Fiume, in the territory of Croatia, is the single seaport that naturally appertains to the folk beyond the Leitha; and the one consuming ambition of the place is to surpass and extinguish Trieste, which is essentially Austrian. Now, all the world has associations of one kind or another with Trieste, derived largely, it may be, from Lever's later novels and the yet more sensational Burton Memoirs, but still interesting and concrete. What Fiume proposes to do, if enterprise, enthusiasm, and a reckless expenditure of money in self-advertisement and self-adornment can effect it, is to divert the world's attention to herself. The harbor is, no doubt, both beautiful and commodious, and more convenient for trade with the Orient than the more famous port on the further side of the peninsula. It is thronged, at all events, with graceful shipping; and fishing-boats with dull yellow sails lie lazily about, while smart little local steamers dart like dragon-flies across the blue water, and in and out among the bluer islands of the gulf, — Cherso, Vaglio, Lussin, and the rest. The afternoon sky, especially, is full of light, the high Istrian coast stretching away across the sunset in a lovely line; while Abbazia, with its terraced gardens and palatial villas, glorified at this moment by the presence of German royalty, blazes with varied color along the water's edge. All the quays and moles and water-side warehouses of Fiume appear to be brand-new, solid, and handsome. The Hôtel de l'Europe is built so close

to the sea that we can almost step from our own door on board one of the boats that ply hourly between the port and Abbazia; and we tell the time during the night-watches by the bells on a huge Glasgow steamer which is unlading a cargo of jute from Calcutta beneath our very windows. Our interest in this performance had been wrought up to such a pitch, and we had become so familiar with the *personnel* of the crew, that when, on a fine, festive Sunday morning, one of the engineers tumbled casually overboard, our agitation and suspense were extreme. They were soon relieved. A pair of natives who happened to be passing dropped easily into a boat, and fished up the bewildered Jack Tar quite at their leisure; the while a motley crowd collected on the quay, recruited from all the nations, and shrieking in one breath all the lingoes of the known world. High above this babel of ineffectual speech presently sprang the sharp and naughty expletives of one of the ship's officers, who scolded the dripping sailor for his awkwardness, while he cynically underrated the value of the service performed by the Italian boatmen who had rescued him. But he ended by adjusting, after some abatement, their claim for remuneration.

Confusion of tongues is, in fact, constant at Fiume. The majority of the population is really Italian in race and language; but the Hungarian and Croatian dialects — not in the least related to each other, by the way — strive hard to establish an ascendency; and German is an accomplishment that is negligently affected by all classes. Italian serves one best, however, in the shops and restaurants, and among the sympathetic and communicative boatmen.

And Fiume is not all painfully modern. There are villas with entrancing old gardens on the noble semicircle of hills that infolds the port, and the canal by which the town's eponymous river, the Fiumara, enters the sea has its borders overshadowed by venerable though still vigorous plane-trees, beneath whose broad canopy, on a market-day, booths are set up for the sale of the most miscellaneous articles. Here are exposed prints and ginghams and gay silk handkerchiefs, *objets de piété*, oranges from Turkey, and large, fair apples from north Hungary, red, yellow, and russet, and so very like some of our most cherished old New England varieties that the effect is quite bewildering. One may also become possessed, at a moderate cost, of a most attractive kind of shoe, with a wooden sole and a leather top, gayly embroidered, and tied with scarlet woolen tassels. In the regular market-place, upon a Saturday, fish and fowl are sold alive, and also a particularly ferocious-looking crab, resembling a young devil-fish in size and expression of countenance, and evidently esteemed a luxury. The market-place is at one end of the shady quay aforesaid; the canal is so closely packed with boats having their gay sails closely furled that it is a marvel how one of them ever gets out of it; and at the other end of the quay is a small paved piazza, whence one passes under an archway, and climbs, if so minded, the four hundred and eleven stone steps which lead to the far-famed sanctuary of Tersatto.

That steep and toilsome acclivity can never have lacked pilgrims in the days when the old plane-trees below were in their prime. For did not the House of Nazareth pause here upon the mountain top from the 12th of May, 1291, to the 10th of December, 1294, when it moved on, with its angel guard, across the Adriatic, and found its final rest at Loretto? The Counts Niccolò and Martino Frangipani, lords of the fine old feudal castle hard by, whose machicolated towers look down into the deep ravine of the Fiumara, had at any rate ample opportunity to behold and attest the miracle; and it was they who built the memorial church, now transformed by restoration

out of all its original semblance, where for exactly six hundred years the sailors of the Adriatic have been paying their vows to Mary, Star of the Deep. Even Sir Richard Burton, that expert in so many religions, had a great reverence for the shrine of Tersatto, and used — so his wife tells us in her memoir — to come over from Trieste, where he was consul for so many years, and arrange all his more perplexing affairs with the benign Madonna here. But the pious fable, one surmises, has pretty well lost its power over the wide-awake population that shouts its astonishing polyglot along the noisy *marina* of Fiume.

A great many short excursions may be made from Fiume. You may go any day to Ika or Louranna in Istria, or to exquisite little Buccari, in its green and deeply sheltered bay, upon the Croatian mainland. But the most interesting of the water-trips from this point occupies two days, and can be made on a Wednesday only. Accordingly, we embark, at six A. M., upon a smallish boat, for the southern extremity of the island of Lussin, where the twin ports of Lussinpiccolo and Lussingrande seem to have been so distinguished by Italian ingenuity because the former is about twice as large as the latter. It is an eight-hours' sail to Lussin, and after the morning mists have lifted the day becomes for a time divinely fair. The shores look a little pallid under the light spring haze, but their outlines are beautiful and perpetually changing. Some of the long hillsides are indeed rather desolate in aspect, for they were terraced at some time with immense labor; but either the vines for which the ground was thus prepared were never set there at all, or they have been uprooted since the visitation of the phylloxera. A lighthouse, a hoary and hollow-eyed castle, a coast-guard station, a crumbling watch-tower, a "little gray church on a wind-swept hill," — such are all the incidents of our calm voyage. But they suffice for our *divertimento*, and when the fort is at last pointed out that defends the mouth of the harbor of Lussinpiccolo, we wonder how the hours can have passed so quickly.

There is an elbow-like bend in the narrow channel by which we enter the port, and the instant we have rounded this the dreaming world seems to awake. A brisk breeze that we did not feel at all outside flecks with spray the dark blue waters of the basin; small pleasure-boats, admirably handled, are darting hither and thither, their white sails almost dipping as they fly. The houses that front the marina are many-colored, and their gardens are flaunting with flowers. There are even some pert Parisian toilettes to be discerned amid the noble old costumes of the fishwives and market-women; for Lussinpiccolo is coming into notice as a winter station, and the Viennese physicians have ordered a delicate archduchess hither, for the months of February and March, these three successive years. Hence German restaurants where *weisses Bier* and *Wienerschnitzel* never fail, and plenty of clean, fairly furnished lodgings like that which we presently secure for the night above the principal linen-draper's shop of Lussinpiccolo. The costume of the women here has one charming peculiarity: beside the short, wide stuff skirts, usually dark blue, the bright-hued belts and aprons, the sleeveless jackets, white blouses with bishop sleeves, and necklaces of beads in many rows, that are common all along the coast, many of the Lussinese wear a head-dress consisting of a long white linen scarf fringed and finished with open needlework at the ends, which they twist about their small, sleek heads so as to produce the effect of a huge chaplet or a Turkish turban, and then gather into an intricate knot at one side, letting the ends fall behind. They are a tall race, with broad hips and shoulders and classically massive necks. The turban helps, doubtless, to support the great weights which they carry on the head, and, like

most women accustomed from childhood to this form of gymnastics, they carry themselves superbly.

Between the relays of breaded veal cutlets on which we both lunched and dined, we had a fascinating walk of two miles or so, by a broad and easy path along the coast, now mounting among the olive orchards, now descending to the margin of the silent sapphire coves, to Lussingrande. It is very like the Mediterranean riviera, yet with a difference. The olive-trees here are not silvery, like those of Italy, — their color actually approaches more nearly to that of the ilex, — and there is no majestic mountain background, and there are no palms as yet. But there is wonderful balm in the air, and a certain sweet, wistful transparency. Vegetation is more than three weeks farther advanced than on the mainland. The earliest flowers and vegetables are quite gone by, and we see figs that cannot help coming to maturity almost a month earlier than one looks for them in Tuscany.

Lussingrande disclosed itself at the sharp turning of a headland, exactly like a scene in the opera, — another party-colored little town with steep streets and vine-hung terraces. A very deep and narrow basin held a fleet of butterfly boats; while the white church stands high and detached on a promontory that is almost an island, with its campanile set strangely at a considerable distance from the main building, like a lighthouse on the outermost rock. After some exploration of the town and a satisfactory experiment with its *caffé nero*, we left one of our trio sketching outside, while we crossed the narrow isthmus, and strayed idly into the open church, not in the least looking for what we were to find. For there, in that obscure and otherwise undistinguished little temple, we came suddenly upon the gorgeous trail of sovereign Venice. The pavement was in squares of Istrian marble, alternate pink and cream-white; the altar steps were all pink, — some of the finest slabs I have ever seen, — and there was an altarpiece of extreme beauty, attributed, as we afterward learned, to Vivarini. The enthroned Madonna was that selfsame grave and mild Venetian maiden whom all the men of the Bellini school so loved to paint, but the heads of some of the adoring saints were very virile and noble, and plainly betrayed a Tuscan influence. The picture was absolutely untouched and unfaded, and we got a few moments' vivid light upon the canvas through a western window. Then, suddenly, that brilliant ray was quenched, and all the church fell into twilight; and we felt our way out through a side door, to find the sea turned colorless and the sky menacing, and our artist rapidly packing up his paraphernalia and emphatically counseling speed. We got back to our Wienerschnitzel without a wetting; but we were all awakened at midnight, in our rooms above the linen-draper's, by what seemed to be a platoon fire of musketry directed against our dwelling. It proved to be only the sudden and simultaneous banging of all the heavy wooden shutters in our neighborhood, followed by a banshee howl of the wind in every narrow alley. But when, at the cheerful hour of five the next morning, we were joined upon the wharf by our artist, who is an experienced sailor, there was a dark look in his weather eye, of which we understood the import only too well, and I must beg to be excused from dwelling at length on the incidents of our return voyage to Fiume.

IV.

IN ISTRIA.

Whoever wants to get an impressive idea of a great nation's naval resources should go neither to Toulon on the Mediterranean, nor to Portsmouth on the

Channel, — nor even to Portsmouth in New Hampshire, — but to a certain deep, extensively ramifying and exquisitely bordered haven, near the southwestern extremity of the Istrian peninsula, sometimes called the Port of Roses, but oftener, of late, by the more formidable name of the Sevastopol of the Adriatic.

Thirty forts, on this side and on that, adorn the hills and islands, and are reflected on a fair summer morning, like that when we saw them first, in the blue waters of the harbor of Pola. They adorn, although their purpose is quite other than ornamental. Their reflections in the still water "look tranquillity," at the same time that they suggest reflections that are by no means tranquilizing. Every green island has its tutelary saint as well as its defensive structures; and St. Peter mounts guard here, and St. Andrew there, and St. Catherine yonder. On the largest of all the islands, the beautiful Scoglio Olivi, the emblem of ancient peace diffuses its silver sheen over the most appalling magazines of modern war. Beyond this point, the bay divides into the military and the commercial haven. Gaudy fishing and trading boats occupy the latter, forests of masts and colonnades of red smoke-stacks the former. There are docks and shipyards, alive with infinite building; and supply and training vessels are anchored, like lesser islands, all about. We look, and admire, and shudder, and wonder no more that Austria should have swallowed at a single gulp the first gallant navy of united Italy, nor at the despairing tenacity with which Italy, with her long seacoast, now clings to the Triple Alliance.

Later, as our boat nears the shore, all thoughts of the present are, for the time, swept away by a sudden surge of associations with an almost interminable past. Six hundred years ago, Pola already appealed to the brooding imagination of Dante Alighieri as a vast conventicle of the dead, a representative place of tombs, like only one other of which the poet knew: "As at Arles, where the Rhone is like a lake; as at Pola, hard by the Quarnero, which closes the gate and bathes the last boundary of Italy, the whole region *undulates* with graves." [1]

Tradition says that Pola was one of the towns founded by the Colchican search-party sent out after the Argonaut Jason! We know, at least, that the Romans were here in 175 B. C.; that the place adhered to Pompey and was destroyed by Julius Cæsar, but was afterward rebuilt by Augustus at his daughter's request, and for her named Julia's Piety (Pietas Juliæ), Pola. Doges of Genoa and Venice were disputing possession of the place in Dante's day. It finally fell, some fifty years after his death, to a Genevese Doria, who thus founded the great family of Doria d'Istria.

Halfway up a green hillside on the left of the town springs the outer wall of the great Roman amphitheatre, perfectly intact. It was built about the year 200, by the citizens of Pola, in fulfillment of we know not what vow (*voti sui compotes*). It accommodated from twenty to twenty-five thousand spectators, and was dedicated to Septimius Severus and Caracalla. I know most of the great Roman remains of Europe, though not, I am sorry to say, those African ones which are attracting so much attention just now. I have seen all the principal theatres, arches, baths, and temples of Italy and the Provincia, as well as the grass-grown camps and arenas of the "northern island, sundered once from all the human race." I know Augustus's bridge at Rimini and the Pont-du-Gard at Nîmes; Turbia and the Tour Magne and the old lighthouse at Ravenna; the Porta Nigra and the Basilica at Trèves; Hadrian's villa at Tivoli and Diocletian's palace at Spalato. But by far the most symmetrical and satisfying monument of the great pagan past that

[1] Divine Comedy, Inferno, canto ix. 112–114.

I ever beheld is this same airy oval of the amphitheatre of Pola. Its outline is broken only by four projecting towers, two on either side, flanking the shorter axis of the ellipse. There must have once been stairways in these towers, giving access to the higher ranges of seats, which were of beautiful Istrian marble; and, most curious feature of all, there were windows in the towers, that are still filled with an open stone lattice-work, similar to what one sees in so many Mohammedan dwelling-houses, and evidently of the same age as the main building. The public square of modern Pola was also the forum of Julia's town; or rather a part of it, for surely there must have been a clear space left originally about the twin temples whose elegant Corinthian porticoes now look disdainfully out of the dimness of a narrow street leading from one angle of the Piazza. The more beautiful of these temples, nearly perfect still, was dedicated in the eighth year of our era to Augustus and Rome. The other, for uncertain reasons, is commonly called by the name of the "great goddess Diana." The street that leads southward from the forum is spanned by a majestic Roman arch; erected, so the inscription reads, by a woman, one Sabina Postuma, to celebrate the return of her husband, Sergius Lepidus, from a victorious campaign. Another arch, ruder, and plainly much older than the Sergian, is built into the town wall, and has an almost effaced figure above the gateway, bearing something which a very lively fancy might identify as a club, whence the name Porta Herculea. So much for Roman Pola.

An alluring vision of green foliage on the brow of a hill behind the town induces us to clamber slowly upward, clinging to the shady sides of the already burning streets. On the summit we find a public garden and pleasure-ground, and we sit down under a palm-tree, on the marble steps of a pompous new monument, whence the eye can take in at a glance the classic town and the modern town, and the everlasting beauty of the haven; the *avanzi* of that old empire that was for so many ages invincible, and the tremendous preparations which fling their secure defiance at the bold aggressor of to-day. Even the glaring stone structure at whose base we recline repeats the challenge of the thirty forts; for it commemorates Admiral Tegetthoff, who defeated Persano and almost annihilated the young Italian navy in July, 1866. We have no tears prepared to shed for the Austrian commander. Our thoughts, instead, stray sorrowfully back to a certain still and solitary *campo santo*, on an outlying point of the little island of Lissa, far down the Adriatic, where those of the Italian dead whose bodies were recovered, after that fierce midsummer day, are lying under the cross.

The boat by which we came to Pola steams out of the harbor while we sit upon the hill, waiting idly for the afternoon train that will take us to Trieste. It is a very slow train, for the railway is built along the high crest of the Istrian promontory, and it commands a series of exceedingly lovely views. One takes in at a glance, in passing, the accuracy of Dante's expression *termini*, the *ends* of Italy; for the whole peninsula is like a severed fragment of that sweet Ombrian country on the other side of the narrow water, whose charm at this season we know so well, — its oak forests and cherry orchards, its inland mountain peaks and clear horizon of gleaming sea. The view is often interrupted upon the highest levels by dense hedges and other barriers raised along the track to protect it from the winter violence of the terrible *bora* (Boreas), which has even been known, they say, to blow a train off the rails. To-day, on the contrary, the air is so still that the universal buzz of insects and sweep of the mower's scythe through the luxuriant grass are quite audible inside our carriage; and in

the glassy surface of the beauteous harbor of Trieste, of which we get a matchless view from the ridge of the encircling hills before plunging into the town, every brilliant sail in the multitudinous fleet of anchored craft, red, orange, peacock-blue, or dazzling white, "floats double, sail and shadow."

Harriet Waters Preston.

AN IDLER ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

I REACHED Chattanooga in the evening of April 26, in the midst of a rattling thunder-shower, — which, to look back upon it, seems to have been prophetic, — and the next morning, after an early breakfast, took an electric car for Missionary Ridge. Among my fellow-passengers were four Louisiana veterans fresh from their annual reunion at Birmingham, where, doubtless, their hearts had been kindled by much fervent oratory, as well as by much private talk of those bygone days when they did everything but die for the cause they loved. As the car mounted the Ridge, one of them called his companions' attention to a place down the valley where "the Rebels and the Yankees" (his own words) used to meet to play cards. "A regular gambling-hole," he called it. Their boys brought back lots of coffee. In another direction was a spot where the Rebels once "had a regular picnic," killing some extraordinary number of Yankees in some incredibly brief time. I interrupted the conversation, and at the same time made myself known as a stranger and a Northerner, by inquiring after the whereabouts of Orchard Knob, General Grant's headquarters; and the same man, who seemed to be the spokesman of the party, after pointing out the place, a savin-sprinkled knoll between us and the city, kindly invited me to go with him and his comrades up to the tower, — on the site of General Bragg's headquarters, — where he would show me the whole battlefield and tell me about the fight.

We left the car together for that purpose, and walked up the slope to the foot of the observatory, — an open structure of iron, erected by the national government; but just then my ear caught somewhere beyond us the song of a Bachman's finch, — a song I had heard a year before in the pine woods of Florida, and, in my ignorance, was unprepared for here. I must see the bird and make sure of its identity. It led me a little chase, and when I had seen it I must look also at a summer tanager, a chat, and so on, one thing leading to another; and by the time I returned to the observatory the veterans had come down and were under some apple-trees, from one of which the spokesman was cutting a big walking-stick. He had stood under those trees — which were now in bloom — thirty years before, he said, with General Bragg himself.

I was sorry to have missed his story of the battle, and ashamed to have seemed ungrateful and rude, but I forget what apology I offered. At this distance it is hard to see how I could have got out of the affair with much dignity. I might have heard all about the battle from a man who was there, and instead I went off to listen to a sparrow singing in a bush. I thought, to be sure, that the men would be longer upon the observatory, and that I should still be in season. Probably that was my excuse, if I made one; and in all likelihood the veteran was too completely taken up with his own concerns to think twice about the vagaries of a stray Yankee,

who seemed to be an odd stick, to say nothing worse of him. Well, the loss, such as it was, was mine, not his; and I have lost too much time in the way of business to fret over a little lost (or saved) in the way of pleasure. As for any apparent lack of patriotic feeling, I suppose that the noblest patriot in the world, if he chanced to be also an ornithologist, would notice a bird even amid the smoke of battle; and why should not I do as much on a field from which the battle smoke had vanished thirty years before?

So I reason now; at the time I had no leisure for such sophistries. Every moment brought some fresh distraction. The long hill — woodland, brambly pasture, and shrubby dooryard — was a nest of singing birds; and when at last I climbed the tower, I came down again almost as suddenly as my Louisiana friends had done. The landscape, — the city and its suburbs, the river, the mountains, — all this would be here to-morrow; just now there were other things to look at. Here in the grass, almost under my nose, were a pair of Bewick wrens, hopping and walking by turns, as song sparrows may sometimes be found doing; conscious through and through of my presence, yet affecting to ignore it; carrying themselves with an indescribable and pretty demureness, as if a nest were something never dreamed of by birds of their kind; the female, nevertheless, having at that moment her beak bristling with straws, while the male, a proud young husband, hovered officiously about her, with a continual sweetly possessive manner and an occasional burst of song. Till yesterday Bewick's wren had been nothing but a name to me. Then, somewhere after crossing the state line, the train stopped at a station, and suddenly through the open window came a song. "That 's a Bewick wren," I said to myself, as I stepped across the aisle to look out; and there he stood, on the fence beside the track, his long tail striking the eye on the instant. He sang again, and once again, before the train started. Tennessee was beginning well with a visiting bird-gazer.

There must be some wrennish quality about the Bewick's song, it would seem; else how did I recognize it so promptly? And yet, so far as I am able to give an account of my own impressions, it had in my ears no resemblance to any wren song I had ever heard. I think it never suggested to me any music except the song sparrow's. The truth is, I suppose, that we *feel* resemblances and relationships of which the mind takes no cognizance.

I wandered at a venture down the further slope, turning this way and that as a song invited me. Here were Southerners and Northerners fraternally commingled: summer tanagers, Carolina wrens, blue-gray gnatcatchers, cardinal grosbeaks, chats, Bachman finches, field sparrows, chippers, white-throated sparrows, chewinks, indigo buntings, blackpoll warblers, myrtle-birds, prairie warblers, a Maryland yellow-throat, a bay-breasted warbler, a black-and-white creeper, a redstart, brown thrushes, catbirds, a single mocking-bird, wood thrushes, red-eyed vireos, white-eyed vireos, wood pewees, a quail, and, in the air, purple martins and turkey buzzards. On the Ridge, as well as near the foot on our way up, a mocking-bird and a wood thrush sang within hearing of each other. Comparison as between birds so dissimilar is useless and out of place; but how shall a man avoid it? The mocking-bird is a great vocalist, — yes, and a great singer; but to my Northern ears the wood thrush carried the day with his *voice.*

Having climbed the Ridge again, — though climbing might be thought rather too laborious a word for so gradual a slope, — and started down on the side toward the city, I came to a patch of blackberry vines, in the midst of which sat a thrasher on her nest, all a mother's

anxiety in her staring yellow eyes. Close by her stood an olive-backed thrush. There, too, was my first hooded warbler, a female. She escaped me the next instant, though I made an eager chase, not knowing yet how common birds of her sort were to prove in that Chattanooga country.

In my delight at finding Missionary Ridge so happy a hunting-ground for an opera-glass naturalist, I went thither again the very next morning. This time some Virginia veterans were in the car (they all wore badges), and when we had left it, and were about separating, — after a bit of talk about the battle, of course, — one of them, with almost painful scrupulosity, insisted upon assuring me that if the thing were all to be done over again, he should do just as before. One of his comrades, seeing me a Northerner, interrupted him more than once in a vain attempt to smooth matters over. They had buried the hatchet, he said; let bygones be bygones. But the first man was not to be cajoled with a phrase. He spoke without passion, with no raising of the voice, quite simply and amicably: he too accepted the result; the thing never *would* be done over again; only let his position be understood, — he had nothing to take back. It was impossible not to respect such conscientiousness. For my own part, at any rate, I felt no prompting to argue against it, being myself sufficiently "opinionated" to appreciate a difficulty which some obstinate people experience in altering their convictions as circumstances change, or accepting the failure of a cause as proof of its injustice. If a man is not *too* obstinate, to be sure, time and the course of events may bring him new light; but that is another matter. Once, when the men were talking among themselves, I overheard one say, as he pointed down the hill, "The Rebels were there, and the Union men yonder." That careless recurrence of the word "Rebel" came to me as a surprise.

The principal excitement of the morning was a glimpse of a Kentucky warbler, a bird most peculiarly desired. I had finished my jaunt, and was standing beside the bramble patch not far from the railway, where I had seen the hooded warbler the day before, when the splendid creature flashed into sight, saw me, uttered a volley of quick, clear notes, and vanished up the hillside. I ran after him, but might as well have remained where I was. "He *is* a beauty!" I find written in my notebook. And so he is, — clothed in lustrous olive and the most gorgeous of yellows with trimmings of black, all in the best of taste, with nothing patchy, nothing fantastic or even fanciful. I was again impressed with the abundance of chats, indigo-birds, and white-eyed vireos. Bachman sparrows were numerous, also, in appropriate localities, — dry and bushy, — and I noted a bluebird, a yellow-throated vireo, and, shouting from a dead treetop, a great-crested flycatcher.

My most vivid recollection of this second visit, however, is of the power of the sun, an old enemy of mine, by whom, in my ignorance of spring weather in Tennessee, I allowed myself to be taken at a cruel noonday disadvantage. Even now, in the deep frigidity of a Massachusetts winter, I cannot think of Missionary Ridge without seeing again those long stretches of burning sunshine, wherein the least spot of shade was like a palm in the desert. In every such shelter I used to stand awhile, bareheaded; then, marking the next similar haven, so many rods ahead, I would hoist my umbrella and push forward, cringing at every step as if I were crossing a field under fire. Possibly I exaggerate, but, if I do, it is very little; and though it be an abuse of an exquisite poem, I say over to myself again and again a couplet of Miss Guiney's: —

> "Weather on a sunny ridge,
> Showery weather, far from here."

In truth, early as the season was, the excessive heat, combined with a trying dog-day humidity, sadly circumscribed all my Tennessee rambles. As for my umbrella, my obligations to it were such that nothing but a dread of plagiarism has restrained me from entitling this sketch An Umbrella on Missionary Ridge. Nature never intended me for a tropical explorer. Often I did nothing more than seek a shady retreat and stay there, letting the birds come to me, if they would.

Improved after this indolent fashion, one of the hottest of my forenoons became also one of the most enjoyable. I left the car midway up the Ridge, — at the angle of the Y, — and, passing my thrasher's blackberry tangle and descending a wooded slope, found myself unexpectedly in a pleasant place, half wood, half grassy field, through which ran a tiny streamlet, the first one I had seen in this dry and thirsty land. Near the streamlet, on the edge of the wood, quite by itself, stood a cabin of most forlorn appearance, with a garden patch under the window, — if there *was* a window, as to which I do not remember, and the chances seem against it, — the whole closely and meanly surrounded by a fence. In the door stood an aged white woman, looking every whit as old and forlorn as the cabin, with a tall mastiff on one side of her and a black cat on the other.

"Your dog and cat are good friends," I remarked, feeling it polite to speak even to a stranger in so lonesome a spot.

"Yes," she answered gruffly, "they 're good friends, only once in a while he wants to kill her."

She said nothing more, and her manner did not encourage further attempts at neighborly intercourse; but as I passed the cabin now and then during the forenoon, the birds leading me about, I heard her muttering often and at considerable length to her hens and ducks. Evidently she enjoyed conversation as well as most people, only she liked to pick her own company. She was "Aunt Tilly," I learned afterwards, and had lived there by herself for many years; one of the characters of the city, a fortune-teller, whose professional services were in frequent request.

In this favored nook, especially along the watercourse, were many birds, some of them at home for the summer, but the greater part, no doubt, lying over for a day or two on their long northward journey. Not one of them but was interesting to me here in a new country, however familiar it might have become in New England. Here were at least eleven kinds of warblers: blackpolls of both sexes, black-throated blues, chestnut-sides, myrtle-birds, golden warblers, black-and-white creepers, redstarts (have we anything handsomer?), Maryland yellow-throats, blue golden-wings, chats, and Kentuckies. Here were blue-gray gnatcatchers, bluebirds, wood thrushes, veeries, an olive-backed thrush, catbirds, thrashers, Carolina wrens, tufted titmice, a Carolina chickadee, summer tanagers uncounted, orchard orioles, field sparrows, chippers, a Bachman sparrow (unseen), a cardinal, a chewink, flocks of indigo-birds and goldfinches, red-eyed vireos, white-eyed vireos, a yellow-throated vireo, kingbirds, and a crested flycatcher.

In an oak at the corner of Aunt Tilly's cabin a pair of gnatcatchers had built a nest; an exquisite piece of work, large and curiously cylindrical, — not tapering at the base, — set off with a profusion of gray lichens, and saddled upon one limb directly under another, as if for shelter. If the gnatcatcher is not a great singer (his voice is slender, like himself), he is near the head of his profession as an architect and a builder. Twice, in the most senseless manner, one of the birds — the female, I had no doubt, in spite of the adjective just applied to her conduct — stood beside the nest and scolded at me; then, having freed her mind and attracted my atten-

tion, she got inside and began pecking here and there at the rim, apparently giving it the final touches. The tufted tits whistled unseen with all their characteristic monotony. The veeries and the olive-back kept silence, but the wood thrushes, as was their daily habit, made the woods ring. One of them was building a nest.

Most admired of all were the Kentucky warblers, of which there were at least five. It was my first real sight of them, and, fortunately, they were not in the least bashful. They spent the time mostly on the ground, in open, grassy places, especially about the roots of trees and thorn-bushes, — the latter now snowy with bloom, — once in a while hopping a few inches up the bole, as if to pick off insects. In movement and attitude they made me think often of the Connecticut warbler, although when startled they took a higher perch. Once I saw one of them under a pretty tuft of the showy blue baptisia (*B. australis*), — a new bird in the shadow of a new flower! Who says that life is an old story? From the general manner of the birds, — more easily felt than defined, — as well as from their presence in a group and their silence, I inferred, rightly or wrongly, that they had but recently arrived. For aught I yet knew, they might be nothing but wayfarers, — a happy uncertainty which made them only the more interesting. Of their beauty I have already spoken. It would be impossible to speak of it too highly.

As I took the car at noon, I caught sight of a wonderfully bright blood-red flower on the bank above the track, and, as I was the only passenger, the conductor kindly waited for me to run up and pluck it. It turned out to be a catch-fly, and, like the Kentucky warbler, it became common a little later. "Indian pink," one of my Walden's Ridge friends said it was called; a pretty name, but to me "battlefield pink" or "carnage pink" would have seemed more appropriate.

I had found an aviary, I thought, this open grove of Aunt Tilly's, with its treasure of a brook, and at the earliest opportunity I went that way again. Indeed, I went more than once. But the birds were no longer there. What I had seen was mainly a flock of "transients," a migratory "wave." On the farther side of the Ridge, however, I by and by discovered a spot more permanently attractive, — a little valley in the hillside. Here was a spring, and from it, nearly dry as it was, there still oozed a slender rill, which trickled halfway down the slope before losing itself in the sand, and here and there dribbled into a basin commodious enough for a small bird's bath. Several times I idled away an hour or two in this retreat, under the shadow of red maples, sweet gums, sycamores, and tupelos, making an occasional sortie into the sun as an adventurous mood came over me or a distant bird-call proved an irresistible attraction.

They were pleasant hours, but I recall them with a sense of waste and discomfort. In familiar surroundings, such waitings upon Nature's mood are profitable, wholesome for body and soul; but in vacation time, and away from home, with new paths beckoning a man this way and that, and a new bird, for aught he can tell, singing beyond the next hill, — at such a time, I think, sitting still becomes a burden, and the cheerful practice of "a wise passiveness" a virtue beyond the comfortable reach of ordinary flesh and blood. Along the upper edge of the glen a road ran downward into the valley east of the Ridge, and now and then a carriage or a horseman passed. It would have been good to follow them. All that valley country, as I surveyed it from the railway and the tower, had an air of invitingness: beautiful woods, with footpaths and unfrequented roads. In them I must have found birds, flowers, and many a delightful nook. If the Fates could have sent me one cool day!

Yet for all my complaining, I have lived few more enjoyable Sunday forenoons than one that I passed most inactively in this same hillside hollow. As I descended the bank to the spring, two or three goldfinches were singing (goldfinch voices go uncommonly well in chorus, and the birds seem to know it); a female tanager sat before me calling *clippity, clippity;* a field sparrow, a mocking wren, and a catbird sang in as many different directions; and a pair of thrashers — whose nest could not be far away — flitted nervously about, uttering characteristic moaning whistles. If they felt half as badly as their behavior indicated, their case was tragical indeed; but at the moment, instead of pitying them, I fell to wondering just when it is that the thrasher *smacks* (all friends of his are familiar with his resounding imitation of a kiss), and when it is that he whistles. I have never made out, although I believe I know pretty well the states of mind thus expressed. The thrasher is to a peculiar degree a bird of passion; ecstatic in song, furious in anger, irresistibly pitiful in lamentation. How any man can rob a thrasher's nest with that heartbroken whistle in his ears is more than I can imagine.

Indigo-birds are here, of course. Their number is one of the marvels of this country, — though indeed the country seems made for them, as it is also for chats and white-eyed vireos. A bit farther down the valley, as I come to the maples and tupelos, with their grateful density of shade, a wood pewee sings, and then a wood thrush. At the same moment, an Acadian flycatcher, who is always here (his nest is building overhead, as, after a while, I discover), salutes me with a quick, spiteful note. "No trespassing," he says. Landowners are pretty much alike. I pass on, but not far, and beside a little thicket I take up my stand, and wait. It is pleasant here, and patience will be rewarded. Yes, there is a magnolia warbler, my second Tennessee specimen; a great beauty, but without that final perfection of good taste (simplicity) which distinguishes the Kentucky. I see him, and he is gone, and I am not to be drawn into a chase. Now I have a glimpse of a thrush; an olive-back, from what I can see, but I cannot be sure. Still I keep my place. A blue-gray gnatcatcher is drawling somewhere in the leafy treetops. Thence, too, a cuckoo fires off a lively fusillade of *kuks*, — a yellow-bill, by that token. Next a blackpoll warbler shows himself, still far from home, though he has already traveled a long way northward; and then, in one of the basins of the stream (if we may call it a stream, in which there is no semblance of a current), a chat comes to wash himself. Now I see the thrush again; or rather, I hear him whistle, and by moving a step or two I get him with my eye. He *is* an olive-back, as his whistle of itself would prove; and presently he begins to sing, to my intense delight. Soon two others are in voice with him. Am I on Missionary Ridge or in the Crawford Notch? I stand motionless, and listen and listen, but my enjoyment is interrupted by a new pleasure. A warbler, — evidently a female, from a certain quietness and plainness, — and, as I take it, a blue-winged yellow, though I have never seen a female of that species, comes to the edge of the water, and in another minute her mate is beside her. Him there is no mistaking. They fly away in a bit of lovers' quarrel, a favorite pastime with mated birds. And look! there is a scarlet tanager; the same gorgeous fellow, I suppose, that was here two days ago, and the only one I have seen in this lower country. What a beauty he is! One of the finest; handsomer, so I think, than the handsomest of his all-red cousins. Now he calls *chip-cherr*, and now he breaks into song. There he falls behind; his cousin's voice is less hoarse, and his style less labored and jerky.

Now straight before me up a woody aisle, an olive-backed thrush stands in full view and a perfect light, facing me and singing, a lovely chorister. Looking at him, I catch a flutter of yellow and black among the leaves by the streamlet; a Kentucky warbler, I suspect, but I dare not go forward to see, for now the thrushes are in chorus again. By and by he comes up from his bath, and falls to dressing his feathers: not a Kentucky, after all, but a Canadian fly-catcher, my first one here. He, too, is an exquisite, with fine colors finely laid on, and a most becoming jet necklace. While I am admiring him, a blue yellow-back begins to practice his scales — still a little blurred, and needing practice, a critic might say — somewhere at my right among the hillside oaks; another exquisite, a beauty among beauties. I see him, though he is out of sight. And what seems odd, at this very moment his rival as a singer of the scale, the prairie warbler, breaks out on the other side of me. Like the chat and the indigo-bird, he is abundantly at home hereabout.

All this woodland music is set off by spaces of silence, sweeter almost than the music itself. Here is peace unbroken; here is a delicious coolness, while the sun blazes upon the dusty road above me. How amiable a power is contrast — on its softer side! I think of the eager, bloody, sweaty, raging men who once stormed up these slopes, killing and being killed. The birds know nothing of all that. It might have been thousands of years ago. The very trees have forgotten it. Two or three cows come feeding down the glade, with the lazy tinkle of a bell. And now my new friend, the blue-winged yellow warbler, sings across the path (across the aisle, I was going to say), but only two or three times, and with only two insignificant lisping syllables. The chary soul! He sings to the eye, I suppose. I go over to look at him, and my sudden movement startles the thrushes, who, finding themselves again in the singers' gallery, cannot refrain from another chorus. At the same moment the Canadian warbler comes into sight again, this time in a tupelo. The blue-wings are found without difficulty; they have a call like the black-and-white creeper's. A single rough-winged swallow skims above the treetops. I have seen him here before, and one or two others like him. Compared with New England, this corner of Tennessee seems but poorly supplied with swallows.

As I return to the bed of the valley, a female cardinal grosbeak flutters suspiciously about a thicket of tall blackberry vines. Her nest should be there, I think, but a hasty look reveals nothing. Again I come upon the Canadian warbler. If there is only one here, he is often in my way. I sit down upon the leaning, almost horizontal bole of a large tupelo, — a new tree to me, but common in this country. The thick dark-colored bark is broken deeply into innumerable small geometrical figures, giving the tree a noticeable, venerable appearance, as wrinkles lend distinction and character to an old man's face. Another species, which, as far as I can tell, should be our familiar tupelo of Massachusetts, is equally common, — a smaller tree with larger leaves. The moisture here, slight as it now is, gives the place a vegetation of its own and a peculiar density of leafage. From one of the smaller tupelos (I repeat that word as often as I can, for the music of it) cross-vine streamers are swinging, full of red-and-yellow bells. Scattered thinly over the ground are yellow starflowers, the common houstonia, a pink phlox, and some unknown dark yellow blossom a little like the fall dandelion, — Cynthia, I guess.

My thoughts are recalled by a strong, sharp *chip* in a voice I do not recognize, — a Kentucky warbler's, as presently turns out. He walks about the ground amid the short, thin grass, seemingly in the most placid of moods; but at every few steps, for some inscrutable reason,

he comes out with that quick, peremptory call. And all the while I keep saying to myself, "What a beauty!" But my forenoon is past. I rise to go, and at the motion he takes flight. Near the spring the goldfinches are still in full chorus, and just beyond them in the path is a mourning dove.

That was a good season: hymns without words, "a sermon not made with hands," and the world shut out. Three days afterward, fast as my vacation was running away, I went to the same place again. The olive-backed thrushes were still singing, to my surprise, and the Kentucky warblers were still feeding in the grass. The scarlet tanager sang (it is curious how much oftener I mention him than the comparatively unfamiliar, but here extremely common summer tanager), the cuckoo called, the Acadian flycatcher was building her nest, — on a horizontal limb of a maple, — and a goldfinch warbled as if he could never cease. A veery sang, also (I heard but one other in Tennessee), with a chestnut-sided warbler, two redstarts (one of them in the modest garb of his mother), a Carolina chickadee, a mocking wren, a pine warbler, a prairie warbler, and a catbird. In time, probably, all the birds for a mile around might have been heard or seen beside that scanty rill.

To-day, however, my mood was less Sundayish than before, and in spite of the heat I ventured across an open pasture,— where a Bachman's finch was singing an ingenious set of variations, and a rabbit stamped with a sudden loudness that made me jump, — and then through a piece of wood, till I came to another hollow like the one I had left, but without water, and therefore less thickly shaded. Here was the inevitable thicket of brambles (since I speak so much of chats and indigo-birds, the presence of a sufficiency of blackberry bushes may be taken for granted), and I waited to see what it would bring forth. A field sparrow sang from the hillside, — a sweet and modest tune that went straight to the heart, and had nothing to fear from a comparison with Bachman's finch or any other. What a contrast in this respect between him and his gentle-seeming but belligerent and tuneless cousin whom we call "chippy"![1] Here, likewise, were a pair of complaining Carolina wrens and an Acadian flycatcher. A thrush excited my curiosity, having the look of a gray-cheek, but showing a buff eye-ring; and while I was coaxing him to whistle, and so declare himself,—often a ready means of identification, and preferable on all accounts to shooting the bird, — there came a furious outburst from the depths of the brier patch, with a grand flurry of wings: a large bird and two smaller ones engaged in sudden battle, as well as I could make out. At the close of the *mêlée*, which ended as abruptly as it had begun, the thicket showed two wrens, a white-throated sparrow, and a female cardinal. The cardinal flew away; the affair was no business of hers, apparently; but in a minute she was back again, scolding. Then, while my back was turned, everything became quiet; and on my stepping up to reconnoitre, there she sat in her nest with four eggs under her. At that moment a chat's loud voice was heard, and, turning quickly, I caught the fellow in the midst of a brilliant display of his clownish tricks, ridiculous, indescribable. At a little distance, it is hard to believe that it can be a bird, that dancing, shapeless thing, balancing itself in the air with dangling legs and prancing, swaying motions. Well, that is the chat's way. What more need be said? Every creature must express himself, and birds no less than other poets are entitled to an occasional "fine frenzy."

My little excursion had brought me nothing new, and, like all my similar ventures on Missionary Ridge, it ended in

[1] If I could have my way, he should be known as the doorstep sparrow. The name would fit him to a nicety.

defeat. The sun was too much for me; to use a word suggested by the place, it carried too many guns. I took a long and comfortable siesta under a magnificent chestnut oak. Then it was near noon, and, with my umbrella spread, I mounted the hill to the railway, and waited for a car.

Bradford Torrey.

NOTES FROM A TRAVELING DIARY.

I.

ŌSAKA-KYŌTŌ RAILWAY,
April 15, 1895.

FEELING drowsy in a public conveyance, and not being able to lie down, a Japanese woman will lift her long sleeve before her face ere she begins to nod. In this second-class railway carriage there are now three women asleep in a row, all with faces screened by the left sleeve, and all swaying together with the rocking of the train, like lotos flowers in a soft current. (This use of the *left* sleeve is either fortuitous or instinctive; probably instinctive, as the right hand serves best to cling to strap or seat in case of shock.) The spectacle is at once pretty and funny, but especially pretty, as exemplifying that grace with which a refined Japanese woman does everything, — always in the daintiest and least selfish way possible. It is pathetic, too, for the attitude is also that of sorrow, and sometimes of weary prayer, — all because of the trained sense of duty to show only one's happiest face to the world.

Which fact reminds me of an experience.

A male servant long in my house seemed to me the happiest of mortals. He laughed invariably when spoken to, looked always delighted while at work, appeared to know nothing of the small troubles of life. But one day I peeped at him when he thought himself quite alone, and his relaxed face startled me. It was not the face I had known. Hard lines of pain and anger appeared in it, making it look twenty years older. I coughed gently to announce my presence. At once the face smoothed, softened, lighted up as by a miracle of rejuvenation. Miracle, indeed, of perpetual unselfish self-control.

II.

KYŌTŌ, *April* 16.

The wooden shutters before my little room in the hotel are pushed away, and the morning sun immediately paints upon my *shōji*, across squares of gold light, the perfect sharp shadow of a little peach-tree. No mortal artist — not even a Japanese — could surpass that silhouette! Limned in dark blue against the yellow glow, the marvelous image even shows stronger or fainter tones according to the varying distance of the unseen branches outside. It sets me thinking about the possible influence on Japanese art of the use of paper for house-lighting purposes.

By night, a Japanese house with only its shōji closed looks like a great paper-sided lantern, — a magic-lantern making moving shadows within instead of without itself. By day, the shadows on the shōji are from outside only; but they may be very wonderful at the first rising of the sun, if his beams are leveled, as in this instance, across a space of quaint garden.

There is certainly nothing absurd in that old Greek story which finds the origin of art in the first untaught attempt to trace upon some wall the outline of a lover's shadow. Very possibly, all sense of art, as well as all sense of the super-

natural, had its simple beginnings in the study of shadows. But shadows on shōji are so remarkable as to suggest explanation of certain Japanese faculties of drawing by no means primitive, but developed beyond all parallel, and otherwise difficult to account for. Of course, the quality of Japanese paper, which takes shadows better than any frosted glass, must be considered, and also the character of the shadows themselves. Western vegetation, for example, could scarcely furnish silhouettes so gracious as those of Japanese garden trees, all trained by centuries of caressing care to look as lovely as nature allows.

I wish the paper of my shōji could have been, like a photographic plate, sensitive to that first delicious impression cast by a level sun. I am already regretting distortions: the beautiful silhouette has begun to lengthen.

III.

KYŌTŌ, *April* 16.

Of all peculiarly beautiful things in Japan, the most beautiful are the approaches to high places of worship or of rest, — the Ways that go to Nowhere, and the Steps that lead to Nothing.

Certainly, their special charm is the charm of the adventitious, — the effect of man's handiwork in union with nature's finest moods of light and form and color, — a charm which vanishes on rainy days; but it is none the less wonderful because fitful.

Perhaps the ascent begins with a sloping, paved avenue, half a mile long, lined with giant trees. Stone monsters guard the way at regular intervals. Then you come to some great flight of steps ascending through green gloom to a terrace umbraged by older and vaster trees; and other steps from thence lead to other terraces, all in shadow. And you climb and climb and climb, till at last, beyond a gray *torii*, the goal appears: a small, void, colorless wooden shrine, — a Shintō *miya*. The shock of emptiness thus received, in the high silence and the shadows, after all the sublimity of the long approach, is very ghostliness itself.

Of similar Buddhist experiences whole multitudes wait for those who care to seek them. I might suggest, for example, a visit to the grounds of Higashi Ōtani, which are in the city of Kyōtō. A grand avenue leads to the court of a temple, and from the court a flight of steps fully fifty feet wide — massy, mossed, and magnificently balustraded — lead to a walled terrace. The scene makes one think of the approach to some Italian pleasure-garden of Decameron days. But, reaching the terrace, you find only a gate, opening — into a cemetery! Did the Buddhist landscape-gardener wish to tell us that all pomp and power and beauty lead only to such silence at last?

IV.

KYŌTŌ, *April* 19, 20.

I have passed the greater part of three days in the national Exhibition, — time barely sufficient to discern the general character and significance of the display. It is essentially industrial, but nearly all delightful, notwithstanding, because of the wondrous application of art to all varieties of production. Foreign merchants and keener observers than I find in it other and sinister meaning, — the most formidable menace to Occidental trade and industry ever made by the Orient. "Compared with England," wrote a correspondent of the London Times, "it is farthings for pennies throughout. . . . The story of the Japanese invasion of Lancashire is older than that of the invasion of Korea and China. It has been a conquest of peace, — a painless process of depletion which is virtually achieved. . . . The Kyōtō display is proof of a further immense development of industrial enterprise. . . . A country where laborers' hire is three shillings a week, with all other domestic charges in proportion, must — other things being equal — kill competitors whose expenses are quad-

ruple the Japanese scale." Certainly, the industrial *jiujutsu* promises unexpected results.

The price of admission to the Exhibition is a significant matter, also. Only five sen! Yet even at this figure the enterprise is likely to pay for itself, so great is the swarm of visitors. Multitudes of peasants are pouring daily into the city, — pedestrians mostly, just as for a pilgrimage. And a pilgrimage for myriads the journey really is, because of the inauguration festival of the greatest of Shinshū temples.

The art department proper I thought much inferior to that of the Tōkyō Exhibition of 1890. Fine things there were, but few, — evidence, perhaps, of the eagerness with which the nation is turning all its energies and talents in directions where money is to be made; for in those larger departments where art is combined with industry — such as ceramics, enamels, inlaid work, embroideries — no finer and costlier work could ever have been shown. Indeed, the high value of certain articles on display suggested a reply to a Japanese friend who observed thoughtfully, "If China adopt Western industrial methods, she will be able to underbid us in all the markets of the world."

"Perhaps in cheap production," I made answer. "But there is no reason why Japan should depend wholly upon cheapness of production. I think she may rely more securely upon her superiority in art and good taste. The art genius of a people may have a special value against which all competition by cheap labor is vain. Among Western nations, France offers an example. Her wealth is not due to her ability to underbid her neighbors. Her goods are the dearest in the world; she deals in things of luxury and beauty. But they sell in all civilized countries because they are the best of their kind. Why should not Japan become the France of the Farther East?"

The weakest part of the art display is that devoted to oil-painting, — oil-painting in the European manner. No reason exists why the Japanese should not be able to paint wonderfully in oil by following their own particular methods of artistic expression. But their attempts to follow Western methods have even risen to mediocrity only in studies requiring very realistic treatment. Ideal work in oil, according to Western canons of art, is still out of their reach. Perhaps they may yet discover for themselves a new gateway to the beautiful, even through oil-painting, by adaptation of the method to the particular needs of the race genius, but there is yet no sign of such a tendency.

A canvas representing a perfectly naked woman looking at herself in a very large mirror created a disagreeable impression. The Japanese press had been requesting the removal of the piece, and uttering comments not flattering to Western art ideas. Nevertheless, the canvas was by a Japanese painter of some repute. It was rather boldly priced at three thousand dollars.

I stood near the painting for a while to observe its effect upon the people, — peasants by a huge majority. They would stare at it, laugh scornfully, utter some contemptuous phrase, and turn away to examine the *kakemono*, which were really far more worthy of notice, though offered at prices ranging only from ten to fifty yen. The comments were leveled chiefly at "foreign" ideas of good taste (the figure having been painted with a European head). None seemed to consider the thing as a Japanese work. Had it represented a Japanese woman, I doubt whether the crowd would have even tolerated its existence.

Now all this scorn for the picture itself was just. There was nothing ideal in the work. It was simply the representation of a naked woman doing what no woman could like to be seen doing. And a picture of a mere naked woman,

however well executed, is never art, if art means idealism. The realism of the thing was its offensiveness. Ideal nakedness may be divine, — the most godly of all human dreams of the superhuman. But a naked person is not divine at all. Ideal nudity needs no girdle, because the charm is of lines too beautiful to be veiled or broken. The living real human body has no such divine geometry. Question: Is an artist justified in creating nakedness for its own sake, unless he can divest that nakedness of every trace of the real and personal?

There is a Buddhist text which truly declares that he alone is wise *who can see things without their individuality.* And it is this Buddhist way of seeing which makes the greatness of the true Japanese art.

V.

These thoughts came: —

That nudity which is divine, which is the abstract of beauty absolute, gives to the beholder a shock of astonishment and delight not unmixed with melancholy. Very few works of art give this, because very few approach perfection. But there are marbles and gems which give it, and certain fine studies of them, such as the engravings published by the Society of Dilettanti. The longer one looks, the more the wonder grows, since there appears no line, or part of a line, whose beauty does not surpass all remembrance. So the secret of such art was long thought supernatural; and in very truth, the sense of beauty it communicates is more than human, — is superhuman, in the meaning of that which is outside of existing life; is therefore as supernatural as any sensation known to man can be.

What is the shock?

It resembles strangely, and is certainly akin to, that psychical shock which comes with the first experience of love. Plato explained the shock of beauty as being the Soul's sudden half-remembrance of the World of Divine Ideas. "They who see here any image or resemblance of the things which are there receive a shock like a thunderbolt, and are, after a manner, taken out of themselves." Schopenhauer explained the shock of first love as the will power of the Soul of the Race. In our own day, the positive psychology of Spencer declares that the most powerful of human passions, when it makes its first appearance, is absolutely antecedent to all individual experience. Thus do ancient thought and modern, metaphysics and science, accord in recognizing that the first deep sensation of human beauty known to the individual is not individual at all.

Must not the same truth hold of that shock which supreme art gives? The human ideal expressed in such art appeals surely to the experience of all that Past enshrined in the emotional life of the beholder, — to something inherited from innumerable ancestors.

Innumerable indeed!

Allowing three generations to a century, and presupposing no consanguineous marriages, a French mathematician estimates that each existing individual of his nation would have in his veins the blood of twenty millions of contemporaries of the year 1000. Or calculating from the first year of our own era, the ancestry of a man of to-day would represent a total of eighteen quintillions. Yet what are twenty centuries to the time of the life of man!

Well, the emotion of beauty, like all of our emotions, is certainly the inherited product of unimaginably countless experiences in an immeasurable past. In every æsthetic sensation is the stirring of trillions of trillions of ghostly memories buried in the magical soil of the brain. And each man carries within him an ideal of beauty which is but an infinite composite of dead perceptions of form, color, grace, once dear to look upon. It is dormant, this ideal, potential in essence, cannot be evoked

at will before the imagination; but it may light up electrically at any perception by the living outer senses of some vague affinity. Then is felt that weird, sad, delicious thrill which accompanies the sudden backward-flowing of the tides of life and time; then are the sensations of a million years and of myriad generations summed into the emotional feeling of a moment.

Now, the artists of one civilization only — the Greeks — were able to perform the miracle of disengaging the Race Ideal of beauty from their own souls, and fixing its wavering outline in jewel and stone. Nudity they made divine; and they still compel us to feel its divinity almost as they felt it themselves. Perhaps they could do this because, as Emerson suggested, they possessed all-perfect senses. Certainly it was not because they were as beautiful as their own statues. No man and no woman could be that. This only is sure: that they discerned and clearly fixed their ideal, composite of countless million remembrances of dead grace in eyes and eyelids, throat and cheek, mouth and chin, body and limbs.

The Greek marble itself gives proof that there is no absolute individuality, — that the mind is as much a composite of souls as the body is of cells.

VI.

Kyōtō, *April* 21.

The two noblest examples of religious architecture in the whole empire have just been completed; and the great City of Temples is now enriched by two constructions probably never surpassed in all the ten centuries of its existence. One is the gift of the imperial government; the other, the gift of the common people.

The government's gift is the Dai-Gyoku-Den, erected to commemorate the great festival of Kwammu Tennō, fifty-first Emperor of Japan, and founder of the Sacred City. To the spirit of this Emperor the Dai-Gyoku-Den is dedicated: it is thus a Shintō temple, and the most superb of all Shintō temples. Nevertheless, it is not Shintō architecture, but a facsimile of the original palace of Kwammu Tennō upon the original scale. The effect upon national sentiment of this magnificent deviation from conventional forms, and the profound poetry of the reverential feeling which suggested it, can be fully comprehended only by those who know that Japan is still practically ruled by the dead. Much more than beautiful are the edifices of the Dai-Gyoku-Den. Even in this most archaic of Japanese cities they startle; they tell to the sky in every tilted line of their horned roofs the tale of another and more fantastic age. The most eccentrically striking parts of the whole are the two-storied and five-towered gates, — veritable Chinese dreams, one would say. In color the construction is not less oddly attractive than in form; and this especially because of the fine use made of antique yellow tiles in the polychromatic roofing. Surely the august spirit of Kwammu Tennō might well rejoice in this charming evocation of the past by architectural necromancy!

But the gift of the people to Kyōtō is still grander. It is represented by the glorious Higashi Hongwanji, or eastern Hongwan temple (Shinshū). Western readers may form some idea of its character from the simple statement that it cost eight millions of dollars, and required seventeen years to build. In mere dimension it is largely exceeded by other Japanese buildings of cheaper construction; but anybody familiar with the Buddhist temple architecture of Japan can readily perceive the difficulty of building a temple one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, one hundred and ninety-two feet deep, and more than two hundred feet long. Because of its peculiar form, and especially because of

the vast sweeping lines of its roof, the Hongwanji looks even far larger than it is, — looks mountainous. But in any country it would be deemed a remarkable structure. There are beams forty-two feet long and four feet thick, and there are pillars nine feet in circumference. One may guess the character of the interior decoration from the statement that the mere painting of the lotos flowers on the screens behind the main altar cost ten thousand dollars. Nearly all this wonderful work was done with the money contributed in coppers by hard-working peasants. And yet there are people who think that Buddhism is dying!

More than one hundred thousand peasants came to see the grand inauguration. They seated themselves by myriads on matting laid down by the acre in the great court. I saw them waiting thus at three in the afternoon. The court was a living sea. Yet all that host was to wait till seven o'clock for the beginning of the ceremony, without refreshment, in the hot sun. I saw at one corner of the court a band of about twenty young girls, — all in white, and wearing peculiar white caps, — and I asked who they were. A bystander replied: "As all these people must wait here many hours, it is to be feared that some may become ill. Therefore professional nurses have been stationed here to take care of any who may be sick. There are likewise stretchers in waiting, and carriers; and there are many physicians."

I admired the patience and the faith. But those peasants might well love the magnificent temple, — their own creation in very truth, both directly and indirectly. For no small part of the actual labor of building was done for love only; and the mighty beams for the roof had been hauled to Kyōtō from far-away mountain slopes with cables made of the hair of Buddhist wives and daughters. One such cable, preserved in the temple, is more than three hundred and sixty feet long, and nearly three inches in diameter.

To me the lesson of these two magnificent monuments of national religious sentiment suggested the certain future increase in ethical power and value of that sentiment, concomitantly with the increase of national prosperity. Temporary poverty is the real explanation of the apparent temporary decline of Buddhism. But an era of great wealth is beginning. Some outward forms of Buddhism must perish, some superstitions of Shintō must die. The vital truths and recognitions will expand, strengthen, take only deeper root in the heart of the race, and potently prepare it for the trials of that larger and harsher life upon which it has to enter.

VII.

KOBE, *April* 23.

I have been visiting the exhibition of fishes and of fisheries which is at Hyōgo, in a garden by the sea. Waraku-en is its name, which signifies "the Garden of the Pleasure of Peace." It is laid out like a landscape garden of old time, and deserves its name. Over its verge you behold the great bay, and fishermen in boats, and the white far-gliding of sails splendid with light, and beyond all, shutting out the horizon, a lofty beautiful massing of peaks, mauve-colored by distance.

I saw ponds of curious shapes, filled with clear sea-water, in which fishes of beautiful colors were swimming. I went to the aquarium where stranger kinds of fishes swam behind glass, — fishes shaped like toy kites, and fishes shaped like sword-blades, and fishes that seemed to turn themselves inside out, and funny, pretty fishes of butterfly colors, that move like dancing-girls, waving sleeve-shaped fins.

I saw models of all manner of boats and nets and hooks and fish-traps and

torch-baskets for night-fishing. I saw pictures of every kind of fishing, and both models and pictures of men killing whales. One picture was terrible: the death-agony of a whale caught in a giant net, and the leaping of boats in a turmoil of red foam, and one naked man on the monstrous back — a single figure against the sky — striking with a great steel, and the fountain-gush of blood responding to the stroke. Beside me I heard a Japanese father and mother explain the picture to their little boy; and the mother said, "When the whale is going to die, it speaks; it cries to the Lord Buddha for help, —*Namu Amida Butsu!*"

I went to another part of the garden where there were tame deer, and a "golden bear" in a cage, and peafowl in an aviary, and an ape. The people fed the deer and the bear with cakes, and tried to coax the peacock to open its tail, and grievously tormented the ape. I sat down to rest on the veranda of a pleasure-house near the aviary, and the Japanese folk who had been looking at the picture of whale-fishing found their way to the same veranda; and presently I heard the little boy say, "Father, there is an old, old fisherman in his boat. Why does he not go to the palace of the Dragon-King of the Sea, like Urashima?"

The father answered: "Urashima caught a turtle, which was not really a turtle, but the daughter of the Dragon-King. So he was rewarded for his kindness. But that old fisherman has not caught any turtle; and even if he had caught one, he is much too old to marry. Therefore he will not go to the palace."

Then the boy looked at the flowers, and the fountains, and the sunned sea with its white sails, and the mauve-colored mountains beyond all, and exclaimed, "Father, do you think there is any place more beautiful than this in the whole world?"

The father smiled deliciously, and seemed about to answer; but before he could speak the child cried out, and leaped, and clapped his little hands for delight, because the peacock had suddenly outspread the splendor of its tail. And all hastened to the aviary. So I never heard the reply to that pretty question.

But afterwards I thought that it might have been answered thus: —

"Son, very beautiful this is. But the world is full of beauty; and there may be gardens more beautiful than this.

"But the fairest of gardens is not in our world. It is the Garden of Amida, in the Paradise of the West.

"And whosoever does no wrong what time he lives may after death dwell in that garden.

"There the divine Kujaku, bird of heaven, sings of the Seven Steps and the Five Powers, spreading its tail as a sun.

"There lakes of jewel-water are, and in them lotos flowers of a loveliness for which there is not any name. And from those flowers proceed continually rays of rainbow light and spirits of Buddhas newly born.

"And the water, murmuring among the lotos buds, speaks to the souls in them of Infinite Memory and Infinite Vision, and of the Four Infinite Feelings.

"And in that place there is no difference between gods and men, save that under the splendor of Amida even the gods must bend; and all sing the hymn of praise beginning, '*O Thou of Immeasurable Light!*'

"But the Voice of the River Celestial chants forever, like the chanting of thousands in unison: '*Even this is not high; there is still a higher! This is not real; this is not peace!*'"

Lafcadio Hearn.

BEING A TYPEWRITER.

I AM moved to set down my reflections, because I believe the day is approaching when the typewriter — I have in mind the human being, and not the machine — shall have become nearly or quite extinct. Then this class of people, like the scribes of Jerusalem, will have a place assigned to them in history, and the records left by them will have a certain archaic interest. When it is remembered that the mechanical part of typewriting can be learned in a few days, and that, unlike music or shorthand, it imposes upon the student no system of representing ideas with which he is not already familiar, it does not take a great stretch of the imagination to suppose a time when whoever reads will run the typewriter; reversing not only the old saying, but the relations of typewriting to education and to society. It seems to me that as yet these relations are imperfectly understood. From all that has been said to me, I infer that most people imagine there would be no further need of typewriting if the necessity for speed were removed. This is a little like assuming that if dancing were prohibited there would be no further demand for music, — a gloomy outlook for all who play the piano and violin!

But, unlike the piano and violin, the typewriter was first used in the rush of business, and from this fact it has suffered almost as much as it has profited. Undoubtedly, its efficiency in affairs has been the immediate cause of its popularity; but, unfortunately, business has too largely dictated its construction, and given it the character of a mere time-saver and makeshift. In literature its use is even now hardly more than an afterthought, and its structure is essentially different from what it would have been had literature first discovered its merits.

Is it not a little curious, when we reflect upon it, that a machine which is beginning to supplement the labors of clergymen, lecturers, and contributors to the magazines should continue to be constructed almost entirely in accordance with the demands of business? Does it seem reasonable that the number of characters, the marks of punctuation, the entire typographical capacity of that piece of mechanism to which, directly or indirectly, the man of science confides his conclusions, should be prescribed by the flour merchant and the dealer in all kinds of property except manuscripts? A language-lover, to whom no syllable of his native tongue is without charm and significance, from the most classic to the most colloquial of its utterances, falls to wondering what sort of typewriter would have found favor at Athens, supposing Hermes to have lighted upon the invention, and Athena to have seen fit to bestow it. A machine without accents and with the fewest possible marks of punctuation (for it is only at the request of the purchaser that luxuries like the dash, the diæresis, and the exclamation point are provided), a machine that discarded the breathings, as an additional expense or hindrance to speed, and in which the minimum of attention had been paid to typographical excellence, would hardly have met the requirements of a public which could not endure the mispronunciation of a word on the part of an actor. After a twofold experience, covering a fifth of my life, and enabling me to look at typewriting from the standpoint of literature as well as of business, I do not hesitate to say that the development of the art of typewriting — if for the moment I may so characterize a mechanical invention — has been retarded by half a century.

At the same time, I am far from for-

getting that certain business houses — very often, yet not invariably, those of publishers — maintain a standard in letter-writing that many who make a profession of literature would do well to imitate. In neatness and verbal accuracy the average output of a business firm in New York will compare very favorably with the communications in typewriting received by the editor of a first-class journal. That these are too often specimens of what may be termed typewriting run wild is due not so much to the fact that ministers and men of genius are proverbially inconsequent, as to their inability to pay the salary or give the training that alone insures good work. It must also be taken into account that, as a rule, it is more difficult to prepare a brief article for publication than to transcribe a letter of almost any length; but as this is not clearly understood, even by those who are in the habit of employing an amanuensis, I shall have more to say about it later.

After all, the worst injury trade has dealt to the typewriter does not lie in liberties taken with language. If the tradesman cannot always capture the terse English of the military commander, still he is frank in acknowledging the delicacy of the tool he is handling, and if he happens to be a man of education his letters will often be admirably to the point. Even the merchant without education is aware of his inability to handle language, and according to his lights he is every whit as careful of his letters as of his cablegrams, though he may know that an error of statement will not cost him a sum of money. To my mind, the setback that the art of typewriting has received from business, and which is perhaps keeping the present machines as far behind the machine of the future as the clavichord and harpsichord fell behind the piano, is mainly owing to the supposition that speed is the chief end of typewriting, and not merely one of its many uses. There could hardly be a more telling illustration of the erroneous nineteenth-century notion that nothing is worth doing unless it can be done quickly. I observe that a high rate of speed in travel, in letter-writing, in reading aloud, in the acquirement of knowledge, is precisely most prevalent and highly prized in that country where the arts are least flourishing, or when they do put forth blossoms, as painting is now doing in America, are least appreciated. Our citizens who visit Japan are moved to wonder by the long days, the simplicity of life, the amount of leisure; by shops that close at four in the afternoon, and houses which contain next to no furniture. They are furthermore impressed by the keen appreciation of the fitness of things in the lower classes, — by the workman who produces an exquisite bit of embroidery while claiming to be no artist: that the former phenomena have any bearing upon the latter seems not always to occur to my countrymen. Not long ago I confided to an American poet my intention of gathering into a little book a few choice examples of a kind of verse very popular with the Greeks, at one time popular in France, and of growing popularity in America. Nothing could have been more acute and sympathetic than his suggestions, till he spoilt it all by adding, "And it would n't take you very long to do it, either." Substitute the slow processes of nature for the methods of commerce, in the arts as they are understood in America, and whatever may be the quality of what we are getting, there can be no doubt that it would be raised, and that, in spite of the apparent contradiction, a lower rate of production would prove an impetus. We are lost in wonder at the wilderness of carving in the cathedrals of mediæval Europe. Modern workmen, we say, would have no time for an outlay so multitudinous and minute; yet it takes nature many more centuries to make a tropical forest, and longer to produce an

apple from a blossom, than it took the mediæval workman to design and execute one of the oval projections in a piece of egg and tongue moulding. Perhaps, when so great an art as the art of painting lies at the feet of commerce, it may seem a light thing that typewriting should lie there, too; but can anything so closely linked to language and identified with it fail to exert an influence over it that is worth our serious consideration?

I would not be understood as undervaluing the importance of speed, either in shorthand or in typewriting; my point is merely that while speed is the main object of shorthand (and the only advantage, if I except the occasional convenience of a cipher or private record), in typewriting it is one of many advantages, among which, in my opinion, accuracy of record stands first. There is little doubt that if absolute accuracy of record were as easily attainable in shorthand as in typewriting, the English alphabet would be in a fair way to disappear, from commerce at any rate. But the truth is, although stenographers are not frank in acknowledging it, that shorthand is in its very nature incompatible with infallibility of record, for the reason that the same outline does not invariably mean the same word; hence, in order to interpret it, the man who made it, when he is ready to transcribe it, must have recourse to his memory or to the context.

I have sometimes amused myself by tracing a faint analogy between the notes of a stenographer and a problem in algebra only partly worked out. As in the problem x is employed, as a matter of momentary convenience, to represent some quantity not yet ascertained, and in the next problem may represent another quantity altogether, so in a page of shorthand a particular outline may mean any one of two or more words, that the stenographer runs over in his mind, unless his memory tells him which is the right one. In his struggles with shorthand a beginner is taken by surprise every time he attempts to read his notes. Outlines that seemed to him to mean only one thing when he employed them, in reality apply equally to several different words. It is all very well to put a white cross on the door of the house you wish to remember, as the dowager did in Hans Andersen's fairy tale; but what are you going to do if, on your return, you find every house in the street marked in a similar way? Many outlines, it is true, can have only one interpretation: the outline that, in the system I use, is generally employed to represent *cathedral* could hardly stand for any other word with which I am familiar. But since the tendency of shorthand is to level all words and to express the greatest number of sounds by the fewest possible strokes; since in at least one system *a* can be distinguished from *and*, *edge* from *age* or *advantage*, *I* from *eye*, *why*, or *high*, only by the context, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the life of a stenographer is one long effort to dissociate words from outlines that fit them perfectly, but at the time of writing were intended for other words.

If a stenographer could afford the time to put in his vowels, or, in other words, to vocalize, the difficulty of interpreting his notes would be reduced by at least a third; but, as a matter of fact, he occupies himself almost exclusively with the skeleton of the word he has in mind, leaving out the vowels, and reducing it to a string of consonants. The moment two words seemingly so different as *cushion* and *action* are deprived of their vowels, it is obvious that they become identical, and that the same outline will serve for both. The stenographer must then trust to his memory, or set up a distinction between *cushion* and *action*, either by vocalizing *cushion* and leaving *action* unvocalized, or by writing the former under the line and the latter above it, or by any other device or

variation he happens to hit upon; for personal whim enters very largely into the matter, and in a measure accounts for the inability of stenographers to read one another's notes. In rare cases, stenographers using the same system and employed in the same office have been known to make out the notes of their associates; but in every instance that has come under my immediate observation the illness of a secretary has rendered his notes valueless, and it has been necessary to await his recovery or to dictate the letters all over again to some one else. More than once a notebook has been handed me with the request to write out the letters contained in it; this was a little like being asked to make an astronomical calculation inside of an hour. In other words, every stenographer builds his own block-house. At the start he is given a certain number of blocks carefully lettered, and these must not on any account be misplaced or ignored. But as soon as the foundation is laid he is thrown upon his own resources, and the chances are that through life he goes on developing, contracting, transposing, and otherwise modifying his outlines, precisely as the purist goes on pruning his sentences and looking sharply after his diction.

In most cases, the more expert a stenographer becomes, the less difference he makes between his outlines, the greater the number of sounds he finds it convenient to represent by the same stroke. The beginner in the system I use employs shading as a means of distinguishing between the strokes that stand for *t* and *d*, *k* and *g*, *p* and *b*, and so on. Many continue to shade as long as they write shorthand. Women, I think, give up shading more reluctantly than men, because women, in a way, feel more strongly the importance of details. But I have never used a particle of shading, and, as a rule, the expert cannot stop to shade; so it comes about that his *p* and *b* are identical, and that he must rely solely on memory and context whenever, for example, it is necessary to distinguish *cup* from *cub*. It is obvious that in this instance even vocalization will not help him, and as the tendency of expert writing is always in the direction of abbreviation and contraction, it follows not infrequently that a stenographer's rapidity in reading his notes is in an inverse ratio to his quickness in taking them. By comparing notes with other stenographers, I have found that I am not the only one who is in the habit of writing *it*, *do*, *day*, and *dollar* exactly alike; that is, with a vertical stroke resting on the line. On the other hand, it came out, in a conversation I had with two women, that we all had different ways of writing *history*, each one holding firmly to the opinion that her way was the shortest.

At first blush it seems incredible that, after several years' practice, a stenographer should experience even a moment's embarrassment in reading his notes; but suppose a page of ordinary long primer from which many of the consonants and all the vowels have been eliminated, with the exception of here and there a stray *u* or a solitary *i*. Think of a page without paragraphs, possibly without a single period or other mark of punctuation, a page in which there are no capital letters, and where many of the outlines are joined together arbitrarily, as in the phrase, *ithinkyouwillhave*, or *underthecircumstances*, and then imagine yourself asked on a sudden to go back to the beginning of the last sentence but one. It is undoubtedly the business of an amanuensis to be able to detect the beginning of the last sentence but one with the inevitableness of a divining-rod; but the perpetual dictator little dreams how largely the nimbleness of his stenographer is due to an effort of will, or to what extent the interpretation and transcription of notes is a matter of memory. A business man tells me he has come to the conclusion that a stenographer is like a pair of shoes, that give more trouble

than satisfaction until they have been worn several days and have become perfectly fitted to the foot. I do not know whether he is aware that a new secretary's first instinctive proceeding is to get hold of the words and phrases which constitute the ordinary vocabulary of the house. This, in comparison with the vocabulary of a clergyman or a novelist, is exceedingly limited; and when the separate vocabularies and individual peculiarities of the heads of the firm have been mentally noted, the difficulty of taking their letters is reduced to an ever-decreasing minimum.

Now, what happens when an expert stenographer, accustomed to take the letters of lawyers, or, it may be, to report the doings of the legislature (and I have a particular case in mind), tries his hand at a novel, an essay on Buddhism, or any other work that draws extensively upon the imagination? He has put out in his little boat, leaving the narrow channel of practical affairs, and breasting the waves of a diction that will capsize him unless he happens to be a student, — possibly something of a bookworm, — and hence has at his command a vocabulary in some degree approaching that of the man he is endeavoring to supplement. This point is seldom appreciated by literary workers, and I have been repeatedly called upon for the solution of what seemed to them grotesque and unaccountable lapses in the work of stenographers having a certain prestige and high prices. "The violins . . . carrying the hearts of the listeners with them in their oval sides," wrote a stenographer who had an exalted idea of his own merits, when he should have said, "in their veiled sobs." To the author no possible analogy was traceable in *oval sides* and *veiled sobs*. But deprive both adjectives of their vowels, and they become respectively *vl* and *vld*. Now I myself write *oval* exactly as I do *veiled*, except that in the latter case I make the outline a little shorter. As for the confusion of *sobs* with *sides*, these outlines also are similar, except that one is inclined from left to right, while the other is vertical. It is easy to see that, in the rush of note-taking, a line which ought to be vertical may receive a decided inclination; and in this instance it is more than likely that when the writer attempted to read his notes he was at a loss to tell whether he had intended an oblique outline or an upright. Any one who supposes that want of skill rather than lack of imagination was at the root of the error is wide of the mark. A hundred years of practice in commercial shorthand would not have given the young man a mental equipment enabling him to fix on *veiled sobs* rather than *oval sides*. The latter words had been dictated to him on more than one occasion, but never in his whole business career had he been called upon to write either *veiled* or *sobs*. The accuracy with which a stenographer is able to interpret his notes is, therefore, not so much a matter of mechanical skill as is commonly supposed. It depends upon the relation his vocabulary bears to that of his employer; also upon the extent to which he expresses words of one or more syllables by a single stroke; and finally upon the number of sounds he is accustomed to represent by the same stroke. I recall the puzzled face of a friend who showed me a typewritten communication from a business house, informing him that the *letters* would be sent to him as soon as he was ready to look at them.

"I asked for *leathers*, and *leathers* must have been the word that was dictated. How could that typewriter have made such an extraordinary blunder?"

"I see nothing extraordinary in it. I too write *letters* exactly as I do *leathers*, leaving out the vowels and suppressing the *h*, a letter that plays a very inconspicuous part in shorthand. But I write *letters* so much oftener than *leathers* that, in an unreflecting mood, my first impulse

on seeing the outline would be to pronounce it *letters*. If I chose, I could invent separate outlines for the two words; but experts have no time for fine distinctions!" I responded, as my friend walked away, shaking his head over the incredible unreliability of shorthand.

In longhand, as any one will see on reflection, it takes several strokes to form a single letter. In the small *r*, for instance, there are a number of upward and downward strokes, any one of which, if carelessly made or turned in the wrong direction, may be disguised or covered up without conscious effort on the part of the writer. It is not so in typewriting, for here every stroke represents an entire letter; and while this insures a considerable gain in speed, it also renders the consequences of an impulsive movement far more disastrous than in longhand. In shorthand the consequences of an imperfect stroke are still more momentous, for the reason that most words of one syllable and many words of more than one syllable — for example, *letter* and *leather* — may be, and commonly are, represented by a single stroke.

Enunciation is a very important factor in dictation. The slipshod enunciation of business men is beyond belief; and it may be that after all, in the case I have just cited, the word *leathers* was so slurred over at the time of dictation that it sounded like *letters*. Dictation, no less than note-taking, is, *pour ainsi dire*, an art requiring study and practice. Some men go through life expecting the stenographer to know their wishes almost by necromancy. A secretary who is a good horse will adapt himself to any situation, but the very best results of all are brought about only when there is a measure of silent mutual accommodation.

Who can doubt that if the typewriter had been taken up by literature before commending itself to merchants, instead of the reverse, the result would have been a larger amount of good work, although at a lower rate of speed? By far the greater number of authors seek the stenographer because he is a person capable of turning copy into typewriting, and not because they like to see their precious sentences entering the shorthand state and emerging from it like a lame butterfly from an abortive chrysalis.

In a word, the possibilities of stenography are so limited that its use will always be confined to a class of people who, in mental stature, like the slaves that took down the orations of Cicero, can seldom come up to those who dictate to them. But in typewriting this need not be the case. It is now, because typewriting is confined to a limited class; but let the typewriter become as popular as the piano, and the absurdity of entrusting the transcription of important manuscripts to young men and women untrained in their mother tongue will be apparent to every one. Would it be reasonable to engage a man for gardener who knew nothing about plants, trees, pruning, watering, fertilization? Is it not ill done to employ for the manipulation of words and sentences a person who cannot always be trusted to spell correctly, who knows nothing whatever about punctuation, who cannot make out obscure handwriting, and to whom every foreign phrase, every line of poetry, every other proper name, is a stumbling-block? What would be my sensations were I obliged to put even this modest article which I am now preparing into the hands of a copyist? All I know is that, until the agony was over, I should not get a single night's sleep.

I do not, I trust, underrate the importance of music as a factor in education, yet I look for a time when the piano will be less common than the typewriter, and when the use of the latter will be taught to children as a matter of course, and at an age when it is customary to teach them the alphabet from books. In a well-appointed home two pianos are none too many, and already I have no difficulty

in foreseeing a typewriter in every room. It may be that the prejudice against typewritten letters, due in large part to the fact that they are dictated, will by that time have ceased altogether. In existing conditions, a typewritten letter of condolence — and I have seen several — is, to say the least, a breach of courtesy; but the assertion made a number of years ago in The Galaxy, that no love-letter would ever be written upon the typewriter, is falsified, as I have even known a young man to run the risk of dictating a letter to his *fiancée*. Now that women are beginning to employ stenographers on their account, the penalty for sending them a typewritten communication is no longer forfeiture of friendship; and any one who is accustomed to dictate the bulk of his correspondence knows that it is increasingly difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between those occasions when one may address a stranger, a friend, or an acquaintance in typewriting, and those when he may not.

It is an effort for us to put ourselves in the position of a scholarly Italian or Englishman of the time of Elizabeth, who would have scorned to include in his library a single product of the printing-press. The aversion to the printed book was not only perfectly natural, it was founded in reason; yet it is now thoroughly a thing of the past; and just as the introduction of printing brought about a new condition of things, so it is not altogether unlikely that the development of typewriting will bring about, on a smaller scale, a revolution in the affairs of the coming century. In the first place, there will be a falling-off in the demand for private secretaries. Authors in the physical condition of Sir Walter Scott when he dictated The Bride of Lammermoor, or of Mr. Prescott when he composed his various histories, will of course continue to dictate their contributions to literature. A still more limited number, who find in dictation a positive aid and impetus to composition and self-expression, or who are deterred by natural indolence or pressure of business from setting down all that is in their minds, will do the same. The man of affairs also will continue to depend more or less upon a private secretary, whose place no phonograph or machine of any description can fill. But as soon as the man of genius, who, like Mr. Bryant,

> "Is forced to drudge for the dregs of men
> And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,"

finds out the physical relief of typewriting, he will, as a rule, prefer to arrange his own manuscripts for publication; and the extent to which he will be able to exercise his taste and judgment in an infinite number of niceties, such as the space covered by the title, the number and sequence of paragraphs, the insertion of footnotes, will fully reward him for the short, sharp struggle it cost him to master the machine.

Men and women who employ secretaries seem to me to have both too much and too little patience with their shortcomings. No one is surprised when even a professional violinist confesses his inability to read a piece of difficult music at sight, and it ought to be borne in mind that not every note-taker can be a Paganini in shorthand. For example, miracles in the rendering of proper names are expected of the stenographer. In my opinion, all proper names, except those that have become perfectly familiar, should be taken down in longhand. I have heard of stenographers who wrote all proper names indiscriminately in shorthand; but these people must have had phenomenal memories if they were able to recall not only the pronunciation, but the spelling of every unfamiliar name in letters dictated at the rate of half a hundred a day. Unless the person dictating is careful to spell at least three names out of every five, the stenographer must inevitably hesitate between such words as *Jessie* and *Jesse*, *Orion* and *O'Ryan*, when he arrives at the task of writing

out his notes. In general, men of letters and men of business are equally aware of the importance of spelling each name that is at all likely to confuse the stenographer; but in nine cases out of ten, not realizing the difference between writing a familiar name in shorthand and an unfamiliar one in longhand, they spell so rapidly that only a stenographer of exceptional ingenuity can keep up with them. Accustomed to seeing his secretary dash off such words as *Broadway*, *January*, *San Francisco*, the names of the members of the firm and of their regular correspondents, with only one or two quirks of the pen in each case, the person dictating fails to realize that a name like *Durand - Ruel* cannot be taken down with equal rapidity *when it is spelt out*. The truth is that a very long sentence can be set down in shorthand during the time it takes to write out *D-u-r-a-n-d-R-u-e-l*; and although I know from experience that a secretary is more apt to pique himself on his facility in taking names and addresses than on any other point, still the number of errors in typewritten envelopes is so unnecessarily large that I believe in the long run employers would find it worth their while to spell new names and addresses as deliberately for an expert as for a person incapable of anything but ordinary longhand.

Even in typewriting there are special difficulties, particularly in what is called tabulated work, which it would be well for employers to look into, if they would know what not to expect from their secretaries. It is natural to suppose that because an ordinary article can be run off more rapidly upon the typewriter than with the pen, therefore tabulated work can be more quickly set down on the machine than in any other way. In reality, any tabulated work, unless of the simplest description, is far more easily set down with the pen than on the machine. The arrangement of words, figures, or letters, in groups, in columns, or in series, becomes a matter of the most delicate adjustment; it may even resolve itself into counting the number of ems in each row, and balancing it against the number of ems in another or in all the others. If the writer prefers to rush the work, and contents himself with guessing at the mathematical relations between different parts of the statement, it can hardly fail to look awry, and will make a disagreeable impression upon eyes accustomed to the carefully balanced details of a page of printing. I must not forget to mention a contrivance of recent invention, called the accounting device, which has been added to my own machine, and which enables the writer to pass from one point to another in a piece of tabulated work almost without mental calculation or fear of putting down a character in the wrong place.

Another step in the right direction is the effort to overcome the raggedness of the right-hand margin, a drawback that has made it appear more than doubtful whether typewriting can ever compete with printing in externals. Most of the machines are now fitted with a key, or with some corresponding invention, which gives one or more additional spaces or ems at the end of each line, and on my machine enables the writer to place an entire word in either margin. The device is so simple that in all probability it would have been added long before this had the demand for perfect work been stronger. But the end and aim of the copyist, like that of the English schoolboy in the game of hare and hounds, seems to be to get over the ground at any cost, plunging into swamps that might have been avoided if the way had been more carefully chosen, and strewing the road with the tattered remains of whatever happens to be the manuscript of the moment. In this profitless performance the copyist is not only unduly indulged; he is encouraged by those who employ him. No doubt the employer's unfamiliarity with the

machine makes it difficult for him to exact better work, or to give the hints and suggestions which, for some reason or other, the business college seems incapable of supplying. Like many American products, even the more expensive typewriters are sometimes so loosely put together, or made of such inferior metal, that they cannot be depended upon to run well for two weeks together without repairs. As in the shoes on our feet and the pavements under them, the element of conscientiousness has been wanting to the workmanship. It is only within a very few years, and perhaps not in more than two or three machines, that it has been possible to obtain a light and uniform action of the keyboard. On most machines (though not on my own helpmeet) my fingers feel as if they were attacking a piano affected by dampness, and requiring different degrees of force for different keys, or for the same key at different times. It is a fortunate thing for modern music that a Liszt or a Paderewski has not been obliged to watch the instrument so closely as I imagine Mozart and his contemporaries must have done, making up for the lack of resonance and responsiveness by long embellishments and other devices and makeshifts. On a tolerably good piano, it is possible to adjust the stroke to the keyboard, to play an approximately even scale, to strike a key with the certainty of getting a response from it. The sluggishness of the average typewriter is such that the copyist can never be certain of the pressure needed for each key; and as the employer knows too little about the matter to discriminate between the lapses made by the writer and the defects in the work due to the crudeness of the instrument, he good naturedly overlooks deficiencies which a few days of vigorous instruction and a demand for machines of more varied capacity would go a long way toward removing.

Suppose typewriting to have become as universal as piano-playing, and it is easy to see that in his search for a secretary the man of genius will no longer be obliged to content himself with a round peg in a square hole. It may even be that the copyist he engages will know more about typography than he does. Every editor knows that the manuscripts of a celebrity can seldom go into print precisely as written. I have known a few writers whose stories were full-fledged when they were hatched, but they were exceptions. The ideal situation is undoubtedly where the author knows the matter, manner, and melody of a production, his secretary the externals, with the proviso that anything so largely a matter of taste as an author's style of punctuation demands special study on the part of his amanuensis, and, unless it prove too erratic and inconsistent, should be adopted in those dictations which leave out periods, paragraphs, exclamation points, and quotation marks.

But every luxury brings its own torment, and as hardly any copyist, however ingenious, is an exception to the rule, I am convinced that in future by far the greater number of literary workers will prefer to do their own typewriting, on the principle that, after all, if you really wish a thing well done you had better do it yourself. I remember puzzling, when I had but a tiny wit, for I was but a tiny girl, over a passage in the Pilgrim's Progress where Faithful is called a scholar because he is able — not without a struggle — to make out an inscription pertaining to lucre in the field of that name. What had that to do, I asked myself, with his being a scholar? A child reared in New England, where there are few people of any color who cannot read, could hardly conceive of a state of society in which men who could make out plain English were considered master hands. I should not be surprised if at no distant day it were possible to acquire a thorough knowledge of typewriting without being a type-

writer; just as it is still possible to own a large library, and to read aloud with a tranquil, flowing, I had almost said *andantino* movement, yielding, with the minimum of emphasis, to the fluctuations of a sentence or line of poetry (rather than damming them up and turning them on at carefully calculated intervals, like the water-jets at Versailles) without being an elocutionist!

Lucy C. Bull.

TO A FRIEND IN POLITICS.

My dear Friend, — When you read this, you will have got over the excitement of one campaign, and hardly yet be preparing for another, so you may spare some minutes for a friend with whom you have often argued — I will not say wrangled — on the old question whether the way in which you save us the trouble of electing our own rulers is the best for all parties; personal "parties," that is, not political.

Certainly the terms generally applied to your calling are not quite those you would like to hear. The tone in which people say, "Oh, he's a politician," is not that in which they say, "He's a doctor," or "He's a lawyer;" it sounds much more like that which accompanies the word "shyster" or "quack." True, every occupation has to take its share of bitter abuse and stale jokes, till one would think we were all cheats and robbers alike. But I hear you talked of as if not merely the tail end of you, the stragglers, malingerers, and camp followers, but the rank and file, the line and field officers, nay, the generals themselves, were all tainted with the corruption which our farming brother ascribes to all bankers, or the average citizen in a time of frost to all plumbers. If a youth just entering life proposed to be a politician, you know many of his respectable friends would wish him an honester trade.

Lately, a number of thoughtful men resolved to press the study of the science and art of government and the duties of a citizen, the proper name of which is simply "politics;" yet they felt obliged to invent the fantastic word "civics," because the other appeared to them irretrievably perverted to a narrower and lower sense.

I live in the hope of seeing this altered; of hearing "politics" and "politicians" recover a meaning as honorable as now belongs to "law" and "lawyers." I am afraid you will tell me that this, like many of my visions, is "unpractical." That is the specific point I desire to present in this letter. I am perfectly indifferent, my good friend, to your own party connections. You may be just now a Publican, or an Acrobat, or a Paralyst, or a Rationalist, or a Mongoos.[1] But I believe — of most of you I know — that you are attached to some party; that you have provided yourself with regularly patented machines, bought at a licensed retailer's, and fitted with the usual appliances of primaries, — which are not such, — caucuses, conventions, and the wires in pretty good order to pull. I know some of you have tried all the machines now on the market: one has seemed clumsy, another shackly, another wobbly; one wants a great deal of oiling to make it run smooth; another has to be so constantly fed with soap that there is hardly time and room to get at it to do work; and with another the waste used to clean its joints is so apt to get foul that every new scrubbing clogs it still more. Nor do I see

[1] A smart little animal that hunts and kills poisonous reptiles.

that any of the new patents recently exploited do the work noticeably better than the old unreliables.

I will not run this comparison into the ground; you could follow it out, from your experience, much better than I can. It is enough that you, my friend, to whom I write, are connected with one or other of the recognized organizations, working in its interests to turn out just such a fabric of practical politics as it gives, and no other, be it better or worse; which particular one each of you helps to run matters not to me just now.

It is certain that your politics have not prevented your being a good fellow. I find you a first-rate fellow, not only with your associates, but, on suitable occasions, to your opponents. You make an excellent club member; a good companion, of one kind, for a non-partisan excursion, — say a municipal jaunt down the harbor, or the funeral escort of a member of Congress. And there is one trouble: you are very much too good a fellow for the serious work which the country lets you do. Good fellowship tends to turn everything into fun and evade disputes; its motto is, "Live and let live;" fall into your comrades' ways, bear with their oddities, take their jokes, and have matters go easy. All very pretty, if one's object is merely to have a good time from hour to hour; but that is not the end of politics; you have got the present and the future of the United States in your hands. You are not getting up for the stage Julius Cæsar or the Critic, still less the American Senator or the Gilded Age; you are really governing "regions Cæsar never knew." If you make a joke of everything and suppress your serious views, if you make politics only a sport and Congress merely a club-room, do not be surprised if one day you find your baccarat and your poker violently raided by that Vigilance Committee of the American people that is never wholly disbanded.

Last winter, any one who had a good seat in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and was watching the face of one of you who has contrived to train with one party and shoot with the other, might have seen him, in one of his pauses, after denouncing the administration and the opposition alike with thunders of eloquence, relax his features into a grin as he looked down on his associates, who knew he was talking for the ubiquitous County of Buncombe, the best represented in the Union.

I believe, too, you have your share of patriotism, a quality you do not always get credit for; not the mock patriotism that is always furbishing its sword and waving the stars and stripes, but a real wish to have the country prosperous. I really believe you would rather see the crops good, and the railroads paying, and the death-rate low, even if the other party were in power, than to see the reverse under the rule of your own friends. We will admit, for argument's sake, that if prosperity does exist under the other party, it is because yours had laid the foundations of the national welfare too deep to be obscured by the temporary cloud of delusion; or if there is ever adversity under you, it is because the virus with which the body politic was inoculated by your adversaries, though dissipated by the triumphal call of the American eagle, has not yet worked itself entirely free from its shackles, — or words to that effect. I believe you honestly think your rival machines, or at all events some party machines, are necessary to keep the country going; and when you admit, as you often do, that they are far from perfect, and do entail some inconvenience on the people, you are sure to add that the country must be governed by party, and that the machinery, which we outside theorists call rusty, shackly, and, what is worst of all, as destructive to honesty and purity as a trolley is to human life, is simply "practical politics." But is it practical? Does it work? It is on just

that one point I am writing to you now.

I confess I distrust that word "practical." It is apt to suggest to me some short cut to a special end, when proper form and courtesy, not to say generosity and justice, prescribe different methods. When civil service reform was started, it was scouted as "unpractical." It has proved entirely expeditious and efficient for securing the right men; but it blocks a certain way of paying political debts. "Practical" as opposed to "ideal" methods are likely to be based on the notion of the end's justifying the means.

But do you practical politicians get what you try for, assuming you have a right to try for it? You cannot deny that your system of local committees and grand committees, and caucuses and conventions, and subscriptions and "rallies," uses up much time and much money in the sight of every one, and a good deal more time and indefinitely more money that no one sees at all. It is certainly not direct or economical, but very costly and very complicated. It also involves far more tact and personal management than is needed in any other business; the way it handles truth so as to dole it out, in just such portions as will answer for the moment, alone requires years of apprenticeship to learn. Now what do you do it all for? To put and keep your party — whichever it is — in power; to see that it gets its full share of spoils, so far as the stupidity of so-called reformers permits, and that it secures a general hold on public opinion, so as ultimately to swallow up and confound such cranks and malecontents as fly off to third, fourth, fifth, or sixth parties; most of all, to keep in line and in step all who regularly bear the party name. But do you do these things? Of course you do after a fashion; but is the success — the "practical" success — anything like proportioned to the time, toil, and "tin" expended?

The work has to be done all over again every year. You never feel easy in letting go the handle of a single wire. Nothing seems sure. Some States and districts and cities are hopeless; their majorities are so enormous, for one side or another, that they have virtually no party contests. But wherever there is any doubt there is a serious doubt; in spite of money, in spite of time, in spite of tact, of intrigue, and of spoils, you get beaten, you, my friends of all parties, you get beaten backwards and forwards, till if one of you is to be called the true blue party, the other should be true black.

It does seem, looking at the politics of the last dozen years, as if it had been nothing but a series of alternate defeats with no victories. Nobody seems to gain any ground; everybody seems to have to begin all over again. Did you ever read the history of the Wars of the Roses? There were no end of battles: twelve first-class pitched battles from 1455 to 1485, and any quantity of skirmishes. Sometimes the White Rose was defeated, oftener the Red; but nobody seemed really to win. The king that nominally won was in constant danger; the king that nominally lost was sure to turn up again. Four kings departed this life in more rapid succession than English history had known since the Conquest; princes went by the dozen, lords by the score; till, after thirty years of bloodshed, a king, who had no more right to the throne than you or I have, got it because everybody was sick of fighting. And what was the England he had to rule? An entirely new one, our modern England with scarcely a trace of the old; the nobility swept away, the burghers all-important, everything regenerated, printing invented, learning revived, the Western isles discovered; all that the magnificent feudal nobles of England had gained by putting out their entire strength to set one or another Plantagenet on the throne had been the wiping out of no-

bles, feudalism, and Plantagenets altogether; and the people were satisfied, and had let it all be done without a murmur.

Now your valiant campaigns seem to me very like these. Every party gets defeated; none wins permanently; enormous majorities shift over; whole States change their "column;" tons of money, mountains of pamphlets, Ætnæan craters of fire and breath, are exhausted; and nobody is killed but the politicians.

Twenty-five years ago, when both parties were at the same game of trying to stand on their historic "records" and "principles," and dodge the immediate issues for fear of disruption, a chief of one of the great parties was urged to set it on one side of a certain great dividing line, and not try to straddle it. "Oh," said he, "that would be very dangerous; we are not ready for it; we should lose the State of" — let us say Fredonia. Since then both the great parties have lost Fredonia back and forwards a dozen times; and why not? If Fredonia sees that both parties are going to shirk and temporize for the sake of harmony, to preserve a nominal party union which is notoriously unreal; if she sees that, whichever party wins, her sons are sure of good places because they are her sons, while men with every abstract or concrete merit are passed over, because they are from "sure" States, why should Fredonia be anything but doubtful? Why should she not be permanently the middle boy on the tilt, throwing his weight alternately towards one end or the other of the plank?

And this trouble goes on with you more or less every day. You are working your machines year in and year out to keep the party together, — to get out the party vote. You must see that only Whigs go to the Whig caucuses, that only Tories get on the Tory ticket; and then you must be as sure as possible that all the party votes the straight party ballot. That you expect your machines to effect; if they fail in that, they are good for very little else. But what will you do in view of the constant changes in your great party masses? Every year a large percentage of your party will surely die, and you can poll their names only to a limited extent; that part of your machinery is apt to snap and hurt somebody. Another large percentage, though living, is too infirm to vote, even if you put those into carriages who hardly ever saw the inside of one; and there is coming forward, with startling rapidity, a vast body of voters who were not of age at the last election. What does your machine do to secure these? We theorists say, "Educate them; teach them; put arguments before them why they should choose one party rather than the other; make new votes, more than balancing the inevitable losses among the old."

No; you practical men do not much believe in that. You don't approve of public talking; you have to have some of it, but you cut it as short as you can. I have heard one of you — a sensible man, too — say, "Never make a speech when you can get what you want without." You cut your campaigns to a minimum so that they can go off with a rush and a hurrah. You do not hold meetings, where people can discuss and learn; they are all "rallies;" that is, if the word means anything, gatherings of those already enlisted on one or the other side.

Yet how are your old party allegiance and devotion to get hold of a young man? Hamilton has been dead over ninety years; Jefferson nearly seventy; Calhoun, Clay, and Webster about forty-five: the men whom they encountered before the civil war are all gone; so are Lincoln and his associates and adversaries. All these names are as purely historical to the rising voters as Franklin or Warren, as Cromwell or Strafford; nay, as Cicero or Aristides. We must get hold of the young voters by telling

them what they can help us do now, not what the "party" did in 1809, or 1829, or 1859, or even 1889. Just as the shift in population forces us to redistrict the States, so the changes in our voters must oblige us to reconstruct our parties down to their very base; and for that purpose your machines are perfectly useless and unpractical.

Just at this point, I can imagine you jerking this letter across the room with some such exclamation as, "Oh dear, I see what he 's coming to: he is going to tell me about the old voters bolting, and the independent movement; perhaps he 'll say we don't want parties any more, and such chestnuts." Why, no, my boy, not at all. In the first place, all that has been said, till you are tired of it, and has come to be almost as commonplace as the party cries themselves. It is very certain that the great mass of the voters enjoy parties and party organizations; and however useful independency may be as a leaven, you cannot make a loaf of bread of nothing but yeast and salt. We shall continue to work by parties for some time to come, and all I have said relates to the inefficiency of your present machinery, not to the immediate abolition of all machinery. I say that your present machines utilize a very small percentage of that enormous motive power, the spirit of the American people, which you ought to have at your command; and I think I can make you see what I mean by a comparison.

Twenty years ago there were two general methods of travel, by horses and by steam. Men walked, but it was chiefly for the sake of exercise, and rarely to get from place to place; at the other end of the line, ballooning was resorted to only in the last exigency, like the siege of Paris, and flying was — in the air. Nowadays, what with bicycles on the one hand and electric railroads on the other, the whole matter of locomotion has been recast; and some sanguine people tell you horses and steam will never be used again, except so far as the former will feed "wheelmen," and the latter run electric engines. Meanwhile, Professor Langley and Mr. Maxim are determined we shall fly.

Now it is perfectly true that the action of a bicyclist is only the combination of human legs with wheels; and it is as true that no economical method of creating electric currents has been found except the old fuel and steam. But the applications are so entirely novel that a revolution has resulted. It is so in politics, — there are two great motive powers: the energy of individual action, which is like a man's using his legs, and the force of combined action for a common interest, which is like steam. Politicians have got out of the latter all that their present machinery will effect, and it does not satisfy the people; they are resorting more and more to independent work or chance combination; but, like the direct use of legs, whether human or animal, these are not equal to national demands. Ideal non-partisan politics is almost as much in the clouds as flying. We have got to take our legs and our steam, — our wills, so indomitable if irritated, our love of coöperation, so resistless when aroused, — and utilize them by new methods, which shall do what the old ones, already strained and overstrained, are losing their power to accomplish.

Great as have been the advances of electric travel of late years, the advance of bicycling has been greater. Men and women who wish to go from point to point are vastly more independent of public conveyances than they ever were in the days of walking and driving. It is so in politics. The individual voter, the man of local and special organization, is "feeling his oats" as he never used to do. His power is going to increase. At the same time, the American people loves combination; it loves joint action; it loves to sweep on in great masses under the banner of some uniting cause;

but those who study and manage and operate and control such joint action must throw their old mechanism aside, and turn that mighty force, stored in the very hearts of their countrymen, into new channels, and consign their ancient go-carts to the political museums of the future.

Yours, with the most distinguished consideration,

Franklin Eastman.

TRUTH AND THE WHITE LIE: A CONVERSATION.

We have Shakespeare to witness: —

"*Jaques.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

"*Touchstone.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees."

"'He has the virtue of his faults' is a statement frequently uttered by those who err on the side of charity. He is a spendthrift, but then the distressed and needy know where to go for ready succor. He is a 'bitter bad' foe, but, on that very account, the most ardent of champions where a friend's cause is at stake."

"Yes. In the disorderly train of such reasoning glides many an insinuating fallacy, yet the popular voice does not demur. Perhaps, then, one who utters the contra-paradox may in some measure be treated with indulgence, as should one say, 'He has the fault of his virtues.' Indeed, relying on the exercise of such clemency, I had very nearly chosen for the caption of the paper I am writing the 'smart' advertisement On the Vice of Telling the Truth; but why should a lover of verity, both of the temporary and of the eternal order, foolishly incur a reputation for being the apostle of mendacity? And yet I am strongly tempted to some investigation of current ideas regarding the virtue of literal veracity, to ascertain whether there may not be more of superstition than of piety involved therein."

"In our childhood, before it could be affirmed of us that

> 'Life like a dome of many-colored glass
> Stains the white radiance of eternity,'

in that tender, growing season of conscience and right conduct, our elders, as I have since learned, were often much perplexed, wishing, on the one hand, to instill the beauty of absolute verity, and, on the other, to avoid the sometimes most inconveniently translucent utterance of 'babes and sucklings.' What, then, would those prudent guardians of ours do but, on some occasion of terrible frankness on our part, admonish us that 'the truth is not to be told at all times,' with other similar mortifying discouragers of our free speech! Also, when hard pressed by the artless logic of our persistent inquiries, those revered casuists would divulge to us the fact that there was such a thing as a *white* lie. Thus, we early learned that there might be 'degrees' in the iniquitous nature of falsehood, — venial infractions of the truth, one might say; a 'lie seven times removed,' to quote from the merry persiflage adopted in Arden Forest."

"Perhaps it would be well, in the first place, to ask the oft-propounded question, 'What is the Truth?' before concerning ourselves with the prismatic tintings which may be cast upon its surface by willful prevarication. An ingenious friend of mine insists that it takes intelligence to tell the truth; which is met by the very general belief that any sim-

plician is equal to that accomplishment, while great astuteness is necessary and pertinent to the act of lying. For my part, I have not found it a unique or an unusual situation that, with entire readiness of intent to make an unequivocal statement, communication could not be successfully established between the persons concerned; winged words suffer transformation while passing from the speaker to the hearer. 'How shall I tell the truth in *your* language?' has on such occasions been my mental inquiry, and the embarrassment therein implied has been my despair."

"It was a wise sage who observed that he who tells the simple truth 'will always find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations;' ay, and it might be added, sufficiently tragic ones. Nor will the tragedy concern himself alone, but others too must suffer frequently from such virtuous indiscretion! Resolute as we may be, we are not at all times braced to receive the whole truth, if it be truth vital to ourselves; and yet there is always some hardy volunteer who cheerfully undertakes confronting us with it. It is of such a one that the following fable is related: —

'Go! go! my fledgeling, go!'
Sang the tense string of the bow.
And many gazers cheered the arrow's flight:
They knew it for a truth, because it killed,
The stricken heart at once clean-probed, and stilled!

'Go! go! my fledgeling, go!'
Sang the tense string of the bow.
And many gazers chid the arrow's flight:
They knew it for a lie, because it swerved,
Harmless cut earth, and High Compassion served."

"I recommend you to transfer your 'fable' to the paper you are writing. In view of all the social cruelties inflicted in the name of Truth (as, long ago, in that of Liberty), one is moved to think that there may be higher truth than mere truth-telling. I have known many a sweet soul who, to avert unmerited pain from some listener, hesitated not to tamper, to any extent, with a killing fact, so that its malice might be rendered innocuous. But this was to be done either by remaining silent at some critical juncture in the conversation, or by some adroit prevarication; never by absolute infraction of the sacred *letter* of truth!"

"Such benevolent hearts, but niggardly logicians, thus reserved to themselves the pleasing consciousness of having acted humanely, and yet of having preserved the integrity of their truth (not impairing their credit with any possibly listening Recording Angel). The question may be referred, I think: whether such persons might not have added a touch of greatness to their action if, instead of cautiously temporizing between the higher truth and the petty figment of the tongue, they had gone in good faith about their humane lie, cheerfully within themselves acknowledging it as such, and before men, if the time came for its avowal. Not long ago, the story was told me of a worthy Quaker dame who, in the days of the Underground Railway, was asked by a pursuing master whether a runaway slave had recently passed her house, and in which direction. With great apparent zeal to serve, she replied, 'Yes. Go as fast as you can down the road, and when you come to the corner turn to your right!' And the pursuer rushed madly on. The good old dame, by giving precisely the wrong directions, had saved the slave, and also, as she devoutly believed, the whiteness of her own soul in its account with Truth. As a curious comment on this incident, I am obliged to say that the relater adduced it as illustrating how one might, in the interests of a compassionate act, bend the truth without breaking it. Such palpable resorts do not strike us as unbecoming in immature natures or in those who are hemmed in by inherited dogma; but those who have obtained a wider view of life, who have both forgiven and been forgiven much,

can well afford to tell their merciful lies *con animo*, courageously, honestly, I will even say."

"I recall out of the ingenuous memorabilia of childhood — that same childhood in which we first learned the nature of the white lie — a fragment which bears testimony on the subject. Surely, no code could be freer from sophistication, none more soundly based on a few first principles, than the schoolboy's code of morals. Also, the love of truth is there, if not inherent, still germane. But to my recollections. A number of young lads had formed a society, into which entrance could be obtained, or otherwise, according as a certain test question was answered. Each candidate for admission was confronted with this proposition: 'If an Indian should come into your house, and should ask if your mother was there (and your mother was hidden somewhere about the house), which would you do, say she was n't there, or tell the truth and let the Indian kill your mother?' As I remember, all candidates were promptly matriculated save one unfortunate lad, who, either lacking the cue or from hyperæsthesia of conscience, returned that he 'would tell the truth.' Take another instance. Some ladies were once discussing at a luncheon the merits of the subject Truth and the White Lie. An absent acquaintance, Mrs. ——, was cited as never having told a lie in her whole life: for her, to lie was, in fact, an impossibility, so said her eulogist. There was general assent to this proposition, a murmur of approbation, qualified, however, by the quiet observation of a little lady present, to whom the uncompromising truth-teller was a stranger, 'Then I should fear that she will some day commit a great cruelty.'"

"Might the observation be ventured that even in the Decalogue, in the ninth commandment, there is so much connivance as silence may give to our plea for a merciful coloration of truth when occasion seems to require? We are thus enjoined: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' Each may read the sacred word with emphasis where his heart or understanding dictates. One interpretation, however, would place the stress upon the phrase 'against thy neighbor.'"

"It may be that the fruitful source of much apparently necessitated lying (*pro bono publico* as well as for the private good) is to be found in the fact that so many people question indiscreetly, unwarrantedly, and uncharitably. When I am asked for something which is mine and which I am not disposed to surrender, from the demand of the highwayman for my purse to the least of such exactions regarding property, I am allowed to evade the demand by whatever artifice I can call to my aid, since direct refusal does not suffice. On the same principle, it might be argued that when people seek information to which they are not entitled, they too demand something that is mine, namely, my truth. If I do not wish to part with that treasure, it is surely my privilege to retain it. Unfortunately, it cannot be retained by the same positive methods of denial that one would use in meeting any importunity regarding more concrete forms of property; at least, few habitually truthful persons even are given to defending themselves by the bald declaration, 'I will not tell you what you wish to know.' On the contrary, all kinds and degrees of verbal fencing are used, all manner of white lies or approximate falsehood, to ward off the inquisitors. And if this method be justifiable in self-defense, by every law of altruism it is justifiable in the defense of others whose truth (that is, the truth about them) happens to be lodged in our keeping."

"Ah, that keeping of the 'sacred confidence' of our friends! How often have I traveled about with it, or dwelt painfully at home with it, committed for its sake benevolent perjuries without number, to find, in the end, that I had been

needlessly sedulous; for the whole matter had lapsed both in fact and in the interest of the original depositor."

"True. For most secrets, so confided, there comes a time when they are outlawed; perhaps there are more dead secrets of this sort than of any other denomination in mortality."

"It is a pity that one who possesses an ingrained love of truth should, out of mistaken charity for an unworthy object, lend one's self to lying, to say nothing of prevarication, which is still more contrary to his freeborn notions."

"Do you think that one ever lies successfully who has that 'ingrained love of truth'?"

"Having the intelligence to know what truth is and to practice it, he would, perhaps, be all the more discriminating when he undertook the perversion of truth. There is nothing duller than the habitual liar, who is so from the mere love of falsehood; but then, with all his dullness, he has one great advantage over the brightest amateur in the school of mendacity. That advantage is the constant exercise of the deceptive faculty. However, there is another consideration. My ingenious friend, whom I quoted awhile ago, gave me still another point. It was, 'In order to be believed, you must be credible.' Now, credibility, it seems to me, is a quality apart; it may be possessed either by the truth-teller or by the hopeless apostate from all truth."

"Lying, as a fine art, I abhor, although if, for the humane reasons we have cited, it must be done, it were well that it should be well done. And I do believe it possible that many who are most scrupulous in literal truth-telling have in far less degree the sense and love of verity than have some others who can and will color truth for a justifiable cause. If I too may cite Scripture for my argument, I should say that special condemnation falls only on 'whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.' And would it be a perversion to add the interpretation, 'maketh a lie because of love for the lie'?"

"I believe the case between Truth and Falsehood, the case of their possible interchangeableness, might be summed up very briefly. A versicle on that head, if you will permit: —

> Once only, it is said, much moved to ruth,
> To shield a life (or right or wrong the cause),
> Truth spake against herself. But then it was,
> Then only, Falsehood spake the words of Truth."

"Yes. Liars have been known to tell the truth, inspired by cruelty or by hatred." (After an interval.) "I have been thinking that, after our full, mutual avowal of belief in the blessing and benefit to be derived from the suppression of truth, — nay, even from actual truth-icide, — it may be extremely difficult to know when the practice may be turned upon one's self."

"That will not so much trouble me, for I shall know (if at all, I suspect) that your intentions are of the most benevolent. It may, indeed, be necessary in some instances to soften a harsh truth for my behoof. And I will do as I would be done by. Nevertheless, first and last, I love telling the truth (silently). But alas! who wants it? I have not been going about searching with my small lantern for an honest man so much as for one to whom I may myself be honest, — that is, truthful; one with whom the truth will count."

Edith M. Thomas.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

III. HAMLIN GARLAND.

In 1894 there appeared in Chicago a little book on literary topics, the manner of whose manufacture bore the marks of a dilettante taste in book-making. Its title-page was printed in black and red, its paper simulated the sort known as English hand-made, the margins were broad, the edges were deckle, and the types at the end of each essay ran off in an ornamental cue. By the looks, it contained something in the way of literary appreciations that was probably "precious," possibly decadent. But the amusing fact was that its appearance was quite at variance with its contents. To harmonize with them, the book should have been printed on birch bark and bound in butternut homespun, and should have had for cover design a dynamite bomb, say, with sputtering fire-tipped fuse; for the essays which it contained were so many explosions of literary Jingoism and anarchy. These were caused — not respect alone for our trope prevents our saying written — by Mr. Hamlin Garland, perhaps the freshest figure in contemporary literature. In an ill-ordered if forcible way, they presented his views of the duty of the coming American writer. This promising young author ought, he said, utterly to abjure all models and masters, all "good" English, falsely so called, all rhetorical rules, and be his own spontaneous, untrammeled self. He should be, in short, a literary anarchist. He ought also — although his spontaneous self, if untrammeled, might wish to do quite other things — to saturate himself with local color, and in a new American way and in a new American language celebrate the plain American people. He should be a literary Jingo, and bear ever on his shoulder a banner inscribed, "Our literature — right or wrong." And Mr. Garland was so sure that the coming American writer would be the anarchist he described that, with magnificent *naïveté*, he entitled his volume Crumbling Idols.

The coming American writer, unless it be in his salad days, will of course be nothing so absurd. He will do what the American writer who has come and gone did in his day. He will learn his art the best way he can, and treat whatever subject interests him, whether it be American cowboys or Persian kings. If he has an original mind, he will deal with his chosen topic in an original way; and if he has not, he will imitate. This may sound dogmatic, but Mr. Garland has set the example.

But the author of Crumbling Idols is to be regarded as Touchstone regarded Audrey: he is our own, let us therefore make the best of him. We will confess, then, with apologies, that we have, we hope not unfairly, caricatured his essays somewhat. Forgetting their extravagance, their confused thought, their slipshod composition, let us examine them again in a more sympathetic temper, to discover if, after all, there may not be some good in them. If this is done, we think that the fundamental ideas of the book will prove to be so sound as to appear tame. They are these: that the writer who describes the life of which he is part, and which consequently he understands better than any other, is more apt to do meritorious work than he who tries to body forth a kind of life of which he knows nothing, and that — what is essentially the same thing, although differently said — he who gives himself over to a servile imitation of models will not produce living literature. Briefly, then,

Mr. Garland's message to the writer is this: Write of what you know. It is an excellent message, but the writer who has ears to hear has heard it many times before. It is unquestionably ancient in substance. We must resume the seat of the scorner — for whose comfortable ease we admit, in the present instance, a partiality — at least long enough to remark that it is to be found in all the mistaken rhetorics and volumes of criticism which Mr. Garland would like to have burned in the public squares, and that his discovery of so trite a truth hardly justified a cataclysm in celebration.

But if extravagant in manner and trite in substance, Crumbling Idols has for the critic the merit of revealing with considerable distinctness what manner of man is behind it. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner," said some wise Frenchman. Mr. Garland has need of being comprehended. And really, the book reveals a man who, if deficient in critical power and in culture, has certain admirable qualities. True, these are moral rather than literary, but they may mean much to the future of his art. There is revealed, for example, a splendid faith in America as a field for genuine literary art as opposed to literary exploitation, a deeply rooted interest in the common people and love for them, an enthusiastic devotion to what we must yet call his work rather than his art, and an almost Napoleonic self-confidence. He who has these qualities to reinforce a true literary gift — Mr. Garland has that — may hope, if not led by his own self-will and contempt of guidance into futile wanderings in wrong paths, to go far. Pondering these qualities, one begins to understand how the same author could produce so foolish a book as Crumbling Idols and so admirable a one as Main-Travelled Roads. When the facts of Mr. Garland's life are also considered, the understanding will be complete.

His father, who is a farmer, was born in Maine, and is of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry. He was one of the earlier settlers of Wisconsin, in which State Mr. Garland was born in 1860. On the farm in Wisconsin, and on others which his father consecutively bought in Iowa and Dakota, he spent his boyhood and young-manhood, and obtained that intimate knowledge of Western agricultural life which is so great an element in the strength of his best writings. His education was obtained in the country schools and a Western seminary. He was ambitious to write, and when the time came to start for himself he journeyed to Boston, and for several years worked and studied to that end with notable singleness of purpose. He never wrote a line merely for money, but with fine conscientiousness wrote always that which he wished to write, regardless of the market. In 1891 he published Main-Travelled Roads, and at one stroke established a reputation.

The simple record is significant of courage, persistence, and ability. On the one hand it explains and makes pardonable the manifest deficiencies in his knowledge and taste, and on the other the strong grip he has upon the realities of certain phases of American life. The Scotch Presbyterian strain in him perhaps accounts for his fondness for controversy and for radical reform. Nor is it difficult to guess at a reason for a less excellent quality perceptible in his writings, and influencing all his literary theories, — a certain introverted pride, namely, the mark of which is to exaggerate rudeness, and simultaneously to send forth offensive challenges to the spectator to deny that "a man 's a man for a' that."

Self-willed and contemptuous of those better trained than himself, courageous and strongly intelligent, with one sound principle of composition and many mistaken ones, his literary future depends upon which qualities, which theories, finally obtain the mastery. An examination of his books, the faults and the merits of which it is now possible to

understand, will perhaps reveal a tendency in one way or the other. His more important works are seven. Main-Travelled Roads appeared, as has been said, in 1891. During the next year he published three books, — two of them political novels, A Spoil of Office and A Member of the Third House, and the other a volume of sketches, Prairie Folks. In 1893, a novel, A Little Norsk, and a book of verses, Prairie Songs, were printed. Crumbling Idols is dated 1894. Of these, the melodramatic Member of the Third House commemorates an unhappy excursion into the province of the drama; Prairie Folks and A Little Norsk repeat the essential qualities of Main-Travelled Roads, and of Prairie Songs Mr. Garland says, in the preface, that he does not expect it to be taken to represent his larger work: all these may be neglected. Main-Travelled Roads, A Spoil of Office, and Crumbling Idols may be regarded as typical.

Main-Travelled Roads, his first and best book, has faults enough. It is partly his lack of training, partly his scorn of refinements, which make the sturdy, homespun style, generally so effective, always rough, and often perversely incorrect. The same reasons may serve to account for the sometimes unnecessarily frank, sometimes even brutal realism. His own personality explains the prejudiced point of view: the sketches are only too plainly biased by the anger at circumstances felt by a young man, ambitious of the intellectual life, who is forced into hard, uncongenial physical labor. They are written, as it were, as if their author yet felt the pain of cold hands rasped by the husking, the sting of mingled sweat and dust which the threshing brings to the eyes. It is difficult to escape the conviction that, in some measure, Mr. Garland has without adequate warrant read into the minds of others the same fierce hatred for the discomforts of the life which he, with his artistic temperament, was bound to feel. The controversial note is also subtly struck in the sketches; the reader has an uneasy, ever-present feeling that they are written not so much for him as at him. "Here is a pretty state of affairs," they seem to say between all their lines, "for which our author holds you personally responsible. What are you going to do about it?" When an argument is thus suggested, the reader loses faith a little. Instinctively he puts himself on his guard, and warns himself that these are the adduced examples of a controversialist, and may accordingly be overcolored. In the work of a less obviously sincere writer, of a writer with less knowledge of his subject and less native power, these faults would work sad havoc. The best proof of the solid merit of Main-Travelled Roads is that, in spite of all, it convinces the reader, willy-nilly, of its general fidelity to fact, and lifts him off his critical feet by its sheer brute force. It is his highest achievement, and, ominously, also his first. It shows strikingly what may be done by strong native talent working with the help of a single sound formula for effective composition; for here most emphatically Mr. Garland has written of what he knows. The book is unique in American literature; passionate, vivid, written with absolute certainty of touch, native and virile as the red man.

It is appropriate to return for a moment to Crumbling Idols. In that volume, Mr. Garland, with an appearance of infallibility a pope might envy, predicts the future of American fiction. He declares it will not — with the air of one who says it shall not — be national, but local. Each writer will — that is to say, shall — tell what he knows of the special life into which he is born. Thus, each rural county, each village and small city, each huge metropolis, will have its peculiar literature. There will be no "overtopping personality." As to the last, there is no way of knowing; but something very similar to the local literatures which he

describes is certainly springing up all over our country. The writer, the overtopping personality, who can comprehend the whole nation is not yet arisen among us. It is interesting to note that this prophecy of Mr. Garland's, thus found to be supported by fact, is based upon the one sound dictum, "Write of what you know," which is discoverable in his literary philosophy. It is also interesting — although the fact may lack significance — to observe that the prediction was written after the publication of A Spoil of Office.

In theme this book — the pun in the title is pitiable — is magnificent. He who will embody in a noble fiction, as Mr. Garland has here tried to do, the career of a Western farm-hand, from the time of his early struggles for an education to the time of his election to the national legislature, will achieve, as nearly as any one, the great American novel. No career could be more typically American. None needs for its description a wider range of intimate knowledge of American life, a greater degree or maturity of literary power. There the theme lies, obvious, tempting, impossible, awaiting, like Arthur's sword, the hand of the master. Mr. Garland has attempted it. He would better have emulated the temerity of angels. There is no need to say he has failed. That he should do so was inevitable. He is too young, too immature in his art, too limited in his knowledge of life, to treat well so all embracing a topic. By his own theory, he should not have undertaken the task. He rails at those authors who write of foreign lands of which, as he says, their knowledge can be only that of tourists. But one may be a tourist in his own country. Mr. Garland knows no more of Washington than the American traveler of an observing habit knows of London, no more of politicians than the traveler of Englishmen. He can write of them only from the outside. As in other instances he has illustrated by his success the value of the one literary truth he has perceived clearly, Write of what you know, so here he illustrates it by his failure. And, with singular accuracy of coincidence, the work begins to grow bad at the exact point where the author's knowledge of his subject begins to grow less. It opens buoyantly and successfully, with the easy mastery of detail and the strength of handling so conspicuous in Main-Travelled Roads. But when he ceases to deal with the familiar farm, the academy, the life and politics of the county-seat, and tries to carry his hero with as firm and competent a hand into the national legislature at Washington, his sureness of touch vanishes, he begins to be at a loss, he unmistakably fumbles. Denunciation takes the place of delineation. Losing interest in a plot and in characters he can no longer bring bravely off, he yields to his controversial instincts, and makes of his hero — whom he starts with a very distinct personality — a characterless mouthpiece for vague charges of corruption in the "regular parties," for appeals to the farmers to rise, and for expositions of the beauties of "populism" and woman suffrage. Plot and characters dissolve, and at the end the book has no firmer consistency than the weak reveries of a political visionary.

What is the conclusion to be drawn? Four years ago Mr. Garland produced a strong work of fiction. Then, the next year, departing from the sound formula which made the excellence of that volume, he wrote two novels which were distinctly inferior. The same year, however, saw a return to the sound method, and simultaneously a second success. The following year, a fiction still in the same manner was less good, indeed, but yet immeasurably better than the two failures. In view of these facts, is not the conclusion obvious that if Mr. Garland owes his successes to the one principle which he shares with the models and masters that he despises, and his failures

to methods for which they give no warrant, other principles of good composition which they teach may also prove, on trial, to be valuable? We hold it for true that the fundamental principles of the art of fiction are based on unchanging elements in human nature, and that the principles of the effective use of words are as firmly based upon the nature of language. True originality will consist, then, in the original application of these principles, not in foolish rebellion against them. As Mr. Garland is a natural writer, he obeys many of them unconsciously, and succeeds in proportion to his obedience. If he grasps these truths, he will some day write the strong novel which his talent justifies us in expecting. He has, as our examination of his work has seemed to us to show, a tendency to be constant to one true formula for fiction, no tendency to obey the rules of language further than as a natural writer he is compelled to do. But the years bring wisdom, it is said. He is young, and there is hope.

A STUDY OF DEATH.

The two words which Mr. Alden placed on the title-page of his previous book, God in His World, namely, An Interpretation, might fitly have been used to characterize his new treatise, A Study of Death;[1] for the significance of the study is in its aim at interpreting elemental facts and relations in various manifestations through nature and humanity. It would be a bald and misleading judgment which should dismiss Mr. Alden's speculation as merely reiterating in elaborate phrase the eighteenth-century dictum, "Whatever is is right;" yet his aim throughout a subtle and suggestive course of reasoning is to penetrate the mystery, and resolve the apparent antagonism of good and evil, life and death, into their essential harmony; to interpret the violent contrasts in nature and history so as to render them necessary to a comprehensive unity. Whatever exception one may take to single expressions, it is impossible to miss admiration for the bold sweep of thought which gathers in its progress numberless phenomena of the physical and the psychical world, and bears them along to a triumphant conclusion in the justification of a divinely human order.

In giving the title which his book bears, Mr. Alden does not mean to limit the scope of his inquiry to a single, even the consummate form of evil in its appearance. Apparently, he emphasizes the word "death" for the purpose of stating in the most inclusive manner the problem with which he has to deal. The reader need not therefore draw back from the work as if he were invited to a study in morbid anatomy. The author strikes a keynote in the closing sentence of his preface when he says, "Faith boldly occupies the field of pessimism, finding therein its largest hope," and this courageous spirit so pervades the whole study that the book is a pæan, and not a miserere.

The poetical element in the seer or interpreter is not lacking. Indeed, though there is a studious attempt at precision of statement, as if the author foresaw he would be called mystical and vague, the very nature of the statement to be made compels a poetical form, for the strain of the argument is on the creative, constructive side of nature. Thus the proem is a bit of rhetorical prose, in

[1] *A Study of Death.* By Henry Mills Alden. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

which the antithesis of the dove and the serpent is made to prefigure the contrasts that are to occupy the reader's thought. And throughout the book a rhythmical cadence falls on the ear, as if the pulsations of life could be interpreted best in a chant. This is not strange when one considers how the deepest tones in theology are heard in the great hymns of the Church, and how when one inclines one's ear close to nature there is heard the throbbing of the pulse. We speak of this because we do not think Mr. Alden's style is an assumption, and the style itself becomes thus a witness to the sincerity of the thought. There are passages which strike upon the ear with an increasing sonorousness, as when, after delineating the Hebrew type with its first significant exemplar in Abraham, he closes with a comparison which brings out the transcendent illustration of the type in Jesus : —

"The peace which the Hebrew loved, the longing for which led him inland while the adventurous Phœnician sought the mastery of the sea — that rest besought by the Psalmist, such as the dove seeks in its flight: these stand out in pathetic contrast against a troubled career of fiery trial and chastisement. It is just such a contrast that impresses us in the personal life of Jesus, between the serenity of Galilee — that charmed circle of security from which he sends forth his defiance to Herod — and the fretful tumult, the cruel hostility of Jerusalem. The deepening of capacity is for the larger inclusion of pain and strife, as well as for that of a heavenly peace ; and so it was in the divine life of the Son of Man, who had not where to lay his head, who took the stings and arrows of every enmity, and who not merely suffered evil and death, but included all evil and all death, so that his rising again might stand against all falling. He descended into hell, so enlarging the scope of that descent that it emerged in heaven. Before him, neither in pagan nor Jewish thought was such emergence conceived as possible, just as before him the mortal issue was not seen as life."

The reader is repeatedly held by passages of singular beauty, and the beauty is involved in the thought, and not simply decorative. Yet perhaps this feeling for beauty is in nothing more manifest than in the use made of scientific fact. With a delicacy of suggestion which is remote from formal application of scientific discovery, Mr. Alden presses into the service of his argument accepted truths of biology, and more than once lifts an apparently unrelated phenomenon into the widest, most significant relations. There is throughout a definite course of interpretation, beginning with inorganic matter and ascending to the domains of the human spirit ; but though science is invoked for the demonstration of incidents, it is the poetic penetration of the facts which gives them their value in the argument.

But it is time to convey to the reader some notion of the development of thought in this book, though one who has just read it is disposed to linger over the attributes of the presentation. The work is divided into four books, the first being entitled Two Visions of Death. In a short chapter headed The Body of Death, the cold nakedness of the visible fact at the end of life is predicated, and no concealment is made of its most repellent characteristics. "So alien to humanity is this change that it is offensive to human sensibility and noxious to human health ; and our most pressing concern, after mourning over our dead, is that we may bury it out of our sight." The physicist computes the exact account which is kept by nature with man, but he does not touch the real mystery, any more than he can state the essential properties of life. And yet science presses near the truth when it makes the continuance of life to depend upon death, and thus in a second chapter, entitled The Mystical Vision, a series of illus-

trations direct attention to those great laws of action and reaction which comprehend the known movements of nature, pulsation, day and night, sleep and waking, and finally even a visible and invisible world. "To account for the communication of energy through cosmic space, the physicist postulates as a medium the invisible ether, the vortical motions of which have displaced what were formerly known as the ultimate atoms." Pressing the analysis of physiological sensation, the pulsation is forever beginning and forever ending, and the kinship of death and sleep establishes still more intimately the nature of death as a renewal of life. A physical analogue may be cited: "The body which Death leaves behind is surrendered to that inorganic chemistry which was formerly in alliance with the more subtle actions and reactions of a distinctively human life, and to the physical bond of gravitation which was once the condition of its consistency, but which now brings it to the dust. Are we any more mystical than Newton and Laplace in our conviction that Death as a part of the higher life is its unseen bond — the way of return to its source?" And if Death may thus be accounted as a primal fact of life, Evil also may be included in the same category, its appearance veiling a reality which lies deeper than our experience can fathom. "Even Sin, which is the sting of Death, must have its reconcilement with eternal life. We turn from the raggedness, the vileness, and the emaciation of the Prodigal, and regard only the unseen bond which brings him home, while we hear a voice saying, This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

The second book is entitled Native Impressions, and is an attempt at reconstructing primitive humanity in its attitude toward death. The reader is aided in this task by a brief criticism of the artificial *naïveté* of Poe and Maeterlinck, which by contrast makes more clear the true simplicity of the childhood of the race, in which the dead were mightier than the living, and the invisible furnished larger occupation for the imagination. The backward look was dominant, so that even tenses are confused, the Hebrew making the past to serve as the prophetic, and the downward look was the natural one when the gaze was toward origin. "What amazing stupefaction of abysmal slumber must have still held in suspense all the proper activities of manhood in a being who looked down to his God; who confounded the divine life with that of every living thing, looking indeed upon the lower animals, and even upon trees and stones, as somewhat nearer divinity than was himself; as if he must reverse the stages of his own antenatal evolution, in order that through the mediate series he might find the way to Him who was the Most Low!" The earliest spiritual lore for the primitive man was from the education of sleep, and thus came to him an impression of Death also as a way into the presence of the eternal. Again, in his backward look, his ancestors were to him a living reality, and the tribal bonds in which he was included familiarized him with associations including the gods themselves. The very gods were mortal, and thus to his early apprehension the passage from life to death and death to life was constantly going on. It may be remarked here that though this primitive man is a reconstruction by the author out of the scattered materials offered by anthropology, he is avowedly hypothetical, and is but a tentative sketch.

Having thus taken into account the fact of death and its apprehension by humanity in its least reasoning and most instinctive condition, Mr. Alden proceeds to what may be taken as the second great division of his subject, in which he essays to uncover the movement of death and life, first in the phenomena of the natural world, and then in the disclosures of historic humanity. He entitles his third book Prodigal Sons: a Cosmic Parable,

and in the first chapter, The Divided Living, he starts out with what at first looks like a play of words. Postulating creation as something from nothing, a definition hopelessly unsatisfactory, he defines death as that which brings to naught, and thus a term for the source of life. But the truth which he seeks to formulate with all the energy of his speech is the action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces throughout the universe. The planetary movement of the earth itself is in large the story of the prodigal son. The ingenuity of this application is merged, for the reader, in the splendor of the tale; for the earth becomes, in the narrative, a sentient creature, and long before the parable is ended one is entranced by the noble imagination which has so extraordinarily linked together the cosmic and the individual. Throughout this entire chapter, and the other two of the book, The Moral Order, and Ascent and Descent of Life, this parable recurs from time to time in suggestive phrases, but it is pursued through many forms of life and through the development of man from infancy to age. We cannot refrain from quoting a single passage in the chapter The Moral Order, in which Mr. Alden seeks to find a deeper consciousness underlying the experience of the prodigal:

"If our exile were real, if we could really leave the Father's house, if by some chasm Time were divorced from Eternity, and if human existence were wholly experimentation, consciously regulated, and in its entirety determined by arbitrary choice on a rational plan, — as from partial aspects it seems to be, — then indeed might we pray for absolute annihilation. In this view, the moral order would be a system of inextricable confusion. If we can believe in such separation of humanity from its Lord that our life is hidden elsewhere than in him, then is inevitable that other belief, formulated in the extreme rationalistic specialization of dogma, that there are dread realms of unutterable woe forever excluded from the divine presence and from the operation of divine laws and uses. If the material is separated by an impassable chasm from the spiritual, then may we accept the dualism of the Manichæist, or adopt the skepticism of the biologist, who asserts that matter only is eternal, and that the entire realm of life is but a fleeting moment of cosmic time, a shuddering pulsation that for an instant disturbs the monstrous and heartless mechanism, an alien dream as inexplicable as it is transient. If his rectitude, his formed character — that outward integrity which he builds up for himself — is at its very best man's only blessedness, then is his experience vain; if that whereof he is ashamed or that of which he is proud, if what he consciously shuns or what he consciously seeks, be the full measure of his evil or of his good, then, in the superficial jaggedness of the things wherein he is entangled, is his destiny the most trivial of inconsequences, the ultimate caprice.

"Not thus is he to be accounted for, and never in the depths of his spiritual being has he thus accounted for himself — as if he were a fragment of the world, appearing suddenly upon the ocean of existence, moved this way and that by varying winds and currents and by the whims of his own variable and near-sighted intelligence, and then as suddenly submerged beneath the waves. He never had a spiritual philosophy which did not make him one with the Eternal — which did not make him the measure and explanation of the world rather than the world the measure and explanation of him — one in which the scope of his evil and of his good did not embrace all evil and all good. In him alone did life awake and think and speak, but not thus did he forego his share in the eternal silence. Whatever his forfeit, it compromised the universe, and engaged all the powers of the universe for his redemption. No transaction could in its scope

be too far-reaching to be commensurate with his eternal interests."

The closing book bears the title Death Unmasqued, and is occupied with the disclosure through human history as specialized in Hebrew life, preëminently through the person of Jesus, whose revelation is interpreted by Paul, and through the developments of Christendom. It will be seen that our author has passed from the realm of nature into that of humanity, and the reader who has followed the course of the argument in the nature of things has now the opportunity of testing it by the witness of history and his own experience. Many will find this portion of the book the most intelligible, since it is the most concrete. It is in effect a brief philosophy of history, and contains frequent luminous comments on the course of human development. Its interest for some will be in the ingenious resolution of seeming evil into real good. Mr. Alden's optimism is unfailing because his confidence is centred on unescapable reality, and that reality, as the reader discovers, is imbedded in the universal order. The large field of his vision discourages a too minute criticism of parts, and the poetic beauty of the presentation leads one away sometimes from the close inquiry of the reason. Indeed, the argument throughout is veiled rather than explicit. The reader who comes armed with scientific or theologic formulæ rarely finds these objected to; rather, he is in doubt how he can use them himself, since this writer, with his constant recourse to life in its unformulated manifestations, meets him, not with weapons, but with "lamps within pitchers." A Study of Death will stimulate thought, for it brings a large imagination to bear upon the mystery of life.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century, Lectures delivered at Oxford Easter Terms, 1893–4, by James Anthony Froude. (Scribners.) There is no sign of age nor of failing strength to be discovered in the brilliant lectures which make up the last volume that will come to us from the historian of the Tudors, nor is there any material change in the standpoint from which he again surveys that heroic period of English history which culminates in the defeat of the Armada. It is one of the most thrilling of tales, told with a vividness, picturesqueness, and force worthy of the subject, — a book impossible to leave till its final page is reached; and we sadly read that the after-story, "the passing from Spain to England of the sceptre of the seas, must be left to other lectures or to other lecturers, who have more years before them than I." As usual, the critical reader will be irritated by inaccuracies, not a few, in details, which sometimes, it should be said, are of no very great importance, and, a more serious matter, will continue to recognize in the writer an eloquent special pleader, though one who heartily believes in the truth and justice of his argument, and so has often been accused of perverting facts when he has simply failed to see them in their due proportions. But in whatever order we may be inclined to place the motives governing the great Elizabethan adventurers, Mr. Froude's presentment of them is full of vigorous life, a realization of the men not always found in more impartial chronicles. — English Seamen, Howard, Clifford, Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish, by Robert Southey. Edited, with an Introduction, by David Hannay. (Methuen & Co., London; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) From Southey's Lives of the Admirals, a naval history of which the plan, modest at first, finally assumed such dimensions that naturally the work remains a fragment, the editor has extracted these biographies, and it is interesting as well as profitable to compare them with Mr. Froude's Lectures.

Both volumes are written by great masters of English, but in manner and method the reader will be impressed by differences rather than by similarities. The later writer had open to him sources of information inaccessible to his predecessor, but nevertheless students of history will feel a confidence in the earlier portraits which the brilliant studies of Mr. Froude do not always inspire. It is noteworthy that the additions which research has made to Southey's knowledge, as embodied in the appendix to the book, do not necessitate any modification in the estimates he formed of the characters of the great seamen. — Lord John Russell, by Stuart J. Reid. The Queen's Prime Ministers Series. (Harpers.) Mr. Reid's monograph is the ninth volume of a series which has proved itself almost always excellent in quality, and we may say the concluding volume as well, for it is not likely that a study of the tenth of Queen Victoria's Premiers will be undertaken in this stage of his career. The record of Lord John Russell's public life is the history of English politics for more than half a century, and the biographer relates the not unfamiliar tale in a spirited and readable fashion, and with no more than a pardonable bias in favor of his subject, who, though not a great statesman, was a distinguished, honorable, and enlightened politician, using that word in its best sense. Of contributions made to this memoir by Lord John's friends, the late Lord Selborne's statement regarding the Minister's conduct in the Alabama affair, and the pleasant personal reminiscences of Mr. Lecky, are specially noticeable. A reproduction, the first made, of Watts's portrait forms the frontispiece of the volume. — Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy, by Arthur Hassall, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) A book to be heartily praised, when we consider the comparatively brief space into which the writer has had to compress the history of the three quarters of a century covered by the extraordinary reign of the *roi soleil*. Mr. Hassall does not make the mistake of attempting to touch all sides of his subject; the social, literary, artistic, and religious aspects of the time are considered only when they directly affect its political and military history, and he has given us an exceedingly well-arranged and lucid narrative which everywhere shows a careful study of the most approved authorities. A full consciousness of his hero's limitations does not blind the writer to the king's very real ability in certain directions. He realizes that if it be true to say that Louis's reign made the Revolution possible and probable, the blame must be shared by the people with the king; for "the French nation made Louis, and Louis was the epitome of the French nation." Even in the worst of his measures, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a great blunder as well as a great crime, of which the evil effects to France were far reaching and incalculable, the majority of the people were with him. A word should be said about the illustrations to the volume, which are so unusually well selected as to subjects that it is a pity they could not in some cases have been reproduced from better engravings. — The Revolution of 1848, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) The English versions of the series known as Famous Women of the French Court have not always appeared in chronological order, so we may have later the volumes relating to perhaps the noblest and best of these women, Queen Marie Amélie and her daughter-in-law the Duchess of Orleans, whose last days in France are those of which this book is a record. Had the high spirit, courage, and constancy of these ladies been emulated by more of the men around them, the Paris mob would not so easily have overturned what was at least the most respectable and liberal government the country had had since the first Revolution. But a constitutional and pacific king, who hated bloodshed, and, naturally, also feared the odium attached thereto, represented a power little likely to be prompt and energetic in dealing with the disorderly elements of the capital. An impersonal republic could be ruthless, as the men of the barricades were very soon to discover. — The venerable Mr. W. J. Linton, the distinguished wood-engraver, has in Three Score and Ten Years (Scribners) written his recollections of the notable men and women in literature and art whom he has known in England and in the United States, and of the several liberal movements, especially English and Italian, with which he has had a strong sympathy, Mazzini being his especial hero. The book gives pleasant brief glimpses of many nota-

ble people during the whole Victorian era, but hardly judgments of value. — The Story of Vedic India as Embodied Principally in the Rig-Veda, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) As the Rig-Veda does not contain history in the direct epic or narrative form, but only imparts it in a very fragmentary and inferential manner, this interesting volume is rather a study of the religion of Vedic India, the myths, rituals, and customs connected therewith, than the story of the nation as the word would be generally understood. This view of the belief and life of the first Aryan inhabitants of Hindustân is prefaced by a description of the country and an account of the sources of our knowledge of its early history, in which full justice is done to the great work of those Anglo-Indian pioneer students who opened the vast field of Sanskrit literature to the scholars of Europe.

Literature. The sixth volume of Pepys's Diary in its complete form (Bell, London ; Macmillan, New York) begins in October, 1666, in the London lately devastated by Plague and Fire, and extends to the end of June, 1667, the days of anxiety and humiliation, when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames. During these nine months the diarist is diligent both in business and in pleasure, to a degree imperfectly set forth in the former abridged records, and so increases his substance that his strong boxes are a fruitful source of worriment in troubled times. "Musique" is as always a chief delight, and his affectionate outbursts on the rare occasions when Mrs. Pepys does not sing false make one feel that the lady might have been generally mistress of the situation had she happily been gifted with a truer ear. The remnant of Mr. Pepys's Puritan conscience is now seldom greatly aroused in his own case save when discovery of some moral lapse seems imminent, but he is too excellent a man of affairs, and too patriotic withal, not to deplore heartily the unspeakable corruption and sloth in high places which have brought such dire shame on the country. The volume contains a portrait of the writer from Le Marchand's medallion, and one of Lady Castlemaine after Lely. — The latest numbers of the Temple Shakespeare (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York) are Hamlet and Henry VIII. The former has for a frontispiece the death-mask, the latter the old palace at Whitehall. — The tenth and eleventh volumes of the admirable sixteen-volume Defoe (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York) are taken up with The History and Remarkable Life of the Truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, commonly called Colonel Jack. The book has a special interest for Americans, since it contains a graphic picture of plantation life in Virginia in the early part of the eighteenth century. — Izaak Walton's Lives forms one of the volumes of the attractive series, English Classics, edited by W. E. Henley. (Methuen & Co., London ; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) The introduction is by Vernon Blackburn, who strives to analyze the charm of Walton's style as exemplified in these five delightful miniature biographies ; reaching the conclusion that it was his fortune to possess an inimitable manner by which to express his own winning personality. A good reprint of this book is always a thing to be grateful for. — The Return of the Native has been issued in the uniform edition of Hardy's works. (Harpers.) In an interesting but too brief preface, the author gives a little welcome information as to Budmouth and Egdon Heath, and indulges in the pleasant fancy that some spot in the extensive tract of which the sombre scene of the story forms a part may be the heath of that traditionary king of Wessex, Lear. — Two more volumes have been added to Macmillan's admirable series of Standard Novels : Miss Edgeworth's Ormond, illustrated by Carl Schloesser, and Marryat's Jacob Faithful, illustrated by Henry M. Brock. The former is pleasantly introduced by Mrs. Ritchie, the latter by David Hannay ; and in this agreeable form readers of to-day can make or renew acquaintance with one of the brightest and most spontaneous of Miss Edgeworth's novels, and with that entertaining history which Thackeray bracketed with Vingt Ans Après and The Woman in White as a book which in illness had given him amusement from morning till sunset. — Messrs. Putnam have brought out the Sketch-Book in their handsome Student's Edition of Irving. The work is excellently edited by William Lyon Phelps, whose annotations are commendably brief and to the point. As usual, a life of the author is prefixed, and in this case a discussion of some defects of his

style, its merits having been considered in the two earlier volumes. — Messrs. Macmillan have reissued William Winter's Old Shrines and Ivy in their paper-covered Miniature Series, and have also brought out in a like inexpensive form a little volume containing Matthew Arnold's The Function of Criticism and Walter Pater's essay on Style.

Books for the Young. Always amongst the earliest of holiday arrivals is the usual trio of volumes from the indefatigable Mr. G. A. Henty (Scribners), in which we are glad to meet his modest, manly, brave, truth-telling young hero in his new incarnations. As Sir Gervaise Tresham, in A Knight of the White Cross, a Tale of the Siege of Rhodes, he bears himself so gallantly in the Hospitallers' great contest with the Turk that he becomes a Knight while still in his teens, and holds no mean position in the order when he is absolved from his vows, and so is enabled to marry and live happily and as peaceably as the times permit ever after; as Dick Holland, in The Tiger of Mysore, a Story of the War with Tippoo Saib, he sets himself the tremendous task of discovering and rescuing his father, a prisoner in the hands of the ruthless Sultan, and, it is needless to say, succeeds; as Frank Wyatt, in Through Russian Snows, a Story of Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow, he is in the service of the English commissioner with the Russian army during the terrible campaign of 1812, and meets his brother, who is in the army of the invaders, having enlisted to escape from a French prison. Like their predecessors, these tales are thoroughly wholesome in tone, are adventurous rather than sensational, never dwell unduly on scenes of carnage or horrors of any kind, and, it may be said, always respect the truth of history; so that young readers, along with a good deal of entertainment, will almost insensibly make no inconsiderable additions to their stock of historic lore. — Mr. Kirk Munroe's large *clientèle* can also always be sure of at least two new tales as the year wanes. Snow-Shoes and Sledges (Harpers) is a sequel to last year's The Fur-Seal's Tooth, and in it the heedless Phil continues his devious search for his father; meeting, of course, with many moving accidents during his winter wanderings in Alaska. At War with Pontiac, or, The Totem of the Bear, a Tale of Redcoat and Redskin (Scribners), a story well described by its title, is a narrative of the adventures of a daring youth who is saved in many perilous straits because of a totem tattooed upon his arm in infancy by a grateful Indian. We would suggest (it is often done), in the interest of historic truth, that Indian tortures can hardly be palliated by comparisons with New England witch-burnings, such burnings being purely imaginary. — Afloat with the Flag, by W. J. Henderson. (Harpers.) A spirited and readable sea-tale, which follows the fortunes of three cadets fresh from Annapolis, two of whom serve under Admiral Benham in Rio Harbor during the late insurrection, while the third is aboard one of the ships of the Brazilian insurgents. The author writes from an abundant knowledge of things naval, and the routine of life on a man-of-war is vividly as well as accurately depicted. — Hero Tales from American History, by Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt. (Century Co.) A healthy love of country permits the repetition, even without novelty, of heroic tales as often and in as many forms as possible. Welcome, therefore, is the recital of the achievements of a group of American statesmen, soldiers, sailors, explorers, and pioneers, with Parkman as a representative man of letters. These brief narratives are not set biographies, but descriptions of particular deeds of heroism, and the style is charged with a wholesome patriotism.

Nature and Travel. "The Flower of England's Face," by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Macmillan.) This little volume, charming without and within, contains sketches of English and Scottish travel, with some of which the readers of The Atlantic are already familiar. The author has that keen and sympathetic appreciation of the beauty of the old land which is never stronger than in those pilgrims from the new, who, like her, had in childhood the happy fortune to be turned loose to roam at will through the wide enchanted fields of English literature. She shares her pleasure with the reader in a fashion so entertaining and agreeable that it gives freshness and vivacity to the oft-told tale, and her book is surely predestined to be a favorite pocket companion, and an occasional guide as well, to not a few summer wanderers. — Pearls and Pebbles, or, Notes of an Old

Naturalist, by Catharine Parr Traill. With Biographical Sketch by Mary Agnes Fitz Gibbon. (William Briggs, Toronto.) This is a collection of pleasant papers on birds, flowers, and other out-of-door things, together with reminiscences of child life in England and early pioneer days in Ontario. Mrs. Traill, it will be remembered, was one of the Strickland sisters. She emigrated to Canada with her husband immediately after their marriage in 1832, and has published a number of books about backwoods life, besides a few stories for children and Studies of Plant Life. Mrs. Fitz Gibbon's sketch of her is appreciative and interesting. The reader need have no fear of encountering dry technicalities in this book, for it is only by a somewhat elastic use of the word that Mrs. Traill can be called a naturalist. — Observed and Noted, by Robert B. Risk. (The Examiner Printing House, Lancaster, Pa.) Five hundred pages of "paragraphs" reprinted from a daily newspaper, very miscellaneous as to subject, but mostly relating to the every-day happenings of country life.

Books of Reference and Handbooks. D and F are continued in the parts of Murray's New English Dictionary for October 1, Development and Field having been reached. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan, New York.) — Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston, compiled by Herbert Small. (Curtis & Co., Boston.) An admirably planned handbook of seventy-eight pages, liberally illustrated, and of service both as a guide to the treasures of the building regarded as a work of art, and as a souvenir. Its condensation has been well studied, and there is a refreshing freedom from rhetorical phrase, and an absence of padding. — The Chess Pocket Manual, a Pocket-Guide for Beginners and Advanced Players, by G. H. D. Gossip. (Scribners.) An excellent and convenient little handbook, beginning with an introductory chapter pointing out the differences between the modern game and that of the old school, which is followed by chapters on the moves and relative value of the men, technical terms, laws of the game, openings, and endings.

Home and Society. Democracy and Caste, by Ethel Davis. (Home Science Publishing Co., Boston.) Beginning, so to speak, with the cellar, and rising to the sky parlor, Miss Davis treats of home-keeping wits. House-Furnishing, Entertaining, Domestic Service, Housekeeping and Home-Making, Education and Religion, are the titles of half a dozen chapters in which honesty and the ideals of life are sought in the common activities. There is much sound and truly discriminating sense in this little book, and the note struck is clear and far sounding. — A sixth edition of The Social-Official Etiquette of the United States, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), has been issued, and we are assured in the preface that the views therein given are considered correct and logical, *and are accepted as authority.* (The italics are the author's, who has a ladylike fondness for them.) A comic element in an otherwise most serious handbook is furnished by the insertion of a musical prelude, a setting of the commonplace and entirely unrhythmic prose of the opening paragraphs by, we are told, Herr von Bülow. We are not informed, however, at what high social function this remarkable production is appointed to be sung.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

War-Time Letters from John Bright.

THE three following letters, never printed before, were written by Mr. Bright to Mr. Aspinwall, as may be seen, at a very critical period of the civil war. Besides showing Mr. Bright's real affection for the United States, and, even in the darkest hour, his firm belief that the North would be victorious, they reveal, in the light of later history, a foresight of remarkable correctness.

4 HANOVER ST., *June* 29, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. ASPINWALL, — I think the debate on "recognition" will come on tomorrow night, unless the absence of Lord Palmerston should cause its postponement.

I did not hear yesterday whether Lord Palmerston was better or not. You will learn from the papers to-morrow morning, before you sail, if he is in the House this evening. If he is able to attend, I think the debate will take place, as Mr. Roebuck is not likely to withdraw from any position where he can make himself generally mischievous.

From what I heard yesterday, I rather hope the debate will lead to nothing, but my information is not very conclusive.

I hope you will find affairs in a more satisfactory shape when you reach New York. I am anxious about them, as you doubtless are. If the President would make you Minister of War, I think I should have more confidence in the management of the contest. There seems great want of *foresight* and *force* at Washington.

I have had great pleasure in making your acquaintance, and wish to thank you for your kind expressions towards me. I may never visit your country, but my sympathy for it and for the cause of freedom can suffer no diminution.

Wishing you heartily a safe and pleasant voyage, I am

Very sincerely your friend,

JOHN BRIGHT.

WM. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ., EDWARDS' HOTEL.

ROCHDALE, *July* 31, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. ASPINWALL, — Your note of the 15th has reached me this morning. I have rejoiced to think of all the favorable news that would meet you on your arrival in New York. The riots in that city have been serious, but I hope they will serve to give resolution to the government, and to unite all thoughtful and patriotic people in its behalf. In England, as American newspapers come almost entirely from New York, that city is supposed to represent America, as London represents England, or Paris France, and therefore opinions and acts in New York are taken to indicate the opinions and conduct of the United States. I know how much this is an error, and I hope now that our people may discover it to be so.

If Charleston is captured, then will follow Mobile, and there will only remain Richmond to form Mr. Gladstone's "nation." But what after all this? Have you a policy? Has the government strength and resolution for the next step, and will it be supported by the nation?

The *Proclamation is an unalterable decree*, so far as Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet and the present Congress are concerned. This I take to be fixed and beyond controversy.

No slave State should be restored to its ancient place in the nation until it has so amended its constitution and laws as to place itself in harmony with the Proclamation. Until this is done, it must be held by the military power which has restored it to the Union. If you shrink from this question now, you will have the pro-slavery party in the North again uniting with the South, and the whole policy of the Proclamation may be reversed at the next presidential election. Should this happen, your country will be covered with humiliation and with infamy.

The government and the whole North, acting through Congress, should dispose of this great question in the coming session, so as to leave nothing to accident at the expiration of Mr. Lincoln's term of office. The war will end only in disgrace if it does not root out the evil of slavery, so that it can never again be an element in your political debates.

If you are strong and successful in this, the whole world will applaud you, and history will tell the story with pleasure and with pride.

The "recognition" debate was a ludicrous failure for the "South;" the friends of "Secesh" were covered with disgrace. They now admit that their beloved "new nation" is a failure, and will never come to the birth, and despondency has taken the place of boasting. The Loan is hardly salable at any price, and is believed to be worth nothing.

With all good wishes for you and for your people in this grand crisis of their fate, I am,

With much respect,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

WM. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ., ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

LLANDUDNO, NORTH WALES, *October* 23, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. ASPINWALL, — Thank you for your note and for the letter from Mr. Chase. It is refreshing to find so much of earnest conviction in any one of the class of

statesmen. Mr. Blair seems of a different metal, and I am surprised that the President will allow of such speeches as he makes on the negro question, — so entirely contrary to his own sentiments and the policy he has avowed. Mr. Blair will hardly conciliate the opposition, but he may disappoint and discourage friends of the government.

There is a feeling of relief here among all classes, now that the "steam rams" are detained. I am sure the course of the government in this particular meets the views of the whole English people, and I hope it will do something to allay irritation and remove anxiety with you. The policy of a real neutrality is adopted now by almost every public man who speaks in public, and I have no fear that it will be departed from by our government. France, too, will do nothing without England, and there is a growing dislike here of any foreign enterprise which is conducted in partnership with Louis Napoleon.

I hope, therefore, your government will feel itself at liberty to give its whole attention to the rebellion. The South may be tending to exhaustion, as your Kentucky friend believes, but it makes a desperate fight yet; and the fact that it has driven back your best army under Rosecrans, and keeps your Potomac army in check, is a proof of the astonishing force wielded by the desperate men at the head of the rebellion.

I cannot understand the wisdom of sending 30,000 men to Texas, or the bad management which makes such an expedition a failure. I try to console myself with the belief that all these accidents and delays are necessary to bring the negro out of bondage, and I have faith that all will come out right in the end. You say you "are making steady advances towards the end of the struggle," — so it seems from the map, — but so long as the South can keep the great armies in the field the end is not yet.

We have Mr. Beecher in this country; he has made some noble speeches in defense of his country, and I think has done great good. His speech in London, a few days ago, was grand, and the meeting one likely to have a great effect. Our newspapers are more moderate in tone of late, and as you advance towards your final success we shall see a change of opinion among all those who address the public from the press or the platform.

I am told there is some news this morning, but I have not seen it yet; we get no telegraphic news at this quiet seaside place. After next week we hope again to be at home at Rochdale.

I am anxious to hear from Chattanooga and from Charleston. It is wonderful how the attention of all England is centred on the news from your country.

With best wishes for your cause, and thanks for your remembrance of me,

I am very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

WM. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ., ROCKWOOD, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, U. S.

The Hopeful Side of Youth.

— We expected great things of Tolman Jennifer, we of the class of 184–. "He could," we said, "do anything he tried to do," and nobody could tell what he might not attempt. Somehow he has not made a great name in the world. It is of no use to look for it even in the Harvard Quinquennial, for he never took his degree. For some inscrutable reason he sent in his withdrawal on the night of our Class Day. He was down for a high part at Commencement, and would have been named for Φ. B. K. He was well up in the "second eight," and might have been in the "first eight." (In those days we reckoned by scholastic "eights," and not by baseball "nines" or football "elevens.") He deliberately lowered his rank in the second term senior by cutting a sufficient number of chapels and recitations. It was a sufficient number, neither too many nor too few; for, except Tutor Adams, he was the only man at Harvard who had fathomed the mystery of the college marking system and solved the arithmetical problem on which it rested. He might have been the class orator, but refused to stand. He might have been the class poet, but declined in my favor, which happily for the class credit did not avail, as the other competitor was wisely chosen by a clear majority of sixteen. He won the first Bowdoin prize of his senior year, and his themes and forensics were reputed to have had the highest mark which the fastidious critics who then ruled could bestow. He took up no profession, did not enter the fourth (literary) estate of the press, went into no business, but lived a single, solitary life in Boston, passing his

days in libraries, and occasionally varying his quiet existence by a trip abroad. When, some years after graduation, I read Browning's poems, and among them Waring, my thoughts went at once to Jennifer, as if the portrait had been drawn of him. I met him the other day. I have always kept up a desultory friendship with him, and, when in Boston, have looked him up, and had him dine with me at various hostelries : at the vanished Stackpole House, once famed for its *cuisine*, at the Province House (for Hawthorne's sake), at the Tremont, and latterly at the Parker House. On the last occasion we naturally fell into discourse over the old times, and then, as became two gentlemen who could remember the professorships of Channing and Felton, Walker and Longfellow, we drifted into comparisons of the present.

"Jennifer," I said, "how do you look upon the growing fad of the higher education of women? In our day we should have regarded the Annex as we were wont to regard the annexation of Texas, as 'very tolerable and not to be endured.'"

"It is just this," he replied. "The female mind rejects with horror anything which seems to it to savor of waste. The woman suffrage movement is at bottom the feminine protest against throwing away the ballot-box upon Tom, Dick, and Harry, or rather upon Pat, Hans, and Birdofredum Sawin. So this higher education business is the outcome of the woman's wrath at seeing university and college privileges lavished on a lot of youngsters who care for them only as conferring eligibility in the various departments of athletics."

"Then you don't agree with Miss Daphne Betterton's rewriting of Tennyson's verse?

'Woman is the greater man, and his intellect to hers
Is as sheepskin unto sealskin, cotton-plush to Russian furs.'"

"Not at all; she knows her shortcoming, and she knows that we know it, and that makes the bitterness of it. You may be certain this would never have happened so long as men continued, as they did in our day, honestly to fit themselves for professions, and went into them for hard work and all the honors, or took up business with the view of carrying it on in its normal channels for its legitimate ends. Since our youth every calling has succumbed more and more to the craving for outside emolument; is followed, not for itself, but for its chances. Men do their work no longer for their proper wages, and first of all for their work's sake, but for the 'tips' they may get from the world. Women have seen this, and since it is the woman's instinct to do her best for the return offered, the more honest sex has pushed into the borderland of occupations, wherever it has seen that the mercenary sex has been treating its duty as secondary. It is not so much because the women feel that they can do better than we in any given pursuit, but they are willing to do their utmost; and when they see that we are not, the feminine passion is to step in and put things to rights. Now they see that the vast majority of college-bred youth are moved, not as they once were by the love of letters, but by the advantages, athletic, social, and pecuniary, set before them. Was it so in our day? Not at all. Do you remember Parsons, who was senior when we were freshmen? I do, because he was pointed out to me as the man who never had read a Waverley novel when he came to college. Some of his class found it out, and labored with him in true missionary style, and so successfully that he sat up all night over Woodstock. Just think of it, that such a reputation should be bruited about as singular and almost disreputable, and fancy the whole-souled Samaritanism which came to the rescue! The other day, Professor —— told me that it did not pay to make an allusion to those same novels in class, since half the boys would not in the least understand it."

"Do you know why this is?" I answered. "It is because all English literature is made just so much 'cram' for the entering examinations. What is not specifically set down is let alone, and what is learnt is 'got up' for the purpose of a pass, and then forgotten. What made the difference with us was home-training. I remember when I was rooming in Hollis 22, in my junior year, two of our fellows were in, and something was said about The Lady of the Lake. I said, 'My mother read it to me when I was ten.' 'So did mine,' said Saltonstall. 'Just my case,' said Berkeley. My mother read not only that, but Guy Mannering and Rob Roy, and, once entered for the game, I soon found out for myself to follow the scent. That was the way of it; we lived

and moved and had our being in households which craved the best attainable literary culture. We schoolboys were full of it. When we came to college, we soon found out, not from the professors, but from one another, that there were things we did not know, and then we went off on the sly and got the books and read up. Not that we owned our ignorance, — that was too much for undergraduate omniscience to admit, — but we felt it, and made haste to remedy it."

"That is all very well, but it proves my point," said Jennifer. "There was more leisure, less printing, and literature was cultivated not for money, but for fame. Authors then accepted their returns, not looking for much or little, but as the proof that what they wrote was worthy of payment. They fixed their eyes on the intrinsic value of what they produced, and not on pot-boiling. There was then a literary class who read much and wrote rarely or not at all, but who made reputations. It was worth while to strive for the verdict of such a jury. They knew what was best, and their sentence was accepted by the public. In an evil hour some one found out that to write for milliner's apprentices and shopboys would pay better, and that, by writing down to the tastes of the milliner, much money came to publishers, and some into the lean purses of authors. Cheap and pirated editions of foreign literature multiplied. Publishers dealt with authors on the good old plan of Scottish caterans. They paid the English writer a something for advance sheets, and then made agreement one with another to have the prey of their bow and spear respected. Rob Roy in New York would let alone the flocks and herds which Donald Bean Lean of Boston was driving home. Robin Hood poached not on the glades of William of Cloudeslie. Captain Kidd let pass the Manila galleon which Blackbeard had marked for his own. For a season the courtesy of the trade permitted the high-class publishers to do somewhat for foreign authors, and the public benefited thereby. Then came the cheap publishers with their flimsy reprints, and books were degraded to the rank of cigarettes. What has been the consequence? A deliberate writing down to the tastes and brutal appetites of the crowd. Authors on both sides of the water have found out the profit in books which sell, and the books which sell are like a debased currency beside a sterling one. The worse drives out the better. Reputation is valued for its remuneration. It does not pay for an author to do his best, when his second or third rate effort will bring him more money. The old ruling caste is swamped. As in the case of the House of Peers, the Commons are bent upon abolishing it or taking away its veto. Even I, who am a Tory of the Tories, a very Eldon on the literary woolsack, read many more books of the hour than I otherwise should, and some which I should be ashamed to be caught with in my hand, from the mere necessity of keeping up with the times. I often compare myself to a naturalist of the days of the Pharaoh of Moses whom the plague of frogs, et cetera, drove to an investigation of the unclean visitation, lest a new and unclassed specimen should escape me."

"Yes, but, Jennifer, you do not forsake the old standards, your Homer and Dante and Shakespeare. You are true to the sacred Crocodile and holy Ibis and the divine bull Apis. It is not that these young persons do not know of the old cult, but that they do not care for it."

"I account for that, my dear fellow, thus: When we read the Waverleys, they were of a life not wholly out of touch with our own. We were not far removed from the men and women for whom Sir Walter wrote. The present generation has snapped that chain. Like the children of emigrants, it has been born into a world quite unlike that in which we grew up. Railroads, steamships, telephones, electric lights, photography, huge cities full of dwellings crowded with costly luxuries, which are not comforts, only burdensome necessities, — all these are wholly apart from the lives our fathers and mothers lived. The first lesson the infant of to-day learns is, 'Touch a button, and let something do the rest.'"

"You are a hopeless old cynic," I said.

"Yes, I am that, my boy, but I have to yield to the stress of events, to have my tub rehooped with Bessemer steel, and my lantern fed with astral oil instead of the product of the whale which my ancestors were the first to capture in the seas where now ride the iron-clad fleets of Japan. But for my inveterate prejudices as a *laudator temporis acti* I might have been an oil mil-

lionaire, and — ugh! *vade retro sathanas!* — voyaged in a steam yacht of my own."

"Then you despair of the coming youth?"

"Not at all. Don't you see that what I am saying is apologetic, and lays the blame upon youth's surroundings? I trust youth to find its way out, so long as it is youth, and not premature old age. All this athletic craze is simply the young man's protest against the stigma of incapacity. He wants to do something which he cannot do without trouble and pains of his own taking. If his Greek accents and his differential calculus are made too easy, he will bend his brows and nerve his heart to solve the mystery of the Oxford stroke and the curves of the Yale pitchers. And so at the last he will come back to literature, and by natural selection take to the best. In the beginning of this century, Charles Lamb and Washington Irving rediscovered the treasures of the old dramatic poetry which the world had willingly let die, and so some youth in the twenty-first century may revive the ancient taste for Scott and Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, and new Tennysons and Brownings bring back the old poetic diction, to the confusion of face of future impressionists. No, I cannot be wholly unhopeful in a day in which the most widely quoted book is Alice in Wonderland. Perhaps this very 'higher education of women' may work the result, just as the cry for female suffrage has promoted decency in politics. When the women find that the men are doing their civic duties properly and righteously, depend upon it they will drop the business thankfully. Did you ever know a woman to refuse to let a man do what she was once satisfied he could do better than she could? What she wants is to sit on the sheltered seats of the tourney ground and

> 'let her eyes
> Rain influence and decree the prize.'"

"I believe you are right, by dear boy," I said. "At any rate, your hope is a good one. We cannot make over the boys whom this new world has begun to shape, but we can give them a chance to show themselves for what they are. We can teach them to love and prize nobility of thought and deed, purity of life and gentleness of manners. Only let us see that their intellectual digestions are not ruined by mental dyspepsia, and then let them find their own pastures. I remember feeling in my college days that I had been born too late into a world which had got through its doing: that Waterloo and Trafalgar had been fought, that Scott and Byron were dead, that Wilson would write no more Noctes; and what was the good of the new Cunarders if they were to bring us no more new books from England? I have lived to see the Idylls of the King, and Gettysburg, and the Crimean war, and Tom Brown at Rugby and Oxford, and the rise and fall of Napoleon III., and the unification of Italy; and life is after all not barren, nor is the unexpected barred out of the future. I own that the young men seem sadly handicapped by the ease of their early lives and the lack of legitimate purpose in the careers opened to them. They will overcome this. They will not value that which comes without being worked for, and the surfeit of ease will only send them the more readily into the ranks where fighting is to be done. The free run of the candy-shop will cure them of the taste for sugar-plums. 'The dandies,' said Wellington, 'fought well at Waterloo,' and Inkermann and Balaklava showed that they had not lost the art. They will find out the new which we are past finding out, in our loyalty to the banished dynasties for whom we fought at Falkirk and Culloden. I know no passage more touching in the underlying tragedy of the Newcomes than that where the colonel feels his inability to understand the enthusiasm of Clive and his artist friends. We too must give way. We have had a long range of it from Byron and Moore, Campbell and Scott, to Tennyson and Emerson and Morris and Browning."

"Yes, our elders thought us to be conceited prigs and graceless puppies in our sophomore years, but, as Thekla sings, 'we have lived and loved,' and let us hope they will do the same."

Powhatan's Chimney. — When one makes an assertion, the reason for it, if not apparent, is demanded; therefore, when I announce that the ruin of a colossal stone chimney, built for the old Indian chief Powhatan, is heaped to-day upon a little bay in Tidewater, Virginia, the question arises, "Can you prove it?"

John Smith himself states that he built on Werowocomoco a house for Powhatan. Werowocomoco he describes as a little bay twenty miles below the forks of York

River, into which three creeks empty. William Stith mentions the same fact. Later, Charles Campbell, after careful search and diligent study of the geography of the country, established the fact that the present Timber Neck Bay is Werowocomoco. Myriads of oyster-shells upon the shore suggested an Indian settlement, and just on the crest of a gentle slope an abnormal ancient stone chimney stood, a solemn witness of stupendous changes which have borne upon this Western World.

"Here is the exact spot of the Savage King's house," says Campbell, "and beyond the shadow of a doubt this is Powhatan's Chimney." York River, the Indian's Pamunkey, makes a bold, swift run of about thirty miles, then is lost in Chesapeake Bay. On its way to the sea, it takes up the waters of Werowocomoco just above Yorktown. This bay was the environment of the childhood of Pocahontas. Here, most likely, she rescued Smith; the bamboo vines, as they climb and sway about the shore, whisper of a maiden's gentleness and her father's hate.

On the bluff overhanging the bay the royal wigwam stood. The house itself fell long ago. There is no chronicle of it except that it was built. The chimney stood like a frowning sentinel. The ruin speaks of troublous times, when John Smith, white man of flint, met a savage made of kindred stuff, and by enlightened cunning overmastered the Indian's craftiness and treachery. Powhatan, the sour-faced Wahunsonacock, looms up above coeval savage heroes for wily scheming, for magnificent courage and barbaric state. He and John Smith constantly had questions at issue. Powhatan asked Smith to build him a house; Smith's cry was generally, "Corn! more corn!" for what he carefully husbanded the colonists ruthlessly squandered. "If you will give me so much corn," said Smith, "I will build you a house, a good house such as the white man lives in." The bargain was sealed. Smith sent from Jamestown to Werowocomoco some Englishmen and four Dutchmen to build the house. What architecture the house displayed we do not know, but the chimney was enormous in breadth, unlike any other one ever saw. Eighteen feet high, it was ten feet and a half wide, and had a double flue. The fireplace was eight feet wide, and could easily hold a dinner-table for a company of eight. We can fancy the brilliant light that shone from it in the even-time, when, filled with dry logs, it threw a glow upon Powhatan's white fur robes and shining beads and eagle-feather coronet.

The chimney was built of a sort of concrete, composed chiefly of shells, which abounded in the banks of York River, and was almost as lasting as the solid rock. While the Dutchmen were building the chimney in 1608, John Smith had one of his most celebrated conferences with Powhatan. He started from Jamestown in midwinter, urged against the journey by most of the colonists. The corn had not been paid, and he went for it. The little bay was frozen far from shore; the rude tools of the perfidious Dutchmen rung out across the ice. Smith's boats had to stop, but he and a few of his men plunged into the icy water and waded to shore.

Then ensued the famous controversy. Smith fought old Powhatan with his own weapons of trickery and cunning and absolute doggedness. He won the battle, and went away with the corn. So the chimney was a witness of crude diplomacy; not of nation against nation, but man against man, savage chief against fearless Englishman, Powhatan against John Smith.

The writer of this sketch lived on an old colonial land grant across the little bay opposite the chimney. The vast plantation barred social intercourse; there was not much to do, and the curious things of past ages held a wonderful fascination. The old chimney was like a solemn echo from the Nation's Cradle. It often sounded the names of Smith, of Powhatan and Pocahontas.

Standing on the hill, one could fancy he heard the songs and dances of the Indian maidens and the war-whoop of the braves. Grim as a warrior the old chimney stood, and told a story, year after year, century after century. It had no symmetry or beauty; it was nothing but a homely, huge chimney seamed with cracks and fissures. It had a rude pathos of its own. It preached a rough sermon. Historians, antiquarians, and curious tourists visited it periodically; but neither private individuals, nor the national government, nor Virginia raised a finger to preserve one of the most interesting antiquities of this New World, — indeed,

THE LATTER END

OF A CONTRACT IS VASTLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE FRONT END.

Five dollars saved on a premium is a trifle; five thousand dollars lost by bad security when the claim falls due is not a trifle.

Always try to find out which is likely to live longest, you or the company you insure in; and therefore whether the company is insuring you or you are insuring the Company.

A thing you can't get after you have paid for it isn't cheap at half a cent.

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Is the Oldest Accident Company in America, the Largest in the World, and has never reorganized or frozen out any of its claimants.

CLEARS ITS BOOKS OF JUST CLAIMS BY PAYING THEM IN FULL.

Rates as low as permanent security of receiving the face value of the policy will justify.

Charges for certainty and guarantees certainty.

Policies world-wide, and *as liberal as consistent with the Company's keeping alive to pay claims at all.*

Assets, $17,664,000 Surplus, $2,472,000

PAID POLICY-HOLDERS, $27,000,000—$2,151,000 in 1894

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT. RODNEY DENNIS, SECRETARY.

Dr. Gladden, as a writer upon topics of current interest, has become well known, and his clear and practical presentation of his subjects has made him a popular writer. — HERALD AND PRESBYTER (Cincinnati).

THE NEW BOOK BY

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

Ruling Ideas of the Present Age.

16mo, $1.25.

CONTENTS: Change Your Minds; The Doctrine of Fatherhood; The Doctrine of Brotherhood; The One and the Many; the Sacred and the Secular; The Law of Property; Religion and Politics; Public Opinion; Pharisaism; One but Twain; Ruling Ideas.

This book contains the essay which recently won for Dr. Gladden the Fletcher Prize. Those who are familiar with Dr. Gladden's writings could not doubt that on such a theme he would be a very formidable competitor. No man has made a more careful and sympathetic study of the tendencies of the present day; no one commands more general confidence for conscientious endeavor to see facts as they are, or for a more devoted purpose to aid all helpful tendencies, reform all harmful, and promote the well-being of individuals by methods which shall make the community stronger, wiser, and more secure. His present book will surely reward the wide and earnest reading it cannot fail to command.

Dr. Gladden's other Books.

TOOLS AND THE MAN. Property and Industry under the Christian Law. 16mo, $1.25.

The grand thing in this book is not so much the economics as the ethics of it. . . . The basis of human society is moral. It is only in moral relations that its complex machinery will run well. . . . Dr. Gladden is perhaps the most eminent and influential exponent we now have of this view of the relation of ethics to economics; and his work is equally important whether we consider its natural effect on the Christianity to be preached in our pulpits or on the burning questions of industrial and sociological readjustment. — *Independent* (New York).

THE LORD'S PRAYER. New Edition. 16mo, gilt top, $1.00.

Often as we offer this prayer, and much as we have studied over it to give proper expositions of it from the pulpit and in the catechism, we shall henceforth pray it more intelligently than we ever have before; nay, we have learned, we think, to pray better in all our supplications, and to comprehend more in them than has been our wont. — *Lutheran Quarterly* (Gettysburg).

WHO WROTE THE BIBLE? A Book for the People. 16mo, $1.25.

Very properly called "a book for the people" in the sub-title; for it aims to give in clear and simple language a comprehensive history of the books of the Bible, which plain, average laymen can understand. It is an admirable condensation of the most approved results of modern Biblical scholarship, and we know of no better book to put into the hands of advanced Bible students in Sunday-schools. — *New York Tribune.*

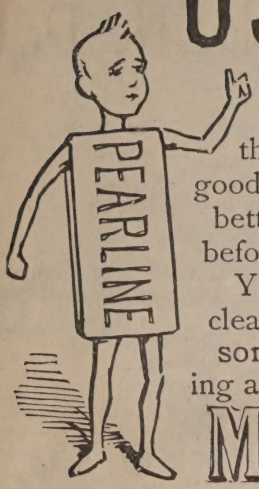
APPLIED CHRISTIANITY. Moral Aspects of Social Questions. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.

The subjects which Dr. Gladden discusses embrace some of the most vital and commanding questions that are now before the public mind. . . . The author comes well equipped for the difficult task that he has taken upon himself, and which he performs with fearlessness, candor, fairness, and deep sincerity of purpose. The reader cannot mistake the animus of his work nor the practical character of its treatment. It shows a clear apprehension of the tendencies of the times, a thorough appreciation of the dissatisfactions and dangers existing in the industrial and social world, a mastery of the theories and doctrines of socialists, political economists, and sociologists, a tender sympathy with all forms of human suffering, and a profound realization of the genius and office of Christianity. — *N. Y. Churchman.*

Sold by Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.



USE NO SOAP

with **Pearline**. 'Twould be absurd. It isn't necessary. **Pearline** contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it. And **Pearline** is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part.

You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and cleaning, when **Pearline's** around. 491

Millions NOW USE Pearline

DO YOU BIND

Your volumes of

THE ATLANTIC?

If so, then why not send to us for the cloth covers for your binder to use? Black cloth, gold lettering. We also have the old style, with the head of Gov. Winthrop, used on the earlier volumes.

Price, either old or new style,

FIFTY CENTS, POSTPAID.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOSTON.

Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia.

Attention is directed to the new Installment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the installment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.

MRS. WHITNEY'S WRITINGS.

"Mrs. Whitney has succeeded in domesticating herself in a great number of American homes. The purity, sweetness, shrewdness, tenderness, humor, the elevated but still homely Christian faith, which find expression in her writings endear her to thousands." — E. P. WHIPPLE.

"Mrs. Whitney understands her audience. She gives them fun enough, incident enough, love-making enough. Her wisdom is nowhere obtruded. There is reason in her religion, and it is the lesson — no, the breath, the inspiring soul — of the whole." — Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

MRS. WHITNEY'S NOVELS AND STORIES.

These have just been brought out in a new and revised edition, in neat and attractive binding, and at a reduced price. The set comprises: —

Faith Gartney's Girlhood.
Hitherto: A Story of Yesterdays.
Patience Strong's Outings.
The Gayworthys.
A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.
We Girls: A Home Story.
Real Folks.
The Other Girls.
Sights and Insights. 2 vols.
Odd, or Even?
Bonnyborough.
Boys at Chequasset.
Mother Goose for Grown Folks. Enlarged Edition.
Homespun Yarns. Short Stories.
Ascutney Street.
A Golden Gossip.

Price, $1.25 each volume. The set, seventeen volumes, 16mo, in a box, $21.25.

Very few stories by American writers enjoy so wide a popularity as do Mrs. Whitney's, and it may safely be said that no stories are more wholesome and more admirable in tone and spirit than hers.

MRS. WHITNEY'S OTHER BOOKS.

White Memories. Poems on WHITTIER, BISHOP BROOKS, and LUCY LARCOM. With Portraits. Very tastefully bound. Square 8vo, gilt top, $1.00.
Daffodils. Poems. Illustrated. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.
Pansies. Poems. New Edition. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.
Holy-Tides. Seven Songs for the Church's Seasons. 16mo, illuminated paper, 75 cents.
Bird-Talk. Poems. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, $1.00.
Just How: A Key to the Cook-Books. 16mo, $1.00.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON; 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

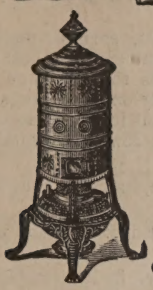
"SWEET HOME" SOAP.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE

A "CHAUTAUQUA" ROCKER AND RECLINING CHAIR

A "Chautauqua" DESK

OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" OIL HEATER FREE,



WITH A COMBINATION BOX FOR $10.00.

The Combination Box at retail would cost, $10.00
Either Premium, Ditto, . $10.00
Total, . . $20.00

YOU GET BOTH FOR $10.00

WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT $10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in ATLANTIC MONTHLY, October & November.

NOTE. — The combination offer of the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co., although unusually generous, is genuine. From personal inspection of factory and experience with their goods and premiums we know that they are all that is claimed for them and can heartily recommend them. — *The Christian Work.*

THE DRUM IN POSITION

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.** New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 109 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1122 Broadway, New York.

TRUSS The BEST is none too good. Send for 100-page illustrated book, and learn **Which is BEST—and WHY.**

B. SEELEY & CO., 25 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HAIR REMOVED

Permanently, root and branch, in 5 minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury with "Pilla Solvene." Sealed particulars, 6c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

LUCY LARCOM.

Life, Letters, and Diary.

By Rev. DANIEL D. ADDISON. With a Portrait. 1 vol. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.

The many friends of Miss Larcom, and all who have found inspiration or helpful suggestion in her writings, will most gladly welcome the book which Mr. Addison has prepared. It contains not only her diary and correspondence, but such an account of her life as, in connection with these, forms a sufficient biography. Miss Larcom, in her delightful book "A New England Girlhood," has told the story of her earlier years. Mr. Addison's book virtually continues the story, by describing Miss Larcom as a teacher and writer, the companion of literary men and women, the wise and sympathetic friend of all.

Books by Miss Larcom.

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.
THE UNSEEN FRIEND.
AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Three religious books, cheerful in tone, delightful to read, and of the finest quality every way. The last is a book of exquisite religious lyrics. $1.00 each.

A NEW ENGLAND GIRLHOOD.

A delightful account of Miss Larcom's childhood and youth. 16mo, 75 cents. *Holiday Edition*, $1.25.

POEMS.

Household Edition. With portrait and illustrations. 12mo, $1.50; full gilt, $2.00; half calf, $3.00.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

Illustrated. $1.00.

BREATHINGS OF THE BETTER LIFE.

Original and Selected. *Seventh Edition.* 18mo, $1.25; half calf, $2.50.

BECKONINGS FOR EVERY DAY.

A Calendar of Thought. Original and Selected. *Sixth Edition.* $1.00.

ROADSIDE POEMS

For Summer Travellers. Selected by Miss LARCOM. 18mo, $1.00.

HILLSIDE AND SEASIDE

In Poetry. Selected by Miss LARCOM. 18mo, $1.00.

"Miss Larcom's books are among the most wholesome influences in American literature. They should be in every household in the country."

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston; 11 East 17th Street, New York

DR. MUNGER'S BOOKS.

THE APPEAL TO LIFE.

A new volume of Sermons. By THEODORE T. MUNGER, D. D. ☞ *Seventh Edition.* $1.50.

. . . Each sermon is a beautiful little treasure in itself; full of devout, earnest, powerful thoughts expressed in a very felicitous and exquisite manner. We give the volume our highest commendation, and most earnestly advise every preacher who is not a dogmatist on the one hand, or a reciter of texts on the other, to make its quiet and patient acquaintance. Only one here and there, in a decade, will be able to reach the high mark which these sermons attain; but for purposes of inspiration, and as furnishing very high models of a Divine art, we know of but few which attain to their lofty pitch of excellence. — *Literary World* (London).

A remarkable book . . . worth study both on account of its elevated tone, its deep thoughtfulness, and its sympathetic insight. — *The Spectator* (London).

A more original and suggestive volume of sermons than this we have not met with for years. — *North British Daily Mail.*

The sermons are characterized by faith in God and in the divine order which he has established. Their strength lies in the appeal they make to the deepest moral convictions of their readers. — *The Independent.*

THE FREEDOM OF FAITH.

A volume of Sermons, with an Introductory Essay on "The New Theology." ☞ *Nineteenth Edition.* $1.50.

The very essence of the Gospel is here; no precious element is wanting; the insight of faith, the purity of sentiment, and heroism of purpose that shine from every chapter of this noble book will commend themselves to ingenuous and devout men of all creeds. — *The Century.*

The sermons deserve to rank with the noblest productions of modern times; they have the large sympathies of Beecher, the exegetical tact of Robertson, the literary finish of Vaughan, and the daring of Maurice. . . . Really fresh, suggestive, and inspiring. — *British Quarterly Review.*

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Talks to Young People on Purpose, Friends and Companions, Manners, Thrift, Self-Reliance and Courage, Health, Reading and Intellectual Life, Amusements, Purity, and Faith. ☞ *Twenty-fourth Edition*, enlarged, from new plates. $1.00.

The work is a plea, not for asceticism or rigidity of any kind, but for self-respect, open-mindedness, and right-living; for good faith and earnestness of life; for cheerful courage, honesty, and good health alike of body and mind. It is such a plea as all manly young men will listen to with interest and profit. — *New York Evening Post.*

It is worth, for young men, dozens of average Sunday-school books. — *The Well-Spring.*

LAMPS AND PATHS.

A book of Sermons to Children, simple, short, and thoroughly interesting. Most of them were given on Flower Festival Sundays of several years. ☞ *Eighth Edition.* $1.00.

Some of the best specimens of sermons to children that I have ever read. They are clear in thought, fresh and pictorial in style. . . . These sermons would be admirable reading in the family circle on Sunday afternoons. — Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON; 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Three Great Historical Works

By JUSTIN WINSOR,

Librarian of Harvard University, Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Editor of "The Narrative and Critical History of America," etc.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS:

And How He Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery. With many Portraits, Maps, Plans, etc. 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.

Few historical books of such importance have been published in recent years. The learned librarian of Harvard has made the most thorough, painstaking and severely critical use of all available authorities. He has, in fact, given us a book of the highest value and a sample of what historical writing should be. Every point in the great explorer's life is carefully examined, no statement is made without abundant support of authority, the previous writers are all carefully estimated. In addition to the biography of the Admiral and an account of his descendants, a highly interesting appendix is supplemented, entitled "The Geographical Results," which is, in fact, a view of the early geographical knowledge and discovery after Columbus. — *Epoch* (New York).

CARTIER TO FRONTENAC.

Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America in its Historical Relations. 1534–1700. With full Cartographical Illustrations from Contemporary Sources. 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.

Mr. Winsor's aim, starting from a date when nothing of North America beyond Newfoundland was known to the French, is to show them discovering the St. Lawrence, the chain of great lakes to the utmost corner of the West, and the Mississippi, with their affluents and watersheds. This discovery was made by individual adventurers, by societies secular and religious, as well as by national officials. It was prompted sometimes by curiosity, more often by commercial enterprise, religious zeal, and military movements. Its rate of progress was very unequal. Its morning sunrise was with Cartier in 1534, but within a decade a dim eclipse darkened and deadened it for sixty years and more. The next sunburst was the era of Champlain. The wondrous story has been told by Parkman in half a dozen volumes with a vividness and vivacity not likely to be surpassed, and which have given it a wide popularity. It remained a desideratum to knit together the scattered sketches into one whole body. This work Mr. Winsor has done, and that admirably. — *The Nation* (New York).

THE MISSISSIPPI BASIN.

The Struggle in America between England and France. 1697–1763. With full Cartographical Illustrations from Contemporary Sources. 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.

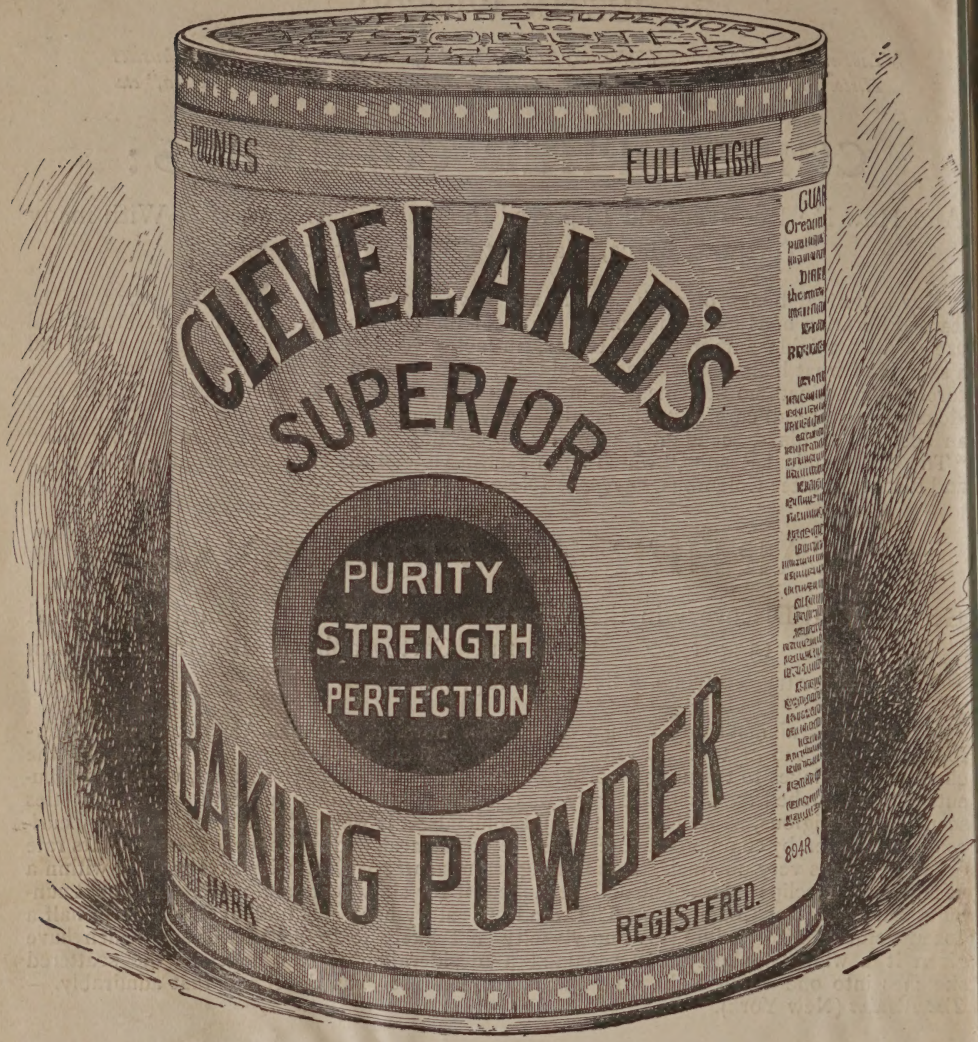
The tale that was told from Cartier to Frontenac is continued by the same author in this welcome volume. . . .

Mr. Winsor's habitual precision of statement, as well as [illegible] and forcible style, is too well known to call for comment here. We find him working [illegible]wn best vein in this volume; and that best gives us the very pith of history. — *New* [illegible] *ning Post.*

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

4 Park Street, Boston, **11 East 17th Street, New York.**



"Pure and Sure."

The composition of Cleveland's Baking Powder is plainly stated on every label.

Book of 400 choice recipes mailed free. Send stamp and address.
Cleveland Baking Powder Company, 81 & 83 Fulton Street, New York.

JAN 3 1957